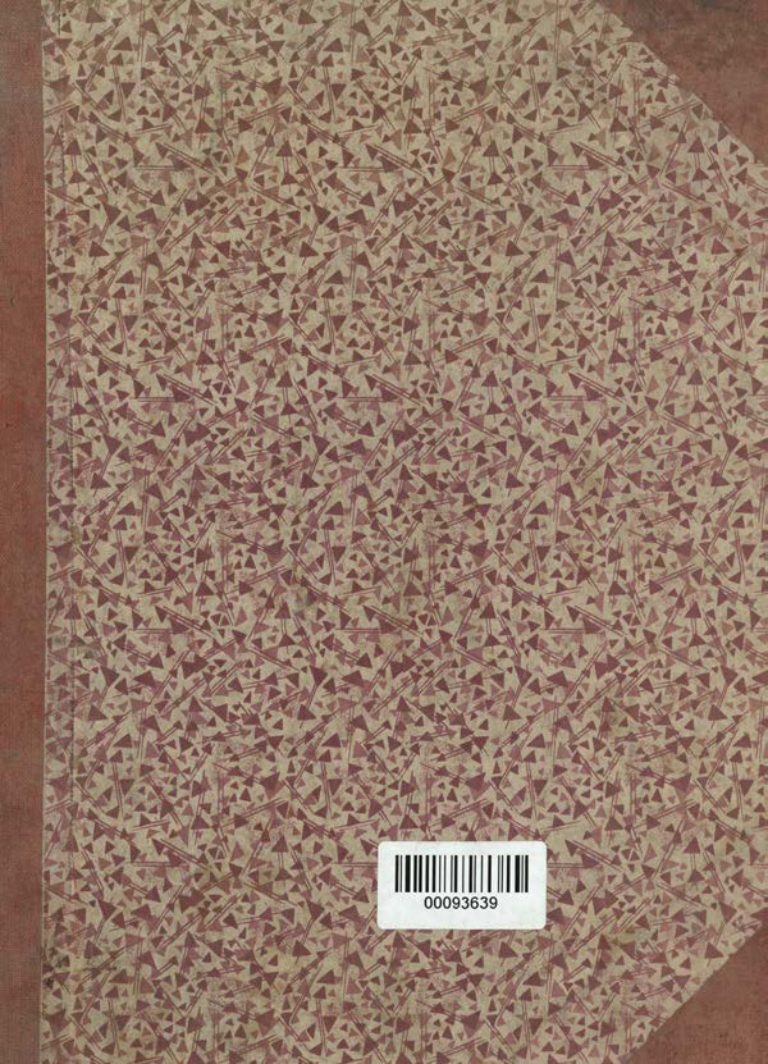
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DAVID GARRICK.

London, Published by Henry Graves & Richard Bentley, &c.

THE

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

OF

DAVID GARRICK

WITH THE

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a

MOST CELEBRATED PERSONS OF HIS TIME;

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS,

AND

ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES.

AND

A NEW BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF GARRICK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
MDCCCXXXI.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

DAVID GARRICK.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE papers which form the present collection were selected and preserved by Mr. Garrick himself; whether as the materials of any auto-biography, cannot be absolutely determined, although that is highly probable. The mind of Mr. Garrick was one of great activity, and in the retirement which his bodily health required, he might look with pleasure to such an occupation of his time. The composition of a calm and authentic narrative of his busy life would make him in some degree renew the long period of his public and private engagements, and enjoy the memory without the passions of the scene.

Nor was he at a loss for the "sweet remembrancer" at his side, to prompt or correct his record. Mrs. Garrick will be seen by the present "correspondence," to have taken more than the usual share in the interests of her husband; to have mixed herself up with much of his business, and all of his society, and to have enjoyed equal love and respect with himself, in the wide and splendid circle of his friends. Dear as his fame was to him, there is full proof that it was not dearer than this incomparable partner; from whom, he says himself, he had never been separated for a single day, during their fortunate and happy union.

Mr. Burke was accustomed to style his friend Garrick, one of the deepest observers of man; and indeed such unbounded powers in the display of human character cannot be possessed without the most subtle and unceasing observation of daily life. It was this practical study of our nature, that rendered him one of the most instructive, as well as delightful, companions that ever existed; and his death impoverished equally the stock of social and public gratification. The mention of this may tend to show the value he could have imparted to such a work had he lived to compose it. But if we have lost the sketches which so great a master could have given of "the age and body of his time," he has preserved to us much in which they are not slightly indicated; and the acuteness of his discernment, seasoned by his peculiar pleasantry, is a very prominent feature in those replies to his correspondents, of which he, for adequate reasons, troubled himself to keep a literal copy. He is seen frequently in contest with great literary characters; but he is never *second* in the keenest encounters of wit.

It has been thought, therefore, not entirely devoid of utility, that a few pages in this Work should be spared to a MEMOIR of Mr. Garrick, what the French call a *précis historique;* in which the known and undisputed facts of his life should receive their illustration from the present correspondence; and as of counsel in the cause, the present biographer will take especial care that all

he advances in favour of his client be strictly borne out by the evidence produced in court. The result he feels confident will be, that the moral and intellectual eminence of this great man will be held in still higher veneration; he will be proved entitled to a lasting *fame* among the renowned of his species; as he fortunately possessed, while living, an influence, perhaps superior to that of any contemporary, from the brilliant and inexhaustible fertility of his popular endowments.

SECTION THE FIRST.

From 1716 to 1746.

David Garrick, the great ornament of the stage, was born on the 20th of February 1716, at the Angel Inn, Hereford, the quarters of his father, Captain Peter Garrick, (who was then on the recruiting service;) and baptized on the 28th of the same month, as appears by the register of the church of All Saints in that city.* The family, though Protestant, was originally French, being driven to this country by the absurd and cruel revocation of the Edict of Nantz. The maiden name of Mr. Garrick's mother was Clough; she was the daughter of one of the Vicars of Lichfield Cathedral. His parents are said to have been uniformly courted for their amiable tempers and attractive manners, and enjoyed the unreserved intimacy of the first families in Lichfield.

The youth of the future actor was graced by no prodigies. He was the son of interesting parents, whom he resembled, as his faculties ripened, in their powers of entertainment; he was sprightly and eccentric, and the sallies of his fancy were noticed with partiality by his future patron, Gilbert Walmesley, Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court at Lichfield. In the tenth year of his age he was placed under the care of Mr. Hunter, master of the Grammar School of that city. A vast deal of nonsense has been written upon Garrick's inattention to his studies during this period, but he must have laid early the foundation of his classical knowledge, which Dr. Johnson always maintained to be considerable; and if the love of the stage displayed itself soon in him, it was no thoughtless pursuit; and his very amusement contributed to strengthen his understanding. Besides, the slow acquisitions of the school pass unobserved; but a play acted in private excites a domestic sensation, and is remembered as an indication of the future comedian. Had Garrick become a chief-justice, the Serjeant Kite of his youth would have dropt into oblivion.

Mr. Pope, like Garrick, when a mere boy, patched up a play from Ogilby's Homer, and in such a choice the future translator of the Iliad may be seen or fancied. Garrick selected for his private theatrical the *Recruiting Officer* of Farquhar, to which he was naturally directed by his father's profession, and his gay and agreeable manners. To this performance Samuel Johnson was requested

* "David Garrick, the son of Peter and Arabella Garrick, was baptized the 28th of February 1716. Taken from the Register-Book belonging to the parish of All Saints, in the city of Hereford, September 29th 1761, "By me John Etty, Parish Clerk."

This first notice of Garrick is thus blundered by Murphy. All Saints he has made All Souls, and the real date of his baptism is changed into that of his birth, the 20th of February,—though the biographer knew nothing distinctly of either.

to contribute a prologue; but he was destined to supply his young friend on a more interesting occasion, when the vision of the boy should be realised, and the confirmed actor was become the manager of Drury-lane Theatre. In the year 1747 Garrick spoke this prologue by Johnson, which is, on every account, the best of which the stage could ever boast.

Serjeant Kite was acted by Garrick in the year 1727. Soon after this he paid a visit to his uncle, a wine-merchant settled at Lisbon; and the English residents in that capital invited their sprightly countryman to their tables, which, after the cloth was removed, not seldom presented a ready *stage* to him; and his friends enjoyed in young Garrick a very agreeable revival of their theatrical amusements. Nor was his acquaintance confined to the English merchants in Lisbon; many youthful Portuguese of rank and distinction became delighted with his accomplishments. When the Duke D'Aveiro suffered death, long after, for conspiring against the King of Portugal, Garrick used to relate to his friends, that he had often, when a youth, been in his company, and would draw a very interesting picture of the strong contrast between the youth and the maturity of that nobleman.

But Garrick's stay in Lisbon was not a long one, for the next year saw him returned to Mr. Hunter's care, and his time was spent between the school and the capital. In the one he advanced his classical acquirements, and in the other indulged his passion for the theatre. In these visits to town he had opportunities of studying the art as it was exhibited by Quin and Cibber, and Macklin. The houses he could frequent were then, as now, Drury-lane and Covent-garden theatres; that in Lincoln's Inn Fields; that in Goodman's Fields, which he soon enriched *himself;* and Aaron Hill's rooms in Villiers-street, where the *Zara* was first tried, of which he afterwards became the enchanting Lusignan. But notwithstanding the interruption given to his studies by these trips to London, there is full evidence that his progress in the school had been far from a slow one. Johnson had assisted in his studies but a few months, and therefore to Hunter much praise is due for fixing so mercurial a spirit. In his eighteenth year his friend Walmesley writes of him, that he was not only an amiable young gentleman, but a "good scholar;" in other words, the grammar-school had done him justice. As his father could not afford to send him to the University, he was to study philosophy, the mathematics, and polite literature, under Mr. Colson, then residing at Rochester in Kent. To show at once all that was required; "Few instructions," says Walmesley to his friend, "on your side will do, and in the intervals of study he will be an agreeable companion for you." Thus we see Colson was to be to Garrick, what Johnson, less calculated for tuition, had recently been, and the master and the scholar were to live in a friendly intimacy together.

And this leads us to the celebrated journey to London, by Samuel Johnson and David Garrick, from the same place, with views, however, widely different; the scholar to work his way ultimately at the bar, and the master to produce his genius upon the stage. The result is well known to the reader; Johnson acquired the degree of Doctor of Laws, and the intended lawyer became the sovereign of the stage;—happy both of them in this, that in their respective walks they were alike transcendant; Johnson the first name in *literature* of his age, and Garrick the first *actor* of his own, if we may *not* rather think, of *any* age.

The opportunity may be here taken of offering a very few remarks upon the objects of Garrick's fellow-traveller, as they are described by Gilbert Walmesley: "Mr. Johnson," with that most forlorn of all hopes to a stranger, "to try his fate with a tragedy" upon the stage; "and to see to get

himself employed in some translation, either from the Latin or the French." He goes on without the slightest affectation; "Johnson is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy writer. If it should any way lie in your way, I doubt not but you would be ready to recommend and assist your countryman." Regard for the profound critic and moralist may induce us to regret that his rewards should have fallen so far short of his friend's. The sage, like another Cato, gives laws to a little senate of his admirers, and struggles through life, almost in vain, to be above want. The actor is the *arbiter elegantiarum*, the "observed of all observers," the man to welcome whom the proudest rank drops its barrier, and intreats an intimacy as a boon. He is, almost at his outset, Patentee and Proprietor of the first Theatre in Europe; and, living a life of splendour, more valuable by its liberality, bequeaths at his death property considerably beyond one hundred thousand pounds!

To return to Mr. Walmesley's introduction. In the proper place it has been noticed how very imperfectly Davies had given the two letters, addressed by him to his friend Colson. Among the passages omitted, is the following relative to Garrick.

"This young gentleman, you must know, has been much with me, ever since he was a child, almost every day, and I have taken a pleasure often in instructing him, and have a great affection and esteem for him; and I doubt not but you will soon have the like, if it suit with your convenience to take him into your family." Who but must rejoice that this venerable man lived to enjoy the full affluence of Garrick's fame, and to see that his pains, so humanely and affectionately taken, were destined to produce a thousand-fold!

Upon Garrick's coming to town in the month of March 1736-7, he almost immediately entered himself of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. But he did not yet find his finances sufficiently strong to defray even the moderate charge for boarding and studying with Mr. Colson. In this dilemma his father's brother arrived from Lisbon, with a view to close his life in England. His nephew, of course, made his circumstances known to his uncle, and gently referred to a fruitless voyage, taken at his instigation, to Portugal. The old gentleman generously remembered this disappointment, and left to David, by will, a larger legacy than to any of his brother's children. His benevolence became almost immediately effective, for he died a very short time after his arrival in London.

Garrick now saw himself master of a *thousand pounds*, and applied the interest of his capital to the best use, in realizing the plan as to Mr. Colson's instructions. With that gentleman he therefore now took up his residence, resolving to apply himself to the abstruse sciences. But the theatre had got too strong a hold upon his affections to allow its claim to be disputed; he was not intended to rival the great mathematicians, yet demonstration assisted to strengthen his powers as a reasoner; and, indeed, his letters show occasionally that he had the talent of the logician to sober his fancy and convince his antagonist or convict him. He wrote in haste, but not without plan.

The biographers of Mr. Garrick have been greatly at a loss to explain the situation of his father, Captain Garrick, who about this time returned to England from Gibraltar. The fact was this: that gentleman had been some years upon half-pay, when he availed himself of an opportunity that offered to go upon full-pay, by exchanging with an officer who was anxious to come home from Gibraltar. It is probable that he paid no difference, and enjoyed the full-pay with its arduous

service, while the officer with whom he exchanged, was equally happy with the half-pay of the same rank, and the pleasures of home. Such exchanges were frequent in the British army. Being now a captain on full-pay, with, it is likely, the brevet rank of *major*, Captain Garrick imagined that he would be allowed to sell his company on his return for the benefit of his family; but having gone on full-pay without giving any difference, and being considered as exchanging merely with a view to *realise*; the permission to sell, though sometimes granted, was refused, and the expected resource to the family fell to the ground. Upon Captain Garrick's return to this country, it soon became apparent that his constitution had been deeply injured; and during the residence of young Garrick with Mr. Colson, this kind father and amiable man was snatched from his family—a numerous one, and but slenderly provided for. His widow followed her lamented husband in about a twelvemonth after his decease.

In casting about for some profession, the Captain's sons thought of that of their benevolent uncle; and David, in conjunction with his brother Peter, commenced business as a wine-merchant, and hired vaults accordingly in Durham-yard. The convivial gaiety of David would, it may be imagined, produce no mean flow of orders for wine to the firm, and the steadier partner might reasonably have excused his brother's volatile habits, in consideration of the profit that in some degree attached to them. But that indulgence to habits different from our *own*, is not very usual in business; method and irregularity are opposite poles to each other; the brothers differed so frequently and so seriously, that at last the interference of their common friends became necessary, and the partnership between them was dissolved.

Garrick led now a life into which the students of our Inns of Court have long shown a disposition to plunge:—he got introduced to managers, he became the coffee-house acquaintance of players,—he studied their profession infinitely more than the Statutes, became the faithful mimic of their various manners, and wrote criticisms upon their performances, which gave him the newspaper celebrity of diurnal wit. He, who can perfectly imitate the excellence or the oddities of stage-actors, has no great difficulty in believing that he could act *himself*; Garrick determined to make a provincial trial of what he could do in the profession, and joined the Ipswich Company in the year 1741, then under the direction of William Giffard and John Dunstall.

Previously to his leaving London for this experiment, he had the pleasure of witnessing some concurring circumstances in this memorable dramatic year. On the 29th of January the monument to his beloved, it might almost be said, his paternal Shakspeare, was opened in Westminster Abbey. The subscription in honour of Shakspeare was very properly a public one, to which the donors contributed otherwise than by visiting the theatres: they entered their names in books opened for the purpose at *Tom's* Coffee-House in Covent-Garden, *Dick's* at Temple-bar, *Tom's* in Cornhill, *White's* in St. James's-street, and the *Cocoa-tree* in Pall-Mall, and our fair countrywomen also were invited to send the contributions of their *love* for the poet, who had best delineated their virtues. Nor was the marble monument all that honoured his memory.

"Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries."

It was heard by Macklin, and, for the first time at that theatre, on the 14th of the following month, [February,] the *Jew's-place travesty* was banished for ever, and Drury-Lane exhibited the *original*

"Merchant of Venice." Macklin was the Shylock, Quin the Antonio, Mrs. Clive the Portia, and Mrs. Pritchard, the Nerissa.

Such were the events that ushered in the début of Garrick at Ipswich, under the assumed name of Lyddal. Although Aboan is not written up to the enchanting Oroonoko, yet there is spirit, fire, affectionate attachment, love of freedom, and a black mask to conceal the candidate; and Mr. Garrick chose it in preference to a more arduous character. He became at once the delight of the town of Ipswich; and they crowded the theatre to his Chamont, his Captain Brazen, and his Sir Harry Wildair: among his achievements there, he put on the jacket of Harlequin, and his agility equalled his humour. They long continued at Ipswich to value him as the first of actors, and themselves as the first of critics for having encouraged him.

But the winter season brought Garrick to London, along with his friends Giffard and Dunstall, to act with them at the late theatre, as it was called, in Goodman's Fields. Here the bills announced a concert of vocal and instrumental music, between the two acts of which a *play* was performed, and a *farce*, by persons for their own diversion: there was even an entertainment of dancing. The concert began at six o'clock, and the prices were three shillings, two shillings, and one shilling. To such an audience as this treatment could collect, in the eastern part of the metropolis, David Garrick acted Richard, in Shakspeare's tragedy of Richard III. for the first time, on the 19th October 1741. The success of the new actor was great beyond all precedent there; but, though strengthened by the curiosity of Garrick's personal friends, the audiences for some time were not numerous. One writing with the treasury receipts before him acknowledges that the amount taken at the doors in seven nights was but 216*l.* 7*s.* Still Giffard found his account in repeating the tragedy, and he judged correctly, that the genius of his young friend would soon be greatly admired and universally followed.

On the 28th of October he acted, for the first time, Clodio, in the Fop's Fortune, and on the 6th of November, Chamont, in the Orphan, for the first time in London. It is a character exactly suited to the ardent and marking style of Garrick. He now thought he might venture something that should lend additional credit to his powers as an actor, and accordingly, on the 30th of November, exhibited a first time his own farce of the *Lying Valet*, taken from a piece of Motteux's, called *Novelty*. This farce has been always popular.

The 2nd of December 1741, was assigned to him for his benefit. On that night we begin to feel his growing attraction. The concert, probably, was now but a "hollow blast of wind,"—the real magnet was the new actor. On that occasion he performed Lothario in the Fair Penitent, his first appearance in that character. The pit and boxes were then laid together at four shillings, and even the gods condescended to attest his merit with an additional sixpence. Tickets, moreover, for this "benefit of Mr. Garrick, who performed King Richard," were announced to be had at the *Bedford* Coffee-house, Covent-Garden, *Tom's* in Cornhill, *Cary's* in the Minories, and at the actor's lodgings, in Mansfield-street, Goodman's Fields; nay, the stage itself, on that evening, was commodiously built in the manner of an amphitheatre, and servants, allowed to keep places in it, were desired to be there by three o'clock.

It was at this time that the Rev. Thomas Newton, (as it appears in the *Correspondence* at page 3,) began to attend to Garrick's public performances. He saw him in the character of Richard on

the 15th of December, and had to traverse from Grosvenor-square to Wellclose-square, nearly the extreme length of London, to the place of exhibition. His remarks upon his friend's performance are open to our animadversion, with all the respect due to a name of much critical celebrity. The rule of Shakspeare or his Hamlet is unquestionable,—"Suit the action to the word, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature." But surely suiting the action to the word does not mean *imitative* action. The words "I would have some friend to tread upon them," (Richard's two spiders, his nephews,) need not the enforcement of the actor's *foot* to be intelligible. "Garrick," says Newton, "used only his *hand* on this occasion;" and I for one admire him that he did so. The less of these explosive stamps we hear in tragedy the better. The hand is the true index for the actor, and wonderfully it may assist the most expressive language; but even with that beautiful vane of passion, "do not saw the air too much," says our teacher of his own art, "but use all gently." The depression of Richard's hand to Buckingham is the true inforcement of his desire for their destruction. The minister, Mr. Pulteney, was anxious to see him, with Newton's party; and the great tragedian Mrs. Porter, who had quitted the scene herself, prophetically announced his future fame.

Perhaps the greatest honour that was paid to him, if the honour is to be measured by the talent which bestows it, was the attendance of Mr. Pope to see his Richard. "As I opened the part," says Garrick himself, "I saw our little poetical hero, dressed in black, seated in a side-box near the stage, and viewing me with a serious and earnest attention. His look shot and thrilled like lightning through my frame, and I had some hesitation in proceeding, from anxiety and from joy. As Richard gradually blazed forth, the house was in a roar of applause, and the conspiring *hand* of Pope shadowed me with laurels."

The Poet was so struck with the performance, that turning to Lord Orrery, he said, "That young man never had his *equal* as an actor, and he will never have a *rival*." Pope's eye was remarkably keen and brilliant; he would in Garrick find a similar perfection. The force and finish of the actor's utterance too, would strike the most pointed and perfect of our poets. We have said thus much to obviate a remark of the *Malevoli*, that Pope praised Garrick from his desire to mortify Cibber. It will be remembered too, that Pope said this with a perfect knowledge of Betterton, whose portrait he had painted, or it may be only copied. Garrick himself related to the Rev. Mr. Rackett, that Pope expressed his alarm "lest he should become *vain*, and be *ruined* by the applause he received."

Among his early characters in town we find the *Ghost* in Hamlet; it might be well for a great genius in the art, to show how awe was to be inspired by the action and utterance of such a mysterious being; but Garrick's true character in the play was the Prince of Denmark, a part which we find him incessantly studying, and perfecting to the last. But, with his characteristic spirit, he determined to *fill* the public mind, which he had so fixed; and he fortunately possessed a genius "universal as his theme," and exhibited a diversity of powers, which seemed to embrace every thing that was characteristic in the drama. In a few weeks we find him acting *Fondlewife* in the Old Bachelor, *Costar Pearmain* in the Recruiting Officer, his *Aboan* again, *Witwoud* in Congreve's Way of the World, and on the 3rd of February, *Bayes* in the Rehearsal. On the 22nd of the same month, he acted *Master Johnny*, a lad of fifteen, in the Schoolboy; and soon after, for his

benefit, on the 18th of March, he amazed the town by repeating it after his performance of King Lear.

"'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To *act* in safety."

The farce of the School-Boy was written by Colley Cibber, who was still living; and he might, and very probably did, see that wonderful junction of eighty-four and fifteen by the same actor; and it would have been worse than invidious not to say, as he did to Mrs. Bracegirdle, "Why, faith, Bracey, the young fellow *is clever*."

However, Garrick performed Lear first for the house, before he thought of himself; that probably greatest of all his characters, he acted on the 11th of March 1742; and on the 15th of the same month, he assumed Cibber's own creation, Lord Foppington, in the Careless Husband. Upon some of these appearances the "*Correspondence*" again throws light, and we have an authentic criticism under the hand of Dr. Newton, to which we gladly recur. His opinions are valuable for what they give and what they suggest.

Dr. Newton then was of opinion that Garrick far exceeded Booth in Lear, and even equalled Betterton. Such was the dawn of that bright day. But he appears to be most struck with his friend's *variety* as an actor. "You are," says he, "a totally different man in Lear from what you are in Richard. There is a sameness in every other actor." Newton does not seem to have thought his Lord Foppington equal to Cibber's, and had advised him rather to take *Sir Charles Easy* in the Careless Husband. As to his performance of low or trivial characters, we have assigned the true reason as a note to the critic's objection. He acted Duretête for Yates's benefit, and Pierre for Miss Hippisley's, and another military hero of his first choice, the Recruiting Officer, Captain *Brazen*, for Betson and Dunstall. He even came to Drury-Lane Theatre to assist Mrs. Harper, and performed Chamont for her benefit, by which she recovered her failure on a former occasion. The season in Goodman's Fields closing on the 24th May,* Mr. Garrick agreed to appear three nights at Drury-Lane Theatre, and there exhibited his astonishing powers in Bayes, in Lear, and in Richard, dividing liberally enough the profits of these performances with Fleetwood the patentee; immediately after which he set off for Dublin, accompanied by Mrs. Woffington.

The scandalous chronicles of that time hint at a somewhat more than *friendly* intimacy between Garrick and this delightful woman. It may be so. Woffington decidedly preferred male society, and Hoadley remembered to have read some of his dramatic trifles to Garrick at Woffington's breakfast-table. The strength or weakness of this partiality it would be idle to estimate; such irregular attachments are only regular in their close. She has been accused, moreover, of infidelity; but she violated no pledge; these are the unions of mere convenience or desire, and are dissolved by either interest or satiety.

The Irish gentry are extremely fond of the theatre; but it has no perennial support among

* From the 19th of October 1741, to May 23rd 1742, Mr. Garrick acted a hundred and fifty-nine nights, and performed eighteen different characters.

them: they crowd a novelty while it is novel, and no longer; and certainly any thing so strikingly new as Garrick never at any time approached their shores. They followed him so ardently at Dublin, that the *Garrick Fever* soon became no mere metaphor. The excessive heat of the summer and the fulness of the houses brought on an epidemic disorder, by which many of his followers lost their lives.

Hamlet had long been meditated devoutly by Garrick, and he ventured to submit his impressions of that beautiful and perfect delineation to a Dublin audience. The *Correspondence* will show, at page 12, a very clever letter from a native admirer, in which (with the customary errors as to what is intended by the English sound of the vowels,) there is a great deal of just and useful criticism on Mr. Garrick's fine performance.* With a delightful accession to his fame, and a splendid addition to his fortune, full of gratitude for the hospitality, as well as generosity of the nobility and gentry, and the learned of Dublin, Mr. Garrick quitted that capital to resume his winter engagements in London.

The season of 1742-3 witnessed the return of that pathetic actress, Mrs. Cibber, to the stage. She had not acted in London since the year 1738, and now opened Covent-Garden theatre, on the 22nd of September in the character of *Desdemona; Othello* by Mr. Quin. To check, in some degree, this tragic success of the rival theatre, Fleetwood brought forward the prodigy Garrick; and Mrs. Pritchard was his heroine in tragedy—they made their first appearance for the season on the 5th of October, in Otway's *Chamont* and *Monimia*. On the 19th, Garrick performed *Captain Plume* in his old favourite, the Recruiting Officer; and having now,

"Settled and bent up
Each corporal agent to that terrible feat,"

on the 16th November he trusted his *Hamlet*, a first time, to the eager criticism of a *London* audience.

Hamlet has always been the darling of the English; not so much because he is Shakspeare's Prince of Denmark, as that his nomination imports a being with whom the character of the English instinctively sympathises. His "weakness and his melancholy" speak for him as much as the unnatural wrongs he has sustained. The "glass of fashion, and the mould of form," the "observed of all observers," has dropt into a dejection, which has blighted his pleasantry, banished the gentlemanly exercises in which he excelled, rendered the earth on which he declines, a "sterile promontory," and the majestical roof above it, "fretted with golden fire," no other thing to him than a "foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." He is deeply and constantly sensible of injury, and yet, tardy in his vengeance; he deliberates until the time for action is gone by. He is fully alive, also, to the quick susceptibility of *honour;* has cause, and will, and means "to make oppression bitter" to his enemy; yet such is his indecision, that, until his own destruction is assured, and he feels the treacherous contrivance of the usurper at his *heart*, he delays to strike the blow, that avenges his father, his mother, his mistress, and himself.

* Could one believe, but for this record, that Hamlet, after drawing his sword on the platform, and following the Ghost to a more removed ground, no sooner hears the terrific words, "I am thy father's spirit," than, instead of letting the weapon drop from his palsied hand, he absolutely, with a respectful bow, returned it into the scabbard?

"It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jacques," says Amiens, in As you Like It.

"I *thank* it," replies the moralist—"MORE; I pr'ythee, *more*!" The poet, in this single speech of Jacques, has painted the mind of his countrymen. We will not say, with a most acute critic, "Hamlet is *every man*," for there are even whole nations who have little of him: but, speaking to Englishmen, it may be said, "It is WE who are *Hamlet*." Hamlet is therefore more important to us than any of Shakspeare's heroes; the play is oftener acted, and more read, than Lear, than Macbeth, than Othello, than even the play of free-men, Julius Cæsar. Davies, who saw this first performance of Hamlet, was himself an actor, and might have given such particulars as discriminated Garrick from other performers of the character; but he contents himself with describing him in the first scene with the Ghost, to the same effect, and almost in the same words, as Cibber had bestowed upon Betterton there; and adds, what might be strictly true, that the applause upon Garrick's exit continued until his re-entrance; an effect chiefly owing, it may be conceived, to the astonishing expression of his countenance, and the beauty and grace of his action. Through the haze of glowing but general admiration, one point of value is discriminated. Of the Soliloquies, that beginning "*Oh what a wretch and peasant slave am I*," pleased Davies the most; the reason was, that it best suited the quick and ardent nature of the actor. It abounds in passionate exclamations, sudden resolves, and striking contrasts. Johnson, we should always remember, pronounced against the philosophic *To be, or not to be*. After all, perhaps, the importance of the topics revolved by Hamlet demands more from an actor than it is possible to *give*—to utter such mental struggles, *at all*, is to parade the thoughts, which debases them. The actor, with Shakspeare's King John, might say to the audience before him,

> "If that thou couldst see me without eyes,
> Hear without ears, using conceit alone,
> I *would* into thy bosom *pour my thoughts*."

The play of Hamlet has received more comment, the character of its hero has undergone more dispute, the excellence of his representatives excited more variety of estimation than we can remember to have attended any other drama. With respect to Mr. Garrick's performance, it occupied the mind of every thing *critical* among us, and the "Correspondence" preserves, about this date, much ingenious remark upon his manner and his conception of Hamlet's character; to these the reader is referred, with a single caution, that the most ingenious critic does not always accurately describe; the most attentive hearer sometimes mistakes the sense conveyed by the speaker's emphasis or cadence. Where Mr. Garrick preserves his reply to a critic, we come at the exact fact, a correction of a mode liable to misconception; a justification of his own manner; or a frank admission that his anonymous estimator is both *friendly* and *right*.

The performance of *Archer*, so early as the month following, was succeeded by *Hastings* in Jane Shore, for his second benefit; he played *Sir Harry Wildair* for Woffington's, and for Macklin, on the 21st of March, he displayed one of the most finished studies of low humour, that the world ever saw, by acting *Abel Drugger* in Ben Jonson's Alchymist. There is a great deal of neatness in the following contemporary criticism. The writer thus describes Mr. Garrick.

"Abel Drugger's first appearance would disconcert the muscular economy of the wisest. His attitude, his dread of offending the doctor, his saying nothing, his gradual stealing in farther and farther, his impatience to be introduced, his joy to his friend Face, are imitable by none. Mr. Garrick has taken that walk to himself, and is the *ridiculous* above all conception. When he first opens his mouth, the features of his face seem, as it were, to drop upon his tongue; it is all caution; it is timorous, stammering, and inexpressible. When he stands under the conjuror to have his features examined, his teeth, his beard, his little finger, his awkward simplicity, and his concern, mixed with hope and fear, and joy and avarice, and good-nature, are above painting."

When we look at the skeleton text, which the genius of the actor has invested with such comic life and action, it must increase the very profession in our esteem.

The critic next notices the eager *running up* to inform Subtle, that he himself *sells* the tobacco which the philosopher commended; the struggle to make his intended present *two* pound. His *breaking the bottle* in the Doctor's absence, while curiously examining the implements around him. His *beating off* Surley, disarming him, and throwing away the sword with contempt. He does not know friend from foe in his triumphant perambulation, and is going even to strike his favourite Captain Face. Garrick seemed to say, to the very side scenes, "Will *you* fight me?"

And this is the "Lear" and the "Hamlet" who agonised and astonished us a few nights before! Again we disclaim Dr. Newton's *genteel*, but narrow basis. We would have him be the interpreter of *all* Nature!

About this time, Mr. Thomas Sheridan appeared at the theatre in Smock Alley, and his success was even beyond expectation. The "Correspondence" presents us with his reply to Garrick's invitation to act with him, which he prudently declines in a metaphorical compliment. "A well-cut pebble may pass for a diamond, till a fine brilliant is placed near it, and puts it out of countenance." He has no objection to divide the two kingdoms between them; to be the alternate Sovereigns of London and Dublin. "Farthest from him is best."

The summer of 1743 was distinguished by one of those professional combinations, at which "authority" always looks grave. But an actor is peculiarly circumstanced. If he is engaged to a profligate and needy manager, enjoying a Patent Right, he may suffer much, and yet hardly venture to seek redress. To be refractory with just ground, may only end in his own expulsion, not merely from a profitable engagement, but from the town friends, and settled habits of life, to which so much credit and comfort necessarily attach. The ardent temper of Garrick led him into a confederacy of this sort; and he stood at the head of a band of brothers, solemnly bound to each other, to bring Fleetwood to reason or shut up his theatre. The conspirators against him had "all the talents" among them. Garrick, Macklin, Havard, Berry, Blakes, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Clive, with Mills and his wife, all determined to secede and support each other in their resistance.

The chamberlain of the period, his Grace the Duke of Grafton, gave them but slender countenance. He asked simply the amount of their salaries; and finding that a "mere player" could get 500*l.* a-year, while the defender of his country might bleed or perish upon less than half the amount, he forgot the *honour* of bearing the King's commission on the one hand, and the rareness of great stage *talent* on the other, and very unlike his witty predecessor, the Duke of Dorset, posi-

tively refused to interfere in their favour. The patentee now assumed courage to face his enemies; and collecting in the provincial towns such recruits as he could find, and having secured Paul Whitehead to compose his manifesto and defend his cause, he took the field, as usual, in September, with "his tattered host of mounted scare-crows." The literary champion of the actors was William Guthrie, the historian and translator.

But actors without a house, and still worse, without a patent, could not long stand out, and at length, mutual interest brought them to return to their old engagements. The patentee, however, determined to have a victim; and thinking, in which he was right, Charles Macklin to have been the very soul of the conspiracy, he treated him as Richard the Second did Thomas Mowbray, though he resigned his sceptre to the man he preferred to him—

> "The hopeless word of *never* to return
> He breathed against him."

Mr. Garrick had a difficult part to act here. Macklin urged the compact, and insisted upon the strict fulfilment of its stipulations. Garrick, as a fair man, never for a moment denied that Macklin had a right to make this demand; but it did not suit him to fly from his own vantage ground, and he offered all that money could do, to make Macklin forego his claim. He proposed a weekly sum out of his own salary, to be secured to Macklin; and got a promise from Rich to engage his wife. Charles Macklin never was guilty of a *meanness;* and he disdained to commute a right for a *pension*; and sink into a dependant upon the very man who had *deserted* him. In this state, Garrick renewed his engagement with Fleetwood, at an increased salary; and Macklin's friends arranged their forces to annoy him the first time he should appear upon the stage of Drury-lane theatre. Fleetwood conjectured that the parties would come to blows, and provided accordingly. He had a taste for boxing, and Hockley-in-the-Hole sent out the *Fancy* to support its Patron. On Mr. Garrick's appearance in Bayes, on the 6th of December 1743, he was saluted with the usual cries of "Off! off!" sounds so unusual to him, and entreated to be heard in vain. The rioters and their leaders seemed more bent upon battle than explanation. By a missile, quite forgotten now, they showered *peas* upon the stage, to prevent any walking on to trouble them with addresses, and for two nights together enjoyed all "the current of a heady fight." At length the manager and his champions of the cudgel and the fist shouted victory! In other words, the public impatience to enjoy the performances of Garrick prevailed, and the disturbance ceased. But it was not until the 19th of December 1744, that Macklin returned to Drury Lane.

Mr. Garrick, now in perfect possession of the town, on the 7th of January 1744, acted *Macbeth* for the first time. This, as long as Mrs. Pritchard lived, was one of his finest parts.

His ascendency was now great indeed. It was thought advisable for the *late* school of acting to return out of the purgatory to which he had consigned it, and *old* Cibber was brought forward in *Fondlewife*, Sir *John Brute*, and Justice *Shallow*. Quin had his admirers in the heavy sententious characters, to which he had been accustomed; and sometimes, considering Garrick, like Whitfield, as a new religion, prophesied the "return of the people to church again." But the new actor was a poet also, and demolished this sarcasm by the wittiest epigram that ever was composed by insulted genius.

A'ope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains that heresy infects the town;
That Whitfield Garrick has misled the age,
And taints the sound religion of the stage;
Schism, he cries, has turned the nation's brain;
But eyes will open, and to church again!
Thou great infallible, forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are revered no more;
When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not heresy, but reformation."

As to the *Macbeth* of Quin, Garrick has himself left its absurdities upon record. In the *dagger* scene Quin did not rivet his gaze to the imaginary object, but showed an *unsettled motion* in his eye, like one not quite awaked from some disordering dream. His *hands* and *fingers* were not immovable but *restless*, and he accompanied the words "*Come let me clutch thee*" not by one motion, but by *several successive catches* at the dagger, first with *one* hand and then with the *other*, preserving the same motion, at the same time, with his feet, like a man who, out of his depth, and half drowned in his struggles, catches at air for substance. In the Banquet scene, when Banquo's ghost got possession of Macbeth's chair, and the latter, frighted at his appearance, by words and actions, says, *Which of you have done this?* Quin turned his head from the Ghost, sitting in his chair, to the *guests* sitting at their supper, and asked them the question by his eye as well as tongue. Again, on the second appearance of the Ghost, when Quin pronounced the words "Dare me to the desert with thy sword," he drew his *own* and put himself in a posture of *defence*. At the exclamation "Hence, horrible shadow!" he made a home *thrust* at him, *recovered* himself upon the Ghost's moving, and kept *passing* at him, till he got him quite out of the room. However, all this was after a *slow, manly*, folding up of his faculties, his body gradually *gathering up* at the vision, his mind keeping the same time, denoting by the *eyes* its strong workings and convulsions. He did not *dash* the goblet of wine to the ground, but let it *gently fall* from him, as if utterly *unconscious* of having such a vehicle in his hand. Mr. Garrick finishes his dissection of Quin's Macbeth, with the following tribute, to Shakspeare himself.

"Shakspeare was a writer not to be confined by *rule*; he had a *despotic power* over all nature. *Laws* would be an infringement of his *prerogative;* his *sceptered pen* waved control over every *passion* and *humour;* his royal word was not only *absolute*, but *creative; ideas, language*, and *sentiment* were his *slaves*, they were *chained* to the *triumphal car* of his *genius*; and when he made his *entry* into the *temple* of *fame*, all *Parnassus* rung with *acclamations;* the *Muses* sung his *conquests*, crowned him with never-fading *laurels* and pronounced him *immortal*. AMEN."

Mr. Garrick wrote the above as early as the year 1744, in the youthful freshness and vigour of his mind—it well marks the keenness of his observation, and the fervour of his fancy.

Again for the benefits of others, Mr. Garrick studied new characters, or reconsidered his first thoughts of them. To Mrs. Woffington's *Lady*, he acted *Lord Townley*, and for his friend Giffard he performed *Biron* in Southerne's Isabella. The next novelty was his *Sir John Brute* on the

16th of November 1744. As he was now shortly to visit Ireland again, the struggle in favour of our *fair sisters* could not at any time have tended more to their profit and their amusement, than what we find conceded by public advertisement in December, by the proprietors of the Dublin Theatre. Here is a copy of it.

Several gentlemen and ladies of distinction having applied to the Proprietors of the Theatre, that ladies might be admitted into the *pit* at the same price as the gentlemen are, which is the custom in London, and in every town in Ireland but Dublin, the said Proprietors, being willing to *oblige* all persons, who encourage theatrical performances, have given orders that, for the future, LADIES *will be admitted into the pit accordingly.*

While the Irish were thus establishing a practice tending materially to *order* in Dublin, the English nearly demolished the inside of Drury-lane theatre, on account of an advance of the prices on the nights of new pantomimes and farces. As soon as temper returned, Mr. Garrick acted *Scrub*, in the Beaux Stratagem; and revived Shakspeare's *King John* for them at Drury-lane, as a *requiescat* to old Cibber's alteration, called Papal Tyranny, at the other house. Garrick himself acted *John*, Delane the *Bastard*, and Mrs. Cibber, *Constance*. On the 7th of March 1745, he performed *Othello* for the first time, and repeated it two days after for his own benefit.

Mr. Davies thinks that Garrick became acquainted with Mr. Pitt and Lord Lyttelton at the production of Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda in 1743. It was first acted on the 18th of March 1745, and Garrick and Cibber established it in the public favour, far beyond any kindred production of its tender and amiable author. Perhaps politics had, rather more than poetry, to do with the condescension above-mentioned. It was something new to see an acting manager of the great drama of life, superintending the mimic interest of the stage. The appearances of such statesmen among the actors was very important indeed to Thomson; and no doubt their remarks were received with sufficient docility. What critical benefits might be derived, either as to the play or its performance, must be left to the reader's imagination. After the ninth night, during which he was taken ill, Mr. Garrick acted no more that season. This might, in some degree, arise from his quarrel with the Patentee, which we shall briefly explain.

Fleetwood had something about him, that reminds us of Sir Richard Steele, and found his creditors the cruelest scoundrels upon the face of the earth. He was at length induced to sell the few years remaining of his *patent*, to relieve him from his embarrassments; and two bankers, whose names were Green and Amber, became purchasers. Mr. James Lacy undertook the management of the concern, and was to be a proprietor to the extent of one-*third*; for the purchase-money of which, he executed a mortgage, to be liquidated by his proportion of the profits. They paid 3200*l.* for what remained unexpired of Fleetwood's patent. The prudence of Garrick could not be tempted on this occasion. The fortune he had so rapidly acquired by his genius, was not to be at the mercy of accidents, if it could be avoided. England was threatened with a rebellion, Scotland was already in a flame; in this juncture he therefore resolved to pay another visit to Ireland. Lacy was greatly annoyed at this defection of Garrick from his standard; and wrote the impressions of his disappointment to the proprietors of the Dublin Theatre. This Garrick resented, as ungentlemanly and unjust. His friend, Thomas Sheridan, however, was now absolute manager in the concern, and finding, on his arrival, that he could not carry his constant plan of acting upon a *certain sum* for so

many nights, but that the wary actor insisted upon dividing with him the profit or loss of their united representations, Garrick at length yielded the point, and they entered cordially on the conditions for their mutual advantage.

It was only late in his life, that the author of the present sketch could know any thing of Sheridan; but his utterance seemed so harsh, and his features so very inflexible, that all the opinion that his countrymen could entertain of his elocution, and more than the influence even of management, seem necessary to elevate such a man into rivalry with Garrick. However, he was certainly a correct and sensible speaker. They now alternately performed the principal characters in the drama, and they often appeared together in the same pieces. The accomplished politician, Lord Chesterfield, was Lord-Lieutenant at this time; and, with his accustomed *finesse*, became Irish "from top to toe." When Sheridan and Garrick waited upon him to and from his box, he paid his whole attention to *Sheridan*, as a native of Ireland. The allusion, which one so flattered recently made to the "*pebble* beside the *diamond*," in regard to the acting of himself and Garrick, now might seem to be excusable only as the language of *compliment*—but we would not invade the recesses of self-love. Ireland, a little before this era, had produced an actor of whom she could long and allowably boast. We allude to Spranger Barry; who, though confined in his excellence, was by nature accomplished to be the great *lover* of the stage. His first appearance was in *Othello*, at Aungier-street theatre, on the 15th February 1744; his second character was *Varanes*, and his third *Pierre*. To this great actor's merit Mr. Garrick bore a willing and effectual tribute; and his opinion and his friendship went together. Lacy hastened over to Dublin, expressly to see him; and might be said to have engaged the *only* man, who could at all compensate to him the loss of Garrick. That greatest of all actors, in the month of May 1746, returned to England, with considerable additions to his fame and fortune; having moreover laid the bases of a number of friendships among the most enlightened of that generous nation, which we shall see continuing through life to increase the stock of honour and happiness of this singular and favoured man.

The "Correspondence" will present to the reader, a little before this journey to Ireland, a variety of letters from Mrs. Cibber, and some gay inferences of Lord Rochford's as to the gallantry of Garrick. The fair actress may be allowed to explain her own sentiments. There seems no reason to question her sincere attachment to Mr. Sloper; and it should be remembered that, afterwards, Mrs. Garrick, who well knew the dishonourable conduct of her husband, Theophilus Cibber, always continued to *know* and *respect* his wife. The very winter of 1745-6 was rebellious; and the army in Scotland had suffered most severely. Mrs. Cibber proposed to Rich to act Polly three times for the veterans; and he paid to the Guildhall Committee the proceeds accordingly, amounting to 602*l.* 7*s.* Her friend Garrick acted this winter six characters with Rich, at Covent Garden Theatre, namely, Lear, Hamlet, Richard, Othello, Archer, and Macbeth. But, either as to house or manager, he was now out of his *sphere*, deliberately and with confidence expecting a return to his own stage, with increased power to render it the first in Europe.

We are now arrived at a very important event in the life of Mr. Garrick. We allude to the appearance in this country of a young lady under the name of Violette, who had been born at Vienna, and educated as a dancer; the uncommon graces of whose person and manners procured for her the warm patronage of Richard Boyle, fourth Earl of Cork, and third of Burlington, and the

ladies of his Lordship's family. Her name was Violette, not, as it has been usually written, Violetti, and she assumed it by command of the Empress Queen Maria Theresa,—the name of her family being Veigel, which, in Vienna *patois*, signifies Violet. She was introduced at the court of Vienna in all probability by the *Maitre de Ballet*, M. Hilferding, with other young ladies, to dance with the children of Maria Theresa; for it does not appear that she ever danced on the public stage at Vienna. Mademoiselle Violette came to this country accompanied by a family named Rossiter, who visited England to look after some property.* How soon she arrived in England, or when Mr. Garrick first saw her, we have not ascertained. She had occupied much fashionable attention before the summer of 1746, and had been a sufficient time in the Burlington connexion to have given some slight umbrage to her accomplished patron. Walpole, the Antoine Hamilton of his day, thus mentions the young lady, in a letter to his friend Montague, dated the 5th of June 1746. He is a somewhat "prophane and liberal censurer;" and these epithets, when she read his book, Mrs. Garrick was at least as ready to apply to him as Desdemona herself to the scurrilous Iago.

"The fame of the Violette encreases daily. The sister Countesses of Burlington and Talbot exert all their stores of sullen partiality and competition for her. The former visits her, and is having her picture, and carries her to Chiswick; and she sups at Lady Carlisle's, and lies—indeed I have not heard where, but I know, not at * * * [Leicester] House, where she is in great disgrace for not going once or twice a week to take lessons of Denoyer, as HE bid her. You know that is *politics*, in a court where dancing-masters are ministers."

With whatever tuition, she notwithstanding made her first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre on the 3rd of December 1746, and Signor Salomon made his entré at the same time. She was greatly admired and applauded. On the 16th of January 1747, the following notice respecting her shows that, notwithstanding the competition of Countesses, she had been well advised not to trifle with the public favour. At the foot of the playbill we read—

"Mademoiselle Violette humbly begs leave to acquaint the public that she is very much concerned to hear that she is charged with having been the occasion of the noise at the play-house in Drury-Lane on Wednesday night.

"As she was entirely ignorant that *three* dances had been advertised until it was too late to prepare herself, and as she cannot possibly be guilty of an intention to disoblige or give offence to an English audience, (from whom she has received so much applause,) she presumes to hope they will not impute to her a fault which she is not capable of committing, and especially where she had met with so much indulgence, for which she retains all possible gratitude."

She probably resided at this time at Burlington-house, and indeed so precious had she become there, that the Countess herself attended her to the theatre, and with maternal care used to throw

* A lady of fashion, to whom Mrs. Garrick bequeathed a token of remembrance, told the reverend gentleman, her executor, that she had the following account of the journey to England, both from her own mother and others. "The Empress Queen, perceiving that her husband, the Emperor Frederick I. regarded Mademoiselle Violette with marked attention, to prevent any unpleasant consequences, proposed this journey to England, and forwarded powerful recommendations in her favour." It was, no doubt, owing to such introduction that His Majesty George the Second commanded the play on her first appearance, and honoured her benefit also in 1748 with his presence.

her pelisse over her when she came off the stage. Mrs. Garrick herself remembered to have been taken by her to Lord Lovat's trial in April 1747.

How it should ever have been imagined that Garrick brought out his future wife *during his management*, it is impossible to say. Garrick was himself, on her *début*, acting at Covent-garden theatre, where he produced his farce of *Miss in her Teens*, on the 17th of January. It was scarcely ever equalled in its effects. The martial swaggerer of the coffee-houses, Captain *Flash*, was admirably given by Woodward; and the incorporation of an essence, the effeminate *Fribble*, so acted by Garrick, as positively, for a time at least, to *abate* that unmanly nuisance. Rich complimented the author with the fifteenth night of this piece, in addition to the third, to which, by custom, he was entitled. While Garrick was thus serving under Rich, his friend Benjamin Hoadly brought out there his fine acting comedy of the Suspicious Husband; in this play he was the brilliant and eccentric Ranger, which he acted twelve times, when he was taken ill, and the *Hat and Ladder* devolved upon Chapman.* This illness was severely felt during the benefits at Covent-Garden theatre; and Quin, who had at first been churlish as to Garrick, had depended upon his aid like others.

On the 27th of March, at the top of the advertisement for his night, appeared the following letter to him from Garrick.

"Sir,—I am sorry that my present bad state of health makes me incapable of performing so long and laborious a character as Jaffier, this season. If you think my playing in the Farce will be of the least service to you, or any entertainment to the audience, you may command your humble servant,

March 25th 1747. "David Garrick."

To return to Mademoiselle Violette. Upon first perusing the "Correspondence," the impression arises, that both Lord Rochford and Mrs. Cibber alluded to this lady, for Cibber thus expresses herself on the 1st of January 1746. "Your wife sends her duty: she is the greatest coquette in England, and has half a dozen husbands in bank in case of your death." On further consideration, however, it appears that these allusions had another object, and that there was certainly then a greater distance between the parties.

But, a month before Mr. Garrick married Mademoiselle Violette, on the 18th of May 1749, Walpole again refers to them both, in his usual Iago style. He is describing a grand entertainment given at Richmond.

"There was an admirable scene," (says this Hogarth of description,) "Lady Burlington brought the *Violette*, and the Richmonds had asked Garrick, who stood *ogling* and *sighing* the whole time, while my lady kept a most *fierce look-out*. Sabbatini† asked me 'And who is that?' It was a distressing question; after a little hesitation, I replied "*Mais, c'est Mademoiselle Violette!*" *Et comment Mademoiselle Violette! J'ai connu une Mademoiselle Violetté par exemple.*—I begged him to look at Miss Bishop."

* This play had a very unusual effect upon George the Second. He absolutely sent the author a hundred pounds for amusing him.—Ed.

† Sabbatini was a diplomatist, and most probably father of his namesake, whom Cumberland, in 1780, saw architect to the King of Spain.

Perhaps Sabbatini meant to express his astonishment that one, whom he had known a dancer, should have been brought into an assembly of the highest rank in England. This is, however, mere conjecture. The very extraordinary favour shown this lovely creature by the Burlington family, gave rise to a story, that she was really the daughter of the Earl, by a lady of the greatest merit at Florence; and when afterwards a portion of *six thousand pounds* was given with her hand to Garrick in marriage, the story seemed to be confirmed past reasonable doubt; nay, it was said his Lordship had acknowledged her to Mr. Garrick as his child.*

There is still something to be added to Mr. Garrick's performances for Rich. It was on the 14th of November 1746, that Richard Cumberland, then a scholar in the sixth form of Westminster School, was permitted to occupy a seat in the front row of the gallery of Covent-Garden playhouse, and to witness the performance of Rowe's Fair Penitent. His very description of it is dramatic; Quin, Horatio; Ryan, Altamont; Mrs. Cibber, Calista; Mrs. Pritchard, Lavinia.

'QUIN presented himself upon the rising of the curtain in a green velvet coat, embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings and high-heeled square-toed shoes; with very little variation of cadence, and in a deep full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the Senate than of the Stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference, that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed upon him.'

'Mrs. CIBBER, in a key high-pitched, but sweet withal, sung, or rather recitatived Rowe's harmonious strain, something in the manner of the improvisatories: it was so extremely wanting in contrast that, though it did not wound the ear it wearied it; when she had once recited two or three speeches, I could anticipate the manner of every succeeding one: it was like a long old legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of which is sung to the same tune, eternally chiming on the ear without variation or relief.'

'Mrs. PRITCHARD was an actress of a different cast, had more nature, and of course, more change of tone and variety both of action and expression: in my opinion the comparison was decidedly in her favour.'

* She was born at Vienna, on the 29th February 1724-5, as appears by the registry of her baptism in the Cathedral Church of St. Stephen. She was one of three children of Mr. Johann Veigel, a respectable inhabitant of that city, and named after her mother Eva-Maria. Her brother, Ferdinand Charles, showing like herself talents for dancing, became attached to the Corps de ballet.

It is not surprising that this warm attachment of the Burlington Family to a young lady, however highly honoured in her introduction to them, when it proceeded so far as domesticating her in their residence, superintending her studies, and even condescending to attend her in her public exhibition of her talents, that she might remain as pure as she was captivating,—gave rise to a *romantic* fable that she had been really the offspring of an attachment of the Earl before marriage, at Florence, and that thus circuitously he had resumed the guardianship of his own daughter. But all this affiliation is dispelled in a moment. In the first place, the young lady's parents were citizens of Vienna, not Florence, and at Vienna she was accordingly born in the year 1724. Now, as to the attachment *before* his marriage, the Earl really had already been married two years, when Mademoiselle Violette was born. And, moreover, his Lordship, from the period of his union, passed several years uninterruptedly in England, and, as appears by the Journals of the House of Lords, constantly attended his duty in Parliament. The patronage therefore is to be attributed solely to the sense entertained of the young lady's merits, and with a bounty equal to their care of her, they gave her a portion in marriage, as if Mr. Garrick had really taken a daughter of the House of Burlington. They gave her 6000*l.* to which Mr. Garrick added 4000*l.*—and to the marriage settlement Lady Burlington became a party.

'But when, after a long and eager expectation, I first beheld little GARRICK, then young and light and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at the wittol Altamont and heavy-paced Horatio—Heavens, what a transition! it seemed as if a whole century had been stept over in the transition of a single scene; old things were done away, and a new order at once brought forward, bright and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel the barbarisms and bigotry of a tasteless age, too long attached to the prejudices of custom, and superstitiously devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation.'

How unconscious were these two great and excellent men at that time, one that he should ever *write*, the other that he should ever *receive*, such a Comedy as the "West Indian." Cumberland was "a scholar, and a ripe and good one;" he excelled in many departments of literature, and contributed largely to the delight and improvement of his fellow creatures. We remember standing by the grave to which his mortal remains had but a moment ago been consigned—we saw the venerable Vincent close the book of the burial service, and then turn himself to the spectators with a modest and faithful enumeration of the dead man's merits,—we saw the tear of friendship fall upon the marble floor beneath the speaker, and beheld him supported from the scene, which his own keen feelings had rendered almost too much for his great age.

As the season of 1746-7 terminated Mr. Garrick's connexion with Covent-Garden, and the next saw Drury-lane open under the management of Garrick and Lacy, we here make a pause in his theatrical history, and close the first section of these Memoirs.

SECTION THE SECOND.

FROM 1747 to 1763.

MR. LACY was turned to business, and applied himself to realize the property which had fallen under his management. At the period we are now entering upon, the old patent had only six years to run, and the lease of the theatre itself expired in about five years. To make his property an object in the market, it became essential to secure a renewal of his lease, and this object he absolutely accomplished by *hunting* with the Duke of Grafton. By compensating Green and Amber, the bankers, and doing something for Fleetwood, he could now tender to Garrick one half of the present and future property of Drury-Lane theatre, and upon very moderate terms. The agreement was perfected on the 9th of April 1747. The results are these:—If the existing encumbrances were more in their amount than 12,000*l.* the excess was to be settled by Lacy out of his share of the profits; to the yearly annuities of 500*l.* to Fleetwood, and of 300*l.* to a Mr. Cawthorpe, the two partners were equally liable. The sum of 500 guineas per year, and a clear benefit, were to be given to Mr. Garrick as an actor, and each party was entitled to draw out of the concern a sum not exceeding 500*l.* per annum for private expenses, and under the title of managers. When the profits did not yield that sum, the future were to make good what was over taken of the past, and the

party taking such exceeding, was made debtor for the same, with interest until it was repaid—his share of the patent being the security to the other party. In the "Correspondence," at page 50, the reader will find a literal copy of this important agreement.

This business being happily arranged, the necessary improvements of the house determined, and a general notion settled as to the company to be engaged, Mr. Garrick left town to visit his friends at Lichfield. In coming to town he caught cold at Dunstable by sleeping in damp sheets, but quickly recovered and prepared himself for taking the field in September, with every strength that could be attached to a theatre. It was not to be imagined that all things would work smoothly at once. He had engaged the Pritchards, and found they had been rendered uneasy. Mrs. Pritchard thought she would be mortified by the triumph of one haughty woman, Woffington, and that with this lady and Mrs. Cibber *only* in tragedy would Mr. Garrick ever be allowed to play. Garrick, in a very manly and judicious letter, dated 11th July 1747, explained the system he should act upon; and disclaiming all partialities, showed that his interest would be best promoted by the best actors being together; which measure he thought the most advisable for them also. Quin did not engage with him, nor acted against him, and as Rich never supposed his great actors of any importance to his management, Garrick had his choice nearly of every body that he deemed valuable to a stage. In opposition to other accounts, we prefer to rely upon the accuracy of Isaac Reed. Drury-Lane theatre opened under Garrick and Lacy, on the 15th of September 1747, with the play of the Merchant of Venice, to which the great actor himself spoke a prologue, written for the occasion by Samuel Johnson, and Mrs. Woffington delivered an epilogue from the pen of Garrick himself. We have already expressed an opinion of this prologue.

Garrick revived Albumazar, which had been acted before James the First, in 1614, by the gentlemen of Trinity College, Cambridge. Dryden, who wrote a great deal about Ben Jonson, in his time, has arraigned him for stealing his Alchymist from this play; and the prologue of accusation by that great man, was spoken by Garrick now. But he revived really the *carelessness* of Dryden in such matters; for Jonson's play was acted by the same King's servants, in the year 1610, and as Jonson was a scholar, and read by scholars, and himself of St. John's in the same university, it is quite clear, (if there was any stealing in the case,) that Tomkis, the author of Albumazar, stole from Old Ben, who published his Alchymist the very year in which it was first acted.

Rich seems to have been somewhat staggered at first by Garrick's braving the field so early; he did not open the doors of Covent-Garden till the 29th of October, and then he played the coarse immorality of the *London Cuckolds*. Mrs. Pritchard made her first curtsey under the new management, in the character of Lady Lurewell in the Constant Couple. George Dandin, a farce taken from Moliere, was acted by Shuter, Mrs. Macklin, Mrs. Green, and Mrs. Clive. Garrick revived also Shakspeare's Henry the Fifth, giving the King to the heroic Barry, and condescending himself to speak the Chorus.

Rich again shut up his house from the 25th of November, to the 4th of December.

After Henry the Fifth, Barry acted *Shore*, and *Horatio*, the favourite character of the *tardy-gaited* Quin. Dr. John Hoadly, in his correspondence with Garrick, here preserved, and terminated only by his death, reminds him, that Bridgewater alone had made a part of Strickland in his brother Ben's comedy. That modest man now took it for his benefit, and at the bottom of his bill,

("He was not for the fashion of these days!") writes simply thus: "The kind reception I have met with in the character of the *Suspicious Husband*, has emboldened me to hope for the farther encouragement of the town on my benefit night; especially as I have not troubled them on such an occasion for several seasons."

Barry acted Orestes for his benefit this season; and to prove really to Mrs. Pritchard how vain her fears had been, Mr. Garrick appeared on her night in an Epilogue, of which she was the Clarinda and he the Ranger. In April, Quin came up from Bath to act for the sufferers by a dreadful fire in Cornhill, and his Othello at Covent Garden brought them 218*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.* The rival play at Drury, Lear, produced 203*l.* 1*s.* The army had already been permitted to benefit by this strange resource.

The only addition made by Mr. Garrick this season to his performances in town, was the part of *Jaffier*, which he acted for the first time on the 8th of February 1748. Among the memorabilia of his management, we may class the dexterity of Macklin, in exciting attention to Ford's play of the *Lover's Melancholy;* some idea of which may be formed from the disquisition written by Mr. Malone, and printed in his Shakspeare. His recent dispute with Garrick, and the sturdy independence of his character at all times, made him determine not to ask that great man to act for his benefit; and he wrote in the newspapers perhaps more matter than the play itself contained, to induce the public to go and see it. He had every body in the cast except Garrick, and I shall preserve the list of his performers as a curiosity. Barry, Sparks, Berry, Winstone, Macklin, Blakes, Delane, Havard, Neale, Mrs. Macklin, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Bennet, and Mrs. Pritchard.

Thus closed the first season of the new management—upon which it may be sufficient to remark, that the sleeping muses of either Tragedy or Comedy had not yet roused from their lethargic slumber. No author of genius had yet tempted Mr. Garrick's liberality by strong dramatic skill. He had a full magazine, however, of admirable *old stock*, so that he could wait the revival of dramatic talent among us, and was content to do so.

It may be worth while to record that the *humility* or the *avarice* of our actors submitted, at this period, to the triumphant St. Bartholomew; and Yates had a booth at the fair in Smithfield, at which he presented the moral lessons of the immortal Hogarth dramatised. This droll was called "The consequences of Industry and Idleness, or the Apprentice's Guide." At a rival booth they displayed "The Northern Heroes, with the Adventures of Roderick Random and his friend Strap."

So truly did Johnson exhibit the course of the world when he wrote, to justify his own Shakspeare,—"In which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend,"—that in this season of revelry to thousands, JAMES THOMSON expired, the author of the *Seasons*, the interpreter of *silent Nature*, the favourite bard of the *Castle of Indolence*.

In Mr. Garrick's second season, 1748-9, Woodward returned to Drury-lane, after an absence of seven years; and Mrs. Woffington, after a similar absence, returned to Covent-Garden, where Quin also renewed his engagement. We have already hinted at the inducements, of a *mixed* character, which led the Woffington from Garrick and his theatre. It was at one time supposed that Garrick had really married her; and she herself told Murphy, that he had gone so far as to *try on* the wedding-ring. It seems not to have *fitted* perfectly. He was now decidedly in earnest pursuit of the Violette; destined, as Mrs. Garrick, to form, if not the most splendid, the most intimate and

valued charm of his existence. Garrick's attachment was at first only matter of surmise, and when known, was hardly approved at Burlington House, as the young lady had one or more offers from persons of family and fortune. Garrick, it should be here remarked, was a stranger at this time to the Burlington family, who only knew him in his profession. Mrs. Garrick herself used to relate, that once her future husband disguised himself in woman's clothes, in order to convey a letter into her chair.

It may be well here to notice the first appearance of Tom King on Drury-Lane stage, on the 19th of October 1748. He then shone, in spite of Churchill, neither "in brass" nor copper; but took his station exactly where he was wanted, and cultivated his useful talent under the great master; who knew him during his dramatic reign for the *steadiest* of his adherents, and presented him with his *sword* when he quitted the stage. King's trial part was only *Allworth* in the New Way to Pay Old Debts; with such succeeding characters as *Trueman*, in the Squire of Alsatia, and *Salanio* in the Merchant of Venice; besides an occasional serious attempt at Barnwell, dropping without a murmur to Ross in Macbeth, or dozing to the sweet music of Milton's verse in the *younger brother* in his Comus.

On the 14th of November Mr. Garrick first appeared in *Benedick* in Much Ado about Nothing, a performance of most exquisite humour, in which he was never seen without sympathy and laughter equally irresistible. Whether in contemplation of his intended marriage, and to disperse the "odd quirks and remnants of wit that might be broken on him," he spoke this scenical prologue to his real wedding, can only be gathered from his practice of thus *anticipating* through life. To show his real desire to swell the sails of Barry's popularity to his heart's content, Garrick got up Romeo and Juliet; and the enchanting lover of the stage now acted Romeo to the Juliet of Mrs. Cibber, on the 29th of the same month. Garrick here introduced a scene, the hint of which is, we believe, from Otway. He makes Juliet awake in the tomb before the death of Romeo; a judicious improvement to the catastrophe of the play. He altered and improved his own lively farce of *Lethe*, not yet however enriched by his Lord Chalkestone. He kept it as a canvass on which he could at pleasure rub out or paint in any figure in its shades, and constantly heighten its attractions. At this revival, he himself acted the poet, the drunken man, and the Frenchman; the fine gentleman he allotted to Woodward; the lady to the inimitable Clive.

During the summer of 1748, Foote commenced an entertainment at the Haymarket, in the forenoon, called an "*Auction of Pictures*:" the wit and extraordinary personations of that eccentric genius brought great numbers to the sale—the pictures, as they in truth were, being all warranted originals, and entirely new. This auction he renewed on the 1st of December following. In the midst of his success, however, some impudent rascal absolutely got possession of the house, with a view to ascertain how far the *English curiosity* or credulity might be tempted. His advertisement of the 16th of January 1749, announced that "A person then and there, before the audience, would take a common walking-cane from any one of the spectators, on which he would play the music of every instrument then in use."

And this, with more or less accuracy, clearly may be done.

"He next will present a common wine-bottle to be examined by the spectators. This bottle being placed on a table, he will then, without any equivocation, *go into it*, and sing while there. During which time

any person may handle it, and see that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle. Those who come in masked habits to this entertainment will, if agreeable to them, be told by the performer *who they are.*"

Stage 7s. 6d. Boxes 5s. Pit 3s. Gallery 2s. To begin at half an hour after six o'clock.

After the above, as he well might do, in a private room, and for a fresh gratuity, he undertook to show the *dead;* tell you the thoughts, however secret, of your past lives; and give a full view of the persons who have *injured* you, dead or alive.

Most of the crowned heads of Asia, Africa, and Europe, had, of course, seen these performances, though he never appeared in public anywhere but once. It was added—

"There will be a proper guard to keep the house in due decorum."

Foote saw in this impudent business a design to ruin him by implication; he therefore took care to make Potter, the proprietor of the house, appoint his own *receiver;* that he might be able to return their money to the fools who had paid it for entrance, and leave to their folly nothing beyond the loss of their *time.* He publicly announced what he had done by advertisement on the 18th, two days after the hoax; and thus finished the affair of the *Bottle Conjuror!*—the most disgraceful attack that was ever made upon the common sense of the metropolis.

On the 6th of February 1749, Mr. Garrick brought out the tragedy written by his friend Johnson, under the title of *Mahomet and Irene.* It was acted only nine nights. Nature seems to have denied to that great man, as she did to Milton, the true power of a dramatic writer. It was more calculated for the meridian of Paris than London. It is, as he himself said of Comus, a drama "inelegantly splendid and tediously instructive."—The speeches have but one tune, and the moralist prevails over the poet. Garrick is said to have acted *Demetrius* finely; and Aaron Hill discovered great want of skill in the *Mahomet* of Barry. Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Cibber are said to have been effective in their characters; and Garrick, to be sure of one of the springs of tragedy, *terror,* strangled Irene in the face of the audience; but the due preparation for such a stroke was wanting; it was only *shocking;* and was subsequently obliged to be removed from the eyes of the spectators.

Barry presented his friends with *Othello* at his benefit; and Garrick, who did every thing to serve him, studied and played *Iago* to him for the first time. In this part, it is probable, that the nearest approach to him was made by Henderson, who had the freedom and the variety of Garrick; but the *look,* the *voice,* "these are in the land where all things are forgotten."

With Hill's "*Merope,*" a free translation from Voltaire, in which Mr. Garrick himself acted *Eumenes,* (Dorilas,) the season made a brilliant close.

Hill did not long survive the success of his tragedy, for he died in the February following.

On the 22nd of June 1749, David Garrick was married to Eva Maria Violette, by Mr. Franklin, at his chapel near Russell-street, Bloomsbury; and afterwards, on the same day, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church, by the Rev. Mr. Blyth, at the chapel of the Portuguese embassy, in South Audley-street.

Something may here be added as to the Burlington patronage of the lady. The charming Violette had entirely sympathised with her ardent lover, and Lady Burlington, during an indisposition, had extorted from her that sort of declaration, which she anticipated. Mr. Garrick now wrote a very respectful and proper letter to Lady Burlington, making his proposals in due form: they were accepted. All reserve and distance thus happily got over, Mr. Garrick became, as was to be expect-

ed, a great favourite at Burlington-house. On one occasion Lady Burlington made him a present of her Prayer-book, now in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Rackett, in which Mr. Garrick wrote the following lines.

"This sacred book has Dorothea given,
To show a straying sheep the way to Heaven:
With forms of righteousness she well may part,
Who bears the Spirit in her upright heart."

Foote, this summer, resumed his public breakfasting in the Haymarket, and threw down the gauntlet to Harry Woodward, who was neither unable nor unwilling to take it up. The reader will see, at pages 54 and 55 of "The Correspondence," how idly he presses Garrick into this quarrel, by a gross and wanton imputation of *parsimony;* and how temperately the prudent manager replies. A time arrived when Garrick showed him the most friendly sympathy, at the moment when it was most grateful to him. He was always among the warmest admirers of Foote's genius.

Barry now began to grow spoiled by success, and frequently was absent from his duty, under the plea of bad health. He assured the public by advertisement, that "he scorned all trick and evasion, and that nothing but real illness had, or should ever oblige him to decline his duty as an actor." If ever one man was indebted to another, Barry was indebted to Garrick; his acquirements from study were very slender. Garrick, in fact, *thought* for him, and taught him the proper use of his very fine powers. He, however, could no longer bear to be *second*, where it was yet impossible he should be *first*. He at length very modestly desired to choose his own nights of performance. This Garrick permitted. But the *Hamlet* of Mr. Garrick drew greater houses than Barry's. This it was impossible to remedy; and, where no remedy can be found, the patient must try another climate. From the close of the season, Mrs. Cibber and he both engaged themselves to Rich. They had permission to get up what plays they chose, and play what, and when they pleased. Quin and Barry might sometimes contest a point, but of Quin's opposition, the close might be speedily expected. They thought they could very materially annoy their old master.

We shall see the result of this removal soon. To conclude the present season, W. Shirley's Black Prince was produced on the 6th of January, and Garrick kept it living the usual nine nights, and on the 22nd Foote's dreaded *Friendship in Fashion;* in the *Matagene* of which Woodward had threatened to *dress at him*, and *take him off*—a favour Foote had conferred upon hundreds, who were not, like himself, fair public game. Foote was relieved by the damnation of the play. The *Roman Father* of William Whitehead was brought out on the 24th of February, by Garrick, and has been rarely long absent from the stage. The author wanted the elevation of our true tragic style, but he has occasional passages that a great actor will always render popular. On the 5th of April, Comus was acted by Garrick for the benefit of Mrs. Foster, a grand-daughter of our epic wonder, Milton; and she hardly understood the *means* by which her age was rendered comfortable. This was the last movement of a season of great activity and skill.

In the recess, Garrick had turned himself, with his usual vigour, to supply the chasm left by the desertion of Barry and Mrs. Cibber. For the one, even as a lover, he thought himself a full match. He had taught Barry how he himself conceived Romeo. To oppose Cibber, the pathetic Cibber, was more difficult; however, as Rich no longer wanted her, he took Miss Bellamy, a very

promising young actress, and by infinite pains, brought her up to his idea of Juliet—his preparation had been silent, but was complete: he opened the season of 1750, on the 8th of September, with the Merchant of Venice, and an occasional prologue by himself. Covent Garden started on the 24th, with Macklin in the Miser, his first appearance on that stage; and when, four days afterwards, Rich put up Romeo and Juliet, the Drury Lane play-bill announced it also.

Competition is undoubtedly the life of theatres. In the managers of them, however, a false point of honour sometimes tends to their prejudice: what was begun by interest is protracted by obstinacy. They repeat the food till the appetite can bear it no longer. Garrick played Romeo a *thirteenth* night, when Barry, or rather Rich, closed his run of the play on the 12th. Shakspeare, by the mouth of his Mercutio, had furnished the wits with an epigram exactly suited to the occasion, the wearied town exclaiming sincerely—

"A plague on both your houses!"

The female part of the audience might rather incline to the *silver sweetness* of Barry and Cibber, and indulge their weakness, or their remembrance, in silent and copious tears. Garrick seized upon the *agonies* of love, and convulsed his audience with alarm, with frenzy and despair. Every look called upon the painter, every attitude upon the statuary. Macklin was the Mercutio of Covent Garden, and Woodward his representative at Drury Lane. Garrick was able to repress the tendency of Woodward to extravagance. At Macklin it is likely nobody ever *smiled*—his notion of the character would be satirical and critical, derisory and contemptuous.

Now began the singular eminence of Mrs. Pritchard in tragedy; she had been considered only a valuable second to Cibber and Woffington. She now became the partner of Garrick on the scene; and on the 3rd of December they acted together for the first time, *Osmyn* and *Zara* in the Mourning Bride of Congreve. Soon after this, Dr. Burney appeared as a Composer for the stage in a musical entertainment called Robin Hood. It was written by Moses Mendez, a Jew, a Stockbroker, a Poet, and a man of immense property.

Mr. Garrick kindly permitted a daughter of Farquhar's in bad circumstances, to issue tickets for that great comic writer's Stratagem, and strengthened the play by his own performance on the 19th of December, 1750. He also permitted, for it is to be hoped some charitable purpose, the performance of *Othello* at his house on the 7th of March, 1751. *Othello*, *Iago*, and *Cassio*, by members of the Delaval family. Desdemona and Emilia were sustained by Mrs. Quin and Mrs. Stevens. These gay people played the tragedy for their "own diversion." It is to be feared that they might unluckily *divert* the audience, unless indeed they were over-awed by the attendance in state of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland, the Princess Amelia, Prince George, (George III.) and his sister Augusta, who by her marriage with the Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, gave birth to the consort of his late Majesty. In one fortnight after this gracious appearance of Frederick, Prince of Wales, he himself quitted the great stage of life, and the theatres were closed by order till the 8th of April. The only other event at all remarkable, was the final retirement of Quin, who became not less eminent in society for *voluptuous humour*, than he had been upon the stage itself. He was the *Falstaff* of Bath, and scarcely inferior to the original.

Ireland has been observed to have supplied the stage with rather more than its quota in the two congenial classes of Wits and Actors. The production of Barry had not exhausted her: in the winter of 1749, another great actor made his first appearance at the Dublin theatre. This was Henry Mossop, who appears to have enjoyed among us a kindred fame with the admired Le Kain of the French theatre. Mossop's three first characters were *Zanga*, *Othello*, and *Cassius*. To this gentleman Mr. Garrick threw open the doors of Drury Lane Theatre, and he determined upon the part of Richard the Third, notwithstanding the transcendant powers of Mr. Garrick in the character. Richard's deformity concealed Mossop's want of figure and graceful motion; and it gave full scope to his dreadful energy, and the wonders of a voice which through an amazing range of tones was the soundest that ever predominated upon the stage. It was this perfection which electrified every audience in the famous burst of *Zanga* from the cloud of hypocrisy, when he withers the wretched Alonzo with the avowal of his vengeance. To Mossop's *debut* of the 26th of September succeeded, the following week, a milder star, in the accomplished David Ross. In him the public saw a feature which the stage so seldom displays, the unaffected gentleman. A third candidate from the Irish stage appeared in the person of a gentleman named Dexter. His first performance of *Oroonoko* excited expectations which he was fated to disappoint.

Mr. Garrick had long meditated the revival of Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour. He now altered it very judiciously for the modern stage, and acted himself the character of *Kitely*. It may be questioned whether even Burbage, with the author by his side, could have stood the comparison with him in that striking effort of his skill. The very night before he had revived the Phædra and Hippolytus of Edmund Smith, and shown the full activity of able management.

But the winter patentees then, as in our own times, were liable to the invasion of enterprising genius; and from the Castle *Tavern* in Paternoster Row, instead of her bookseller's, *Mother Midnight's Magazine*, conducted by Foote, was published on the 3rd of December 1751. As a fashionable work, it was soon removed to the Haymarket, and the delivery of it to the public occupied the press, without interruption, for thirty-two days. The January following he brought out a two act comedy at Drury Lane, which he gave to his friend Worsdale the painter, who acted *Lady Pentweasle* in it. The piece was called *Taste*, and adopted the outcry of modern artists against the affected admirers of maimed sculpture and invisible pictures.

With the accession of such a man as Garrick to the management of a theatre, a new order of things might be expected to arise; genius, sure of being appreciated, would naturally shake off the slumber of despondency, and, rousing its faculties, struggle against the fame of former writers. The genius *could not be found*;—it was dreaming over the classics, and creating only school-boy imitations. What was not Greek in our writers, was French; an Apollo in the dress of Louis the Fourteenth. Such dramatists were Francis, and Whitehead, and Francklin, and Thomson, and Mallet, and Glover, and Brown, and the *spes altera Romæ*, Murphy. The genius for acting of Garrick was fashioned, and, indeed, wisely devoted, for the most part, to the poets of a former and a better age. He was not suited to mediocrity, and his interest only at any time bowed him to season insipidity. Finding no *character* among the living, he raised the dead, and rendered Shakspeare, and Jonson, and Fletcher contemporaries and brothers to himself.

Having exhibited the character of this great man's management in detail sufficient for the

reader's information, we shall now confine our brief sketch to events of remarkable consequence to himself or his theatre. "Perhaps," said the sagacious Johnson,

> "Perhaps (for who can guess the effects of chance?)
> Here Hunt may box, or *Mahomet may dance*."

This profanation of a stage actually took place at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 2nd of November 1752; but the *christian* name of the intruder was Maddox, a dancer upon the *slackwire*. Mr. Garrick permitted Woodward to introduce some additional scenes into his pantomime of Harlequin Ranger, in ridicule of this innovation, from Sadler's Wells. During the performance Woodward was assailed with a tempest of provocation. He was carried as Harlequin in a sedan chair across the stage, it seems, and while so in motion an apple broke the glass of the vehicle. This Woodward took up, and politely bowing to a gentleman whose vehemence in the stage-box particularly caught his eye, he said audibly, "Sir, I thank you." This gentleman was the celebrated Richard Fitzpatrick, who became the mortal enemy of Garrick, and was elevated by the manager, under the style and title of *Fizgig*, to the chair of the Fribbleriad. It appears that he himself, or Dr. Hill in the Inspector, charged Woodward with coming up to him, where he sat in the stage-box, and saying to him, in his Harlequin's jacket from the stage, "I have noticed *you* in particular, and I shall meet with you again." By public advertisement Fitzpatrick declared this to be the fact, upon his *honour*. Woodward confirmed his *own* speech upon *oath*, before Henry Fielding. Nor did Fitzpatrick avoid the same test, but also made oath, on the 17th of November, before Mr. Lediard, as soon as he had read Woodward's deposition. Thus, with perjury as a goad hanging awkwardly between them, originated, on Fitzpatrick's side, a persecution of both the actor and his manager, which annoyed Mr. Garrick with malignant criticism on his acting, and satirical contempt for him as a man, for many years.

It is but justice to Woodward to add, that his *version* of the address to this person, was attested by the affidavit of Cross the prompter; and he farther alleged, that his assailant, when he got into the Bedford Coffee-house after the play, *then* charged him with saying no more than the words, "Sir, I thank you." However, Woodward now vindictively took a personal liberty with Dr. Hill; and when he next performed the *mock doctor*, he dressed the character exactly in the *Inspector's* style, to the annoyance of the critical cabal, and the diversion of the spectators.

Mr. Garrick now ventured to quit business for a few months, and passed the summer of 1752 with Mrs. Garrick in Paris. He there became acquainted with the celebrated performers on the French stage; and saw and admired Clairon, the most *studious* artiste, and one of the most captivating women of France. The great actor preferred her then to all her competitors, and on account of that very *art*, which was objected to her by many critics.

No period could be better chosen than this of Garrick's journey. He arrived among the literati of France at a moment when they disposed of every thing that society had to give, and filled *themselves* with the love of liberty; an illustrious Englishman, like Garrick, was welcomed as a sort of *test* of what the cultivation of great talent in the soil of freedom could produce.

Literature had made the lion's effort, and freed itself, in a great measure, of the most jealous restraints of a corrupt and bigoted government.

But, with whatever serious concerns beset occasionally, French society is usually gay, and the presence of Garrick added to its gaiety. He spoke the language without difficulty, and his wife was a foreigner—Garrick's family was originally French; and he was thus every way at home, and by competition every where caressed. He perhaps quitted Paris with reluctance; but the opening of the house summoned him again to Drury.

We are next to notice the first appearance of a gentleman, who became very intimate with Mr. Garrick, and whose letters frequently occur in his "Correspondence." We allude to the late Mr. William Smith, whom robust exercises of all kinds kept living to a great age; and who, after his great master, stood in no mean rank with the public. Smith could swim his league out to sea and back; ride his thirty miles an end; dine with a club of foxhunters; and study equally hard. Nor did he neglect his classical acquirements of college; nor the pleasures of a still more captivating character. All our readers have at least heard of his *Charles* in the School for Scandal. Mr. Smith came out at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 8th of January 1753, in Lee's *Theodosius;* an approved trial-part, it seems; for long after, it was also Kemble's. The manly beauty of the actor's person and manners soon made an important conquest among the fair sex; for he married on the 31st of May 1754, the Honourable Mrs. Courtenay, sister to Lord Sandwich.

We have always considered the touch of *nature* upon the stage, to be the *sine qua non;* and who shall deny it to the *Gamester*, a tragedy written by Edward Moore, and which had the high praise of Dr. Young? It was first acted on the 7th of February 1753. How shall we credit the fact that, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Mr. Garrick himself in Beverley, the reception was equivocal, or rather, its success languid?

That the play did little *then* at Drury-Lane must be confessed; for in a "little month" it gave place to Dr. Young's tragedy of the Brothers, which had been rehearsed, but never acted, twenty-five years before.

The season of 1753-4 saw Mrs. Cibber again at Drury-Lane, with her old friend, Mr. Garrick; and her substitute in the Juliet business, Miss Bellamy, returned to Covent Garden; Bellamy, in fact, had failed miserably in the *Brothers;* and, as a general heroine, was faint and inefficient. Tragedies now were like the regal spectres in Macbeth, whose great representative uttered to them unwillingly—

"Come like shadows! so depart."

Thus it was with the Boadicea of Glover, and the Virginia of Crisp, and the Creusa of Whitehead.

The writer of this epitome remembers that Murphy, with whom he passed an evening at his old haunt, Slaughter's Coffee-house, gave the party, after supper, a notion of Garrick in the character of Virginius, in Crisp's tragedy. Appius being seated on his tribunal, Claudius, the villainous tool of the Decemvir, claims *Virginia* as a slave born in his house. During this declaration, Garrick stood on the opposite side of the stage, with his arms folded, his eyes fixed on the ground, mute and motionless as a statue. By slow degrees, he at length raised his head—after a slight pause, during which the spectators could read the struggle within him in a face that kept no secrets—he turned round slowly, till his eyes rested upon Claudius; then, in the low, smothered voice of anguish, tears gushing as he spoke the words, his broken heart sobbed out, "Thou traitor!" The audience was, for once, electrified without noise; and the applause became abundant and universal. Such things

atone for much wearisome length of *blank song*. However, Garrick's reception of Virginia was secured by the irresistible sweetness of the beautiful Lady Coventry, who patronized the reverend author of the play.

We now enter upon a subject which was attended with events highly illiberal, and surely unprovoked. It must be confessed, whether we like to hear it or not, that the English *know* less of both *music* and *dancing* than some other nations; and what admits of easier proof, perform in them *worse*. Singing is the charm of Italy; as dancing is of France. Indeed the fact appeared almost to have received our own assent; and so common was it, from time to time, to exhibit *French dancers* at either Theatre, that we passed them over, as habitual garnish, in our theatrical entertainments. Mr. Garrick had used this privilege as much as Rich, but not more. The skill of Mrs. Garrick as a dancer might have led her husband to *think* more of such attraction than his usual system would have suggested to him; he now began to treat it as a grand feature; and to possess it without a rival, he proposed terms to Monsieur *Noverre*, then, we believe, confessed to be the first ballet-master in Europe. The French part of the present "Correspondence" will open to the reader the views of that classical artist, and show the interest which he took in advancing the success of Drury-lane Theatre. Garrick opened the treaty with Noverre in September 1754; the artist was invited to the Court of Bavaria, but, as he says very ingenuously, "knowing Mr. Garrick to have superior talent, and that his judgment would ensure the suffrages of the English nation, his own interest and the delight of that country induce him to give his representations in preference *there*." One sees, in the correspondence of all these illustrious persons, that the English are rather *barbarians* in their esteem; but there is always *one* redeeming and master spirit among us, to avert the curse of taste from lighting upon our heads; and that happy being is the *director* of a Theatre Royal. At Paris on the 5th of February 1755, J. G. Noverre signed the following conditions of an engagement for a single season. At his own cost, he was to transport himself to London by the 15th of October, with his sister, who was to be *seconde danseuse*. Monsieur was to have 350 guineas, or Louis, *d'appointemens*, and his sister 100. In addition to this, he was to have a benefit, on paying the usual charge for the house, and Mr. Garrick was to act for him. If an accident he had met with permitted him to dance in person, he was to dance, but the salary suffered no abatement so as he performed his duty of Ballet-master. Every thing being now concluded to his mind, the artist sums up to Garrick in the true French style, on the 24th of May 1755. "In fact," says he, "you are a *divine man*, and all the *artists* and the *learned* (so he classes them) of this country desire the happiness of your acquaintance."

Among the latter, Monsieur Freron, the hornet of Voltaire, through Patu the advocate, procured an introduction to Mr. Garrick, and tendered his journal to the manager for any critical impressions he might wish to give foreign countries of his *own*, either as to his stage or the writers of it. Noverre had made a liberal display at Paris of his consequence with Garrick, and the commissions he had to execute for him and his wife, and Noverre excited the hopes of every thing dramatic in France; they considered England already as a *Province* to their genius; and a sure market for the refuse of the Théatre Français. Mr. Garrick would have nothing to do but to translate these *chefs d'œuvre*, and London would speedily become another Paris. We must leave them to their imagination for the present, and notice some occurrences at home.

On the 18th March 1754, Mr. Garrick presented Mrs. Pritchard with his alteration of Shakspeare's *Shrew*, which she acted for her benefit—and, on Mossop's night, he appeared a first time in the character of *Lusignan*, one scene of which the actor raised to a level with the tenderness of his own Lear. He also acted *Aletes* in Creüsa, a classical play by his friend Whitehead and Mrs. Pritchard exerted her great powers with but slender effect. It was, in fact, the Ion of Euripides, deprived of the terrible beauty of its catastrophe.

During the season of 1754-5, Mr. Barry left Covent-Garden Theatre for Ireland, and in his cast of character appeared a gentleman, who was destined subsequently, as an author, to give Mr. Garrick very considerable aid, and no slight annoyance; this was Arthur Murphy, with whom the readers of the "Correspondence" will soon contract a pretty close intimacy. That as an actor he was inferior to his countryman Barry, may be admitted without disgrace to him. He had a similar lofty and graceful person, and an understanding perhaps among the first of his time. The outrageous scoff of Churchill merits little attention; he was bent upon an oblation of every thing to Garrick, and found our friend Murphy within the reach of his sacrificial axe. Murphy first tried the stage, on the 18th of October 1754, in the part of Othello; and he followed that part by Jaffier, Young Bevil, Archer, Hamlet, Richard the Third, Zamor, Biron, and Macbeth. The following season, on Mossop's going to Ireland, Murphy came under the management of Garrick at Drury-Lane. As an Actor, Murphy found that his writings in the Gray's Inn Journal had laid him open to suspicion; he therefore publicly declared that since the close of that periodical, he had not written a line in any paper whatever.

On the 17th December 1754, Mr. Garrick brought out Barbarossa for Doctor Brown, playing himself the character of Achmet, and writing for him both prologue and epilogue, by the latter of which he offended his vanity; such was the false *estimate* that this really clever man was accustomed to make of the services of his friends. The "Correspondence" will show him in his own glass, and the more accurate mirror of Bishop Warburton. Garrick, delighting to act with Mrs. Pritchard, revived Vanbrugh's comedy of the *Mistake* for her benefit, and the wrangling scene between Carlos and Leonora was deemed the perfection of true comedy. During the summer of 1755, Miss Barton, afterwards Mrs. Abington, showed her almost infant powers in such a range of characters as Kitty Pry, Desdemona, Sylvia, and Prince Prettyman. Mrs. Graham, too, afterwards the accomplished Yates, acted at Drury Lane a few nights, when she retired into the country, and returned the wife of the modern Dogget.

The 8th of November 1755 was the night memorable for the first performance of the *Chinese Festival*, the long expected effort of Monsieur *Noverre*. Every thing that the Ballet-master required in the way of scenery, and dress, and decoration, was supplied. The performers were a mixture of many nations—some French, some Italians, some English, some Irish.

Between the composition of Noverre's ballet and its performance, hostilities had taken place between France and this country, and as Mr. Bull is extremely patriotic, and usually disposed to consider foreigners as either locusts or spies, he determined to take our Government under his own immediate protection, and allow the French Ministers to know no more of the state secrets than he did himself. He became perfectly outrageous on the subject of *French dancers!* The higher orders among us, as a mark of discrimination from the vulgar, at all times affect an admiration of foreign

artists. The question soon alters its shape in the contests of this nature, and it is no longer whether French dancers shall be encouraged that they debate, but whether the gentry shall dictate to the populace, or the people to the great. Garrick was prescient of the coming storm, and he thought he saw one way of composing it, which it will not be astonishing that Virgil should have seen before him; we mean, in the midst of the fray, to bring before the crowd a venerable man of singular virtue and unsuspected attachment—

"Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet."

Now, though Neptune really effected this for the preservation of Eneas and his followers, it was positively more than His Gracious Majesty GEORGE the *Second* (no inferior sovereign of the ocean) could carry in the cause of Noverre, against the fury of his own subjects. We confess ourselves pleased with the figure: at the same time it may be proper to explain that Garrick procured a royal command for the *Chinese Festival;* and the good-humoured monarch, before named, enjoyed a very sincere laugh at the disproportionate rage of his people.

Had they condemned this as a *spectacle*, they would have been right; it was every way contemptible; nobody ever did pretend to like it: but to persecute the performance for its *performers only*, was so illiberal, that every thing refined and generous revolted at it. During a contest of five nights, gentlemen, sword in hand, charged the bludgeon men in the pit, and the gentle sex, leaning over the boxes, pointed out to them the prominent offenders there who had interrupted their amusement.

"All side in parties, and begin the attack;
Fans clap, *silks* rustle, and tough *whalebones* crack:
Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And *base* and *treble* voices strike the skies."

At last the combatants, ashamed of the *straw* for which they had been fighting, devoted it as a peace-offering;—they demolished scenes, tore up benches, broke lustres and girandoles, and left the two proprietors to repair the ravage at their leisure, and add to the expense already incurred in vain, a second expense that did not produce a spectacle good or bad, but merely enabled them to receive their visitors when they should condescend to be in better temper. Lacy would have yielded the point to the mob at first; Garrick stood obstinately against their sentence, and, like "*Kent*," called upon them at his own peril, "to check the hideous rashness, and reverse their doom." They accordingly broke the windows of his dwelling-house in Southampton Street, and his person hardly could be safe from their thirst for vengeance, on account of the insult he had dared to offer to the public.

Garrick about this time seriously meditated a farce upon the subject of Archibald Bower, a Scotch Jesuit, a *soi-disant* convert from Popery. Garrick thought this man an impostor, and shut his doors against him. Bower vindicated the manager by attacking his *wife*, and the manager determined to show him up ludicrously to the public. Lord Lyttelton, however, from some motive too indulgent to the offender, prevailed upon Mr. Garrick to hold his hand;—but the lash was not spared on that account. Dr. Douglas, the detector of Lauder, advanced to the detection of Bower, and his History of the Popes soon sunk into contempt. We return to a better author and a better man.

Murphy now added to his attraction a charm more lasting than his performance. On the 2nd of January 1756, his farce of the *Apprentice* began its long term of popularity. The prologue (a fault *then* not infrequent,) was *too good*—in very brilliant verse it anticipated all that was to be done by the hero. Woodward was quite delighted with *Dick*. In our own day, who has not been delighted by John Bannister?

On the 21st of the same month, Mr. Garrick produced his alteration of the Winter's Tale, which now, shrunk into three acts, became more consistent and less romantic. By the "Correspondence"* it will be seen that Bishop Warburton, one of Shakspeare's editors, approved of his work. Shall we be pardoned for saying that, in our *own* opinion, all alterations of Shakspeare have been injurious to him? The only truly fine *addition* was made by Cibber in Richard III.—and that was not necessary either to the hero or the play. Mr. Garrick next altered the "Tempest," and revived "All's well that ends well." Foote was at present acting with Garrick, and in perfect harmony with him. *Mother Midnight* had not yet borrowed the *manner* of the great manager, to enliven any of her *conversations*.

Mr. Garrick then, for Woodward's benefit, carefully looked over Fletcher's fine Comedy of *Rule a Wife*, and it was acted the first of numberless times on the 25th of March 1756. *Leon*, the *Copper Captain*, and *Estifania*, by Garrick, Woodward, and Mrs. Cibber. The true unthought of Estifania was now, in the person of Miss Barton, a mere *Virgin Unmasked*, romping away at Richmond play-house for any body's benefit that would ask her. Now also, for the excellent Clive, Mr. Garrick added Lord Chalkstone to the visitors of Lethe; by playing which *himself*, he probably sowed in Tom King the seeds of the celebrated Lord Ogleby.

Murphy had now rashly resolved to combat reviewers, and the day before his Englishman from Paris appeared, he issued the following—

"CARD TO THE AUTHORS OF THE CRITICAL AND MONTHLY REVIEWS.

"The Author of the 'Apprentice' sends his compliments to the Authors of the Critical and Monthly Reviews; is extremely obliged to them for the favours they have done him; and if they will attend to-morrow night at Drury-Lane Play-house, he will in a prologue to the 'Englishman from Paris' return them thanks in person for their candour and ingenuity. N.B. Mr. Varny has directions, if they will send their names and places of abode, to give them Tickets *gratis*."

The reader, who knows mankind, will at once and rightly exclaim, "Oh, I perceive the Englishman was damned."

The season of 1756-7 opened propitiously enough—Mossop returned to Drury-Lane Theatre, and Murphy resolved to go to the Bar. We have already noticed the prodigy Miss Barton—she acted at Richmond, *Mons. le Medicin* in the Anatomist, for Cibber, and for Mrs. Chapman's benefit; *Mrs. Sullen*, with the Fine Gentleman and Frenchman in Lethe, and carried herself fairly to Drury-Lane, where she acted *Lady Flyant* to the *Maskwell* of Mossop, and *Miss Lucy* in the Virgin Unmasked. On the 28th of October, Mr. Garrick improved his *Lear*, by striking out the sophistications of Tate, and using Shakspeare's own language, wherever it was practicable to do so—that is, consistently with the love-interest of Edgar and Cordelia, and the allowing old Lear "to be a King

* Vol. i. page 88.

again." On the 6th of November, this untiring genius for the stage revived Mrs. Centlivre's admirable comedy of The Wonder; Lissardo, Woodward, Violante, Miss Macklin, Garrick himself acted Don Felix; and so favourite a part did it become, with both the actor and the town, that, twenty years after, he chose it to close his theatrical life.

Dr. Hawkesworth made an excellent alteration for Garrick of Dryden's *Amphitryon*, and Bishop Warburton, in the "Correspondence," shrewdly inquired "Whether he had that easy elegance that comic dialogue requires, especially in a travestied Mercury? "I remember," he adds, "he was generally on the stretch in the *Adventurer;* but perhaps his subject or his readers required it." This was generously put by the Bishop; but style is the image of the mind, and it was truly said to Dr. Johnson by Boswell in reference to Fables, "Sir, if you were to make *little fishes* speak, they would talk like *whales.*"

We have now to mention a writer of greater genius than Hawkesworth, the celebrated Dr. Smollet; who, when the admirers of Fielding have done their utmost, is certainly the man who has approached the nearest to Cervantes, and not servilely followed *Sancho* the great by Strap and by Clinker. Smollet had pursued Garrick with great inveteracy, for not bringing out his tragedy of the Regicide; he had coupled Quin with him in his attacks upon the potentates of the stage; and thus the matter stood when he tendered to the former his farce of *The Reprisal.* But Garrick seeing that there was really *humour* in the farce, though there had been nothing but extravagance in the tragedy, accepted it in spite of Random and Pickle, and brought it out with every advantage. He now had brought his enemy to his feet, and overwhelmed him by a complimentary return of twenty guineas, which the treasury had deducted from the author's night, more than the good old charge of sixty guineas. Smollet, in fact, absolutely found a *niche* for the manager in his *History of England;* thus making a public atonement, in a work of truth, for the wrongs he had done him in a work of fiction.

Smollet's *Reprisal,* which was not followed by the town, gave place to the *Author* by Foote. The latter could do nothing now that did not excite the alarm of some oddity or other; for as he scrupled little when he wanted to raise laughter, and knew that even to *hint* that he was *personal,* was to increase his chance with the million, he would advertise that all his characters were *fictitious* and *general,* in the full certainty, or at least the hope, of not being credited. Cadwallader was really a gentleman of family and fortune, named Aprice, who was laughed at so egregiously among his friends, that he at length procured an order for the suppression of the piece. In the mean time, the admirable performance of Foote himself drew nightly crowds to judge of the resemblance.

Incidentally we would inform the reader of *one* error in the judgment of Mr. Garrick. The tragedy of *Douglas,* which he could not be persuaded to like, on the 14th of March 1757 was acted with brilliant success at Covent Garden theatre.

This season Mrs. Woffington gave her last acknowledgments to her friends, in the character of Lothario, for her benefit; and took a general leave of the public on the 17th of May, in Rosalind, a favourite part of hers, which adopts the male attire, in which she was fond of displaying herself, and resumes the female habiliments just to "make curtesy and bid farewell." She did not long survive her exit from the scene, for she died on the 28th of March 1760, in her forty-second year, and was buried on the 3rd of April, at Teddington. She had all the polish of high birth, and the

cool superiority of offended wit. The beauties of her face and person are admitted to have been unrivalled to the last; and old Cibber, at seventy, was delighted to *fancy* himself her gallant. Having in her youth been taught by Madame Violante all that a dancer of the first reputation could teach her, she had accustomed herself to French society; and, upon a visit to Paris, Dumesnil willingly imparted to her all that she herself possessed of the *dignified passion* of the French drama. It begot in Mrs. Woffington a tendency to the pompous manner which preceded Garrick's, in which she was sure to be confirmed by Cibber. Her preference of male society, as she maintained her delicacy of language, may be pardoned to one, whom that portion of her own sex, which she must have coveted, probably declined to receive.

On the 11th of August 1757, Mr. Garrick lost his friend Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, the author of the Suspicious Husband; a man in whom the comedy of Farquhar seemed to have almost revived; but the specimen was never followed up by others of equal quality. His brother, Dr. John Hoadly, also had a mind dramatically disposed, and by his "Correspondence," here faithfully preserved, contributed essentially to cheer the mind, and at times influence the conduct, of Mr. Garrick.

The lovers of St. Bartholomew and his fair enjoyed this year in the *Boarium*, idly called Smithfield, the combined drolleries of Yates and Shuter. Mr. Garrick altered the Fatal Marriage, and Shirley's Gamesters for his theatre.

On the 11th of December of the present year, *Colley Cibber* expired in the 86th year of his age. His exit was so gentle, that it appeared the mere dropping of the curtain. His *life*, for it needed no formal *apology*, has been written so admirably and candidly by himself, that we know of no addition either warrantable or desirable. It is the eternal model of stage biography; and like his *Careless Husband*, and *his* part of the *Provoked Husband*, unapproachable. Mr. William Whitehead was now appointed Poet-laureate.

Mr. Garrick had at this time made those improvements at Hampton House, which rendered it a delightful retirement in the summer months, and a relief even in the theatrical season, from bustle and constant visitors, who besieged him in his theatre and his town-house. It was his practice to take down with him in the carriage, such new plays as required his critical investigation—indeed he never dismissed a candidate without delivering more than a *general* sentence upon his work. Our "Correspondence" affords very lively and sufficient proof that he was no *hasty* or *contemptuous* reader.

The 21st of February 1758 produced Garrick's *amende honorable* to the author of Douglas, the production of his tragedy called *Agis*, on the Drury Lane stage. The poet Gray said of it, in a letter to his friend Warton, "It is all modern Greek: the story is an antique statue, painted white and red, frizzed and dressed in a negligee made by a Yorkshire mantua-maker."

Mr. Garrick acted on Woodward's night the character of the Fourth Henry, in the second part of Shakspeare's play so called. *Bobadil* on that night tried to resemble Falstaff; and Mossop was obliged to his friend Murphy for the first use of his admirable farce the *Upholsterer*.

At the end of the season, Mr. Garrick lost the assistance of Woodward, whom Barry inveigled into a joint speculation of building a new theatre in Crow-street Dublin, and forcing old Sheridan to share with them, or abdicate. The adventurers lost their money, as Garrick had predicted they would, and Woodward was rendered wretched by the very steps taken to make his fortune.

The "Correspondence" will show the dispute with Dodsley about Cleone, which Garrick had refused, and on the first night of its representation at Covent Garden Theatre, the great actor, perhaps unnecessarily, appeared himself for the first time in the character of Marplot. We will add nothing to the letters which are before the reader, except that we deem the *contempt* expressed by Mr. Garrick's friends so readily, to have been equally wanton and unweighed. *They* had none of Garrick's provocations. On the 20th of December 1758, Dr. John Hill's farce of the *Rout*, said, in the style of Addison's day, to be written by a "*person of honour*," was acted at Drury Lane for the benefit of the General Lying-in Hospital. It was damned, even *out of charity;* and remembered, out of *resentment*, in an epigram by Garrick, that was in every mouth. Dr. Hill and his abortions were inseparable.

For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.

The Doctor, in his heavy motion, tried to return the compliment by an attack upon Mr. Garrick's orthoepy. They who have critically examined the English vowels, are not to be told, that the letter *i* is sometimes allowably an usurper upon the letter *u*. Dr. Hill, however, maintained otherwise; but to his "petition of the letter *I*, in behalf of herself and her sisters," Mr. Garrick wrote the following *quietus;* among the most urbane and witty epigrams in the world.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I 've injur'd a letter,
I 'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better:
May the just right of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for yo*U*.

The year 1759 opened in fact with Antony and Cleopatra, which Capell, Shakspeare's Editor, had merely abridged for his friend Garrick. Antony was not much to the great actor's mind, for reasons which Mr. Steevens long after suggested to him; "being deficient in those *short turns* and *coachmanship*" in which he excelled all men. *The Ambitious Stepmother* of Rowe, and *Euridice* by Mallet, were revived. In the month of April, two musical events occurred, one of which produced some important results as to Mr. Garrick's interest. Handel the great composer died, and Miss *Brent* made her first appearance in character, at Covent Garden Theatre. This lady's talents inspired Dr. Arne with the Opera of Artaxerxes, and reversing Dr. Johnson's recommendation,

"To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth, and salutary woe;"

they absolutely made it advisable for Mr. Garrick to seek for health and relaxation in a tour through the polite parts of Europe. The "Correspondence" again, by many a smart and angry letter, will have prepared the reader for the performance of Murphy's *Orphan of China*, in which Mr. Garrick acted Zamti, on the 21st of April.

During the summer of 1759, Miss Barton married Mr. Abington. In the winter season,

old Drury suffered dreadfully by the run of Beard and Miss Brent in Macheath and Polly in the Beggar's Opera; it was played fifty-two times.

Garrick now produced the farce called *High Life Below Stairs*, in which the newly-married Abington acted Lady Bab's servant four nights, and then went to Ireland. Miss Pope had just made her first womanly appearance in the Corinna of Vanbrugh's Confederacy. On the 1st of December, Garrick himself acted Oroonoko, dropping his old trial-part Aboan. He also brought out a pantomime of his own composition, the last day of the year, called *Harlequin's Invasion*. Murphy, now again having it all his own way, brought out his *Desert Island* and *Way to Keep Him*, on the same night, the 24th of January 1760. The *Island* was soon deserted; the *Way to Keep Him* grew more sure of doing so, when enlarged by its author afterwards to five acts.

Garrick reappeared in *Pierre* and *Sir Harry Gubbin* for O'Brien's benefit. In October 1760, Sheridan came to Drury Lane from Ireland. The theatres were closed three weeks on the death of his Majesty George the Second.

Colman's *Jealous Wife* was acted for the first time at Drury-lane on the 12th of February 1760. For Holland's benefit this season, Mr. Garrick acted *Mercutio* for the first time. In the summer, Murphy and Foote hired Drury-lane theatre, and began on the 15th of June with a new comedy by the former, called *All in the Wrong*. He followed this next month by his *Citizen* and *Old Maid*. This summer adventure closed on the 3rd of August.

At the opening of the winter season, Garrick produced the *Coronation*, an old scene, in all the old and tawdry frippery that the wardrobe had collected in thirty-five years. It was a mean and laughable attempt. But he treated the spectators, by opening the back of his house, with the view of a real bonfire in Drury-lane, and suffocated everybody on the stage and off, with the smoke: it moreover subjected the performers to the peril of severe colds for forty nights together.

Rich laid out his money liberally, and was crowded by the town for sixty-seven nights. But he had not long to enjoy his triumph over his great rival, for he died on the 26th of November 1761, and was buried at Hillingdon. Rich was extremely illiterate, but not without talent. He was the creator of the English harlequin, a being very distinct from the prosing Hero of the Jacket upon the Continent. To this restless and jumping animal, Rich had the genius to impart gestures and inflexions of the body so various and expressive, that a very able judge was doubtful whether the action of Garrick himself upon the stage was more natural or more graceful. After his death, Garrick paid him a tribute of respect under the title of *Lun*, and introduced a *speaking* Harlequin, to supply the want created by his loss of action, that needed no tongue.

The *Hecuba* of Dr. Delap, *The School for Lovers*, by Whitehead, were soon dispatched, if we judge by their effects. *The Farmer's Return from London*, presented by Garrick to Mrs. Pritchard for her benefit, was one of the most fortunate trifles that ever his pen supplied to his own matchless acting.

The late John Palmer, a delightful comedian, made his first appearance, on the 20th of August 1762, in the character of Buck in the *Englishman in Paris*, for the benefit of his father, the pit-door keeper, and others; and Parsons and his wife, from Edinburgh, were presented to a London audience by Garrick, in the characters of Filch and Mrs. Peachum, to Vernon's Macheath. Love also opened his career in Falstaff, under the eye of Mr. Garrick. A name dear to sportive song,

here claims a short and passing tribute. Miss Catley this season appeared a first time in the pastoral Nymph of *Milton's Comus*. In January 1763, Mr. Garrick lost the treasurer of his theatre, Mr. Pritchard, the husband of that great ornament of the stage in both tragedy and comedy, Mrs. Pritchard.

As we will not introduce a very valuable lady in the midst of a riot, we shall previously notice the performance of Mrs. Sheridan's comedy of the *Discovery*. Sir Anthony Branville was a character which nothing but the skill of Garrick can render endurable. He is the solemn coxcomb of the order of the Solitaire and the Steinkirk. His faded delicacy and faint explanations excited abundant laughter, and Sir Anthony was followed to the last. The first performance was on the 3rd of February 1763, and it was the last part Garrick ever acted in a new play.

Of the contest which now took place between Fitzpatrick and Moody, the occasion was this:—The custom had long been, to refuse to admit half-price during the first run of a *new piece;* and even to add a *farce* to the evening's entertainment was not obligatory on the part of the managers after an *opera*. At the beginning of the year 1763, Benjamin Victor, who succeeded Pritchard in the treasury of Mr. Garrick's theatre, altered Shakspeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* for the house. To call this new, at all, was somewhat whimsical. On the 25th of January it was to be acted for Victor's benefit. Among the taverns and coffee-houses of the capital, a printed paper was industriously circulated, to obtain the necessary attendance of the public in their own cause; and *compel* Mr. Garrick to admit half-price after the third act. In the evening the operations began, as soon as the curtain rose and discovered O'Brien and Holland upon the stage. Mr. Garrick instantly came forward and attempted to address the audience. A riot immediately commenced, and the ladies being first withdrawn, their meditated violence soon tore up the benches, and dismantled the lustres; and having covered the stage with the broken fragments, about nine o'clock they retired, taking with them, at the doors, the *money* they had paid for the privilege of so much diversion. At the other house, redress was promised as soon as it was demanded; and the audience submitted *graciously*, to be amused and quiet.

On the Wednesday, Mallet's *Elvira* being the play, the savage clamour was renewed, and Mr. Garrick spoke to the cabal in vain. The friends of the manager called loudly, "Hear him!" the opposition vociferated, "Hear the pit." He was asked, from that important station, "Whether he would answer the few questions which should be put to him?" He replied respectfully, "That *he would*." They then put their first question thus—"Will you, or will you not, give admittance for half-price after the third act, except during the first winter of a new pantomime?" Garrick wanted to explain. An explicit "YES or NO" was demanded. Garrick at length, with indignant agony, (like poor Canning, in a less amusing theatre,) in a loud tone, answered "YES." A tremendous clapping of hands announced the victory of the town. They now began to recollect that, on the former night, their dignity had been offended, and they first demanded an apology from Ackman the actor. The poor man complied. They then demanded Moody, for the same purpose. He was not rightly understood in what he said, and imagining him refractory, they insisted that he should "ask pardon upon *one knee*." Moody properly refused to obey this insulting command; and Garrick, when he came off the stage, took him in his arms, and praised his manly spirit. He, however, *prudently* told the audience, that Mr. Moody should not appear again, while he laboured under their displeasure.

Moody, however, had an account to settle with Fitzpatrick, and called upon him at his chambers in the Temple. After a few preliminary speeches, the actor charged the orator with demanding that he should *dishonour* himself by *going upon his knees, and asking pardon* for having actually prevented a wretch from setting fire to the house, and having espoused the cause of a gentleman in whose service he was enlisted. Fitzpatrick did not *understand* being thus treated in his own house. "Sir," said Moody, "I will attend you *where you please;* but be assured I will not leave you till you *have* satisfied me, one way or other." The altercation finished by Fitzpatrick's writing an apology to Garrick, and assuring him that he and his friends would attend the house to receive Moody into favour, whenever Mr. Garrick thought proper to introduce him again. This service he very faithfully performed.

Covent Garden Theatre had yielded at first to the demands made by the reformers. But Beard, upon reflection, began to imagine that HE stood upon different ground from Garrick. An opera, like *Artaxerxes*, he thought, was similar to an *Oratorio*, and required *full price* for every note of it. But Fitzpatrick and his followers determined at least to be *impartial* in their injustice, and they carried their point with him also, in their usual manner. The house could not open again till the 2nd of March, in consequence of the injury it had sustained. As to the right footing between the public and the actor, "Lo! I am thy servant!" ought to disarm all POWER offended. The actor, on the other hand, should see nothing before the curtain but the public. To talk to any individual in the house is indecent and unbecoming. The public, like the performer, is subject to the law; and that law ought to be sufficiently strong to protect *property*, as well as to punish *injury*. A breach of the peace is in *no* situation to be suffered. The exact mode of coercion is a subject not for Bow Street, but St. Stephen's.

Whoever shall have endeavoured, by these pages, to form any thing like the measure of Mr. Garrick's labours as an actor and a manager, will have some difficulty to conceive how his health and spirits were maintained for the fifteen years detailed in the present section. His very *popularity* had at times been shaken; and he had more than one chronic disorder, which called at least for peace and change of climate. Lacy was fully competent to his *own* share of the management, and, in the literary department, he could rely upon his friend Colman's assistance. He therefore, without further delay, now prepared for a tour to the Continent; and, with Mrs. Garrick, set out for Dover, on the 15th of September 1763, in order to pass over to Calais. His favourite brother, George, in attention to his interest, was another self, and kept him regularly informed of what happened during his absence; and Mr. Lacy soon was enabled to communicate, what was *consolatory*, if not flattering, that they succeeded so well in his absence, that he might pursue either health or amusement *as long as he chose*, without the dread that his share of theatrical profit would be at all lessened by his travels. We shall thus close our second section.

SECTION THE THIRD.

FROM THE YEAR 1763, TO HIS DEATH IN 1779.

MR. GARRICK'S friends had every disposition to make his continental tour agreeable to him. Voltaire, in mentioning him to his correspondent Camp, at Lyon, says, "You will do me the greatest favour to inform him, that if he has ever the goodness to pass by Ferney, he will there find admirers as interested in his person as his talents." Algarotti writes to him from Pisa, with a warmth of regard that two such men could not but entertain for each other. He also introduced him to his *friend* General the Marquis Monvi at Bologna. There he would be sure to meet with the Marchioness Scappi, my Lord the Cardinal, and a coterie of illustrious persons, devoted to great talents, rather in the style of France than that of Italy, where the rank of Comedian is lower than in most countries. However, the sounding classicality of the "*Roscius of the Age*" abated something of the Italian haughtiness in his respect. Roscius! indeed, was only the half of Garrick, the *dimidium Menandri;* OUR wonder of the stage combined Esopus the tragedian, with the comedian Roscius; and had a face, compared with which, it might be said that it was fortunate for the friend of Cicero that he wore a mask. Among the illustrious persons for whom Mr. Garrick obligingly exhibited his talents in society, (a French rather than English fashion,) was the Duke of Parma. His manner was, first to *tell the story* of MACBETH, and then speak the soliloquy; his eye creating for the spectators the *imaginary dagger;* and leading himself, and them, to the royal closet, where the intended victim of assassination, fatally secure, became the prey of horror-struck ambition. The Italians are a people of gestures; an Italian can tell anything himself in action, and a glance is sufficient to the quickness of his genius. The company present all felt the kindred powers of Shakspeare and Garrick. The Duke presented a very elegant gold enamelled snuff-box to Mr. Garrick, as a mark of his esteem.

In returning from Italy by the Tyrol, Mr. Garrick was seized at Munich with a malignant fever, which brought *him to* the very brink of the grave. The air, the society of Paris, soon advanced his restoration, and he gave himself willingly up to the enchanting freedom, the "unbought grace" of life, which Hume and Gibbon, men of colder temperaments, alike found to discriminate the parties of Paris, from those of all other capitals. What the French thought of him, need not be judged of by what they said *to* him. We may rely more firmly upon what they said *of* him. Baron Grimm and Diderot were in correspondence with a foreign Prince, to whom they gave, in perfect sincerity, the following picture of Garrick. "He is the first and only actor," says the Baron, "who comes up to the demands of my imagination: he realises my notion of what is *perfect* in his art. His great power is the instantaneous possession which all characters take of the whole man in their turns, and by a simple volition on his part. Nor does any change disfigure him; the perfection of it becomes a beauty even to his features. It was as a thing *inspired*, that he gazed on the dagger in Macbeth: the stage, observe, contributed nothing to make up the illusion; he was in his own sitting-room, and in his ordinary dress. As he followed the suspended dagger with his eye, in its aërial progress, he became so *beautiful* a terror, as to excite the most rapturous cries of

admiration from all who saw him. As a full contrast to this, he exhibited a gaping apprentice, who drops his master's pastry in the mud, becomes stupified at first with terror, and then gives himself up to tears."

It was this facility, that suggested the idea to Carmontel of exhibiting the *comic* Garrick, between folding doors, surprising his *serious* half in tragedy, and enjoying the detection.

One of the stories that Garrick used to tell in action, was of a man in Leman-street Goodman's fields, at the commencement of his career, who playing with his child at an open window, saw the infant by a sudden spring escape from his arms, and be killed upon the pavement of the street on which it had fallen. One of his biographers says, "He saw this in one of the provinces of France." The other, that it was in Leman-street as above, and that he then learned from the unfortunate father how King Lear was to be exhibited on the stage. He probably varied the locality, which was immaterial to the fact, to suit the story the better to his audience In Paris he said nothing of either France or its provinces. Grimm, while the agony it occasioned was fresh in his heart and brain, thus relates what after all might be Garrick's pure invention:—* "He heard one day, that a man in Ireland, in playing with his child, had the misfortune to let it fall out of the window, and be killed upon the pavement before his eyes. The wretched father on the instant lost his speech and went mad. It became necessary to confine him. Several years after his accident, Garrick went to see him. I have never beheld any thing more terrific than the state of this man,—I say that I have seen *him*, for Garrick presented him in a way to make one shudder as at *reality itself*."

How any story like the present should teach the mode of representing *Lear* on the stage is difficult to conceive. The *causes* of insanity are so totally different. The horror of the father, who has beheld the immediate fate of his child, loses his speech, and going mad, for ever renews and repeats his accident and his agony,—is a very striking CONTRAST to the *moral* wounding of a father's heart, the filial ingratitude and savage cruelty of daughters whom he had rendered Sovereigns, who turn out his venerable head to the war of elements as merciless as themselves. Lear bears up stiffly against all these accumulating evils, till his body and mind alike sink under *his rage*, and he can *defy* his dreadful persecutors no longer. In his subsequent deliquium he is not mad. When Lear becomes feeble, his perceptions are restored to their accuracy.

But what nature may suggest to a great artist must not be looked for, perhaps, in parallel lines —nor the acknowledgment of the aid be too narrowly scrutinized. The *true expression* of ANY great calamity may be serviceable as to ALL.

Garrick did not, in compliment to French taste, affect to disguise his disgust at the treatment of Shakspeare by Voltaire; neither did he forbear to bestow on the author of *Zaire*, notwithstanding, the *palm* of French tragedy. The Virgil of their writers, Racine, so pure, so harmonious in his verse, he said "could not be acted," because he wrote *everything*, and left nothing for the actor to do. The very nature of his verse too compelled the speaker into a *tune*, very far removed from the true and natural declamation. "We were soon in the train of Roscius Garrick," adds the Baron, "on

* We suffer our conjecture to stand, though we learn from an intimate friend of the family, that he himself heard Garrick mention the circumstance, and he thinks before Victor his Treasurer and others, who knew the fact. At any rate, the tale is so varied in its versions, that much must have been added to the substratum of naked truth.

all these points—We, who are a small flock of true believers, and acknowledge Homer, Eschylus and Sophocles, for the law and the prophets; we who are enthusiasts in the gifts of genius wheresoever bestowed, without excepting any language or nation—the English Roscius has been the religion and the church of our slender flock."

The readers of Voltaire's theatre will see, upon comparing his best tragedies with those of his illustrious rivals, how much more he is *impassioned* and fond of *quickening* the dramatic action. How he sought, among foreign people, a liberty of varying his sentiment and diction; as new as the manners of the strangers, whom he brought to Paris from America, and even from China. With the settled laws of French versification he could take no other liberty, than frequently to break his lines by bold apostrophes and startling exclamations.

Clairon is said to have done herself full justice in the friendly competitions of skill she occasionally had in society with Mr. Garrick, and he now proclaimed that his prophecy in 1752 was fulfilled. She was without a rival in French tragedy; but Grimm shrewdly remarks, that if Garrick was *right*, when he said that "there must be *comedy* in the perfect actor of tragedy," then Clairon was imperfect, for she could never sustain a *comic part* in a way to be even endured. But Mr. Garrick spoke of the tragedy of *nature*, Shakspeare's; and his observation is a sound and just one.

Mr. Garrick passed six months happily, even busily, in Paris. Mrs. Garrick was greatly admired and courted. The established gallantry of French manners occasioned some raillery with her husband, who ingenuously confessed that he thought he *was* born with a tendency to jealousy. Madame Riccoboni thus pleasingly remembers their loss. "Que je vous regrette beaucoup, et que j'ai toujours devant les yeux cette belle et grande *lady*, si bien faite, si jolie, et l'heureux mari dont les regards lui disent sans cesse, *I love you*. Je répéte mille propos flateurs à votre portrait, et quand je me rappelle la vivacité de celui qu'il represente, je ne scaurois assez m'étonner de le voir *immobile* et dans la *même place*." But even in Paris, Mr. Garrick was not entirely engrossed by these amiable people. His interest, as an actor and a manager, led him to think seriously of his re-appearance upon the stage; and, in his mornings, he amused himself with a light and sportive effusion, which he sent over to England as he composed it, and which was printed in his absence, with a design to prepare the public for his return. He called it *The Sick Monkey*.

It is necessary that we should now look at the *cause* of the brilliant success which had attended Mr. Lacy during the absence of his partner. This was the appearance of William Powell upon the stage, a young man from Sir Robert Ladbroke's counting-house in the city; with slender education, few means of study, not striking in his person, but possessing an ardent love for acting, and the faculty of strongly *interesting the passions* of an audience. It is obvious to remark, that "*more than all this*" had been *wearied* the town; nay, the highest perfection, in *every quality of the actor*, had been compelled to retreat before the influence of *song*. And now a mere change of the vehicle, not the subject, *tragedy still*, with an inferior representative, drew crowds to a theatre, so recently almost deserted.

Powell, though hardly graceful, had ease in his deportment; he had a quick and powerful imagination, profound sensibility, and a voice equally extensive and harmonious. No young actor had ever been nurtured with so much judgment. That he might avoid comparison, at least in the outset,

Mr. Colman revived *Philaster* for his trial part, a character which, as he said in the beautiful prologue that introduced him, had in a former and brilliant period "supplied the place of *Hamlet*." Powell's *Philaster* was supported by the *Bellario* of Mrs. Yates, who acted that lovely offspring of Fletcher, with even all the author's tenderness and grace and delicacy.

It was not, as Murphy dreams, in January 1764, that Powell first appeared in *Philaster;* he had made his *debût* in the part three months before—the real date being 8th of October 1763. He followed this by *Jaffier*, on the 22nd of November, and by *Posthumus* the 1st of December; and he was studying *Lusignan* in Zara, at the time assigned by Murphy for his first appearance. The "Correspondence" will present to the reader Powell's grateful communication of his *success* and *prospects* to his great master; and the advice which Mr. Garrick wrote to him, as soon as his recovery, from a dreadful fever, permitted him to hold the pen. Powell followed Lusignan by Shakspeare's Henry IV., by Castalio in the Orphan, Lord Townley, Alexander the Great; by Publius Horatius for his friend Holland's benefit; and on the 31st of March 1764, Othello for his own.

The success of the season was chiefly attributable to him, and the treasurer's books exhibit

The receipts at	£29,023	9	6
The disbursements	22,488	8	6
Profits . .	6,535	1	0

Mr. Colman this season produced the most popular of his farces, the *Deuce is in him:* it greatly aided the attraction of Powell. The characters were admirably supported by O'Brien, King, and Miss Pope. Murphy rather rashly brought forward several inferior pieces, that ought not to detain us. O'Brien now quitted the stage on a matrimonial speculation, and married Lady Susan Strangways, a daughter of Lord Ilchester, and niece of Lord Holland. Robert Dodsley, the author of Cleone, departed this life on the 21st of September 1764, while at Durham, on a visit to Spence; leaving, we will not doubt, the kind heart of Garrick to regret that he had ever treated so clever a man *contemptuously*. Powell, in the season of 1764-5, added to his achievements, Lothario—Orestes—Lear—Herod—Leontes. The return of Mr. Garrick to England, in April 1765, from the Continent, probably checked the lavish *waste* of ardour on the part of Powell, unsanctioned by the proper ripeness of study.

The "Correspondence" so frequently referred to, is peculiarly copious in the most entertaining variety of letters to Mr. Garrick during the considerable period before he reappeared upon the stage. He was in truth an admirable manager; and on this occasion his skill was transcendent. He procured a ROYAL COMMAND to *reinstate* him; and on the 14th of November, as soon as the theatres opened after the death of the Duke of Cumberland, their Majesties commanded *Much ado about Nothing*, and *Benedick* again delighted the public. He spoke an address quite masterly in its topics, ending with the happy allusion to the veteran soldier:—

> "Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll grieve
> For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve;
> Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his chest;
> 'Tis for my KING!—and zounds, I'll do my best!"

They who remember George III., and have witnessed his enjoyment of the stage, will conceive how the last line was heard by himself and his subjects.

During the whole of Garrick's absence, Murphy had bestowed the attractions of Mrs. Abington upon his theatre; but he ascertained nothing, and risked all. She had not acted in London for five years; and came back because *he* had returned, and appeared for the first time on the 27th November, in Murphy's own comedy, "The Way to keep Him." Mrs. Cibber, agreeably to her promise, came up to join the inimitable actor, but just acted *Lady Brute* to his *Sir John*, and "vanished from our sight." On the 31st of the following January she died at her house in Scotland-yard. Quin preceded her at Bath by just ten days, in the seventy-third year of his age. When Garrick heard of *her* death, he said, "Barry and I still remain, but Tragedy is dead on *one side*." He afterwards saddened the prologue to the *Clandestine Marriage*, by the couplet which embraced them *both*:

> "Oh let me drop one tributary tear
> On poor *Jack Falstaff's* urn, and *Juliet's* bier!"

At page thirty-four of his second volume, Murphy, noticing Cibber's death in January, says that Quin followed her in the month of *March*, (he had actually gone before her,) and at page 310, he says rightly they both died in *January*. But we have done with his contradictions and his carelessness.

The incidental allusion to the *Clandestine Marriage*, recalls the singular dispute between the Beaumont and Fletcher of that popular comedy. Mr. Colman opens his charge by a very abrupt anecdote. "Since my return from Bath I have been told, but I can hardly believe it, that in speaking of the 'Clandestine Marriage,' you have gone so far as to say, 'Colman lays a great stress on his having written this character, (*Lord Ogleby*,) on purpose for ME; suppose it should come out that *I wrote it?*'" The reader, however will turn, in the 1st volume of the "Correspondence," to page 209, and he will there find the letter of Colman to Garrick, followed by Garrick's reply, and Colman's masterly rejoinder. Their friendship was soon to be still more severely shaken, by the collision of their pecuniary interests.

It was on the 20th of February 1766, that the Clandestine Marriage was first performed at Drury-Lane theatre. Powell, this season, acted *King John* for Holland's benefit, and *Mark Antony* for his own. Kenrick, the base enemy of Garrick, gave Love, the actor, his play of *Falstaff's Wedding* on his night. It had great merit; but the public thought themselves bound to forbid any unhallowed attempt to drag poor *Falstaff* from the grave, in which he had been so *decently* interred by his great Originator.

The "Correspondence" now presents us, under the date of February 13th 1766, Garrick's letter to poor Foote, whom a fall from his horse had compelled to submit to the amputation of a fractured leg. Foote's answer is peculiarly touching from such a man. A short time after this, King, a greater actor, broke his thigh by a fall also from his horse; but fortunately did not in consequence become a cripple. Mrs. Abington now *literally* took her full range in Comedy. The Barrys this summer came to town, Mrs. Barry under the name of Dancer, which she retained for some time; they played their principal characters with amazing success in Foote's company, then performing at

the King's Theatre in the Haymarket. Our favourite, King, after his accident, married Miss Baker, and returned in November 1766 to Garrick and Lord Ogleby. It has been asserted, a hundred times, that Mr. Lacy and Mr. Garrick never had a *difference* during their partnership. The "Correspondence" will show Mr. Paterson happily mediating between them, and conciliating both gentlemen. During the summer of 1767, there are some letters from Colman to Garrick, which show that their little cloud had passed away, and *young* Colman was then living with Garrick, while his parents were at Paris. But there was another storm impending.

Dr. Johnson's line is brought forcibly to one's mind. "She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit." This Woodward accomplished at Covent-Garden by his alterations of *Harlequin Dr. Faustus*, which he brought out there on the 18th of November. Drury-Lane, the following month, produced Dr. Francklin's "Earl of Warwick;" a good acting play, in whose heroine, Mrs. Yates even extended her reputation, as a consummate mistress of all that is magnificent and majestic in the art. Garrick's splendid idleness, called *Cymon*, soon followed, and has been frequently revived, in spite of criticism.

Before commencing the solemn succession of tragedies at Drury-Lane, we would note with suitable commendation the production of Mr. Colman's *English Merchant*, on the 21st of February 1767. It produced an amiable interchange of compliments between Voltaire and the author. Drury-Lane theatre now was enlarged so as to hold 337*l.*—instead of its former receipt of 220*l.* It had been the practice, moreover, to leave every new play, on its own footing, unsupported by farce. This Garrick thought injudicious, because the performance was thus over by nine o'clock. He therefore proposed to add to all new productions of five acts, a weak farce, or a strong two act comedy, as the case might require; and, on both grounds, charged the authors who took their benefit nights, seventy guineas, instead of the former sixty, for the house. Colman demurred, and took the old course, but he repented it, for his boxes were weak, though King and Mrs. Abington did all that art and friendship could accomplish:—the play was more praised than followed.

Margaret of Anjou was not sufficient to the fame of Mrs. Yates; but Leonidas Glover presented her with his "Medea" for her benefit. There is still a fine Mezzotinto print to be had very like her regal and classical form and figure, "to give the world assurance of her power." "Dido," another classical Heroine, followed; written by Reed, the rope-maker. Garrick made King a present of Linco's Travels for his benefit; in short, invention and friendship were now alike tasked, to render the benefits of the actors a most valuable addition to their weekly salaries.

We are now to explain to the reader the *storm*, which, as we have said, threatened so boisterous an assault upon the roof of Drury-Lane theatre. It was no other, than the *detaching* POWELL from his great master, by a temptation of sharing the patent of Covent-Garden theatre, with Colman and others. Garrick writes from Bath to his brother George; we shall abridge the communications. "Colman and Changuion are arrived (from France): we pulled off our hats, but did not smile. Our friends here will stir heaven and earth to bring us together: make the best of it, it will be but a *darn*." Again—"Give my best wishes and services to my partner; and tell him that I believe his suspicions are well-founded. He may be well assured, that I would not suggest the smallest hint of what I know to Colman. Do not imagine, Mr. George, that I am such a booby. Colman has told me that he has an affair to open to me, but we have always been interrupted; so I have not

yet had the whole; and which he has some qualms in bringing out. However, I am prepared, and he will be surprised at my *little concern*, and *ease* on the occasion. I am sure there is *something in it*; and yet the more I think of it, the more I am puzzled. Who finds *money?* What is the *plan?* Who are the *Directors?* What! has Holland no hand in this? Is he humbled? I have not the least idea of the matter; nor have I the least notion of their doing any thing to give us one moment of uneasiness." Garrick is very candid: he says, "I cannot think Colman's joining Powell, when he and I were at variance, and from an offer of Powell and his confederates, blameable. As for Powell, he is a sc——, and Colman will repent his conjunction in every vein: nay, he does repent it, and wishes the affair was broke up: but I believe it is gone too far. I hope to God that my partner has not talked with Powell of any agreement, or a friendly intercourse between the houses; that would be ruin indeed! I cannot forgive Powell! You surprise me about Holland; I should think the contrary."

The result was, that on the 14th of September 1767, Covent-Garden theatre opened, under the management of Colman, Powell, Harris, and Rutherford, with a prologue, which Powell spoke, written by W. Whitehead. It promises the classic, and Old English DRAMA; such WIT as can be met with; and OPERA not totally devoid of meaning; and such PANTOMIMES, moreover, as were held "no bad epilogues to plays," in the days of good King *Rich.* The Yateses went to Covent-Garden on this occasion—so did Bensley and Mrs. Lessingham.

Reddish came to Drury-Lane, and also the Barrys; ample compensation to Garrick for all that he had lost. Powell began with Romeo as his novelty; but the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, suspended the hostilities of the playhouse for one week. Mrs. Barry, a memorable night, made her first appearance on the stage of Garrick, in the character of *Sigismunda*, on the 14th of October 1767. And on the 21st of the same month, Barry himself came forward, after an absence of some years, in *King Lear.* Mrs. Abington, in November, appeared, for the first time, in the Country Girl. It was on the 23rd of January 1768, that Hugh Kelly's comedy of *False Delicacy* was acted for the first time at Drury-Lane theatre. It was unrivalled in popularity, and translated, on its publication, into all the European languages.

Murphy, after some teasing correspondence with Garrick, as usual, brought out *Zenobia*, in which the Barrys produced amazing effect. The first night was the 27th of February 1768; about the middle of March, Murphy hears at Northampton, that his play is *stopped* on account of Mrs. Dancer's indisposition: and yet finds her well enough to perform in another successful piece. With great simplicity, he writes to Garrick, that "he would have betted considerable odds Mrs. Dancer never would have served him so." An innocent at *his* time! and who had himself been an *actor!* The ink of his praises of her *friendly skill* was hardly dry at this time upon the printed book. "But to trust her *again*, oh, that was never to be done." Such is the condition of a dramatic author among the princesses of the stage. The whole of this affair is rather unaccountable. The receipts on his nights were, by the account rendered to him, 687*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* from which, if the nightly charge of 73*l.* 10*s.* for the three nights be deducted, Murphy's profits were 467*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*; with at least 200*l.* from the bookseller. It was when theatres were constructed to hold seven hundred pound audiences, that authors were rewarded with nine times 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, or as many repetitions of this lawyer's item, as the manager chose to allow the play. But this is mercy, and to afford

the poor wretch something; for be it observed, if he brought as much money into the theatre as Murphy did in the year 1768, namely 690*l.* it would all be swallowed up by the nightly expense of the present amphitheatrical and blessed houses, about 230*l.*

Mrs. Pritchard acted *Lady Macbeth* for the last time, on the 25th of April 1768; and wept her acknowledgments to the public, in lines extremely appropriate, written for her by Mr. Garrick, the farewell poet of the theatre. The first couplet was excellent, and deeply felt:—

> "The curtain dropped, my mimic life is past;
> That *scene* of SLEEP and TERROR was my last."

This great woman retired to Bath, and died on the 20th of the following August, after an illness of only ten days. It was in the summer of 1768, that Mrs. Dancer became the wife of Barry.

At the commencement of the season 1768-9, the doors of both theatres, which had previously opened at four o'clock, borrowed an hour's delay of the public, and for the future were opened at five. It is necessary to explain that the performances, as far back as 1738, began at six, and thus two hours might be passed by the audience in amusements of their *own* interrupted only by *first* and *second* music.

On the 3rd of October in this year, Dibdin, by his music, and still more by his *acting* in a comic opera, called the *Padlock*, produced that degree of sensation in the public which is called a *rage*. The object of this passion was a black servant, named *Mungo*, well enough drawn, and speaking English as the African negro invariably does; for the rest, frolicsome, drunken and faithless, and always ludicrous. A common question in life was soon answered, "No Massa"—"*me lilly tire*" displaced "I am a little tired"—the weary porter sat down to rest upon his load, with the exclamation of Mungo—"You damn hamper! you carry me now." Nay, the very Senate roared with laughter, when an honourable member ejaculated the darling sounds, "Mungo *here*, Mungo *there*."

The King of Denmark was now in London, and commanded Garrick several times. He acted Ranger, Sir John Brute, Richard the Third, and Hamlet, for the Royal visitor. The connexion of Denmark with Scotland by the marriage of the Princess Anne, with our James the First, suggested Shakspeare's *Macbeth* as a play which it might be desirable to represent before the royal visitor: and Garrick allowed it to be talked about at least. His friend, Mrs. Griffith, who had never seen him in the character, writes to him to beg a couple of places in the house, anywhere, so as she could see but *him*. But Mr. Garrick never could make up his mind to any *Lady* Macbeth after Mrs. Pritchard left the stage: so far was he from desiring comparative inferiority by his side.

As so many people *imagine* themselves to have seen Garrick in Macbeth, which, after Mrs. Pritchard left the stage, it is impossible they should have done, we add from the highest authority, that Mrs. Garrick, not to trust to her own, though clear and unclouded recollection, a short time before her death, ascertained the fact, by a reference to the books of the theatre. A reverend gentleman, to whom the author of this sketch is greatly indebted, states, that when a boy, he saw the last performance of Garrick in Macbeth, and that it left so strong an impression upon his mind, that he can confirm all that Baron Grimm has written of the "beautiful terror," of the dagger scene. Garrick once himself assured the gentleman just alluded to, that so eager was Charles Fox

for the revival of Macbeth, that, to induce Garrick to do it, he vowed he would himself act the part of Banquo, upon Drury-Lane Stage. At the close of the 2nd Act of Garrick's *Lear*, after the agonies inflicted by the two daughters, when he closed his threats of vengeance by the dreadful apostrophe—"O God, I shall go mad!" Fox was seen in the side boxes, holding up his hands with the most animated gesture, to denote to his friends the admiration and astonishment with which he had regarded the performance.

On the 22nd of October 1768, Miss Younge made her first appearance on any stage, in the part of *Imogen* in Cymbeline, which she followed by Jane Shore. Garrick's correspondent, Mrs. Griffiths, so persuaded him to accept her *School for Rakes*, which opened on the 4th of February, 1769; this was the *Eugenie* of Beaumarchais, which Garrick sent to her, and watched attentively in its progress: it was very favourably received for thirteen nights, a rare occurrence then. Home by his *Fatal Discovery* soon after proved, that the author of Douglas could never again rise to so masterly a performance.

A most excellent woman, and probably the greatest comic actress of any age, Mrs. Catherine Clive, anticipating her farewell night, she writes thus to Garrick, ten days before it—"I am *glad* you are well, for the sake of my audience, who will have the pleasure to see their *own* Don Felix. What signifies fifty-two? they had rather see *the* Garrick and *the* Clive at a hundred and four, than any of the moderns; the *ancients*, you know, have always been admired." After acting with Garrick in the *Wonder* and *Lethe*, she took her leave on the 24th of April 1769, with an epilogue written by her friend Horace Walpole. Her correspondence cheered and delighted her only rival, Garrick, to the last.

The departure of Mrs. Clive from the theatre was soon followed by the death of William Powell, who had been able in some respects to supply the place of Garrick himself. This extraordinary man died on the 7th of July 1769, at Bristol, of a rheumatic fever, and sore throat. We shall venture to make room for a few circumstances respecting him. Powell, like Garrick, was born at Hereford, a coincidence that materially urged on his love of the stage. He was on the foundation of Christ's Hospital, and educated for business. Sir Robert Ladbroke, then a Governor, took him into his counting-house, and made him acquainted with distillery. "Smit with the muse, the ledger he forgot." Like Murphy's apprentice, he was the hero of the spouting clubs in his neighbourhood; one of which Sir Robert absolutely procured to be put down in a vain attempt to reclaim him; in the language of the city, to *save him*. As soon as Mr. Powell was out of his apprenticeship, he married a Miss Branston, the daughter of a reputable citizen; by this lady he had two daughters who survived him. On his marriage, he removed from Sir Robert's house, but not from his service; he remained his clerk until he secured an engagement at Drury-Lane Theatre. This was in the summer of 1763, when Holland presented him to Mr. Garrick, who heard him, told him "he had not mistaken his profession," and gave him instruction which he needed, and a decent income, which he had long desired. His first salary was three pounds per week for three years. In Garrick's absence, Mr. Lacy, with the concurrence of Mr. George Garrick for his brother, raised it to *ten*. The professional course of this fine actor is already before the reader. The heirs of Mr. Rich wanting to realise his property, Mr. Harris and Mr. Rutherford, both of them men of business, became the purchasers of Covent Garden Theatre; they were *merely* men of business, and

made overtures to Powell. The actor had no money, and knew nothing of management. The first was supplied by a nobleman, at the instance of a beautiful mistress, and he lent Mr. Powell 11,000*l.* at four per cent, and, if he wanted more, told him he should have it. Powell now provided with one of his deficiencies, recommended Mr. Colman to his colleagues to supply the other. He came into the measure with some reluctance, in opposition to his friend Garrick "Et voila la guerre allumée." But with respect to poor Powell, it was soon succeeded by a *lasting peace;* he closing his brief, but very fortunate career, at the age of thirty-four years; perhaps the victim of conviviality and great professional exertion, to be supported by a remarkably weak constitution. Mr. Colman, his friend Holland, indeed all the principal persons of the theatre, followed him to the grave. The inhabitants of Bristol took the deepest interest in this loss. He was a pleasing, rather than a great actor—but he was *very* pleasing.

A great deal of clamour was long kept up against Mr. Garrick, for levying the 1000*l.* bond given by Powell, after he so unhandsomely left him. But let us consider the case a little. The entertainments of the stage are guarded by patent, that they may be *permanent* as well as becoming. If any vulgar adventurer, who may have either copper or brass enough to become a lessee, is at liberty, from the vanity or cupidity of actors, to inveigle away the great supports of a stage, the theatre will soon be ruined. Performers, so tempted, easily remind themselves of grievances long buried; and either revive them, or imagine new ones, to show a plea that does not look covetous. The adventurer will promise, and for a time may pay, enormous salaries; but what is to bind him to the spot, if the speculation turn out unprofitable, which at last it must be?

We now arrive at the most favourite scheme that Garrick ever nourished in his mind—the *celebration* of his idol SHAKSPEARE at his native *Stratford-upon-Avon.* He had been employed upon it assiduously for months. His spirits were in so much harmony, that Edmund Burke, following Falstaff's example, made "no apology" for wishing he could let him have a "*Thousand Pounds*" upon his bond, for a twelvemonth. The "Correspondence" now before the reader has many references to the Jubilee; a design more suited to the French than the English taste; and which, after all, must be a performance of the theatre, if any thing is to be *done.* When we call to mind Mr. Garrick's understanding, we must believe that his *interest* suggested quite as audibly as his *love* on this occasion. He had long been associated with the *genius* of Shakspeare; he now bore his own effigy into the very hall of his birth-place, and taught the boors of Stratford to couple together the names of Shakspeare and Garrick. He meditated, in addition, a splendid show for his theatre; where a temperate sky always hangs from the borders, and the painter can secure the blue ethereal: whereas at Stratford the jealous Jupiter *damped* all the arrangements out of doors, and the innkeepers and the ribbon-weavers alone had really *a fine time of it.* The 5th and 6th of September pretty well collected all the strangers that were expected. On the 7th public worship was celebrated with great magnificence, but the association was profane, and yet it was unavoidable. The crowd of idolaters sought the sanctuary itself for the doggrel epitaph of the Poet, and at three o'clock were more *substantially* regaled by a dinner in the rotunda. At five the musicians mounted the orchestra, and the verse of Garrick, set very beautifully by Dr. Arne, was given with suitable effect.* Mr. Garrick then recited the ode he had composed: though he could not soon compose the critical

* Garrick paid Dr. Arne sixty guineas for the copy-right of this music.

clamour, which it excited. After this powerful recitation, the company rose to enjoy the beauties of the Avon. Foote, recovered from his accident, and as buoyant as a cork leg could keep him, sallied forth in all the temptation of cheerfulness and humour, to find metal more attractive than declamation. He was immediately recognized, and a tall and corpulent gentleman, splendidly dressed and extremely important, advanced from the circle, to enjoy a personal intercourse with the wit. Foote well knew how to throw a vain man off his guard, by a compliment; and said to him, "Pray, Sir, has the County of Warwick the *honour* of giving birth to YOU, as well as SHAKSPEARE?" "No," said the uncouth gentleman; "I come out of Essex." "Where, Sir?" "I come out of Essex." "Out of Essex!" said Foote, "and who *drove* you?" Roars of *laughter* immediately drove the over-fed and unwieldy animal out of the field he had so rashly presumed to occupy.

But Foote afterwards thus characterised the whole business. "A Jubilee is a public invitation, circulated by puffing, to go post *without* horses, to a Borough without representatives, governed by a Mayor and Aldermen, who are *no magistrates*, to celebrate a great Poet, whose *own works* have made him *immortal*, by an ode *without poetry*, music *without melody*, dinners *without victuals*, and lodgings *without beds*; a masquerade where half the people are *bare-faced*, a horse-race up to the knees in *water*, fire-works *extinguished* as soon as they were *lighted*, and a gingerbread amphitheatre, which, like a *house of cards*, tumbled to pieces as soon as it was *finished*." But the description of a wit is not written upon oath.

To resume the facts themselves. On the 8th of September, there was a splendid ball in the rotunda; and on the following day, a grand procession was intended through the town, to consist of the principal characters of Shakspeare's plays, of which, though the dress was in character, the character frequently was not in the dress; but a violent tempest of wind and rain soon scattered this *fond pageant*. The jubilee ended abruptly, and the wet and weary multitude left the place with all possible precipitation.

We have just hinted the clamour excited against Garrick's Ode. Scholars are always sufficiently indulgent to their studies, to think them of the highest importance. That, as an actor, penetrating by a sort of intuition the power of character in Shakspeare, Garrick should have been deemed his "*best living commentator*," was sufficiently mortifying to men, who were struggling with each other for the fame of ascertaining *what* he really wrote in a thousand passages? and by very extensive, miscellaneous, and very irksome reading, settling his meaning and illustrating his fugitive allusions. *They* thought the actor knew no more, than any other able man *perceived* equally with himself. *Here* they imagined they had caught the mimic out of bounds—he was invading the regions of the sublimer poetry. The *greater ode* among us had been *tried* by Cowley, *achieved* by Dryden, faintly though beautifully *ventured* by Pope, and *appropriated*, if his own University could be credited, by Gray. Garrick's friends, many of them, here gave him up, shall we say *not unwillingly*? Johnson said, "his Ode *defied criticism*." Hurd called it a "*portentous* production;" and Bishop Warburton, his great and friendly admirer, chimed in with the commentator on Horace. The two Wartons seemed to have asked each other *how* they were to acknowledge the compliment of the author of the Ode, in sending it to them? Even the hard mouth of old Macklin mumbled over this unhappy Ode; and Garrick was idle enough, to endeavour to make him swallow it. After all, it does

not appear ill-suited to the occasion, and is sufficiently obvious in its topics—its measures had an almost boundless variety, and it was exactly such an Ode as an *actor* would delight to speak, affording full scope to his tendency to *imitate* what he recites.

But we must return, like the idolaters from the Avon, and record the appearance of the Jubilee at Drury Lane theatre, on the 14th of October of the same year. Mr. Garrick having previously recited his *Ode* there, on the 30th of September, as soon as he returned to town, he pressed his whole company, male and female, for years into the procession, and walked himself at their head; which, as he was soon told, *he* could do without losing credit. The present writer saw it when a boy, from the Two Shilling Gallery, and remembers Moody's Irishman with great distinctness in the "first floor of a post-chaise." The procession, which went beyond imagination, he still thinks the *only* one. Talk of a coronation, indeed! it *means* nothing.

It was at this time that Waldron first appeared at Drury Lane theatre, in the character of *Scrub*. He was greatly addicted to the study of true English poetry, and rendered the more adventurous critics of his time essential aid. No man better understood the art of the actor. In reply to a question of comparison between Mr. Kemble and Mr. Garrick in some characters, he frankly spoke out. "No man admires Mr. Kemble, Sir, more than I do—he is a great man! a *very* great man! but, MR. GARRICK, Sir! bless my soul! it was quite a *different sort of thing*."

Though especially bound to the standard of Garrick, we notice the appearance of his future friend Cumberland's first comedy, the *Brothers*, at Covent Garden, on the 2nd of December 1769. It was well received. On the 7th of the same month, Charles Holland, who had so recently attended Powel to the grave, was hurried to his own by the small-pox: he was a zealous follower of Garrick, and had caught as much of his great master as he had powers to convey. His last character was *Prospero*, which he played on the 20th of November. He too soon "abjured the magic of his art," buried with him at Chiswick, on the 15th of the following month.

The "Correspondence" will show the regard Mr. Garrick had for Hugh Kelly, whose *Word to the Wise* he produced at his theatre on the 3rd of March 1770. It was driven from the stage on the second night. After the author's decease, it was revived one night for the *benefit* of his family. Hear the tender, the beautiful moralist, Johnson, to the assembled audience:—

> "Yet still shall calm reflection bless the night
> When liberal pity dignified delight;
> When pleasure fired her torch at virtue's flame,
> And mirth was bounty with an humbler name."

It may be proper at the close of Garrick's season of 1769-70 to register, that the *Jubilee* had been acted ninety-one nights. Old Sheridan had performed at the Haymarket the last two summers. Foote took the Edinburgh management now upon him, and carried with him Woodward, his old enemy, and Weston. Miss Younge had left Garrick for Dublin.

Mrs. Celesia, the daughter of Mallet, will be found among Mr. Garrick's enlightened correspondents: he brought out a tragedy, which she called *Almida*: it was, in fact, the *Tancrede* of Voltaire; but Mrs. Barry bore it triumphantly upon her shoulders. A week after this play, Mr. Garrick produced Cumberland's master-work, the *West Indian*, on the 19th of January 1771. It is really worth all the notice that its author has bestowed upon it. It was written in a small closet at

the back of the bishop's palace at Clonfert, with a turf-stack in prospect, to keep the mind from wandering. The moderns may try four *bare walls* with some, if not equal effect. Cumberland offered this play to Garrick for a *copy* of a Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto, that hung over his chimney-piece in Southampton-street; and the manager would have closed on those terms, but the picture had been a present from Lord Baltimore. That being the case, Evans the treasurer, after the author's nights were over, came to him in a hackney-coach, with his profits all in *gold*, which he seemed to spread delighted upon the author's table; it being to a larger amount than he had ever before conveyed to a dramatic writer. The West Indian ran twenty-eight nights. Griffin, who published it, sold 12,000 copies. Garrick himself, in the *St. James's Evening*, wrote in praise of the comedy, and skilfully too.

The "Correspondence," at page 440 of the present volume, will present the reader with Mr. Garrick's difference with the irascible Junius. The politician was of opinion, that the player had made suit to recommend himself by a *discovery*. But Garrick is confirmed in *his* assertion, by Woodfall the printer, who confesses that he told him "Junius would write no more," without any injunction to *secresy;* and accordingly, Garrick mentioned it to Ramus, and to others. Junius *again* said to Woodfall, "the king *understood* that Garrick had found it out" by his own dexterity and cleverness. They may both be right; for Ramus, to grace his friend Garrick, might have garnished his *intelligence* by a fancied dexterity that had obtained it. How the satirist knew so quickly what His Majesty *understood*, so as to be informed of all the *particulars* the next day, is still the wonder that checks every hypothesis as to the real writer.

In the season of 1771-2, Miss Younge returned to her best friend's theatre. The masque of the *Institution of the Garter*, now brought out by Garrick, exposed him to a correspondence with Mr. Gentleman, who looking about him for supplies, remembered that ten years back he had himself composed a *garter* entertainment from West's poem in Dodsley's collection. *Timon of Athens*, with additions by Cumberland, was now urged on by him to the injury of his reputation. His *Amelia* received alterations too, and from the *Summer's Tale*, became a winter one, with some success; but as he stood, from the West Indian, not worth the trial. He was now a mark for those benevolent gentlemen, who write *criticisms* instead of *comedies*, for the town's amusement; and his *Fashionable Lover*, "eo nomine" a dull being, afforded their shafts full scope. Cumberland, moreover, as Garrick told him, was a man *without a skin*. He might be a Marsyas, but where was the Apollo in wit, who had a right to *flay* him?

"Quod petis HIC EST—" perhaps Murphy might have thought; especially after the success of his *Grecian Daughter*, which was brought out on the 26th of February 1772. Murphy forgetting Zenobia, happily for his fame, "*again*" trusted Mrs. Barry; and Garrick reluctantly relinquished *Evander* to Barry. Even such an actor as Barry could say on this occasion, "Let him play it; it will come to me at *last*, and I shall be able to act it better, after having *seen him*." The author, however, thought Barry the *finest, feeble venerable monarch* that imagination could conceive. Not that he quite expresses this to the great manager. The praise of Barry is thus lowered to meet the eye of the still *jealous* monarch of the stage. "I regret but one thing in this business, and that is, though Mr. Barry acts *finely*, that the play was not in readiness while YOU appeared in *new* characters. In that case, I know what Evander *would have been*." He wrote the superlative praise of

Barry, above recited, many years after the performance, and perhaps to propitiate old Mr. Coutts, to whom he dedicates his book. To this wealthy critic he mentions his opinion, no doubt the banker's also, that Barry was, in some parts, a "formidable rival," if not "*superior* even to Garrick." Such are the lessons we gather in our researches. Whoever looks narrowly into human nature will detect much of this pitiful disingenuousness, which auto-biography is seldom just enough to record. When Murphy writes to Garrick after his success, he determines to *lead a life of jealousy* no longer; but to trust implicitly to the manager's friendship. A more interesting scene than this is opened in "The Correspondence," at pages 458-9, where the letters between Garrick and the great Earl of Chatham, will delight the admirers of those distinguished men.

Mr. Garrick had now a loss which, from ludicrous association, excites a smile. His chief numberer, and under-treasurer, was John Hardham, of Fleet Street, the celebrated maker of the snuff No. 37, and the Mæcénas of all candidate actors and actresses. Like Garrick, he was both *Abel Drugger* and *Hamlet*; and from uttering to a recruit in his back parlour, "speak the speech as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue," he would bolt out to an amateur of the pure Nicotian at the counter, and assure him that HE never

> "Sophisticates it with sack-lees, or oyle,
> Nor washes it in muscadel and grains,
> Nor buries it in gravel, under-ground;
> But keeps it in fine lilly-pots, that open'd
> Smell like conserve of roses, or *French beans*."—ALCHEMIST, Act i. Sc. iii.

Such were the honours of Hardham, who lived at the Red Lion in Fleet Street, and died on the 25th of September 1772. While George Steevens was daily visiting Johnson, on the subject of the edition of Shakspeare, jointly published in 1773, he every day filled his box with 37 at the counter of a man who had been many years the butt of his pleasantry.

Henderson, a worthy follower of Garrick, made his first appearance on any stage, at Bath, in the character of *Hamlet*, on the 26th of October 1772; and on the 20th of the same month, at Ealing, in Middlesex, died Henry Giffard, the manager of the theatre in Goodman's Fields, who had witnessed the dawn of Garrick's day, and lived to enjoy the brightest parts of it. The arbitrary licensing act took Giffard's profession from him, or made it illiberal. Ministers promised him *compensation*, but they failed him.

Mr. Garrick's farce of the Irish Widow afforded Mrs. Barry, on the 23rd of October 1772, an opportunity to display her comic talent. She spoke the brogue very humorously, and her vivacity never flagged. Sir Patrick O'Neale, by Moody, was at least upon a par with her Widow Brady. Garrick also revived Shirley's Gamesters, but the critics objected to his omissions as injurious to the piece. We have noticed the retreat and marriage of O'Brien; his farce called *Cross Purposes* succeeded at Covent Garden on the 5th of December, and his comedy called the *Duel* was totally lost at Drury Lane on the 8th.

A report had been spread that a new comic opera, brought out by Mr. Garrick on the 1st of Feb. 1773, was written by the wretched Bickerstaff; it was called the *Wedding Ring*. A dreadful riot ensued, but Charles Dibdin declaring himself the author of both words and music, it was at length endured. We cannot stop a rapid narrative like this by the accusations of a ruffian like Kenrick;

the annoyance to Mr. Garrick is amply remembered in the "Correspondence" about this date, to which we gladly refer.

On the 15th, Foote opened the Haymarket with an entertainment called the "Primitive Puppet Show." In a life of Foote we should willingly dilate upon the wit he then displayed; but our business is with Garrick, whose peculiar manner he imitated exactly, when refusing to engage in his company Punch's wife *Joan*. To Foote's *Piety in Pattens*, James Boswell has an allusion, as will be seen by his letter in the "Correspondence."

Notwithstanding Murphy's dismissal of all his jealousy of Garrick upon the success of his Grecian Daughter, he carried his *Alzuma* to Covent Garden on the 23rd Feb. 1773, and chose to forget it in his Life of Garrick altogether. Home's *Alonzo*, brought out the same month at Drury Lane, was thought to be not unworthy of the author of Douglas. Mrs. Barry's *Ormisinda* was equal to any thing she ever did upon the stage. She had a genius which, with the most melting *tenderness*, delighted in the *wild* and the *romantic*.

Garrick's friend Dr. Goldsmith, on the 15th of March 1773, brought out his comedy "She stoops to Conquer," at Covent Garden Theatre. The next month Garrick revived the *Chances*, with alterations, and played *Don John* himself, so as to rank it with his Benedick. His pupil, John Bannister, has a fine, indeed a brilliant, picture by Loutherbourg, of his great master in this character.

It is amusing to see the partiality of men to particular subjects, unprofitable as they may have been. Garrick still thought Mallet's play on the subject of *Alfred* worth reviving; and touched upon it slightly in October 1773. The German style of writing would suit such a subject. Schiller could have given that *first* of kings a place in the *mimic* world not disgraceful to his fame in our historical records. At length William Lewis arrived in London from Dublin; but, in spite of all Cumberland's efforts to secure him for Garrick, he made his first appearance at Covent Garden theatre, under Mr. Harris, in the character of *Belcour*, in the West Indian, on the 15th of October in the present year. On the 23rd began the enjoyment of the wits, the performance of Macbeth at Covent Garden, by Macklin. His manner was naturally heavy, and Macbeth was for once falsely accused of "*murdering sleep.*" The Drury Lane actors treated it (poor Reddish in particular,) as treason against both Shakspeare and their master.

It is with regret that we find a difference starting up with such a man as Dr. Hawkesworth about his not having admitted Becket into the property of his great work. The worthy bookseller used to busy himself incessantly in Garrick's concerns, and even deliver letters for him. He delighted to be considered as the *medium* of negociation foreign and domestic; and the manager sometimes endorsed his long and anxious letters "Becket about *nothing*." The great success of the poor doctor's voyages absolutely feasted him to death. He died on the 17th of November 1773, greatly regretted. He was no mean imitator of the lofty sense and sounding period of the author of "Rasselas."

Hugh Kelly had grown unpopular, and therefore Mr Garrick, on the 11th of December, brought out his *School for Wives*. A Mr. Addington was named as the author, but he resigned at once the laurel of success, though he would have worn the *absinth* of failure to serve a persecuted man. Garrick's Christmas Tale is whimsically noticed in the "Correspondence."

This month was destined to inflict a very severe loss upon Mr. Garrick in the death of his worthy partner, James Lacy, Esq. on the 23rd of January 1774. Mr. Murphy extends his life, by some poetic privilege, to March, but calls the year, erroneously, 1773. There seem to be few traces of difference between the two patentees; a point attributable to the wisdom which limited their respective provinces at the outset, and the natural deference that a plain man pays to great genius, when he has just sense enough to understand it.

Garrick now probably determined to get out of the concern, which was really becoming too much for him. He had long declined all new study; played chiefly in comedy, when he did appear, and seldom then without the gout to annoy him.

If there be any one act of his management which we should wish to blot out from these pages, it is his rash violation of the whole scheme of Shakspeare's *Hamlet*. On the 8th of February 1774, Mr. Garrick's alteration of that noble play, was acted for the first time. All the contrivances of Shakspeare, by which he added *absence from the scene* to the melancholy *irresolution* of the character, were rendered abortive. It became as much a *Monodrame* as Timon; and the *passive* Hamlet was kept on the rack of perpetual *exertion*. His very speeches were trimmed up with startling exclamations, and furious resolves; and even *Yorick* himself was thrown out of the play, to render the wit and pathos of Sterne inapplicable and unintelligible. It was an *Actor's* mutilation of all parts but his *own*. So Cibber contrived that *his* Richard the Third should never rest himself in the green-room; he must be always ready at the *wing*, if he was not on the stage. We have noticed in the "Correspondence" that STEEVENS encouraged Garrick in his design, as to this sacrilege.*

The French complimented Garrick outrageously upon his success. He had sanctioned their *criticism*. He had admitted Shakspeare to be a *barbarian*, who must be polished, before he could

* "When," writes Mr. Garrick, on a particular occasion, "I was busied about that foolish hobby-horse of mine, the *Jubilee*, my good friend Master STEEVENS was busying himself every other day in abusing me and the design. He first desired a Mr. Zachary Steevens, in Chancery Lane, to assure me upon his *word and honour* that he did *not* write those things which I had particularly marked out as personal and slanderous; but confessed he *was* the author of the *Parody* of Dryden's Ode, the *Witches' Cauldron*, and one other. Some time after, he totally forgot that he had given his honour to the above, and bragged, to the partners of the St. James's Chronicle, that he had written them ALL, thirty-five or forty in number, with this liberal addition, that it was 'FUN to vex me.' In the midst of a most friendly correspondence, he began an abuse on Mr. Colman and me in the St. James's Chronicle; after which, I would never converse with him, but have spoken of him, and will always treat him, as such a pest of society merits from all men."

Master Stephen got again into *Kitely's* house, however, we know, and above, we may fancy to what purpose. But Garrick had obtained a pension from *government* for RALPH, the political writer, who had libelled him and his family; and relieved, *himself*, the distress of PAUL HIFFERNAN, another genius of the same order: and it was therefore a trifle to look over the *fun* of STEEVENS, who was far above *want*; and, if mischievous, at least *uniformly* so. He pledged himself to Garrick, in the mean time, "that the name of *no other* actor should ever find a place in his commentaries upon Shakspeare;" a pledge which he redeemed, in his fashion, by a panegyric upon HENDERSON, in the character of Richard the Third. His concluding note to the tragedy has these words. "No wonder, therefore, that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderson, should at different periods have given it a popularity beyond other dramas of the same author." Whether the known *difference*, between Mr. Garrick and Mr. Henderson, had any share in this dexterous attempt to place them upon a *level*, those who are aware of his love of "fun" will have no difficulty in determining.

be suffered in *good company*—his *fossoyers* and his *ossemens* with "*wisdom* crying out from the *grave*," were cut off, agreeably to the standard *lit de justice* of Procrustes Voltaire. Another attack might probably displace the midnight *ghost* in Hamlet; and leave the noon-day spectre of Ninus a clear stage; banish the bloody *Banquo* from the feast of Macbeth; and keep the somnambulism of the murderous *Queen* from erring beyond her chamber, under the rigid coercion of her doctor, her nurse, and the strait waistcoat.

Sethona, on the 19th of the same month, settled the pretensions of Colonel Dow in tragedy. This play and *Zingis* are alike the inspirations of Ossian; the admission of such rubbish to his theatre, was among the frailties of Garrick.

Dr. Goldsmith died on the 4th of April, 1774. A notice of his funeral will be found as a note to the "*Correspondence*" before the reader.

On the 26th of May, at the close of the season, Mr. Colman, who, as Garrick had predicted, found himself unhappy at Covent Garden, sold his share, and retired from the management. Mr. Harris was by this time become perfectly conversant with stage business. He continued a manager full half a century.

On the 22nd of September 1774, Smith made his first appearance at Drury Lane, in Richard the Third. He and Mrs. Hartley had been to Ireland in the summer. The "Correspondence" exhibits him as an Oroondates, or the *Passionate Lover*.

The Earl of Derby, whose sister was the wife of General Burgoyne, on the 23d of June, 1774, married Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, only daughter of the sixth Duke of Hamilton; such a union became an object of infinite importance in the eyes of all connexions of the two noble families. The General tried his dramatic talent in an entertainment for the stage, which, like Garrick's Jubilee, was to echo the *Fête Champetre* given for days together at Lord Derby's seat called the *Oaks*. It made its first appearance at Drury Lane, on the 5th of November of the same year, and produced a very brilliant effect; it was called the *Maid of the Oaks*. Mrs. Abington, in Lady Bab Lardoon, gave to the stage the finished woman of fashion.

The success of the theatre was somewhat damped by the death of Henry Mossop at Chelsea, on the 27th of December. There is in the "Correspondence" a very affecting account of his last moments, addressed to Garrick by a friendly clergyman, who was laudably desirous he should *know* that the dying man did justice to his virtues.

Mossop had good reason to think that it was on his account chiefly, Mr. Garrick had been attacked by David Williams, in a pamphlet written with consummate ability. The reader of even middle age may remember the tall person and placid countenance of this Unitarian lecturer, and the bright *purple suit*, which invested his really venerable figure. Did Williams, however, deny the splendid talents of Garrick? far, very far from it. He denies much to him, it will be readily admitted. "Rouge and powder," says he, "cannot give the bloom of youth—mere quickness of motion cannot give the appearance of agility. An old man, let him move ever so briskly, moves in straight lines, and turns almost at right angles. Your eyes have lost the power of imitating softness, if ever they had it. That fine, bewitching liquid, which passion sends out to the eye of youth, cannot be imitated by any old man. Your mouth has no sweetness; your voice is growing hoarse and hollow; your dimples are furrows, &c."

But what, ex-cathedra, are we told of the *merits* of the man, who never indeed sat for the above portrait? These then are the *merits* of Mr. GARRICK in the opinion of DAVID WILLIAMS :—

"You have been, deservedly, for above thirty years, at the head of your profession. The justice with which you conceive, and exhibit the poet's meaning, are in general masterly. You act with much greater truth, spirit, and variety, than ANY MAN I ever saw. It may be said, I take you at a disadvantage in the decline of life. I believe not. In those tragic parts where your organs seem to have had a power, almost peculiar, to represent the poet's meaning, your execution is masterly. It is much improved within a few years. Your province lies principally where the passions are exhibited by the poet, as agitated, or wrought up to a high degree; your perfection consists *in the extreme*. In exaggerated gesture, and sudden bursts of passion, given in a suppressed and under manner, you are *inimitable*. In the struggles and conflicts of contradictory passions; or in their mixture and combination; and when their effects are drawn by the author to a point of instant and momentary expression; there you are often *excellent*. But the expression must be in the extreme, or you are not Garrick."

Mossop outlived the period assigned to him by Davies, a whole year; and was buried at Chelsea on the 1st of January 1775, attended to the grave by Baddely, James Aickin, Johnston, and the under prompter. Gentleman, who was at school with him, said he was born in the year 1729.

The Barrys were this year at Covent Garden; and Garrick's tragedies, therefore, depended upon Mrs. Yates and Reddish. In addition to the company that Mr. Harris had now got together, a great WIT seemed to have started on his side, who, if he could have been contented with *one* province, might have maintained *there* an almost exclusive possession. The reader sees that we mean Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose *indolence* produced, in the same year, the comedy of the *Rivals* on the 17th of January, and the comic opera of the *Duenna* on the 21st of November 1775.

Dr. Francklin, the translator, (for the philosopher and politician was a very different person,) will be seen, in the "Correspondence," to keep his hold upon Garrick, though both petulant and avaricious. The manager brought out his *Matilda* on the 21st of January, and it met with sufficient encouragement from the public. But on the 17th of the following month, an author started, new to the stage, who is, perhaps, the *best*, if not the *only* writer of modern tragedy. We allude to Captain Robert Jephson, author of *Braganza*, who enjoyed the office of Master of Horse to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The activity of Garrick's mind perfectly dazzles one; most seasons he opened with a *new prelude:* he assisted the compositions of *every other writer*, and wrote himself at least equally with others. He finished his farce of Bon Ton this year, and gave it to Tom King for his benefit, on the 18th of March 1775.

The following season was honoured with the first appearance of Mrs. Siddons on the stage of Drury Lane theatre, in the character of *Portia*. Mrs. Clive used to mimic *Dunning in the* trial scene. No wonder Mrs. Siddons seemed flat to the gods! It was like *Shylock*, without the "Jewish gaberdine" to muffle his tongue, heard without the old roar of laughter. She thought Garrick very *terrible* in *Richard* when she played with him; and indeed seems to have alarmed herself beyond the power of being Mrs. Siddons *there;* for in the country she had produced great effect. She accordingly dropped into the *walking gentlewoman;* and, at Drury Lane theatre, was not per-

mitted a *long* walk before she became the *Runaway*. We allude to Mrs. Cowley's beautiful comedy, so named; the last new play brought out by Mr. Garrick.

Upon the subject of Mrs. Siddons, we would just notice the impression upon some minds that Garrick was not friendly to her. "At the request of Garrick," (says a particular friend,) "I went to the theatre on the first night of her appearance in *Portia*; and I have often reflected with satisfaction on the report I made to him next morning. I was charmed with her feeling and just declamation. I can vouch that Garrick was disposed to bring her forward—he assigned Lady Anne to her, that she might appear with himself before a polite and fashionable audience. But the true secret of her want of success was, that Mrs. Yates and Miss Younge were in possession of all the capital parts; and Garrick at that time did not want to create new theatrical squabbles."

The safe policy in such cases, is never to visit the metropolis until there is a void, and one is wanted to fill it—that was precisely the position, when this great woman reappeared at Drury Lane, on the 10th of October 1782. Her old rivals were both of them engaged then at Covent Garden theatre.

Though losses in the profession had of late accumulated about Mr. Garrick, he knew his own attraction, and determined upon making *brilliant* the season he had settled should be his last. He revised carefully the tragic characters which he had long discontinued, and baffled even the *gout* itself, to be "every inch a king" in Richard and in Lear. His partial friends thought even "*young Hamlet*" as perfect as ever; and in comedy he had discontinued very few of his original parts. The "Correspondence" preserved will show the first people in the land begging on these nights a station as an alms, where they could but *just see* him; and the keeper of the box-book, this season, had more applications for *places*, with the offer of tempting *douceurs* too, than any first Lord of the Treasury in the corruptest times. His closest correspondent, and very ingenious friend, Dr. John Hoadly, the chancellor of Winchester, died of gout on the 16th of March 1776; and Garrick confessed that he grew tired of his *cap and bells*. He therefore fixed upon the 10th of June, to shut the *scene* up for himself; and chose *Don Felix* (after some struggle between *comedy* and *tragedy* for his last breath) to close the long succession of his triumphs as an actor. As the profits of the night were for the Actors' Fund, so the bounty of his last act seems to have cheered his mind under the sense of his personal retirement; for he improved, and actually spoke one of his most diverting addresses on the melancholy night of his departure. Thus he jests with his own kindness to the veterans of the stage:

> Shan't I, who oft have *drench'd* my hands in *gore*,
> Stabb'd *many*, poison'd *some*, beheaded *more*,
> Who numbers *slew* in battle on this plain,
> Shan't I, the *slayer*, try to feed the *slain?*
> Brother to all, with *equal love* I view
> The men who *slew me*, and the men *I slew*.

After a brilliant performance of *Don Felix*, in the Wonder, Mr. Garrick, alone, advanced slowly to the front of the stage, to address the audience for the last time—"attention held them mute." Groups of the performers stood on the stage at a respectful distance; and the side scenes displayed the anxiety of others to witness the greatest event of their theatrical time. After a short pause, and an involuntary shock which he subdued, he thus expressed himself

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"IT has been customary with persons under my circumstances, to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but indeed I found myself *then* as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should be *now* of speaking it.

"The jingle of rhyme, and the language of fiction, would but ill suit my present feelings.

"This is to me a very awful moment; it is no less than parting for ever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favours, and upon the spot where that kindness and those favours were enjoyed. [*Here for a moment he was unable to proceed until relieved by a flood of tears.*]

"Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deep impression I have of your kindness will always remain HERE, [*putting his hand to his breast*] fixed and unalterable.

"I will very readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have had; but I defy them all to take more sincere, and more uninterrupted pains for your favour, or to be more truly sensible of it, than is your most obedient and grateful servant."

He then bowed respectfully and repeatedly, to all parts of the house; and with much hesitation, and a lingering step, withdrew for ever from their presence. By the consent of his partner, Mr. Willoughby Lacy, Mr. Garrick paid over to the Actors' Fund the whole of the monies *received* on this memorable night. He gave their committee a house in Drury Lane, for transacting the business of the concern; and defrayed the serious expense of their parliamentary incorporation. Even in his *will* he did not forget his quondam subjects.

"Here was a Cæsar; when comes such another?"

It will now be proper to notice the change which shortly took place in the property of Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Garrick, in the month of December 1775, from old friendship, offered Mr. Colman the refusal of his *share*. Colman's answer was a very proper one. He said that Garrick was the only partner he could think of taking. "If," he continues, "you are enabled to treat for the *whole*, or mean to reserve your *own* half, we must talk farther. But if the gentleman you speak of is ready and willing to buy your part *only*, and there is no more upon sale, let *who will* buy for me, and I wish the purchaser a merry Christmas." The parties with whom Mr. Garrick treated, were R. B. Sheridan, Thomas Linley, and Richard Ford, Esquires; and they paid over to him 35,000*l.* for his moiety, on the 24th of June 1776.

The absolute fact was that SHERIDAN succeeded GARRICK, and soon showed that he intended to be the *only* manager of the concern. He applied himself in earnest to his task, and if he did not answer every man's expectation by writing answers to letters, he exceeded all expectation when he at last produced the comedy, which so fairly excused him. The new concern opened on the 21st of September, with a diverting prelude by Colman, called *New Brooms*. But mortality now raged among the professors of the stage. TOM WESTON, whose last character was *Hurry*, in the Maid of the Oaks, led the funeral train on the 12th of January. NED SHUTER died on the 1st of November 1776; on the 11th of January 1777, SPRANGER BARRY also expired at his house in Norfolk Street, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; and on the 17th of April died the not less celebrated HARRY WOODWARD, who has been but imperfectly followed in his principal

characters. Woodward was, however, sixty-three, and had a rather active life, for he succeeded, *à juste titre*, to all the honours of Rich in Harlequin.

But Mr. Garrick's retirement from the management did not estrange him from the interests of the stage, and he undertook to become "the prompter *before* the curtain," by a series of essays so signed, which his friend Bate published in the Morning Post, at the close of the year 1776. He insinuates his *complaints* in the course of an attack upon the late manager, Mr. Garrick. "The *capriciousness*, unfeeling *importance*, and pretended *indispositions*" of the performers, are ascribed to his too great indulgence. "Had he been political or resolute enough to have crushed the mischief in the birth, we should not now have an actor or actress dare to make excuses for not playing parts they have long acted, and others withdrawing themselves from characters in which they have long pleased; by quitting which to inferior performers, they only indulge the vanity of comparison, while they destroy, with the public entertainment, the property of their employers. Had Mr. Garrick at first done what Mr. Sheridan is now obliged to do from necessity,—*bring the culprit to the bar of the public*, instead of stopping the *gap* HIMSELF, he would have transferred to the purchasers a property of double the value.

"Mrs. *Cibber* (who had really an ill state of health) began the fashion. Mrs. *Clive* and Mrs. *Pritchard*, with great deference to the present ladies, were both inimitable actresses, and never copied Mrs. Cibber in disappointing the public;—they performed their characters whenever called upon, without notice or murmuring; nor were any frivolous excuses made to incense the audiences and discredit the theatre."

Sheridan's course in the management was exceedingly characteristic of his bold and manly nature. The *modern* Congreve absolutely brought himself into a close competition with his only rival, by reviving, after a necessary purification, the *Old Bachelor*, *Love for Love*, and the *Way of the World*. He also altered Vanbrugh's Relapse, which became the *Trip to Scarborough*. On the 8th of May 1777, the *School for Scandal* was acted for the first time; and the season closed, on the 7th of June, with its twentieth representation. Even the genius of Sheridan had submitted his play to Garrick's judgment, with rational deference. The late manager spoke of it everywhere with pride, and attended the rehearsals, as if it had been his own. Mr. Garrick and Mr. Colman, in friendly and witty competition, wrote his prologue and epilogue, and his play was acted with a rare assemblage of perfection in all its characters. Of the original cast the representative of Maria (Mrs. Kemble) is still living, and she alone. The biographer of Mr. Garrick will not quit the subject till he has delivered his opinion that his friend Colman here certainly bore off the palm. The epilogue was triumphant every way, for it was delivered by Mrs. Abington, the finest possible speaker of *point*.

The retirement of Mr. Garrick was dignified by every charm that rank and accomplishments could confer upon it. One of the first of ladies, Lady Georgiana Spencer, considered him as her most brilliant guest. The hospitalities of the gay Rigby awaited him at Mistley, and Lord Camden hailed a period with joy when he could profit by his visits, without encroaching upon his business. Nor were these invitations unreturned. Garrick had rendered Hampton a scene of peculiar enjoyment: as a companion Mr. Garrick hit the true medium; nothing could exceed his love of the *bagatelle*, and he told a characteristic story with all his professional power. Garrick's

wit *secured* his friendships; the wit of Foote rendered his society unsafe. You laughed with Garrick without pain; the wit of Foote was a sacrifice, and there was always a *victim* smoking upon the altar. Garrick had studied human nature thoroughly. A mansion in the country is nothing without a feature. Pope brought all the world to wonder at his grotto, which he feigned to have inspired equally the patriotism of Marchmont and the pensive philosophy of St. John. Garrick had raised in his grounds a temple to Shakspeare; and the chisel of Roubiliac at Hampton inspired an interest scarcely less intense than the willows of Twickenham. The high priest was at hand, moreover, to expound the divinity. Pope was a fine and critical "*essay upon man.*" Shakspeare was himself *human nature* in all its infinite variety.

Hannah More, with great dexterity, had contributed to the popularity of Hampton, by an address to *Dragon*, the house-dog of Mr. Garrick: that it might be in every hand, it was published at the price of *sixpence*. It denied the pert sarcasm of the witling, "that his master would soon *tire* of solitude, and that an avarice of either applause or money would carry him to the *stage* again;" and sums up, both fairly and poetically, the rich possessions he enjoys "in *wit*, in *sense*, and a *fame* that cannot die."

We devote a single paragraph to the death of Foote, which occurred at Dover on the 20th of October 1774. He had let his theatre happily to Colman.* Foote had defeated a daring attack upon him by a loose woman of quality. He had recovered from a paralytic affection, which first seized him upon the stage, and had arrived at Dover, intending to proceed immediately to Calais. He was, however, driven to his bed by a *second* attack, which lasted three hours. The vital powers were now stilled; he breathed one deep sigh, and expired. Dover still preserves a tablet placed there to his memory by Jewell; but he was buried in Westminster Abbey, on the 3rd of November following.

Mr. Garrick's health had continued sufficiently good to enable him to enjoy the society of his friends at Hampton in the fine weather, and in the Adelphi during the winter. He occasionally visited the House of Commons, and one night, during a stormy debate, the standing order was enforced to clear the gallery. Mr. Garrick kept his place by acclamation of the whole house; and the member for Shropshire, who moved it, underwent the castigation of Burke, who there called Mr. Garrick the great master of elocution, by whose lessons they had all profited. Garrick avenged himself of the tasteless member by some verses, which reminded him of that unlucky animal, whose *bray* every hearer of delicacy and refinement instinctively flies.

He does not seem to have troubled himself with the theatre in any remarkable degree. He wrote a prologue or two, gave the younger Bannister some instructions in *Zaphna;* and his pupil acted it with great applause to Mrs. Robinson's Palmyra. That beautiful and fascinating woman has long quitted us; but Bannister is living happily and vigorously, and would be *young* Bannister still, but for a lameness in one of his feet, that affects his gait, it is true, but spares his gaiety.

* Mr. Colman was to pay him, during his life, eight hundred pounds every half year. A consideration was to be made for his services as an actor also. Colman bought his copyright of pieces unpublished at the liberal price of 500*l*. If it turned out favourably for Colman, by the speedy death of Foote, he was to shift for himself as to patent; *that* expired with Foote. A licence he might think he could obtain, and in fact he did so, and to the present time the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket is held by *annual licence* from the Lord Chamberlain.

The reader of the "Correspondence" will be rather surprised that Mr. Garrick did not accept Henderson at once; but the truth was, the latter had been told so many stories of young actors hampered by his management, that he guarded himself with all the jealousy of a rival negociation. The great manager would not yield a particle of his authority, and thus Henderson's affair dropped for a time. But this was not the worst of it. The Bath actor thought himself injured, and made his friends and others merry with Mr. Garrick's peculiarities; and as he really possessed an admirable vein of pleasantry, he invented matter, so perfectly in his style, that his fancies were taken by many for facts. Garrick lived in a *whispering gallery*, and these freedoms were *slammed* into his ears painfully by those who paid their court to him, and widened the breach, that better men would have closed. Henderson however arrived in town, and made his first appearance at Colman's, on the 11th of June 1777, in the character of *Shylock*. Succeeding eminently there, he was engaged by Sheridan without difficulty.

Garrick now lost the composer of his Jubilee, the brother of his heroine, Mrs. Cibber, the great Dr. Arne, who expired on the 5th of March 1778. Soon was developed the full policy of Sheridan; the theatre had fallen into dreadful perplexities—a call of the prompter, upon any actor to perform, caused a violent *cold*, and an impossibility to be *heard* across the pit. Lacy, therefore, sold his share to Sheridan and his friends, and the actors miraculously recovered. At the close of the season, on the 28th of May, the School for Scandal had been acted sixty-five times.

The readers of the present "Correspondence," from the fulness of the last years of it, will thoroughly feel the degrees of estimation in which Garrick stood with a great variety of characters—generally speaking, they all did themselves honour. Mr. Garrick had none to acquire. He had literally exhausted the whole vocabulary of compliment.

Two incidents, however, call for notice, and for reprobation of very different strength. At a dinner of the Actors' Fund, Mr. Garrick, to do them honour, visited his former friends, elegantly dressed, and expecting both to give and receive pleasure by his company. As to *himself*, Mr. Garrick saw no signs of *cordiality;* as to *each other*, the actors were split into parties; and where it had been a *virtue* to practise the dissimulation of the stage, they indulged themselves in exposing their natural infirmities. Tom King's explanation and apology to Garrick are at least well intended. The mortification felt by Mr. Garrick he in fact shows by his letter to that gentleman. The other occurrence is of a graver die. At the very time that a fatal malady was dragging him to the grave, the villanous enmities that persecuted him were threatening his *moral* destruction, and endeavouring to practise upon his solicitude for his reputation. The *weapon* of the assassin is preserved in the "Correspondence;" the villain himself has escaped the infamy to which we should joyfully have consigned him.

Having closed such notice of the stage as was called for by the personal interest taken in it by Mr. Garrick, our attention must be henceforth confined to himself, who was justly considered its most distinguished ornament.

Mr. Garrick had passed the Christmas with his beloved friends, the Spencers, and at their seat of Althorp in Northamptonshire, he was seized with a severe fit of the complaint, which he had always considered to be the stone. The eruptions of an attendant herpes were considered of no moment by the faculty, though they naturally alarmed Mrs. Garrick exceedingly. He soon rallied,

and proceeded gently to town, with the best hopes of an early and complete restoration. On Friday the 15th of January 1779, he reached his house in the Adelphi. The Saturday forenoon, on the arrival of Mr. Lawrence, his apothecary, Mr. Garrick detailed the symptoms of his complaint. Mr. Lawrence told him not to be uneasy; but finding that the obstruction continued, he called Dr. Cadogan's attention to it, who, with true manly sincerity, told his patient, that the issue of such attacks was extremely uncertain, and if he had any worldly affairs to settle, he had better arrange them as soon as possible. Mr. Garrick assured him that no care of that sort remained upon his mind, and that he was "*not afraid to die!*" Dr. Heberden and Dr. Warren were now called in, and when his old friend Dr. Schomberg also entered the apartment, he took his hand with a placid smile, and saluted him in the language of Brutus:—

"Though last, not *least in love*."

During the few days he survived, with much heavy stupor upon the brain, he had intervals of ease and perfect composure, and conversed with his wonted ability and pointed neatness. Indeed such is the eagerness of hope, or the benevolence of nature, that he felt confident he should *recover*, and expressed himself to that effect to those around him. But such a delusion is common to the patient, and cheers the mind, though it cannot restore the frame. He died on Wednesday morning, January the 20th 1779, at eight o'clock, without a groan.

When we call to mind the sensation caused by the death of this great man, what can we add on such an occasion, to the tears of his friends, Camden and Spencer and Rigby? to the audible sorrows of JOHNSON and BURKE, equally incapable of restraining their emotion? to the deputations from the two theatres, headed by Mr. HARRIS and Mr. SHERIDAN?

Of Mr. Garrick's family, his brother George was now confined by his last illness, to follow him speedily, a corpse himself.* His nephews, Carrington and Nathan Garrick, were the chief mourners. Mr. Garrick's remains were placed at the base of Shakspeare's statue, in Poet's Corner, on Monday the 1st of February 1779. The monument, long after erected to his memory there, by Albany Wallis, seems to be a translation into *marble*, of Sir Joshua's famous picture of GARRICK between *Tragedy* and *Comedy*. It has some verses by Pratt, which we have never yet read, often as we have mused over his ashes. What we *have* read, and which does true honour to both the actor and the man, admits of some happy extracts, and we shall by them enrich our confined, but we hope not imperfect memoir. Mr. Sheridan seizes, we may be sure, the grand points of impression attending the interment.

"The *throng* that mourn'd, as their dead favourite pass'd,
The *grac'd respect* that claim'd him to the last;
While SHAKSPEARE's *image* from its hallow'd base,
Seem'd to *prescribe* the grave and *point* the place."

But he speaks of the actor's powers, and *paints* them from the life, better than even Reynolds has done:

* He died on the 3rd of February, two days after the funeral of his brother. Mr. George Garrick's first question on his entering the theatre after a temporary absence was invariably, "Has my brother wanted me?" Old Charles Bannister, with a sort of tender PLEASANTRY, when he heard of his death, said, "His brother wanted him."

" The Grace of ACTION—the adapted MIEN
Faithful as nature to the varied scene;
The EXPRESSIVE GLANCE—whose *subtle comment* draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
GESTURE that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a *will in thought*;
HARMONIOUS SPEECH, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own;
PASSION'S wild break—and FROWN that awes the sense,
And every CHARM of gentler ELOQUENCE—
ALL PERISHABLE."

It was ill-judged to recite this from the stage. Audiences go to theatres to be *amused*, and they must take their amusement from such actors as exist: to remind them of Garrick *there*, is useless to the dead, and prejudicial to the living. The manager misled the poet.

As an ACTOR, Mr. Sheridan has done him justice. As a MANAGER, he appears to have been liberal to his authors, and friendly to his actors. The profits to the first, greatly exceed what they can now obtain; when the theatre, too, held at most 330*l*. His performers had weekly salaries that seem *now* moderate, but were at that time sufficient; he besides wrote for their benefits and never refused to act for them. He only could fill the house. He encouraged of either authors or actors such talent as he could find, and cherished it, until they alike tried to invade his province as a Manager. The authors were for subduing his judgment to the fellow-feeling of their brethren, and the actors were for choosing their own nights for performing, and would discard or resume whatever characters became obnoxious or desirable from their whims or their jealousies.

As a MAN, perhaps he was not equally perfect. He saw his object singly, and perhaps too fondly. Sir John Hawkins, we believe, tells us that he once gave Mr. Garrick some intelligence very material to his interest, but he could not secure his attention; a new pantomime engrossed every moment of his time. He paid great regard to the press, he even meddled with newspaper property, he anticipated attack sometimes, was irritated by it at others, and never practised the policy of being silent. But his self-love as an actor was not alone to account for this. He was a proprietor of a concern, that flourishes but by the "popular breath;" to engage the public mind, therefore, about *himself* and his *theatre*, was essential to the triumph of both. He had writers who were engaged in his *interest* in such vehicles, and he wrote in them himself.

Such was his avarice of *fame*; but his love of *money* seems to have been more disputable; or rather, he loved affluence for its independence, and the power it bestowed of obliging the great, and relieving the humble. He does the kindest things in the handsomest way. What friend, or man of merit, ever suffered a refusal? We have *their letters* now before us. His bounties to those, who could not solicit, we may be sure were equally considerable, though never recorded. As a man of fortune, he was occasionally splendid, but never profuse. The elements of his friendship, were *fidelity* and *truth*. If an improper pledge had been made, in the view to do him service, however his friend mistook the means, he ratified his engagement.

When we speak of him as a *Husband*, he is a model to every lover of home; and his taste as to Mrs. Garrick, was sanctioned wherever she was seen and known, in the first societies in Europe. As a *Master*, his servants were his children. As a *Companion*, he was the delight of all; nor did he disdain to divert even the poor black who waited upon him, and enjoyed his humour as much

on the staircase, as his master had done his wit in the company, when the champagne itself did not sparkle brighter.

Mr. Garrick was one of the most accomplished men of his time. He had the *classical* knowledge of a gentleman well educated; and he cultivated the *belles lettres* assiduously all his life. He was acquainted with the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Italian languages; the French he spoke, and even wrote, with elegance. He moved with the utmost ease; he fenced with much neatness, and danced so as to be distinguished even among the most graceful. His manners were suited to the occasion; and he was a master in all the science of address: he could mould, in conversation, the most restive to his purposes; and many who came to a meeting, that they might unfold their *grievances*, quitted him without a hint of their nature, or with a feeling that they must have been imaginary.

As a *Writer*, we can hardly tell what to say of his powers: we do not know, touching either character, thought, or expression, how much was really *his* in the plays of others. The two-act comedy at least was his *own*. Prologue was his chief province, and his fertility in such compositions, inexhaustible. *Epigram* he made vigorous court to; and *Epitaph*, in some instances, owned no superior. In the light measures of Prior, he frolics like that poet himself, or Voltaire, or Gresset in the enchanting *Ver-Vert*. To sum up his character:—when we consider the space he occupied in life, his fame in other countries, his predominance in his sphere, the numerous circles of which he may be said to have been the *link*, the illustrious men who mixed *his* talents with their *own*; that he was never subjected to a single reverse of *fortune*, never involved in any touching *calamity*; that he was spared the *pangs* of family connexion, and rejoiced that he was *without children*; in spite of severe annoyances from the malignant, and some chronic disorders, that clung equally to him in his course;—we cannot but regard him as having enjoyed one of the happiest lots that ever gratified the ambition, or rewarded the energy of a human being.

We have but little more to add. His widow, after an hourly regret of forty-three years, sleeps with him in the same sanctuary. Mrs. Garrick distributed in the year 1815, among the descendants of her sister, nearly all that she had saved out of her income, during the six-and-thirty years elapsed since her husband's death. It amounted to something like twelve thousand pounds. She left by her will and two codicils, the amount of her marriage portion, with some additions, in legacies amongst her friends, to her servants, and to various charitable institutions; bequeathing the residue to her niece Madame Elizabeth de Saar of Vienna, for her life, with a remainder to that lady's grand-children. Madame de Saar, was the Mademoiselle Fürst, the only child of Mrs. Garrick's sister Theresa, who visited her in England in 1776, where she remained till Mr. Garrick's death, and had a legacy of 1000*l.* under his will.

The executors of Mrs. Garrick were, the Rev. Thomas Rackett, Rector of Spettisbury, in Dorsetshire, and George Frederick Beltz, Esquire, Lancaster Herald. Her remains, agreeably to her direction, were deposited privately on the 25th of October, 1822, in Westminster Abbey, near the Cenotaph of Shakspeare, and in the same grave which contains those of her husband.

She died on the 16th of October, at her house on the Adelphi Terrace, in the ninety-eighth year of her age, retaining the full perfection of her faculties, to the last. She had intended to occupy her box on the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, and absolutely expired in her chair, after a slight indisposition.

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PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

OF

DAVID GARRICK.

GILBERT WALMESLEY TO THE REV. MR. COLSON.

[When Davies published his Life of Mr. Garrick, he gave such copies of Mr. Walmesley's letters as he found in print. But he did not know the date of the first of the two, and, as the reader will now see, had not more than about half of it to publish. Mr. Garrick's friend, Dr. Sharp, conferred upon him the favour of placing in his own possession the originals themselves, from which they are now correctly printed. The portion which Davies did give, I should add, is not accurately copied, and some of the terms used by the writer affectedly changed.

The claims of the great men of the last age have yet suffered little inattention. We still linger with fond delight upon their excellencies, mental and moral; and their harmless peculiarities as often become the theme of conviviality as the eccentricities of their literary or scientific successors. Among such worthies, the praise of Johnson has assigned a place to the wise and amiable Registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court at Lichfield, Gilbert Walmesley. Such is the return which genius can make for early favours. Walmesley sowed benevolence, and reaped immortality.—Ed.]

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, Lichfield, Feb. 5, 1736.

HAVING not been in town since the year thirty-one, you will the less wonder at seeing a letter from me. But I have the pleasure of hearing of you sometimes in the prints, and am glad to see you are daily throwing in your valuable contributions to the Republic of Letters.

But the present occasion of my writing is a favour I have to ask of you. My neighbour, Captain Garrick, (who is an honest, valuable man,) has a son, who is a very sensible young fellow, and a good scholar, and whom the Captain hopes, in some two or three years, he shall be able to send to the Temple, and breed to the Bar. But, at present, his pocket will not hold out for sending him to the University. I have proposed your taking him, if you think well of it, and your boarding him, and instructing him in mathematics, and philosophy, and humane learning. He is now

nineteen, of sober and good dispositions, and is as ingenious and promising a young man as ever I knew in my life. Few instructions on your side will do, and in the intervals of study, he will be an agreeable companion for you. His father will be glad to pay you whatever you shall require, that is within his reach; and I shall think myself very much obliged to you into the bargain. This young gentleman, you must know, has been much with me, ever since he was a child, almost every day; and I have taken a pleasure often in instructing him, and have a great affection and esteem for him; and I doubt not but you will soon have the like, if it suit with your convenience to take him into your family. You will be so good, as soon as you have considered of this affair, to write to me.

Having changed my condition of life, (being tired since the death of my brother of living quite alone,) my chances for seeing London are now become more hazardous than ever. But you know I never came thither in my life, without enquiring after you; and therefore I am not without hopes, especially if Davy Garrick comes to be your pupil, but you will contrive to spend a month or six weeks with me at Lichfield in the summer. I shall always have a bed for you, and a stall for your horse; and nothing, I do assure you, in life will give me a greater pleasure.

Captain Garrick, and the young gentleman, beg your acceptance of their compliments; and I am ever, with the greatest truth, Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate old friend, and humble servant,

GILBERT WALMESLEY.

To the Rev. Mr. Colson,
At his house in Rochester, Kent.
By way of London. A single sheet.

GILBERT WALMESLEY TO THE REV. MR. COLSON.

Lichfield, March 2, 1736-7.

DEAR SIR,

I HAD the favour of yours, and am extremely obliged to you; but cannot say I have a greater affection for you upon it than I had before, being long since so much endeared to you, as well by an early friendship as by your many excellent and valuable qualifications; and had I a son of my own, it would be my ambition, instead of sending him to the University, to dispose of him as this young gentleman is. He and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. Johnson, set out this morning for London together: Davy Garrick to be with you early the next week; and Mr. Johnson to try his fate with a tragedy, and to see to get himself employed in some translation, either from the Latin or the French. Johnson is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy writer. If it should any ways lie in your way, I doubt not but you would be ready to recommend and assist your countryman.

If I cannot be so happy as to see you here this summer, I shall depend upon

it the next; and your pupil's coming hither then, will, I hope, be an inducement. I am ever, Dear Sir,

Your most obliged, and most affectionate humble servant,
GILBERT WALMESLEY.

To the Rev. Mr. Colson,
At his house in Rochester, Kent.
By way of London.

Endorsed, "Mr. Walmesley's Letters about me and Mr. Johnson."

REV. T. NEWTON TO MR. GARRICK.

[It is a very pleasing feature in this correspondence, that shows the "graced respect" which opened Mr. Garrick's career, as well as that which, in Sheridan's language, "claim'd him to the last." For this he was partly indebted to the place he came from. The Reverend Thomas Newton (afterwards the celebrated Bishop), had received the early part of his education at the Free-school of Lichfield, and, as Garrick's townsman, very anxiously attended his performances in Goodman's-fields. This learned person, as the tutor to Lord Carpenter's son,* enjoyed an easy and unrestrained intercourse with persons of great distinction; and in these letters we behold him exerting every influence he possessed, to swell the train of his young friend with those whose approbation was the best sort of fame. But highly as he admires the genius of Garrick, he views him with a critical eye, and allows no trivial error to sully long the general merit of his performance.

Mr. Garrick preserved these letters from motives of respect and gratitude; respect for the accuracy of their remarks, and gratitude for the regard which dictated so unsparing a zeal for his perfection. The reader will love the reverend critic for his reproof of the young genius, for not punctiliously obeying a wish, indeed a command, from Mr. Pulteney. He will be entertained too with seeing Grosvenor-square in motion to occupy Goodman's-fields; and admire the charm that could make people of the first distinction send their footmen near four miles, to keep places in a subordinate play-house, rather than lose a look or a gesture of the great actor.

The reverend writer of the letters was at this time reader and afternoon preacher at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley-street, and assistant preacher at St. George's, Hanover-square, to Dr. Trebeck, whose eldest daughter he married in the year 1747. There is an allusion to his sacred duties in the intimation to Mr. Garrick, that the party cannot attend him on the Saturday evenings. The Editor has a pleasure in showing our bigots, that he, who wrote the dissertation on the *Prophecies*, did not consider Shakspeare and Garrick unworthy of his serious attention.—ED.]

Grosvenor-square, Dec. 16, 1741.

DEAR SIR,

I THANK you for our entertainment last night, for it fully answered report, and my friends' and my expectations. Though your friend, yet I endeavoured to find all the fault I could; but with all my criticisms there are two or three things only, and those hardly worth insisting upon, which I could wish otherwise. As I know you will take in good part what I say, I will mention them. In the fifth act, when Richard lies down upon the couch, I thought you started up rather too soon:

---

* This young gentleman, in 1748, married Frances Coote, daughter of the Earl of Bellamont; and in 1761, he was made Earl of Tyrconnell and Viscount Carlingford.

"Ha! what means that dismal voice!"

He is composing himself to sleep, and should not start up as soon as ever he is laid down, but after some little time, as it were between sleeping and waking.—In the last scene between Richard and Lady Ann, there is one thing that I think you did not speak quite properly, though I am somewhat doubtful. She says

"What have I done? what horrid crime committed?
Rich. To me the worst of crimes—outliv'd my liking."

In the latter part, *outliv'd my liking*, you spoke with the same voice, only exalting it; whereas I imagine it should have been with an alteration of voice, more peevishly and angrily.—Richard says to Buckingham, comparing the young Princes to spiders,

"I would have some friend to *tread upon them.*"

Your action there was only with your hand, but surely it should rather have been with a little stamp of your foot *to tread upon them.* These I cannot call faults, they are omissions which might be occasioned by absence of thought at the instant; but though it is easy to reckon up these little oversights, for these are all I could observe, it is not easy to count your beauties and excellencies, which are indeed innumerable. All that we wanted was to see more of your face and the expression of your countenance; and therefore beg you will remember to secure for us that stage-box, where we may see your looks in the scene with Lady Ann, and as you lie upon the couch, that is, that we may sit with the stage on our right hand, and the pit on our left. And I hope in the mean time you will spare yourself as much as you can, till you are recovered from your cold, and your voice may appear in perfection. *Cura ut valeas* is often the conclusion in Latin epistles, and it shall finish that of

Yours in great haste,

THOS. NEWTON.

To Mr. Garrick,
in Mansfield-street, Goodman's-fields.

REV. T. NEWTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Grosvenor-square, Dec. 28, 1741.

I AM to thank you in the name of our company for our entertainment last Wednesday. Our ladies are almost in love with Richard as much as Lady Ann. And for us men, we like him better the second time than even the first: your voice was more in tune and order; and I reckon we liked you better too, as we saw more of you than we did above, though really the people upon the stage incommoded us very much. The front boxes, I believe, are the most commodious, and pray let us have one of them for the "Orphan" and "Lying Valet," and let it be taken in the

name of Mrs. Deanes. She and I are to come from this end of the town, with another lady or two; and Mrs. Porter, with another lady or two in the City, is to meet us. You know it is to be after the holidays, and it might be next week, or rather, if you please, the week following; and be so good to give me as early notice as you possibly can of the day, because no less a man than Mr. Pulteney desires to be of our party, and to have a place in our box; and the earlier notice is necessary, that he may not be otherwise engaged. If I find that one night is more agreeable to our company than another, you shall hear from me again, who am in haste,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and obedient servant,

THOS. NEWTON.

To Mr. Garrick,
in Mansfield-street, Goodman-fields.

REV. T. NEWTON TO MR. GARRICK.

Grosvenor-square, Monday, Jan. 18th.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sorry it happened so that you could not oblige us with the "Orphan" and the "Lying Valet" last week; and it appears the more unlucky, as you was able to act the Lying Valet and something else almost every night. It would certainly have been a very great honour to you, if of no other advantage, for such a person as Mr. Pulteney to come so far to be one of your audience; and, if I had been in your capacity, I should have thought it worth while to have strained a point, or done almost any thing, rather than have disappointed him. I would have acted that night, if I had spared myself all the rest for it. To-day, you know, the Parliament meets again, and to-morrow an Election of consequence is to be heard at the bar of the House; so that it will be impossible for Mr. Pulteney to attend you to-morrow night, as it is likewise for another principal person of our party, who is engaged to-morrow night in such a manner, that she cannot put off her engagement, and therefore the box need not be kept for us; and, if you please, we will defer the play a week or fortnight, in hopes that one night or other Mr. Pulteney will be able to come with us; but whether we can have his company or not, the rest of us will come, and I hope you will favour us with the play at any time upon two or three days' notice. I am sorry for these disappointments, but I was almost angry with you, to see your name last week in the bills for Costar Pearmain. I am not fond of your acting such parts as Fondlewife, or even Clodio, nor should be of the Lying Valet, if it was not of your own writing. You who are equal to the greatest parts, strangely demean yourself in acting any thing that is low and little; and not only I, but really all who admire you and wish you well, that is all who know you, are grieved and wonder at it.

There are abundance of people who hit off low humour, and succeed in the cox-

comb and the buffoon very well; but there is scarce one in an age who is capable of acting the hero in Tragedy, and the fine gentleman in Comedy. All who have seen you say you have talents for all this; and when you can reap this field of fame alone without a rival, why should you be content with only surpassing Chapman, or Macklin, or young Cibber? Though you perform these parts never so well, yet there is not half the merit in excelling in them as in the others. If I was an actor, surely I would rather endeavour to be a Betterton, than a Nokes, or Dogget; as if I was a painter, I would rather wish to be a Raphael than a Hogarth; or if I was a poet, I would choose infinitely rather to be a Milton than a Hudibras.* I hope, dear Sir, I need make no apology for the freedom of what I have said; you may be sure I should not have said it, if I had not been

Your affectionate friend and servant,

THOMAS NEWTON.

To Mr. Garrick,
in Mansfield-street, Goodman's-fields.

REV. T. NEWTON TO MR. GARRICK.

Grosvenor-square, Wednesday, Feb. 17.

DEAR SIR,

LOWE and I were most highly pleased with Bayes: he thinks young Cibber insufferable in comparison; and I think you exceed old Cibber in many things, and fall short of him in nothing; and your imitations of the actors are inimitable. But this was not the purport of my writing. Mr. Pulteney was asking Mrs. Deanes the other night when we were to go to Goodman's-fields; and as they understand that we cannot go till the third night of "Richard," and as it is very uncertain when that will be, and as "Lear" in all probability will be acted before, we beg of you to unbespeak Mrs. Deanes' box for the third time of "Richard," and to take one in her name for the third time of "Lear," or any night after the third; and only be so good to inform me what night, and we will attend you. You will excuse this trouble, and believe me, dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate friend and servant,

THOMAS NEWTON.

* The illustration does not quite meet the demand upon it. Raphael could not have been Hogarth; Milton could not be Butler. The universality of Garrick was his great distinction. It is readily granted that, in higher life, the comedian is seldom ranked with the tragedian. The reason seems to be, that his habits are commonly lower, and that he cannot *ascend*, by any strain, to the dignity of tragic manners. The voluntary descent of the tragedian to comedy only proves, that he has made his studies in all the classes of life; and can put on, for the moment, whatever character he wishes to become. The extent and variety of the power render its exercise *greatness*.

As a commentator, Newton followed his rule,—he illustrated Milton, and left Butler to Grey.—ED.

REV. T. NEWTON TO MR. GARRICK.

Monday, April 19th.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE not had an opportunity before of writing to you, to tell you how highly I was pleased with your acting of King Lear; and it is not only my opinion, but several good judges I know, and particularly one of the Masters of Westminster School, and one of the chief Clerks in the Treasury, say that you far exceed Booth in that character, and even equal Betterton.* The thing that strikes me above all others, is that variety in your acting, and your being so totally a different man in Lear from what you are in Richard. There is a sameness in every other actor. Cibber is something of a coxcomb in every thing; and Wolsey, and Syphax, and Iago, all smell strong of the essence of Lord Foppington. Booth was a philosopher in Cato, and was a philosopher in every thing else. His passion in Hotspur and Lear was much of the same nature, whereas yours was an old man's passion, and an old man's voice and action; and in the four parts wherein I have seen you, Richard, Chamont, Bayes, and Lear, I never saw four actors more different from one another than you are from yourself. But at the same time that I commend you so much and so deservedly for this, I must tell you as a friend, that I do not hear you equally applauded for Lord Foppington; and it was my opinion, you know, at the first, that Sir Charles Easy was the properer part for you. And I could wish that you had chosen Jaffier rather than Pierre, that being a part of greater compass and variety; and Lowe concurs with me, though he commends you in Pierre mightily. I am very sincerely your friend and well-wisher, and I think I show it in the friendly freedoms I take with you. But now to my business. Mrs. Deanes (whose servant is the bearer) and another lady, are very desirous of seeing you in Richard, which we hear is to be acted on Wednesday night. I am afraid it is too late to apply for places, but if you can only accommodate us with three tolerable good ones, you will greatly oblige us; and I can assure you, you cannot oblige two better judges, nor greater lovers of fine acting, among all the ladies. We shall come in Mrs. Deanes' coach, but will send a servant before to keep the places, if you can provide any for us; and as this, in all probability, will find you at the house, you will be able to return your answer by the bearer to, Dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

THOMAS NEWTON.

To Mr. Garrick, at Goodman's-fields.

* From this letter it appears that Garrick's Lear was transcendent from the first hour he played it. That he should thoroughly have felt a character of such amazing force and variety, passion and suffering, at five and twenty, is much; but that he should possess such absolute mastery over *himself*, as to preserve the damp of age in the fire of insanity, neither drivel like an imbecile, nor totter like a paralytic,—be in short, then, Shakspeare's own Lear, is truly wonderful; and yet I entirely believe it!—ED.

REV. T. NEWTON TO MR. GARRICK.

Grosvenor-square, Monday, April 26th.

DEAR SIR,

I THOUGHT Richard almost perfect at the first, but every time I find him still better and better; and it is impossible to express the pleasure I felt in seeing you perform so well, and hearing you on all hands so highly applauded; for it was not only a trial of your acting, but in some measure a trial of my judgment. The two ladies who were with me, and my Lord and Lady Carpenter,* and the rest of the company who were with them, all believed that I must be a little partial to my townsman, and no young actor in the world could deserve all the fine things I said of you; but now they are convinced, and are all in raptures; they declare they never saw such acting before, and you have not only answered all their expectations, but have exceeded every thing that they could have conceived. And Mrs. Porter† is no less in raptures than the rest; she returned to town on purpose to see you, and declares she would not but have come for the world. You are born an actor, she says, and do more at your first appearing, than ever any body did with twenty years' practice; and, Good God, says she, what will he be in time! And when somebody in company mentioned your not doing Lord Foppington so well, she made answer, that she was sure it was impossible for you to do any thing ill; you might perhaps excel less in that, but you must excel in every thing. I shall long to see you in that character, and especially as you have been so obliging as to promise the "Lying Valet" with it; and I could wish it might be this week, if it was not inconvenient, because one of our gentlemen goes into the country next Monday; but whenever it suits your convenience there will be enough of us to fill a box, and if we can have one of the stage boxes, we shall choose it rather. I should be glad to know too, whether "Lear" is to be acted again, and when; for my Lady Carpenter and the two ladies who were with me, talk of coming. I give you a deal of trouble, but you can oblige nobody who loves and admires you more than,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

THOMAS NEWTON.

To Mr. Garrick,
in Mansfield-street, Goodman's-fields.

* This was George, the second Lord Carpenter.

† This was Mrs. Porter, the actress, who had retired from London, and the Stage. She spoke a very clever Epilogue at Drury Lane Theatre, written by the Honourable James Noel, on the 28th of April, 1738, after the play of Julius Cæsar, acted gratuitously and gratefully, I may add, by the Company of Comedians there; and the receipts of the Theatre, 200*l.*, were applied towards defraying the expense of the statue erected to Shakspeare in the Abbey Church of Westminster.

Of this great actress, Dr. Johnson told Mrs. Siddons, that "in the vehemence of tragic rage he had never seen her equalled." Her candid opinion of Mr. Garrick was highly to be valued. She had seen what twenty years had done for *others* in the art she professed, and she lived to know what the same probation could do for Garrick, who started with their excellence. She was too wise not to feel that the genius before her must be greater by practice.—ED.

REV. T. NEWTON TO MR. GARRICK.

Lord Carpenter's, Grosvenor-square,
Monday, Dec. 7.

DEAR SIR,

You need make no apology for your profession, at least to me.* I always thought that you was born an actor, if ever any man was so; and it will be your own indiscretion (and I hope and believe you will hardly be guilty of such indiscretion) if coming upon the stage hurts your reputation, and doth not make your fortune. As great talents are required for acting well, as for almost any thing; and an excellent actor, if at the same time he is an honest worthy man, is a fit companion for any body. You know Roscius was familiar with Cicero, and the greatest men of his time; and Betterton used frequently to visit Bishop Sprat and Atterbury, and other divines, as well as the best of the nobility and gentry, not as a mimic and buffoon, to make diversion for the company, but as an agreeable friend and companion.

I am sorry for your cold, and that we cannot have "Richard the Third" so soon as desired; for the greater part of our company fix upon Richard, and there being three or four young ladies of the party, you need not be told that they are very impatient of delays and disappointments, when their hearts are set upon any pleasure. You will, therefore, be so obliging as to secure one of the stage boxes for us, as soon as ever they can be at liberty; and only write me a line of information, and we shall be ready to attend you any night except Saturday, for a reason that you may easily conceive. But it may probably happen that I shall see you in the mean time, intending to take the very first opportunity I possibly can of coming to Lothario and the Lying Valet; and I make no question I shall be pleased both with the tragedy and comedy, and equally approve the actor and author, being his friend, countryman and servant,

THOMAS NEWTON.

To Mr. Garrick,
in Mansfield-street, Goodman's-fields.

TO MR. GARRICK.

In a book called "Recherches sur les Théatres de France," printed at Paris in 1735, are the two following passages:—

The author, speaking of Baron's appearing again on the French stage, says, "Sa rentrée en 1720 fut doublement avantageuse à ses camarades, elle leur attira de nombreuses assemblées, et les guérit de cette déclamation forcenée que Beaubourg avoit introduite, et qui avoit passé jusqu'aux femmes: il faut en excepter Mademoiselle Le

* The first sentence of the present letter is honourable to the writer, who places, however, his own liberal feeling in admirable company. ED.

Couvreur, qui, forcée par la foiblesse de ses organes à s'en tenir à la déclamation naturelle, devint excellente, parce qu'elle ne pouvoit devenir mauvaise." 2 Tom. p. 424.

In another place, speaking of Monsieur La Grange, he says, "Quoique sa taille ne passât guères la médiocre, elle étoit bien prise. Il avoit l'air libre et degagé: c'étoit un bon acteur, soit pour le serieux, soit pour le comique. Il n'y avoit point de rôle qu'il n'executât de bonne grace." * 3 Tom. p. 369.

To Mr. Garrick,
in Mansfield-street, Goodman's-fields.

TO MR. GARRICK.

THE alterations made in Shakspeare's Plays have rarely been judicious. Even the character of Richard the Third, as now drawn, is not quite consistent. However, it must be owned to be better adapted than the original to give scope to that inimitable action that has so charmed the public, and at once triumphed over all the impotent efforts of ignorance, prejudice, and envy, to lessen its merit.

Notwithstanding that summons,

"Awake, Richard, awake, to guilty minds
A terrible example—"

ought not he to lie aslcep some little time after the disappearing of the ghosts, and give signs of farther commotions in his mind? for must we not here suppose, as is usual in dreams, the scene then suddenly to change, presenting to his fancy himself engaged in battle? because, on his waking, he breaks out into that exclamation—

"Give me a horse—bind up my wounds—"

IGNOTO TO MR. GARRICK.

Jan.

IF I had resolved, Sir, to communicate to you all the beauties that I observed in your acting the part of Hamlet to-night, the task would be almost infinite; but my present design of telling you what I disliked is so very short, that I am tempted by that consideration to execute it; so, without the preamble of any apology,

* Mr. Garrick himself thought fit to preserve some of the anonymous criticisms, with which he was privately honoured. A few such papers follow, and discover no mean talent in the writers. The Irish critic who censures Mr. Garrick for pronouncing an *a* like an *e*, is merely himself unacquainted with the long and slender sound of the former letter peculiar to the English.

In my youth, our literary coffee-houses rang with debates upon the true way of sounding the name of the great patriot Cato—whether it should be Cāto, as in Kate, or Cȃto, as in cart? The lovers of "Imperial Tragedy," and its turgid declamation, found more dignity in the open-mouthing of the word; but Cāto has at length undisturbed possession of the scene.—Ed.

which I am persuaded you will not think necessary from one who takes this liberty merely from a benevolence to you which your merit demands, I will observe to you, that repeating these words—" Methinks I see my father—" you express as much concern in the pronunciation and look that attends them, as if Hamlet spoke them in the meaning Horatio understands him; which you know very well is not the case. I leave it, therefore, to your judgment to determine whether a little less emotion would not become that passage better, as Hamlet knows he is only speaking of his own imagination, though Horatio supposes very naturally, from what he had seen, that he speaks of the visible apparition of his father. I own it is difficult to distinguish between that emotion which would naturally arise from his picturing a deceased parent to his own mind, and, that which would result from a fancy that he really saw him; but yet there is such a real difference as I am assured you can express without difficulty. Will you forgive my being so minute, as to remark something that seems to me wrong in the pronunciation of a single word? It is tropically.* That o, I imagine, should be pronounced short, as we pronounce the *o* in logical; and both for the same reason, because the vowel in the original words, from whence they are derived, is in both an *o*, not an *ω*—a short *o*, not a long one. I believe you will find custom to be on this side of the question—*Quem penès arbitrium est.* You cannot help observing what *petitesses* I am forced to take notice of, who undertake to show you any thing that may be corrected in yourself. This I am sure of, that it is all well-meant; there is no ostentation in it; for you may believe me, upon my honour, that nobody knows I have dared to take this liberty with you, or ever shall know.

I am, Sir,

Your constant admirer,

IGNOTO.

Do you think, Sir, Hamlet would address himself to the Grave-digger so very seriously? His discourse with Horatio before that point of time, and his reflections afterward, are out of the question. But does not that droll character he talks with require a behaviour something more light and *degagé*, than when he moralizes with his friend, who is a high character in comparison?† I see not how these guesses of mine should require any answer; yet if you should have any curiosity to ask any other questions on this subject, it is in your power by directing to Mr. Tomlinson, at Dobyns's Coffee-house, Conduit-street. I wish you your health very heartily, and once more take my leave.

To Mr. Garrick, at the Bedford Coffee-house,
under the Piazza, in Covent-Garden.

* *Tropically.*—Mr. Garrick's reason, unquestionably, was to mark, that it derived from *trope*, and that he would be understood to mean *figuratively*; and so avoid any tendency of the hearer to the *time* at which the sun turns back—

" And either *tropic* now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heav'n."—MILTON. [ED.]

† We see afterwards, that Mr. Garrick became less solemn with Goodman Delver.—ED.

TO MR. GARRICK.

Dublin, Saturday, Aug. the 14th, 1742.

SIR,

As I am entirely unknown to you, I take the liberty to give you my opinion upon some few things that I have taken notice of in your public performances, most of which I have attended, and do really think that you will in time, and with a little more experience, be the best and most extraordinary player that ever these kingdoms saw. I cannot, therefore, but with regret observe some things, that not only displease me, but, I am pretty sure, offend the most judicious and discerning part of your audience.

The first thing that I shall mention (and which I insist upon that you reform) is your false pronunciation of several words, which can be owing to nothing but custom and prejudice, in a man of sense, as I am sure you are. In your last performance I took notice of several false pronunciations, many of which I have forgotten. The words that I chiefly remember are these:—*matron, Israel, villain, appal, Horatio, wind;* which you pronounced, *metron, Iserel, villin, appeal, Horetio;* and the word *wind* you pronounced short. I cannot imagine what your objection can be to the letter *a*, that you should change it into an *e*, both in the English language and the Latin: or what fault you can find with the English word *matron*, that you should be obliged to make it Greek. Does not Horatio sound much better than the little word *Horetio*? It is said that Horatius Cocles, when he could no longer withstand the fury of his enemies, leaped into the Tiber. But what did he this for? Was it not for a name? Yes, surely; but never for the name of *Horetius*. Should we, in the Latin tongue, generally change the letter *a* into *e*, the language would certainly lose much of its force and grandeur.

But above all things what I can least excuse, is the absurd manner that some people have got of pronouncing the word *wind*. What reason can you allege for your pronouncing the *i* short? Look into the poetry of the best English authors, and, if you find any one example of it, I shall readily acknowledge myself in the wrong: as well may you pronounce short the words *mind, kind, blind*, and many others that chime to them. I myself, when a schoolboy, was a hero in a tragedy, and I remember at a rehearsal, when I repeated these words in my part, "That they pass by me as the idle wind which I regard not," notwithstanding my master had frequently told me of it, yet I pronounced the word *wind* short, upon which he, who understood polite learning as well as any person, and could not bear to hear the word abused, took up his rod and made my poor hand smart for it.

In these lines of Mr. Addison's—

> "Pleas'd the Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm—"

I appeal to yourself, Sir, if the word *whirlwind*, when pronounced short, is half

so expressive, or carries that beauty in it that the verse deserves. I beg that you would reform this entirely. I cannot believe, Sir, that it is allowed upon the English stage; so that you must certainly have learned it from the sailors in your passage from England hither.

I went the other night to see you perform the part of Hamlet, and do indeed think that you got a great deal of deserved applause. I doubt whether the famous Betterton did the part half so well the first time he attempted it. The character of Hamlet is no small test of a man's genius, where the action is inconsiderable, and the sentiment so prevailing and remarkable through the whole. I own, that upon your first encounter with the Ghost, I observed, with some astonishment, that it was a considerable time before you spoke. I beg of you, Sir, to consider that these words,

"Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!"

follow upon the first surprise, and are the immediate effects of it. I grant you, that a little pause after that is highly proper; but to repeat them at the same time, and in the same tone of voice with the speech

"Be thou a Spirit of health, &c."

is very improper, because they are by no means a part of that speech. You certainly kept the audience in a strange suspense, many of whom, I suppose, were afraid, as well as I, that you wanted the assistance of the prompter. There is one thing that I must mention, which I think has but a very ridiculous appearance, although it has been practised by every one that I have seen in that character; and it is this: when the Ghost beckons Hamlet to follow him, he, enraged at Horatio for detaining him, draws his sword, and in that manner follows the Ghost; presently he returns, Hamlet still following him sword in hand, till the Ghost says

"I am thy Father's spirit!"

at which words, Hamlet with a very respectful bow, sheaths his sword; which is as much as to say, that if he had not been a Ghost upon whom he could depend, he dare not have ventured to put up his sword. The absurdity of this custom is plain from the nature of spirits, and from what Marcellus a little before says, that "it is as the air invulnerable." I think it would be much better if Hamlet should at these words,

"By Heaven! I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me!"

only put his hand to his sword, and make an attempt to draw it.

The scene between Hamlet and Ophelia, and likewise that with the Queen, you played so inimitably well, and with such strict justice, that I never saw any thing equal to it in my life; and indeed I can almost say the same of the whole character. I do not understand your leaving aside that beautiful part, his directions to the Players; and unless it was an unskilful person that was conscious to himself that

he could not keep up to the nicety of his own rules, I know no reason for it; but that, I am sure, you need not fear. I wish that, instead of it, you would omit that abominable soliloquy, that is such a terrible blot and stain to a character, that, were it not for that, would be complete; I mean that part where Hamlet comes in with a resolution to kill his Uncle, but, finding him at his prayers, he says he will not do it, lest he should do him a piece of service and send him to Heaven.

> "Up sword and know thou a more horrid time;
> When he is drunk, asleep, or in a rage,
> Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
> At gaming, swearing, or about some act,
> That has no relish of salvation in it;
> Then trip him, &c."

All this is so cruel and detestable, that I wish it had never come into Shakspeare's thoughts, to make it a part of the character.

I think I should do you great injustice, if I concluded this long epistle without taking notice of another thing, which is by so much the more commendable in you, as it is a thing not thought on by the generality of players; and that is your great decency in the performing your parts. I *must* needs say that, although we meet with obscene expressions frequently in Shakspeare's plays, yet this is an artifice mostly used by poets and players that have nothing else for it, and is never agreeable to any but to the worst and most insignificant part of the audience.

Till you came upon the stage to let us know that the music would not attend you, I never thought of it; and as it was formerly said of Milton's poetry, that it was so sublime and grand in itself, that it needed not the embellishments of rhyme, so can I [redacted] of you in the part of Hamlet, that the satisfaction I received from thence was so great [redacted] music could not have added any thing to make it more complete than it was. With this I conclude, that if you find any thing here that you think worthy of your observation and practice, the end I proposed will be fully answered; if not, yet I shall still remain your constant

Well-wisher and admirer.

I hope you intend to entertain the town again with Hamlet before you leave the kingdom.

MR. T. SHERIDAN TO MR. GARRICK.

[Mr. Thomas Sheridan, whose father, the doctor, was the companion of Swift, and whose son, Richard Brinsley, gave to Congreve a rival in the wit of Comedy, and to Burke a proof that, with full preparation, on a favourite subject, there was, at least, one of his contemporaries, who could be as copious, as splendid, as surprising, and more triumphant than himself. We have, fortunately, Burke's speech on the India Bill; but Sheridan judiciously avoided any printed comparison of their powers; for of his efforts in the House of Commons, and in Westminster-hall against Hastings, there is no authentic publication.—Ed.]

SIR, April 21st, 1743.

I AM almost ashamed to acknowledge that it is more than a fortnight since I was favoured with the receipt of your obliging letter, and delayed so long to answer it; but, I believe, I shall stand readily excused with you, when I assure you, that in that fortnight I had three new characters to study, as well as to play,—Othello being one of them. I thank you for your kind invitation to me, to pass the summer with you at Walton, though I could wish you had not mentioned it, for it has given me no small concern that the posture of my affairs will not permit me to enjoy that happiness. It is not improbable but that I may see London about the middle of May, though, if I do, I shall not stay above three weeks there: I intend it only as a jaunt of pleasure, and the hope of seeing you is not, I assure you, my least inducement. I have not as yet fixed any scheme for the next winter, but I have been offered such advantageous terms for the next winter, as will, I believe, detain me here till January at least. As to your proposal of our playing together, I am afraid I have too many powerful reasons against it; a well-cut pebble may pass for a diamond till a fine brilliant is placed near it, and puts it out of countenance. (A bold metaphor that; or, as Bayes says, "Egad that's one of my bold strokes.") Besides, we should clash so much in regard to characters, that I am afraid it is impossible we can be in the same house. Richard, Hamlet, and Lear, as they are your favourite characters, are mine also; and though you were so condescending to say I might appear in any part of your's, yet I question whether the town would bear to see a worse performer in one of your characters in the same house with you, though they might endure him in another. I have a scheme to propose to you, which at first view may seem a little extraordinary to you, but if rightly considered, must turn to both our advantages: if you could be brought to divide your immortality with me, we might, like Castor and Pollux, appear always in different hemispheres; (now I think on't, I don't know whether the old simile of the two buckets would not do as well, but that is beneath the dignity of a tragedian:) in plain English, what think you of dividing the kingdoms between us; to play one winter in London, and another in Dublin? I have many reasons to offer in favour of this scheme, which will not come within the compass of a letter; I shall only say, that it will make us always new in both kingdoms, and consequently always more followed; and I am satisfied that Dublin is as well able to pay one actor for the

winter as London. But more of this when I have the pleasure of meeting you. Pray remember my best respects to Mrs. Woffington: I should own myself unpardonable in not having wrote to her, were it in my power; but I have been already sufficiently punished in the loss of so agreeable a correspondence, for, I assure you, I have a long time envied her pretty Chronon that pleasure: as soon as I have a moment to spare, I intend to do myself the honour to write to her.

I am, Sir,
Yours sincerely,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I flatter myself that, as you were so good as to begin it, you will still continue to me the pleasure of your correspondence. Tommy Philips desires me to present his best respects to you and Mrs. Woffington.

To Mr. Garrick, at the Theatre Royal
in Drury Lane, London.

MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN TO MRS. VICTOR.

Blois, Nov. 16th, 1743.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM much obliged to you for your punctuality in writing to me under the chastisement of two blisters. You did it, I am sure, with a design to deliver me from a very disagreeable sensation, called suspense; under which, I must nevertheless assure you, I laboured not at that time; for I was very sure that had the Comedy been even approved, (about which you know I was not over-sanguine) it was too late to be received; and the only thing with which I flattered myself was, that perhaps between this and next season there might be time to mend what should be thought most to want amendment; and it was with this view you may remember I told you I should (and indeed I endeavoured to) send it over as early as possible. I am very sorry that you and your good man have had so much ineffectual trouble about it; but I know you neither of you begrudge to take a little pains for your friends.

Thank Mr. Garrick in my name for delivering his sentiments so frankly; it shows, at least, that he has some opinion of my philosophy, though he has none of my genius. I thank you for transmitting them to me so faithfully; and must now in my turn beg you will be so kind as to let him know what I have to say on the subject.

It is but a disagreeable task to defend one's own writing, but in the present case I think my honour at stake, and that I am bound to justify myself to you and Mr. Victor, for having put (as it appears upon the face of the evidence) a worthless stranger under your care, with no other recommendation than that of its own natural parent, and who, upon trial, has had so unfavourable a verdict returned, that perhaps you may condemn the poor culprit according to law, to return from whence it

came, and thence to the place of execution (the fire), without vouchsafing it a second hearing.

I have the utmost deference for Mr. Garrick's opinion; I think extremely well of his wit, and still better of his discernment in judging what will, or will not succeed with the public; and for his abilities in his own profession, you know how highly I rate them: yet notwithstanding all this, and that I live too at present in a Roman Catholic country, I allow not infallibility to mortal man. People of the best understandings may differ widely in their sentiments of one and the same thing: we have all a certain perception which, for want of another name, goes by the general one of taste, and which if the subject to be decided on does not hit, we are apt sometimes to withhold the suffrage of our judgments, and to confound one with the other, though they are in fact distinct things, however one (to be perfect) ought to be founded on the other. I have heard Johnson decry some of the prettiest pieces of writing we have in English: yet Johnson is an honourable man—that is to say, he is a good critic, and in other respects a man of enormous talents; but the works I speak of have not been to his *goût*, and he has indiscriminately condemned the whole, which, though perhaps not perfect, had still merit enough to save them from general condemnation.

From what I have here said, I would be only understood to mean, that I believe Mr. Garrick, not having leisure to give more than a very hasty perusal to my play, and not finding himself pleased upon the whole, could not allow himself the time to separate the good from the bad; but, in the warmth of his disappointment, passed at once on it such a sentence, as put me in mind of your husband's ever memorable description of Rantavan, viz. that he found there neither meat, drink, washing, nor lodging, which reduced our friend B.'s house to a desert, as my poor Comedy is, to something worse than the desert Island.

There are four heavy accusations laid against it: any one of which being sufficient to weigh the stripling down, I think it a maternal duty to exculpate my child, as far as it is in my power, from so many complicated faults, more especially as these vices have not been acquired by evil communications, but were born with it, and consequently take their rise originally from myself.

Imprimis, the play is without fable; secondly, all the scenes are detached; thirdly, there is nothing to interest the audience; and lastly, it has no humour. Tell Garrick I have thrown my gauntlet down, and am going to defend myself.

To the first charge, I plead not guilty, and will maintain that the fable is fully sufficient to build a series of events upon,—that there is as much as most of our comedies have, and more than in many which have been well received.

For the second, I canot pretend to say (contrary to the opinion of so good a master of his art) whether the scenes are laid with that rigorous exactness that theatrical architecture may require; but thus much I will venture to assert, that their succession is regular and natural, and that they all tend to the main purpose of the drama, which is comprised in the two or three last lines of the play.

For the third objection, perhaps, I may be singular in my opinion; but I own, I do not think it absolutely necessary to interest the passions in a comedy; in a tragedy it is indispensable; but if the Comic Muse can excite curiosity enough to keep up the attention of the audience, she has, in my mind, acquitted herself of her duty; and I think this seems to be the general style of some of our most entertaining comedies, and the one in question, I should hope, is not entirely void of this merit; as the fate of an unworthy project against two innocent young people, artfully carried on, on one side, by a designing pair, and ridiculously supported, on the other, by an absurd pair, is not decided till the very last scene.

As for the fourth charge, I shall leave it as I found it; for unless I were to use Bayes's expressions, I should be at a loss for words to defend it—I promised you but pleasantry, and if I have utterly failed in that, I am more unfortunate than I expected to be. Just give me leave to add, what I think will not be denied me, that there is a good moral, and some character, in this piece. The latter of these two articles seems to be growing fast out of fashion: the late writers treating the taste of the times as physicians do the stomachs of their sick patients, which, finding two weak for substantial food, they supply with slops. But the reason of this is obvious: our present race of poets not abounding with invention of their own, have taken stories they found ready to their hand, which never having been intended for representation, the authors did not think themselves tied down to rules with which the stage ought not to dispense; yet I thought that Mr. Garrick, who himself knows so well how to support this grand requisite of dramatic works, would willingly have encouraged every effort which had the least pretensions to merit of this kind.

I have but just room left to thank you for the verses on the Mummy, which I think an excellent epigram. Mr. Sheridan joins me in best wishes to you and Victoribus.

I am, dear Mrs. Victor,

Yours sincerely,

F. S.*

Be so good as to inform my brother that I have received his of the 29th of October, for which I thank him; and as I had written to him just before by the hands of Captain Walcott, I may take my time to answer his last.

To Mrs. Victor, at Mr. Woodifield's in
Maiden-lane, Southampton-street,
Covent-garden, London.
Franc à Paris.

* Mrs. Frances Sheridan, the wife of Thomas, and the mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan: a lady of great acquirements and striking ingenuity. Garrick acted in her *Discovery*, and every body has read her *Nourjahad*.—Ed.

TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Jan. 17, 1743-4.

I ONCE writ you a letter, in which I gave you my opinion of your performance in the character of Hamlet. I saw you act it again soon after, and could not help flattering myself that you paid some regard to what I had said. If I should now, or at any time hereafter, give you to understand that I am not fully satisfied with any particular part of your action, don't think it proceeds from a pleasure I take in censuring, or a fondness of showing my judgment; but attribute it to an extreme passion for the stage, and the opinion I have of your ingenuity of temper.

I saw you last week act Macbeth, and was very well pleased with your performance in the fourth and fifth Acts; but can't say the same of the three first. You did not seem to me to hit the character of the man; for you almost everywhere discovered an excessive dejectedness of mind, whereas Shakspeare represents him as a very bold and daring fellow.* I'll grant you that, as he is not naturally malicious, as he bears no hatred to the man he kills, and is excited by his ambition only, the stings of conscience fill him with horror, and he appears greatly disturbed. But the passion, as you managed it, had more the appearance of grief than horror: and all those long pauses, those heart-heavings, and that melancholy countenance and slack carriage of body, were by no means proper to express remorse in a man so warm and full of courage. Macbeth being by nature intrepid and seeming born to command, his behaviour ought to have something great, even when he is most stung with his guilt; and therefore the sorrowful face and lowly gestures of a penitent, which have ever a mean and pitiful look, however commendable the temper of mind may be from which they proceed, are quite incompatible with his character.

To cite every place, in which I thought this sort of action had a bad effect, would be endless; and therefore I shall content myself with one. When Macbeth, overcome with the horror of the intended murder of the King, tells his wife he 'll proceed no farther in the business, she makes him a speech, in which she reproaches him with cowardice, to which he answers,

> " Prithee, peace.
> I dare do all that may become a man:
> Who dares do more is none."

This is one of the finest speeches in all Shakspeare; but I could not help thinking that, by your manner of uttering it, the beauty of it was entirely lost. Macbeth, without doubt, while his wife is taxing him with cowardice, should look at her with

* I interrupt the criticism for a moment, merely to afford, by a single sentence, a clue to the real character of Macbeth, and Garrick's exhibition of it.

> " Thou may'st be VALIANT in a *better cause*,
> But *now* thou seem'st a COWARD. ED.

a settled countenance, and something stern; for nothing can be more grating to a man of courage than to hear himself called coward; and though he afterwards comes into her measures, he first answers her in a rough way, "Prithee peace, &c." which answer is rather occasioned by his indignation at her reproach, than the remorse he feels at the thought of the King's murder. You did not seem to conceive it in this light; but I fancy, if you reflect a little upon it, you 'll find there's something of reason both in this and what I have said above.

I said I would mention but one thing of all those I had disliked; but I have since recollected another part of the play, that is of too much consideration not to be spoken of.

The most beautiful scene in Macbeth, is that of the ghost of Banquo; but it was acted to very little advantage. In the first place, as to the general behaviour of Macbeth, I think his pronunciation should be more loud and quick, especially in the speech that begins—"Avaunt and quit my sight!"—for a man who is naturally very bold, does not speak in a faint manner, when he is frightened; on the contrary, he is louder and more quick than at another time, unless his fear be so great as to deprive him of speech and motion. In the next place, I see no reason for pronouncing the speech that begins with "Blood hath been shed ere now," aside; for if Macbeth were sufficiently master of his reason to take care the company should not hear him, 'tis probable he 'd recollect himself so as to say nothing at all, but go immediately and compliment his guests, without losing more time in a speech of eight or ten lines, when he has already given 'em so much cause to wonder at his behaviour. Lastly, Banquo, who performed his part very poorly, should have stepped back much quicker at last; such excessively slow motions are preposterous and unnatural, and keep the spectator in a painful suspense. Macbeth should likewise have followed him step for step. I remember to have seen it acted in that manner, and it had a very good effect.

To Mr. Garrick,
at the Playhouse, in Drury-lane.

Endorsed by Mr. Garrick,
"Upon my acting Macbeth, Jan. 1743."

J. B. TO MR. GARRICK.

Monday Morn.

SIR,

AMONGST other obligations you confer on the public, that of restoring Shakspeare to the stage is not the least; men of real discernment and true taste observe your attention here, with particular pleasure and applause; and are glad to see his "Anthony and Cleopatra" without the trimmings of Dryden, or the varnish of any inferior hand. Shakspeare's poetry, like the sensitive plant, shrinks at any other touch, and only opens itself fully to the sun. The strokes of true passion and perfect nature, to be found in his Anthony and Cleopatra, make ample amends for the violation of unities, the cant charge against this immortal man: common

talents should measure their ground and their time exactly—the coldest genius may observe that; but, if you would give 'em the *whole world*, they cannot reach one scene of Shakspeare; and yet would damn his whole performance, because he lays his scene in *two or three parts of it.*

The only disappointment I received on the first appearance of this piece, was the want of a prologue: your own talent in these short prefatory poems has been often shown, and we should have been glad to receive another instance of it; but, as you have not gratified us, I have ventured to inclose you one—it was mostly thrown off the very night on returning from Anthony and Cleopatra; the sentiments are such as naturally arise in a breast warm for liberty and mankind, when he views the struggles of ambition that brought Rome to utter ruin. These private vices are far from being public benefits, according to the strange political system of a certain philosopher; and, for my own part, I admire that Providence, who often punisheth these troublers of the world by their own passions, and defeats their purposes, by sinking them in some way or other, so as to make them victims, and thus avenge an injured world. Such as the prologue is, it is at your service. You may alter or suppress it as you think proper. The reflections are general in favour of liberty, and without the least couched satire against any man living.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. B.

P. S. If you favour me with a line, direct it to be left with Bradshaw Esq. at the Seven Stars, in Fleet-street.

For David Garrick, Esq.

Endorsed, "Letter from an unknown about Shakspeare's Antony and Cleopatra."

TO MR. GARRICK.

Jan. 13.

SIR,

I THANK you for your letter, and the candid manner in which you received my poor conjectures on what must be with you the most tender subject; it is with every man that has the laudable ambition of excelling.

I observed with pleasure to-night, that you were something easier with Goodman Delver: the melancholy essential to the character in general, should, I think, have hindered the great author from representing him engaged in that trifling dialogue; but, as Hamlet must quibble with the peasant, surely you can never be censured for putting on that air and countenance, which is agreeable to the sentiments you are uttering. You may remember too, that whatever degree of ease is expressed in talking with the clown is supposed to be put on, and not real, so that the melancholy essential to the character is not thereby violated, any more than by the madness which is assumed before.

I am glad you have changed the pronunciation of that word I made bold to mention, as I am convinced you are right in it, and as it was such a kind of fault as is level to the capacity of every coxcomb, who has not attention enough to compare the particular sentiments and actions together, and to judge of their fitness.

You are either too complaisant in telling me we were of the same opinion as to these words—"Methinks I see my father—" or you did not express what you intended by your action at that passage. The eyes intently fixed on one point, and the stretched-out arm directed to the same point, is a very expressive and proper attitude, if you speak the words in a literal sense. But these actions limit the words to this sense; and are therefore improper to them, if their meaning be figurative, as I said in my last it seemed to be to *me:* and so, I dare say, you will think, upon recollecting that Hamlet's thoughts are then employed in the admiration of his father; to raise the idea of which admiration, he uses this poetic hyperbole; the plain meaning of which, in prose, is surely no more than if he had said, "I have a clear remembrance of all my father's virtues at this moment." Believe me, it is no obstinacy that makes me persist in this opinion, but the apparent truth of it. There is this comfort, that if you are mistaken in this passage, the mistake reaches not the million. But you know how some things decrease in value by the least flaw discernible to learned eyes. It is only for this reason I have ventured these guesses upon the small errors that appeared to me: whether I am right or no, you are still the judge.

I am,

Your sincere admirer.*

Mr. Garrick, at the Bedford Coffee-house,
Covent Garden.

L. M. N. TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR,

I HAVE taken the liberty to send you two copies of a little poetical Essay not yet published; one of them I beg you will do me the honour of accepting yourself, the other must be indebted to you for a conveyance to Mr. Ansty, as I am at a loss for his address. I flatter myself I shall receive a line from both of you, to inform if the Essays come safe to hand. I have not the vanity to suppose so trifling a performance can entitle me to any great share of applause from two gentlemen whose taste the most elegant authors and most refined conversation have contributed to form. It will be an ample gratification to me to hear, that you did not think the quarter of an hour spent in perusing it wholly lost.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

L. M. N.

At Mr. Ridley's, Bookseller, St. James's-street.

* I may be allowed to add, "and very *rational* admirer."—ED.

P. W. TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, John's Coffee-house, Gray's Inn, Feb. 20, 1744.

As you seem to me to be a very good judge of Shakspeare, and have often given us his true sense and meaning where his learned editors could give us neither,* I shall submit to your judgment a line in "Hamlet," which, in my opinion, is wrong placed in all the editions that I have seen; and though it may seem of no great consequence to common judges, I believe it will not appear so to you. The line I mean is inserted in the Ghost's speech, where he gives Hamlet an account how he was poisoned in the orchard, and comes after these lines:—

> "Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
> Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;
> Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
> No reckoning made, but sent to my account
> With all my imperfections on my head."

These lines, properly pronounced, are enough to make one's blood run cold, and (as Shakspeare expresses it) to "harrow up the soul," &c. Now, I make no doubt but the next line, which is absurdly given to the Ghost, was intended by the author for Hamlet—

> "Oh horrible! oh horrible! most horrible!"

This exclamation comes very properly and naturally from Hamlet† in this place; and in my opinion, when justly spoken, would add very much to the solemnity and horror of this dreadful scene; and the Ghost's pause in this place would give the audience a stronger idea of the lines above-mentioned, especially when assisted with proper action and gesture. Besides, if you consider that the narrative part of the Ghost's speech ends at those lines, it seems absurd that Hamlet should say nothing in this place; what follows is only advice to Hamlet how to proceed.

> "If thou hast Nature in thee, bear it not;
> Let not the royal bed," &c.

I make no doubt but that you are already convinced by what I have said that

* We have had so much jargon of this sort, that it demands some good humour to reply to it: but men love to compliment their own sagacity at the expense of their teachers. Mr. Garrick, as a rival commentator, had one great advantage—he could in various ways render evident how *he* understood a passage, and by the beauty of utterance, and the aid of action, carry the hearer's judgment along with him. Only in print to expound a difficult passage, requires talents of another kind, and is only valued as we begin to study accuracy.—Ed.

† It does so; and nothing but the want of authority from the old copies to give it to him, continues it in the speech of the Ghost.—Ed.

the line in question ought to be given to Hamlet; yet, to put it in a clearer light, you will please to observe, that almost all that Hamlet says in this interview with the Ghost is exclamatory—Alas, poor ghost! Oh, Heaven! Oh, my prophetic soul! Oh, all you host of Heaven! &c. Another advantage, in my opinion, would attend this alteration: it would give you, as an actor, an opportunity of varying your attitude when you speak the line; which, as it is now acted, must needs be very troublesome to you during that long speech.

If you think this hint worth following, I may perhaps send you some other remarks on this play.

I am, Sir,
Your sincere well-wisher, and humble servant,
P. W.

To Mr. Garrick,
At the Theatre in Drury-lane.

Endorsed, "This Letter is answered."

P. W. TO MR. GARRICK.

Sunday evening, 21st March.

SIR,

YOUR very obliging reply to the few cursory remarks I sent you, subjects you to other impertinences of the same kind: like civilities done to a pressing client, which are sure to tempt him to become more importunate. Instead of pleading the merit of obligation, I find myself to have contracted a large debt of honour: this I know not how I shall discharge, as I can hardly pretend to have conferred a favour. But you will do me, Sir, the justice to believe, that what I wrote proceeded from a motive of esteem, and the high regard which I entertain of your performances in a public character. Your business, I confess, in life is attended with many perverse circumstances, which are incident likewise to other stations of the like public notice. It is extremely hard, indeed, that while you are entertaining the world by a painful and laborious employment, you should be considered only as a mark set up for every bolt; exposed to the senseless cavils of all the little word-catchers who lie in wait for syllables and feed upon a slip of inadvertency. You are pleased to exempt me from this number: a compliment I esteem the more agreeable, as no prepossession, I believe, could get the better of your judgment. As you appeared not displeased with the first fruits of my reflections, they are followed by others of the same nature; and I would flatter myself, they will give you no occasion to alter your opinion.

First then, Sir, I will take the freedom to point out a line in "Hamlet,' wherein I differ from your manner of speaking.

"My father—methinks I see my father!"

If I mistake not, you generally pronounce this in a sharp accent, and accompany it with a start, as if it was occasioned by a sudden surprise, and you had a sensible

representation of him before your eyes; whereas it appears from what follows, that you are supposed to have only the idea of him in your imagination, or the mind's eye: this being granted, it may be delivered, perhaps, not amiss by a tender composure of the countenance, and in a languid affectionate tone of voice: this manner of pronunciation may be justified from that air of melancholy which characterizes Hamlet at the beginning of the play.—You will excuse me, Sir, if I mention after this, a slight conjecture upon the conclusion of the same scene, which, being proposed to you only as such, you are at liberty to treat as it deserves.

Ham. "My father's spirit in arms! all is not well," &c.

The usual method of pronouncing this, as authorized by all the copies, is to stop at arms! but I would point the line in this manner:—

"My father's spirit! in arms!* all is not well," &c.

This, you will perceive, occasions a double pause, and throws a little more life into the verse. Hamlet begins to ruminate on the relation he had heard: the first thing which naturally strikes him is the appearance of his father's spirit, from whence he is led to reflect upon his garb and habit: upon this he seems to lay some stress, as he was before particularly inquisitive about it. I have troubled you too long with a trivial alteration, which if it cannot support itself, has not merit enough to deserve your notice.—The entrance of the Ghost comes next under consideration. Here I cannot perceive any necessity for your being held immediately by Marcellus and Horatio. The agony of amazement, I suppose, does not require you to be thus supported at the first. It would probably be more natural for them, though perhaps not altogether so easy, to fall into an attitude of terror and consternation during the time you are addressing the Ghost. I think this action the more necessary to be observed, because it gives you at the same time no opportunity of making those several struggles to get loose when you are speaking, and which appear to me equally improper, whilst you are yet ignorant of the Spirit's intention, and are entirely lost in fear and surprise. When you come, indeed, to this line,

"It will not speak: then will I follow it;"

an effort to advance is just, and it is then proper for the soldiers to prevent it by seizing your arms.—There is a small grammatical error about the end of this act, which it may not be amiss to acquaint you with, as I remember it escaped you on the stage:—

"That you at such times seeing me, never shall
With arms encumbered thus—to note,"† &c.

* This exactly suited the quick impassioned style of Garrick, and he adopted the improvement.—Ed.

† *To note* is the text of Shakspeare; who seems, by irregular, involved construction, to hint the tumultuous condition of Hamlet's thoughts.—Ed.

Common sense and construction require we should read *denote.*—Suffer me to make a transition to "Venice Preserved," and to propose a question about the following lines:—

> "I have now not fifty ducats in the world,
> Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin."

If you understand by *love* Jaffier's affection for Belvidera, you spoke with propriety in pausing at that word, and laying a distinct emphasis upon the last; but if you think with me that it refers to ruin, it would be juster to sink the pause by connecting it with *pleased,* and gradually falling the voice at the end of the verse.

If these remarks may be deemed worthy an answer, you may be pleased to continue your first address to,

Your most obedient, humble servant,
P. W.*

P. S. I must not omit to thank you for the great entertainment you gave me in Macbeth; and though I observed you with all the malice of a friend, my gleanings in this way were very inconsiderable, through your extraordinary performance. Such however as they are, they shall be transmitted to you at another opportunity.

TO MR. GARRICK.

Saturday night, Dec. 4.

SIR,

THREE or four friends of us saw you act Hamlet the second night of your performing it; and though you delivered many speeches with all the grace and justness that could be desired, yet we all agreed at the conclusion of the play, whatever acclamations had been made by the audience, that upon the whole you had acted the part ill. Our reason was, that you had not entered into the true character of Hamlet; in whom, notwithstanding the present affliction of his mind, there is a certain dry humour and quaintness of temper, that you had by no means hit upon. Instead of that lovely, unfortunate creature, in whose happiness the reader so warmly interests himself, and whose misfortunes he looks upon as his own, you exhibited a hot testy fellow, for ever flying into a passion, even where there was no provocation in the world. Some of us were mentioning this last Wednesday in a large company, where every one happened to be of our opinion. But a gentleman present assuring us you mended greatly every time, and that you then acted the part incomparably better than you had done at first, we all agreed to go the next night. Accordingly we went, and were not a little surprised to see what an improvement you had made

* I presume Paul Whitehead, whom these letters might introduce to Garrick's intimacy and friendship.—ED.

in so short a time. But we still thought you in many places too warm, and that, by being so, you instilled a certain meanness into the character, that the poet assuredly never intended. To give you an instance. In that part where Polonius tells Hamlet the actors are come, and Hamlet stops his mouth with crying Buz, what mighty crime had the old fellow committed, that the other, who is supposed to be a generous and good-natured man, should resent it with such a passionate look and action as you there use? It is true, Hamlet thinks him a tiresome old wretch: but that does not warrant his resenting an innocent speech in such a manner as to make himself appear of a choleric temper. Again, where Polonius tells him he will use the actors according to their deserts, which is certainly a very rational speech, why must Hamlet contradict him in that pettish manner? Is it not more reasonable to suppose he does it in a mild and grave way?

But there is a speech towards the latter end of the play, in which you run into a contrary extreme. Where Hamlet, who knew nothing of Ophelia's death, learns all at once that it is for her the grave he has been so long looking at is dug, he breaks out into this exclamation,

"How! the fair Ophelia!"

Now, considering the interest he has in Ophelia, and the suddenness with which he learns the news of her death, is not it to be supposed he is seized with horror, and breaks out into a loud exclamation? Or if the violence of his grief be imagined so great as to take away his strength, his concern might be shown in a faint and trembling voice: and I own I should prefer this last manner.* However, one way or other, he ought to show himself pierced to the quick. The presence of the King and Queen can be no restraint upon him, since he is supposed to be at a distance from them, and not perceived by them. It is a little surprising that, having generally too much fire, you should be so very calm in this place: for, certainly, if you were supposed to be a hired mourner, and to be paid for repeating the sentence, you could not do it with more seeming unconcern.

I have two or three words more to say to you, and then I have done. That scrap of Latin in the last scene of the first act is thought mighty silly: and it would be much better to leave it out.

Your accompanying the player, by acting the speech while he repeats it, is judged to have too mean a look for the son of a king.

I saw you last night act Fondlewife, and could not help thinking it a good deal over-acted, especially in that sort of feeble trot you seemed to affect so much. A part over-acted ever makes the actor look foolish.

Don't think from any thing I have here said that I am not your great admirer. I assure you I am; and not only look upon you as infinitely superior to any thing

* This passage has been rather slighted by every body except Henderson, who made it thrill through every bosom. The writer of the present letter was a critic who merited attention.—Ed.

we have had for many years; but believe, that with proper care, you may prove as great an actor as ever England produced.

To Mr. Garrick, at the Playhouse
in Drury Lane.

TO MR. GARRICK.

WHAT demon possessed Theophilus Cibber, that he should attempt Richard? Was not his ill-acquired reputation for acting sinking fast enough, but he must thus at once precipitate its ruin? He performed the part infinitely worse than his father, who was only supposed to do it well, because he was generally allowed to act a villain to perfection. But besides other deficiencies, he had not in him the least portion of that divine energy which has now made this character so illustrious. An ingrateful grovelling behaviour used to attend him under all the different passions he ought to have assumed, insomuch that I know many were formerly so disgusted with the part on that account, as they could not prevail on themselves to see it again, even some time after it had been the wonder of the town, and its fame spread through the whole nation. I saw Theophilus do Bayes; because, I heard, he had got a reputation from that part; but now as he performed it execrably ill, so he met with no applause. Did this arise from his being so awed by the presence of one of his spectators, that he omitted many of those grimaces, that used to delight the multitude? Or have the people learned to judge better from having of late oft beheld this part acted so inimitably?

Old Cibber used to do it with great applause; and indeed, as he, according to custom, did *himself*, and his own character often falling in with that of Bayes, he had merit. But were he to do it at present as well as ever, the town would readily discern how far he fell short of that perfection they now so justly admire. He, in acting, could never thoroughly divest himself of his own temper, which mixing in some degree with the characters he was thought to do the best, such as Duretete, Fondlewife, &c. they appeared less natural in him, than we have seen them of late. Is the form of the hat well adapted to the character of Bayes? When it covers that foretop of his wig, is not a great share of his gravity departed from him? Would not an old beaver, whose narrow brims lay somewhat flat, make a more grotesque figure? Why are the spectacles omitted in perusing the inscription that was fastened to the coffin? The excuse he makes, that he uses them from the badness of the writing, agrees well with his boasting, at the beginning of the play, of his being able to toil as a *Beau garçon*.

The acting of Hamlet has convinced every one they never saw it performed before. But how does an additional colour in the countenance suit with one supposed to be of a very melancholy cast of mind? If any censure the delivery of the soliloquies, they must want judgment; for certainly that enthusiasm, which forces a burdened soul to clothe its most retired thoughts in words, must compel it to look on

all the surrounding objects as witnesses to its distress, though it makes no direct appeal unto them.

In Archer, all must own, there never appeared so genteel a footman, or a completer gentleman; the one fit to triumph over the pert airs of an innkeeper's fair daughter, the other inspired with that happy impudence, so timely corrected by a most profound respect, as not to be resisted by the finest woman in the world, languishing under the neglect of a brutal husband. But did Archer reply with quickness enough, when Mrs. Sullen asked whether he intended to be rude? "The Lying Valet" used to astonish every one, when it was acted after a grand character; and the endeavour in some sort to imitate it, has acquired to a noble youth great commendation in the part of Syrus.*

To Mr. Garrick, in the Piazzas, Covent Garden.

L. M. N. TO MR. GARRICK.

Old Slaughter's Coffee-house,
St. Martin's-lane.

SIR,

You may, perhaps, remember some time ago receiving two little pamphlets under the name of "The Bagatelle;" one you did the author the honour of accepting of yourself, the other you were kind enough to undertake to transmit to Mr. Ansty: as the author has no doubt of your having performed your promise, and as not the least notice was taken by that gentleman of the receipt of the book, he cannot help saying that Mr. Ansty's behaviour in this affair does not exactly square with his notions of good-breeding; for had his judgment excluded any compliment to the author's abilities, still his good-nature might have acknowledged some small obligation to his intentions. Did Mr. Ansty suppose, if he had strained his politeness to say a civil thing which his understanding could not have subscribed to, that, like the opinion of a Critical Reviewer, it would have served as a tail-piece to the advertisement of the pamphlet? or did he imagine the dedicator's translation of *pretium dicere muneri* was "Sir, the loan of five guineas would confer a lasting obligation on me?" Neither of these surmises, however, would have been true; the author's attention to the *fitness of things* would have prevented him making an improper use of Mr. Ansty's name, and the easiness of his circumstances would have put him above casting any oblique glances towards his purse. The pamphlet was published, but immediately called in; not as a rickety bantling that was tottering for the want of support of Mr. Ansty's avowed protection, nor from any coolness of reception it met with from the public, but from the author's being convinced (on a more mature consideration) that the task he had undertaken was, at best, but an invidious one, and that the most unprofitable

* A character in the "Heautontimorumenos" (Self-tormentor) of Terence, acted, I suppose, as the Westminster play of the year.

species of knight-errantry was the encountering other people's absurdities. Perhaps you will not deny that a young man might have acted a less wise part, when he tells you that on this conviction he resolved to change a propensity to point out qualities which are objects of indignation and ridicule in others, into a habit of correcting whatever might deserve the name of vice or folly in himself.* He begs leave to subscribe himself,

With unfeigned respect,
Your obedient servant,
L. M. N.

To David Garrick, Esq.
Adelphi-buildings.

FROM HENRY ASTON TO MR. GARRICK.

From a Sick-bed in New Bond-street, March 9th, 1744-5.

MY DEAR DAVY,

HAVING seen a gentleman, yesterday in the evening, who was at Drury-lane Playhouse the night before, and on whose judgment I know I may rely, I asked him how he had been entertained with my friend Garrick, in the character of Othello? His answer was—*Sunt quædam mediocria, sunt bona plura;* no mention at all of any *mala*. This led me to inquire what were the particular instances in which he thought you erred. He told me, that in the beginning of the play, when you are called before the Senate, what you had to say there was delivered with such an exact propriety of emphasis and accent, as he had scarce ever heard; but that your action was, in his opinion, a little exceptionable. Not, said he, that there was too much of it, but that it was not suitable to the occasion; for when a man is pleading in his own behalf, before judges who are his superiors, the dignity of his action consists in modesty, not in pomp; and that therefore it could not be too gentle and serene. That, though he was certainly the hero of the drama, that part of his character was for a while to be suspended; and that his deportment would, very well, have become Othello, had he been under trial, as a captive, at some foreign tribunal. But he said, that all the different modulations of your voice in that recital, (which required many) were observed with a justness greatly beyond any thing he had known.

The propriety of your action he farther questioned with regard to the expression of your jealousy, and the indignation naturally and necessarily accompanying it; alleging that little wincings and gesticulations of the body were much below it; that they were fitter for a man under the impressions of fear, or on whom some bodily torture was inflicting, than one labouring under the emotions of such tumultuous passions, which were best expressed by the change of countenance, the shaking of the head, and the swoln breast.

* The writer concludes his letter with a sentence, which few satirists ever passed upon their wit for the amendment of their manners.—ED.

He added, that though he was no admirer of Mr. Quin, he should be glad if you would deign to imitate him in your dismissing of Desdemona with the following words:—"Away,—away,—away!" which he utters very affectingly, by a melancholy murmur in his voice, very expressive of that mixture of love and anguish conflicting in his mind. He told me you was guilty of two or three grossly false accents, but observed, at the same time, that in the flood of speech *that* must happen sometimes to every player in the world; and as they could not be errors of judgment in you, he concluded they would be rectified as soon as the part became more familiar and easy to you.

I have, my dear Davy, transmitted this conversation to you, as well as I am at present able to recollect it, conceiving that it might be of some use to you, to whom I wish well in this, and all other your undertakings.

My informant farther observed in your favour, that you have so eclipsed your rival, that he may be able to say, like Othello, "his occupation's lost." My dear Davy, adieu. Observe this chasm,——but don't waggishly cry *out*, (as you were pleased facetiously to christen him the other day) that my old friend, the hack-*apostle*, has been communicating his observations on *profane* subjects, upon *holy* paper, or paper with a hole in it; it 's all one, you know, good Mr. Bayes. So once more adieu!

Yours most affectionately,
HENRY ASTON.*

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD TO MR. GARRICK.

Woburn Abbey, Sept. 17th, 1744.

SIR,

INCLOSED I send you my note on Mr. Child and Co. for 48*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.* and am much obliged to you for the trouble you have given yourself in getting the scenes, and other things necessary for our plays.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
BEDFORD.

R. M. TO MR. GARRICK.

Wednesday, 3d April, 1745.

MR. GARRICK,

THOUGH I have not the pleasure to be known to you, I believe I have as great an esteem and admiration for you as any man living. I take this opportunity of informing you, that I am a young officer, the son of noble parents, and born to a pretty

* With the family of Aston Mr. Garrick was intimately connected; and in the decline of life, his friend Gilbert Walmesley took to wife a daughter of that respectable house.—ED.

good fortune: this is all I hope you will expect to hear of me at present, for I shall go to Flanders with the Duke on Friday: after the campaign, I shall, with your permission, do myself the pleasure to make myself known to you. The reason of this epistle is this, that I have a long time studied you, and, in most of your inimitable performances, have not been able to admire you without sorrow to see you exhaust your spirits so much.. I saw you last night in the character of Tancred, and though I was concerned for the Count, my grief was inexpressible for Mr. Garrick. You have now performed it for nine nights; consider the part, and whether nature can well support the frequent repetition of such shocks. Your fame is sufficiently established as an incomparable actor; you cannot well increase it. Upon the whole, permit me to advise you to resolve not to act upon any account above three times a week; if the town should take it ill at first, a modest apology from so celebrated a man as you, will have such an effect upon the audience, as their humanity cannot resist. This is the counsel which I take upon me, perhaps too boldly, to give you for your own sake. I wait with impatience to become the acquaintance of a man who is endowed with such amiable qualities, in whose favour I am so strongly prejudiced, and who will, I hope, pardon this presumption in his

Eternal admirer and most hearty well-wisher,

R. M.

P. S. That this opinion of mine may not appear in so strange a light as it otherwise might, I must inform you that I claim my judgment in plays from a great delight which I always took in them. I have also performed the parts of Hamlet, Cato, Caled, and Tamerlane, with great applause: in which last character, it is my opinion, you would greatly shine.

To Mr. Garrick,
at his Lodging, in or near Covent Garden.

A. B. TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, 1745.

If the following information is of any use to your theatrical state, it will answer my intent: I have it from a third person, for whose sake I beg you will never mention your receiving any such account as this; and if you keep this secret, it is possible I may have farther accounts. Lately as Mr. Rich and a friend or two were talking how he could strengthen his company against the next season, for if he did not break the knot at Drury-Lane he must be ruined; he said he could easily do it, if he had but a woman, for he could then have men enough. They advised him to engage Mrs. Cibber early; but he said that would not do, he could have had her this year if he would, but in his situation he must have a woman that would do in comedy as well as tragedy, and one that could go through the business; that

Mrs. Cibber was worth nothing in comedy, and could not or would not play in many tragedies; that she could make up a company, but not make a company; that, could he have kept Mrs. Pritchard, he had not cared. They told him they were afraid he had been too sparing, or he might have kept her; but he said he had offered her more than any actor could be worth, or could be afforded; and that he offered her what he gave Mr. Cibber, and she turned up her nose at it, and he would never give more than that, if he never opened his doors; and as to asking her, he would never do it, if his family was starving: on which one of his friends said he would undertake to manage it, and get her at that price, on this condition, that he must indemnify her from her articles,—but that they must all join in the affair, which was this, to endeavour by all hands to blow up Mr. Pritchard, by saying what a difference was made between Mrs. Cibber and his wife, by Mr. Garrick's always playing with Mrs. Cibber and seldom with Mrs. Pritchard; that Mrs. Cibber's name never appears in the bills but in principal parts, and her name always in the largest letters; as this has been, it is likely it may be so offered, and we must watch all advantages; this will fire him, for he loves her, and will run all hazards to remove it. This is the affair. I would sign my name, but that may discover my author, so I will leave that till I see how you can keep a secret.

Yours, A. B.

To Mr. David Garrick, at his Lodgings at Mr. West's, Cabinet-maker, in King-street, Covent-Garden.

Endorsed "Finlay."

MARGERY PINCHWIFE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Sunday morning, May 1st, 1745.

I AM very glad to hear you are better, and, if you dare venture out, shall be glad of your company at dinner. As you are an invalid, pray send me word what you can eat, and at what hour you will dine. I shall send to Tom* to meet you, and am, Sir David,

Your most humble friend and servant
to command till death,
MARGERY PINCHWIFE.

To Mr. Garrick, in the great Piazza.

* *Tom* is her brother Thomas Augustine Arne. Margery Pinchwife is Mrs. Susannah Maria Cibber, the charming friend—stage *wife*, *sister*, *mistress* of Garrick—the most pathetic actress of her time, and as to figure and countenance, the female counterpart of the great master.—ED.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Woodhay, near Newbury, Berks, July 18, 1745.

I WROTE to you immediately upon the receipt of your letter, but as I did not receive it till the 8th, I was fearful you would be gone out of town, so directed it to Mrs. Smith, and ordered her to carry it to your lodgings: she did so, and sent me word by the next post, that she left it there for you, and that you was not gone out of town; but as I have never heard from you since, I conclude you never received it. The purport of it was to thank you for your favour, and to invite you to spend part of your summer here, that we might talk over stage affairs at leisure.

I am sorry it did not meet with you, as it is likely it has lost me the pleasure of your company; however, if you come to town before me, I shall still be glad to see you here: it will be but a day's journey for you, and I flatter myself you will find this a most sweet place, and of service to your health. I am at a loss how to direct this to you, so shall inclose it to my mamma, who will endeavour to find you out, that you may be assured I have not been remiss in answering your letter.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

S. CIBBER.

P. S. I want to know if you don't deserve to be huffed, for not telling one where to direct to you.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. DAVID GARRICK.

SIR, Woodhay, July 18th.

I HAVE often heard, that the only way to make a coward fight, is to make him believe you think he has courage; and when you say I have wit, or something better, I suspect you are trying if flattery will have the same effect in this light; but I am sorry to tell you it won't do: if I attempt any thing in that style, I shall only be some degrees stupider; so that it is your interest to let me go on in my old way, and if you are contented with my usual folly, you are welcome to my letters.

I must write what comes uppermost; so, without farther ceremony, I must tell you that I hear we are both to be turned out of Drury Lane Playhouse, to breathe our faithful souls out where we please. But as Mr. Lacy suspects you are so great a favourite with the ladies that they will resent it, he has enlisted two swinging Irishmen of six feet high to silence that battery. As to me, I am to be brought to capitulate another way, and he is to send a certain hussar of our acquaintance to plunder me.

In this melancholy situation, what think you of setting up a strolling company? Had you given me timely notice of your going to Buxton, I am sure the landlord of the Hall Place would have lent us a barn, and with the advantage of your little wife's first appearance in the character of Lady Townley, I don't doubt but we could have pick'd up some odd pence: this might have given a great turn to affairs, and, when Lacy found we could get our bread without him, it might possibly have altered these terrifying resolutions.'

But joking apart, I long till you come that we may consult together: don't let the charms of Buxton make you break your word; and since I am to be plundered, you need not grudge the expense you put me to in victuals and drink. In the mean time, be assured, I am very well contented with your intellectual larder, and that the friendship you say you have been so solicitous for, ever since you knew me, is very sincerely at your service, and that I am always,

Sir,

Your hearty well-wisher and very humble servant,

S. CIBBER.

To. Mr. David Garrick,
at Buxton Hall,
near Chapel-le-Frith, Derbyshire.

LORD ROCHFORD TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Monday morning, Oct. 17, about 1745.

THOUGH I was glad to hear from you, your last letter was an unwelcome guest, since it brought me the account of your indisposition, which grieved me doubly, first on the score of friendship, and secondly for fear of not hearing little Roscius again in public, and I believe in this last I sympathize with all mankind; but I hope by this time Dr. Thompson* has shown the utmost efforts of his art, and perfectly recovered you, as well as shown he is no empiric, which latter task I believe he will have some difficulty to do. But how agreeably you surprise me in telling me, we shall see you and Mrs. Cibber together; but how will Woff† relish that? or, to speak more properly, how will you relish it? for to tell you my mind, I believe the other party can wean themselves much easier than you can, or I have no skill in woman's flesh. But don't play me [booty] and blab now to Plassy‡ what I say. Though I have heard you say you have a retentive quality, or else I would not venture to speak my mind: for believe me, David, it is a hard task to conceal our

* Dr. Thompson, a quack of that time, who in the vulgar slang was "a wonderful man," and made some fortunate mistake occasionally.—ED.

† Mrs. Woffington.

‡ *Plassy*, perhaps may be an affectionate corruption of Placida, and allude to the fine temper of Mrs. Garrick.

thoughts from those we love, there is such a pleasure in disburthening one's self of a secret to one we are sure will treasure it up; for unless we are sure of that, I grant it is better trusting nobody but one's self; but such are the wonderful effects of love, that we even believe those we love possessed of a virtue which we want ourselves; but love is a mere riddle, and thus ends my nonsense.

My Lady desires her compliments, and is obliged to you for the trouble you have been at in getting her the tincture. She continues to ride, and is in [good] spirits, which, I agree with you, are the essential happiness, not only of Easton, but to every place else. I don't know why, but when I see a man of a gloomy disposition, I am apt to suspect he has done something wrong; and I have made it my observation, that men of a cheerful, gay disposition, seldom turn out very great villains. Give me, as Cæsar says, men that sleep a'nights. I make a great difference, though, between men that are naturally gloomy, *suns scavoir pourquoi*, and those who have met with distresses and accidents in life: they indeed are to be pitied. I can't help, since I am upon this subject, describing to you a sort of men that I have met with in my lifetime, that are my utter aversion; and such are they who are not melancholy enough to hate society (for then one should at least be rid of them), but when they are in it, become observers of one's words and actions, and never communicate any thing they know themselves, not even to those they call their dearest friends. Such men are born natural spies, and I believe the Devil had a hand in their creation; but to describe more strongly to you the sort of man I hate, I must without flattery tell you he is the reverse of you.

I heard from Wyndham last week, and he tells me he is going to Bath along with you. How that can be, and you going to play in London, requires a brighter genius than mine to comprehend.

I am obliged to you for the songs; they are very pretty, but they are set in a wrong key, and I was obliged to transpose them before I could play them.

Poor Mr. Thompson has broke his collar-bone by a fall from his horse, but is likely to do well. Adieu, believe me yours sincerely,

ROCHFORD.

Mrs. Younge and my brother desire their compliments.

To Mr. Garrick,
in James-street, Covent-garden, London.
Free. Rochford.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Craven-street, Oct. 24th, 1745.

I THANK you for your long letter, which I did not receive till late last night. I am sorry to find you do not propose coming to town, because nothing farther can be done in the affair I mentioned to you without your being here. The Rebellion

is so far from being a disadvantage to the playhouses, that, I assure you, it brings them very good houses; and the masters receive so much profit from the Non-juror, that I wish it does not give them a respect for the name the rest of their lives. I am partly of your opinion, that the masters would refuse our proposal: the thing came into my head as I was writing to you, so I mentioned it without farther reflection; but upon second thoughts I think I have found a much better scheme. There will be no Operas this year; so if you, Mr. Quin, and I, agree to play without any salary, and pick up some of the best actors and actresses that are disengaged, at what salary you both think proper, I make no doubt we shall get a licence to play there for fifty, sixty, or any number of nights you agree upon. Mr. Heidegger shall pay scenes, &c. and pay those that receive wages; and deliver the overplus to some proper person to enlist men to serve in any of the regiments of Guards, at five pounds per man;—this is the service St. Martin's Parish puts the money to that they collect,—and I mention it, because it is thought the most serviceable to the Government, of any scheme yet proposed. Should we not get a licence, I don't think you will have reason to grudge your coming to town, were it only to attempt it. If we succeed, which I have very little doubt of, I desire nothing better than us three playing at the head of any company of actors we can get together. I believe we shall convince the whole town that we have not been unreasonable in the salaries we have demanded.

I did not know of Mr. Quin's being in England till since I came to town, I hear he is in the country, and refuses to engage yet awhile. I have not seen him, and shall say nothing of this affair to him, or any creature living, till I have your answer, which I desire you will send by the return of the post, and let it be positive one way or other: if you agree to it, I beg you will come to town directly. I must beseech you not to think of not making Mr. Quin the offer; the friendship I have received from him, makes it impossible for me to act in such a manner, and though I apprehend his esteem for me is greatly lessened, yet as I am conscious I have never done any thing he ought to take ill, I shall always behave with the same friendship towards him that I ever did.

It may, perhaps, have been unnecessary to have said what I have done about Mr. Quin, but I was not sure but you might imagine there would be some difficulties about parts, and that might make an objection; but I think for so short a time as we propose our playing, that affair may be easily settled when we meet.

Your assurances of friendship are very agreeable to me; you may depend upon my never forgetting it knowingly. I think we do our duty in attempting this thing: if it succeeds, we shall gain great credit; and as far as merit in the intention will go, I desire it may be equal. I am pleased that I have an opportunity of convincing you that I have a confidence in you; for I own, to tell you plainly, I think you might turn this to your own advantage with the manager, and that, to break this scheme, he will give you any terms you will demand.

I have wrote so much about this thing, that I have not time to say any more but that your wife* is well, and in town, and sends her love to you.

I am

Your most affectionate mother,

S. CIBBER.

To Mr. David Garrick,
At Lichfield, Staffordshire.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, October 30, 1745.

I HAD the favour of yours on Monday; and yesterday Mr. Draper called upon me, but we concluded, as you did not come to town, and it was uncertain how you might be obliged to dispose of yourself, that it was best to drop the affair I mentioned to you, so I shall think no more of it.

I am sorry to hear you propose going to Ireland without calling at London. I should think it would be right to see your friends here first. You don't know what events may happen in your absence; as I have no notion the theatre can go on long in the way it now is. I should have been very glad to have had two or three hours' conversation with you before your journey; but if I have not that pleasure,† I heartily wish you your health,—I won't say a word of success, because *cela va sans dire.*

I am,

Your most sincere friend and humble servant,

S. CIBBER.

To David Garrick, Esq. Litchfield,
Staffordshire.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, November 9, 1745.

I HAD a thousand pretty things to say to you, but you go to Ireland without seeing me, and to stop my mouth from complaining, you artfully tell me I am one of the number you don't care to take leave of. And I tell you I am not to be flammed in that manner.

You assure me also you want sadly to make love to me; and I assure you, very seriously, I will never engage upon the same theatre again with you, without you make more love to me than you did last year. I am ashamed that the audience

* Sportive stage relationship.

† The reader may perhaps recollect Lord Rochford's gay hint; but surely not to the disadvantage of this accomplished and amiable woman, who explains herself admirably in the next letter.—ED.

should see me break the least rule of decency (even upon the stage) for the wretched lovers I had last winter. I desire you always to be my lover upon the stage, and my friend off of it.

I have given over all thoughts of playing this season; nor is it in the power of Mr. Lacy, with all his eloquence, to enlist me in his ragged regiment. I should be very glad to command a body of regular troops, but I have no ambition to head the Drury-lane militia. What I wanted to speak to you about was, a letter sent me a fortnight ago. The purport of it was, supposing the remainder of the patent was to be sold, would you and Mr. Garrick buy it, provided you could get a promise of its being renewed for ten or twenty years? As I was desired to keep this a strict secret, I did not care to trust it in a letter, but your going to Ireland obliges me to it. After this, it is needless to beg you not to mention it to any body; but let me know what you think of it, because I must return an answer.

I have no theatrical news to tell you, but that they have revived the tragedy of "Lady Jane Grey" at Drury-lane; and that Macklin has wrote a play, which I hear is shortly to make its appearance. I accept the pleasure of your promise of writing to me when you are in Ireland; and am, Sir,

Most sincerely your friend and very humble servant,

S. CIBBER.

I have no commands, but my best compliments to every body that is so kind to inquire after me.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Feb. 26, 1745-6.

THAT I may be sure not to omit putting the date to this letter, you see I begin with it; but I think it was not altogether so judicious in you to remind me that I forgot it in my last; why would you not wait and see if the next would be a *billet-doux?* You must have given me the hint by way of prevention, so I have now laid aside all thoughts of writing in that style.

I despise your vanity, when you imagine my danger was as great from Mrs. Copin, as yours from Perkin Warbeck: my rival met with disgrace the first night of her appearance; and my not naming her when I writ to you about Perkin, was a piece of generosity scarcely to be met with in the female sex, for my rival was then dismissed the house. I think you are now silenced on this subject.

My love to Ireland is as great as yours can be, and I always think with respect and gratitude of the favours I received there.

As I have quite left off wine, I can only drink Lord Blessington and Doctor Barry in small beer, but to make amends, I remember them the oftener: I assure you I take large draughts, and that you may not despise the liquor, please to remember that Shakspeare has made one of his greatest heroes repine after that poor creature,

as he calls it. I tell people here that I shall go to Ireland next year, but between friends I cannot muster up courage enough even to think of crossing the sea, so that if there is not a thorough revolution of affairs here, I shall be an idle person again next season. I am glad to find you continue resolute against engaging with them; another season must shut up the house, if the job is not already done; and giving them a lift after the unhandsome usage we have met with, would, I think, be a mean, as well as an impolitic thing. There has been no office* these three weeks at Drury-lane, but I imagine the Manager pays what he calls his principal actors, but the others make a virtue of necessity, and wait his leisure.

I suppose you will hear of my refusing getting five hundred pounds for playing the "Beggar's Opera" twelve times. It is too tedious to relate in a letter, but I'll tell you the whole affair when I see you.

You will by this post receive a glove, and if you will get me ten dozen made exactly of the same size, and bring them over with you, I shall take it as a particular favour.

I suppose by your next I shall know when you intend to set out for England: come as soon as you can, I beseech you, for I grudge the time I lose in London. Make my best compliments to all who do me the honour to inquire after me, and in particular to my good friend Dr. Barry, and assure him a letter from him will be most welcome.

I am most sincerely,
Sir,
Your friend and very humble servant,
S. CIBBER.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, April 8th, 1746.

THIS will be but a very short letter, for I hope you will have left Ireland before this can get there: I have the favour of yours of the 22d. of March, and am sorry to find you have put off your journey. My brother is to thank you for my playing for him, for had you come to England according to your first design, I had been in the country before this.

I am much obliged to you for ordering my gloves; but whether they are to be worn out at a playhouse or not, is yet an uncertainty, for I will never put them on to be soiled by what hands the Manager pleases. If this should meet with you in Dublin, direct to me at the Centre House in Golden Square, for I have left Craven-street; and pray let me know the day you think you shall be in town. Tom Arne sends his service: he is forced to put his pit and boxes together, which I reckon will be no advantage to him, ladies' hoops taking up more room than the

* A theatrical phrase for the treasury being *open* on the Saturdays, to pay the actors their salaries.—ED.

difference of price. Pray remember me to all friends. Though you have used me ill in keeping me so long in town, yet I think I must conclude myself,

Sir,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

S. CIBBER.

To Mr. David Garrick,
To be left at the Post-house in Dublin, Ireland.

SPRANGER BARRY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Dublin, June 6, 1746.

SINCE I had the pleasure of seeing you, I have been distressed beyond all measure. The moment I was disengaged from the difficulty I laboured under when you were here, I was attacked by another in the same shape; I had no other means of relieving myself from the latter, but by making use of your goodness as a shield to defend me from utter ruin; and to complete my distresses, by the intrigues of Prest, I never received a penny of my salary since you left Dublin. Thus circumstanced, overwhelmed with anxiety of mind, being totally unable to remit the money you so kindly advanced, what could I write? or what could I say? daily soliciting and hourly expecting my money from the proprietors. These are the reasons, dear Garrick, that prevented my writing: however, I have got a promise from them to pay me in a few days, and you shall then find me a troublesome correspondent.

I know you have had an account of Sheridan's late deserved success; he played the "Merchant of Venice" to 18; the "Orphan," he contrived to put off the morning of the play, by advertising that some of the performers were ill: without the gift of prophecy, he well knew how the evening would turn out. The hero's own benefit was to have been "Harry the Fourth," advertised [as] being positively the last time of his performing in this kingdom. Mr. Watson, who was to have played the part of Poins, was fortunately taken ill; Ten pounds in the house at seven o'clock; and finding Sheridan desirous of laying hold of Watson's illness as an excuse to put off the play, I proposed, in the presence of many of his collegiate admirers then in the green-room, to read the part of Poins, as it did not interfere with the scenes of Hotspur: he thanked me and refused it, saying he must have it performed according to his advertisement, or not at all, for he must keep his word with the town; and so dismissed the house. This occasioned a pleasant scene, for immediately a terrible "Row" ensued, between the few who paid ready money and those who brought in his benefit-tickets. The doorkeepers, not being able to distinguish the real proprietors of the cash, would not refund a penny to either party. After some cuffs and blows, the doors were shut in a great hurry, and all parties dispersed with great dissatisfaction.

I had like to have forgot to tell you, that this little incident of my offering to read Watson's part, has drawn Sheridan into a dilemma, which Prest makes an ex-

cellent handle of; he has infused it into the proprietors' heads, that the play might have been performed by my reading Watson's part, and that Sheridan dismissed the house wantonly, and therefore ought to pay the thirty pounds agreed upon: this knotty point is likely to be determined by a lawsuit. A bad affair, eh, eh?

Sparks, if I mistake not, is come here as Lacy's ambassador. He has made new proposals—proposals vastly higher than my merit is entitled to: a hundred pounds in hand, by way of present, to engage me for one or more seasons as I shall think proper,—nay, every reasonable advantage I can ask. I desired time to consider of it, and told him that my answer would probably be a refusal of his terms:—when I consider you as my guardian angel, I can resist any temptation.

Whatever your views are, my inclinations and wishes strongly direct me to promote them. You have already made me happy by your friendship; it shall be the business and pleasure of my life to endeavour to deserve it, and I would willingly make it the basis of my future fortune.

To remain here next winter useless, which must be the case in our present circumstances, will be a situation most irksome to me: if you return, I cannot desire to be more happy, or if I can contribute to promote any scheme of yours in England. Tell me, then, what I shall do: though you well know how variously my mind is apt to be agitated, yet be assured it will be as firm as a rock wherever you fix it; and believe me to be, dear Garrick, as well from inclination as gratitude, most sincerely

Your affectionate friend,

And much obliged humble servant,

SPRANGER BARRY.*

I delivered your Poems neatly bound to Mrs. Butler, the week after you left Dublin: I dined there since, and she gave me a d—d unlike print of you published here, which I send you inclosed with a note from Miss Butler; she was very uneasy at finding so few poems in the book, and desires you 'll send the rest. Your red feather I have not; Hurry came for it after I wore it, and got it from my wife. All your friends here are well, and desire to be remembered to you. Write to me soon. I received a very affectionate, kind letter from Victor, which I shall answer soon. Pray remember me to him. Nancy desires her compliments, &c.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Woodhay, June 8, 1746.

I WAS really afraid you were sick, dead, or returned to Ireland, but your letter has eased me of my apprehensions, and I am glad to find that you have only been wheedling your uncle all this while. I hope, however, you do not design to quit the stage if he makes you his heir.

* This letter is highly honourable to Barry, whom Garrick, and every body else, pronounced to be the best *lover* upon the English stage.—ED.

I take it very kindly your informing me of what you heard, but am under no manner of uneasiness for any thing in that person's power to do.

I am not sorry you did not come as soon as you designed; the weather has been intolerable for this fortnight past; but I desire you will dispatch your brother as soon as possible. I think you need be in no pain for his virtue; the innocence of the town, and the honesty of the profession he is entering into, are surely sufficient guards without your care.

If you design riding when you are here, why would you send back your horses? As for your man, you may put him in your pocket, if he is the same I remember; a little crumpling won't spoil him. The chaise shall meet you at Reading or Newbury, whichever you choose; but am sorry I cannot make a favour of it, as it will be no manner of inconvenience. Don't forget what the Prince of Hesse said to you at Ranelagh, for I shall expect every word from you. Bring fine weather, health and spirits with you, and stay a good while when you are here, and you will be the most welcome man alive. Believe me

Your most sincere friend and humble servant,

S. CIBBER.

The farmer sends you his compliments. My mother is very much yours.

To Mr. David Garrick, at a
Periwig-maker's,* the corner of the Great
Piazza, Covent Garden, London.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR Woodhay, June 29, 1746.

I NEVER heard of your playing till the post before you wrote, and was afraid some accident had happened that prevented my having a letter from you. I am sincerely glad you found every thing answerable to your expectations, though I could not have doubted of your success. The first word I saw about you in the newspapers, was the same post I received yours: a foolish, invidious paragraph, which I suppose came from your friends at Drury-lane, and put in the Whitehall Evening Post of June 24.

If you are serious about staying here but a few days only, I desire you will not come; the farmer bids me tell you the same: the only amends I think you can make for disappointing us last year, is the staying a good while now, and I desire you will bring your servant, and what other conveniences you think proper. Can you imagine his coming would be any inconvenience here, that you talk of leaving him behind? I beg for the future you will behave to me with a friendly confidence and freedom.

* In this age of landless *esquires*, the reader will smile at the invariable *Mr.* before the name of Garrick, and wonder perhaps at the *barbarous* plainness of the present address.—Ed.

Leave my gloves at your lodgings, or I shall have the trouble of bringing them to town; and when I have any commands beyond the compass of your understanding, I will write them to my Lord Chancellor. I am very glad to find you did not perpetrate your horrid design upon poor Mrs. Horton. All compliments attend you, and I beg you to believe me

Sir,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

S. CIBBER.

What cruel weather we have had for these three weeks past!

GILBERT WALMESLEY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVY, Bath, Nov. 3, 1746.

WE got well to this place more than a month since. But I have not yet begun to drink the waters, as knowing they are sure to give me a fit of the gout; though, I believe, I shall venture to do it soon. We propose staying here the whole winter, so that I have time enough before me. I thank you for your letter from Cheltenham: it entertained us very agreeably. I see by the prints you are engaged with Mr. Rich. I hope you will take care not to hurt your health, by playing more than you can well bear; for that would be the worst husbandry in the world. I should be [miserable] here, but for the coffee-house and a good bookseller's shop. The public rooms I go to—but he that does not play, is a very insignificant person here; and, therefore, I look over the best whist-players, in order to learn the game, that I may, at least, be able now and then to make one with the ladies; for farther than that I never shall pretend to go. But I must not forget to tell you what Lord Chesterfield says of you. He says you are not only the best tragedian now in the world, but the best, he believes, that ever was in the world; but he does not like your comedy, and particularly objects to your playing Bayes, which he says is a serious, solemn character,* &c. and that you mistake it. He spoke much in praise of Barry's handsome figure, but made a joke of his rivalling, or hurting you. When I hoped his Lordship would give you his protection, his answer was, you wanted no protection: what led me to say so, was his expressing himself as if he intended doing all the good offices in his power for Barry. But, in fine, his Lordship concluded, Barry was so very handsome he could not continue long upon the stage, but that some widow or other would take him off soon. This was at the Coffee-house, and the only time I ever saw Lord Chesterfield there. I was sitting and talking with his brother, Mr. Stanhope, when my Lord came in. I wanted to have had more discourse with

* If Bayes was meant for Dryden, which I have no doubt of, Lord Chesterfield is right; but the truth is, the character had become a mere vehicle for mimicry,—an object of rude laughter rather than salutary criticism.

"Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please."—ED.

his Lordship upon the subject, but never had another opportunity. After we saw you in your return from Ireland, I had the gout in my right hand for two or three months, which quite disabled me from writing: and now it is with some pain I do it.

When you see Mr. Johnson, pray [give] my compliments, and tell him I esteem him as a great genius—quite lost both to himself and the world.*

You know, a line or two now and then, dear Davy, carelessly wrote, as this is, will be the most agreeable present in the world, to

Your old affectionate friend and humble servant,

GILB. WALMESLEY.

My fire-side send their best services; as does Captain Hepburne, who is now upon duty here.

To Mr. Garrick,
At the Bedford Coffee-house,
Covent-Garden, London.

(Endorsed) "A letter from my old friend Mr. Walmesley, from Bath, where he saw Lord Chesterfield, and gives me his opinion of my acting. How different from Lord Holland!"

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Dec. 11, 1746.

THE great hurry I have been in will, I hope, excuse my not having answered your letter sooner; and if you read the public papers, you will see the occasion of that hurry. The advertisements against me have been found to be sent to the printer's by Mr. Lacy's porter, and, as I am assured, are the united works of Lacy, Macklin, and Giffard; so much wit, honesty, and good-nature, can scarce be the product of a single person. The morning my first advertisement came out, I wrote Lacy a very civil letter, desiring to know if he consented to my proposal, repeating what I had advertised, and that I begged an answer in writing if he agreed to it; also that he would acquaint me with the charge of his house, that I might lodge the

* This, we know, was exactly the fact. His attachment to Savage had done him great injury. Between the years 1745 and 6, he literally wrote nothing. The rebellion, that was then raging, perhaps inspired him with the hopes that attached to his political principles. He loved the house of Stuart, and in the success of the Pretender might anticipate his own independence.

The reader will be delighted with this letter from the venerable Walmesley. He returns upon Johnson, like the mighty shade of Denmark, to admonish him in his course and stimulate his exertions—

"Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

It is obvious that Walmesley had been anxiously expecting from his friend performances adequate to his powers, but at length almost despaired that he could ever be roused to activity, and useful strenuous occupation of his time.—ED.

money in the treasurer's hands. He told my servant he was too busy to send an answer; but at half an hour after ten at night, a dirty fellow came to my house, and left word I might do it, but it must be put off a day longer than I proposed. I heard that night that the Green-room was in an uproar: I was cursed with all the elegance of phrase that reigns behind the scenes, and Mrs. Clive swore she would not play the part of Lucy. The next morning Mr. Rich sent me an offer of his house, that he would give the whole receipts to the veteran scheme, and that he should always esteem it a great obligation done to him; that he had sent to Mr. Cibber,* who promised he would never come near the house during the rehearsals, or performances, and that Mr. Rich would answer with his life he should keep his word: so I concluded it the same day, which was Sunday. The next morning came out the advertisement of my being a rigid Roman Catholic, &c. The answer I made to it might have been much better wrote, but I had nobody to consult but myself: the honest printer of the General Advertiser thought proper to alter the beginning of it, but I send you inclosed the true copy of it as it was published in the London Courant.

Though Mr. Rich had no performance at his house the night of the "Recruiting Officer," Drury-lane Playhouse was not above half full till the latter account; then it was a good house, but not near so great as we had all last winter to the "Orphan." He had built up the stage, but as nobody came there, he shut in a flat scene to hide it, and the next day he played the "Tender Husband" to fifteen pounds.

I forgot to tell you that I had a letter on Monday from Lacy, in which he makes fresh offers of engaging me: it is a long silly letter, but I will show it you when I see you. My answer was to desire him to save himself that trouble, for that I should never engage at any theatre which he had the direction of; and I contradicted some falsehoods he had inserted in his letter about my demands. I rehearsed yesterday at Covent Garden, and am to rehearse again to-morrow, and on Saturday I play it; what success it will meet with is more than I can tell you at present, but you shall know as soon as it is over. I have had a visit from Mr. Rich, who says, he sent you word when the patent was to be sold, and wonders we did not buy it; it appears to me it must soon change hands again. I wish you would let me know your real intention about it; I am ready to join with you in any undertaking of that sort, and am sure, if it can be worth any body's buying, it must be worth ours.

It is impossible for me yet to give you an answer about your proposal of my coming to Dublin; but I am so fearful of crossing the sea, that I hardly believe I shall prevail with myself to venture, and besides that, the expense of removing a family is so great, that it can scarce be worth my while.

I am quite blind with writing this long letter, but I cannot conclude without thanking you for the fine things you said of me in Ireland. I am greatly obliged to every body for their desire of seeing me there again, and must trouble you

* Her husband Theophilus.

with my sincere respects to good Doctor Barry, and Lord Mountjoy, and any friends that are so kind to inquire after me.

I am, Sir,

Your most sincere friend and humble servant,

S. CIBBER.

P. S. I have cut out all the advertisements for you that I could find.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, December 19, 1746.

I PROMISED you an account in my last of the success of the "Beggar's Opera," and I take the first opportunity of sending it you. I played it Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday last, to the fullest houses that were ever seen; but I cannot let you know till my next what the receipts were, for they are not yet settled. Mr. Rich has pressed me of all things to engage there this year; but as there is no Tancred, I am resolved they shall have no Sigismunda, so have refused him.

You could scarce believe the malice and inveteracy of Drury-lane against me; but I have the pleasure of assuring you, that instead of hurting me, it has served me as much as my best friends could have done. I must also acquaint you, that there is a pamphlet preparing by Mr. Lacy's friends against your honour and me; and I am confident from what I heard of it, that it will be absolutely necessary to write an answer to it as soon as possible. He has persuaded multitudes of people, and a great many gentlemen amongst the rest, that we have both treated him with the greatest insolence, and that we have increased our demands of salary to such a price, that it is impossible for any house to afford giving it. The not denying this publicly, would be looked upon as a tacit consent to the truth of it. For my own part, I am determined to contradict any falsehoods that are published relating to me; and as you are not now upon the spot to defend yourself, I should think it proper that you should send over a short account of the real matters of fact, with Mr. Lacy's original letter to you, or else a copy of it to your friend Mr. Draper; and in case there are any falsehoods inserted against you in the pamphlet, which I imagine will shortly appear, you may desire Mr. Draper to come to me, and we will consult together about what is necessary to be said relating to you; and you may depend upon it, I shall not take the liberty of mentioning any thing concerning you without his approbation.

I know you reckon yourself a very politic prince with your journey to Ireland; and I think the great Garrick never acted so simply since I had the honour of knowing him. You are out of the way at the very time that the fate of the stage is depending; nor would you let me see you before you went, though I wanted to ask you many questions of great consequence to us both. An answer in writing to them would be of no service, for I must know your real sentiments

about them, which I shall never desire but by word of mouth. It would be very imprudent in you, to give any answer in writing that I could hurt you by, was I to betray it; and in time you may know me well enough to be assured that such a trust would be painful to me from any person that was not well enough acquainted to be convinced that nothing could ever make me reveal it. Therefore these questions must remain in suspense till I see you; and pray let me know how soon that may be expected. In the mean time, I wish you would tell me upon what terms you were offered the patent, and how far you would care to go if it was now to be sold, and that we should join in the purchase--I mean, to commence from the end of this season, and only for the remainder of the patent.

I must desire you will be very particular in your answer, and hope you will remember your promise of studying the capital characters in tragedy and comedy, in which we can have the advantage of being often on the stage together.

I believe you begin to fret at having entered into so tiresome a correspondence. Consider it is all your own fault; and what is worse than all this, you must know I imagine I am doing you a favour all the while. Would you believe it? I hate writing. Adieu.

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

S. CIBBER.

P. S. If there are any particular parts that you would have me study, send me word.

Mr. Rich has just now brought me the account of the three nights, which amounts to upwards of 600*l.**

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Perhaps January 1746-7.

YOU were so long without answering my two last letters, that I would not write this fortnight, if I thought it would be any punishment to you; but as I have reason to think the contrary, I shall do it to plague you. It is near a week since I received yours of the 30th of December. I suppose, if you were sober enough to read it over, you imagined the wine made you write like an angel. The bad success Lacy had in his advertisements, has made him drop his design of attacking us both. I send you this news to cure you of the sweats you have been in about my answer, and now I have no occasion to write one; I tell you it was very impertinent in you to be under such apprehensions for me, and that my answer would have been a good one.

Mr. Draper called upon me a day or two before I had your letter, and told me you proposed Mr. Quin should be one of the triumvirate; that you were studying parts in a different cast, and that you were willing to make every thing easy to him. This has given me great pleasure; it was about him that I wanted to ask you all

* The exact sum received was 602*l.* 7*s.*—ED.

those questions; I thought it not fair to propose them in writing: I did not know whether you would give up any of your parts, and if it was likely you could live in friendship, playing them alternately. He is an honest, worthy man, and besides being a great actor, he is a very useful one, and will make the under actors mind their business. I have not set eyes of him since he came to England, and was I to see him, I should not mention this affair to him. If you continue in the same resolution, I desire it may come from you; it may be a means of a friendship between you, which is necessary in such an undertaking. At the same time, I must tell you, I have apprehensions of his not engaging in it; for, some years ago, talking of the bad management of the theatre, somebody in company said, they wondered the head actors did not undertake it themselves, and if I do not mistake very much, Mr. Quin declared he would never have any thing to do with it; but as this was said at a time when there was no opportunity of buying it, I hope the different situation of affairs may make an alteration in his opinion. It is surprising that Drury-lane Playhouse goes on acting; one night with another, to be sure, they have not received above forty pounds: the actors are paid only three nights a week, though they play every night. But the top stroke of all was Macklin's Play!* it was entirely new dressed, and no expense saved in the clothes. I shall say nothing of the piece, because you may read it; but, be as vain as you will about your playing Bayes, you never made an audience laugh more than Harry the Seventh has done. There, for the first time, I saw your rival, Mr. Goodfellow; I should have said, the rival Mr. Lacy wants to make you: do not be quite dispirited about it, for Perkin Warbeck is much below any thing I ever yet saw. Here I must ask Mr. Stevens's pardon, to whom I have done injustice, for I think he may dispute the pass down-stairs with Perkin, and as his head seems to be the heaviest of the two, I think he has the best right to it.

I do not doubt I have by this time convinced you that I love writing passionately, and that I am the reverse of Witwou'd's character of Petulant; but if I attempted to be laconic, I must either omit what I wanted to say, or run the risk of expressing myself so as not to be understood; besides, my mother taught me when I was very young, that the farthest way about was the nearest way home, and you see the force of education.

I have been afflicted this week past with my old complaint in my stomach; as soon as I am well again, I shall give Mr. Rich one night of the "Beggar's Opera," the Prince and Princess having desired to see it: and, if it was not for waiting your

* This was a tragedy called "Henry VII. or the Popish Impostor," *i. e.* Perkin Warbeck; who might be an impostor, but whom nothing but the literature of a barn would have called *Popish* in the reign of the *Seventh* Henry. Macklin, I suppose, with his sturdy importance, undertook to make the fortune of the theatre; and the wise management that preceded Garrick's gave him *carte blanche*. So the wardrobe turned forth its treasures, and all outside was glittering and sumptuous. The modest author wrote this five-act tragedy in six weeks, and it was read and studied act by act, as it was sent to the players. The task of Genius is not to be performed by lower minds, either as to quality or *time*. Forde has treated this subject, and no doubt suggested it to Macklin; who afterwards got up, for a benefit, the "Lover's Melancholy" of the same author, and considerably enlarged on that occasion the usual art of *puffing*; which brought on the veteran's head the detection of forgery, established by Malone, past all question.—Ed.

return to England, I should go into the country as soon as that was over; but I think this affair of too much consequence to be neglected, and I hope you are of the same opinion, and that you will return as soon as you possibly can. Do not imagine, because I write so much, that I cannot hold my tongue. I shall take Mr. Draper's advice in every thing relating to the scheme we have in hand, but beg you will come to England the moment your agreement is out.

I am, Sir,

Your most sincere friend, and very humble servant,

As well as affectionate mother,

S. CIBBER.

I do not wish you joy of your success, because it could not be otherwise.

Your wife sends her duty: she is the greatest coquet in England, and has half-a-dozen husbands in bank, in case of your death.

AGREEMENT BETWEEN JAMES LACY AND DAVID GARRICK, ESQS.

[The following paper exhibits the terms upon which Mr. Garrick became Joint Patentee of Drury-lane Theatre. In common with Mr. Lacy, he drew 500*l.* yearly on account of the profits of the concern, and he was paid a yearly salary of 500 guineas as an actor, with a clear benefit. Never were about 8000*l.* employed better, either for the actor or the public.

Mr. Garrick through life resided constantly near the playhouse. The Great Piazza, James-street, Southampton-street, the Adelphi, were in succession rendered happy by possessing him. There was a fondness for him in this neighbourhood, that, as he passed through it, darted electrically from shop to shop; and his name was oftener resounded in Covent Garden than that of any other human being.

After reading the letters of that charming woman, the reader may feel some regret that Mrs. Cibber did not obtain the object of her fondest wish,—to be joined with David Garrick in the patent of Drury-lane Theatre.—ED.]

April 9, 1747.

AGREEMENT made the 9th of April, 1747, between James Lacy, of Great Queen-street, near Lincoln's-Inn-fields, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, of the one part; and David Garrick, of James-street, Covent Garden, gentleman, of the other part.

Whereas it is alleged by the said James Lacy, that he is possessed of or entitled unto the present patent under which plays are exhibited at the Theatre in Drury-lane, in the county aforesaid, for the remainder of a term whereof there are now six years to come, and of and unto the scenes and wardrobe belonging to or used at the said theatre, and also to a lease of the said house or theatre for the remainder of a term whereof there are now about five years to come, subject nevertheless to a certain trust, incumbrances, and debts, viz.

A Trust as to two equal third parts of the said patent, scenes, wardrobe, and lease for Messrs. Green and Amber, late of the Strand, in the county aforesaid, banker,s or for their creditors.

A Mortgage from the said Lacy to the said Green and Amber, for 2250*l.* and interest, with a covenant for sharing any new patent that should be obtained, the whole valued at 4000*l.*

A Mortgage to Hutchenson Meure, whereon the principal and interest that will be due at the end of this acting season is computed to amount to . . . . . .

The Debts that will then remain due to the actors and performers of the said theatre, also computed at about . . . . . .

The Debts that will then remain due to the tradesmen, &c. belonging to the said theatre, which are also computed at about . . . . . .

The Debts that will then remain due from the said Lacy to others, and shall have been by him borrowed and applied for discharging any of the arrears due to the said actors, performers, and tradesmen, &c. since the end of the last season, and which are also computed at about . . . . . .

An Annuity of 300*l.* to Mr. Cawthorpe.

An Annuity of 500*l.* to Charles Fleetwood, Esq.

And whereas it is alleged by the said James Lacy, that he can and will before the end of the next month procure a new patent for twenty-one years to commence from the expiration of the former, without any other gratuity or expense than the common and ordinary fees, and to be subject only to a like annuity of 300*l.* to Mr. Cawthorpe, or some other person: and that he can and will within the time aforesaid procure a good and sufficient assignment, release, or other conveyance, of all the right, title, and interest, both equitable and legal, of the said Messrs. Green and Amber, and of their creditors, assigns, or representatives, and all other persons claiming under them in and to both the said patents, lease, wardrobe, and scenes, for the said sum of 4000*l.*

And that all the above-stated incumbrances, (including the said 4000*l.*, and the common and ordinary fees of procuring the said new patent, but exclusive of the said Mr. Cawthorpe's and Mr. Fleetwood's annuities) will not exceed the sum of 12,000*l.* in the whole.

Now it is hereby agreed, that in case the said James Lacy shall and does within the time aforesaid procure such a new patent, on the terms aforesaid, in the joint names of the said James Lacy and David Garrick, and also such assignment, release, and conveyance as aforesaid, on the terms aforesaid, to them the said James Lacy and David Garrick: they the said James Lacy and David Garrick, their executors, administrators and assigns shall, and will, from the end of this present acting season, become, and be jointly and equally possessed of and interested in the said two several patents, and the said lease, wardrobe, and scenes, subject to the respective incumbrances aforesaid, for the several terms that will remain and be in the said patents respectively, but without any benefit of survivorship; and shall and will enter into and execute proper articles of copartnership for the carrying on and managing the business of the said patents for their joint and equal benefit.

And that as soon as such new patent and right in the old patent, &c. shall be

procured as aforesaid, the same shall be immediately conveyed to two persons, of which each of the said parties shall name and appoint one, upon trust, as a security from each of the said parties to the other for the performance of their respective agreements and covenants, both in these presents and in the said articles of copartnership to be contained.

That the said incumbrances on the said patents shall be paid off and discharged as soon as may be, by and out of the profits to arise in the said copartnership, or equally by and between the said parties.

Provided, that in case the said incumbrances (exclusive of the said annuities) shall exceed the said sum of 12,000*l.* the difference or excess shall be made good, paid and discharged by the said James Lacy, or his assigns; or out of his or their moiety of the said profits; and the said David Garrick, and his assigns, and his or their moiety of the said patents, &c. are to be fully indemnified therefrom.

Provided also, that each of the said parties shall or may, weekly or otherwise, take and retain for their private expenses, and under the title of managers, out of the money to be in the hands of the Treasurer or Cashier of the said copartnership, any sum not exceeding the rate of 500*l.* per annum each.

Provided also, that in case the profits shall at any time fall short of the said two sums of 500*l.* per annum, to each of the said parties, and either of the said shall, notwithstanding, have occasion for and actually draw out or receive on account of the said allowance, more than his share of the net profits then in the treasury or office shall amount unto, then and in every such case, the said party shall be made debtor for the sums by him so drawn out or received, together with legal interest, until his share of the net profits shall be sufficient to answer the same, and in the mean time his share of the patent, &c. shall stand charged therewith as a security to the other of the said parties.

Provided also, and it is expressly agreed, that the said David Garrick shall have and be paid a clear salary of 500 guineas per annum as an actor, with a clear benefit, or shall have such better terms as shall at any time during the said copartnership be given to any actor or actress; but the said David Garrick shall not, during the time of his being interested in the said patents, or either of them, act or perform, except for the joint benefit of the parties concerned in the said patents.

Provided also, that in settling the incumbrances aforesaid, the said James Lacy is to account for the receipts of this present season, it being the intent of the parties that the arrears due to the actors, performers, and tradesmen, at the end of the last season, are to be the bases of their respective accounts, from or to which the profits or loss of this present season are to be respectively subtracted or added.

Provided also, that if either party shall discharge any of the said debts or incumbrances, or lend or advance any money to or for the said copartnership more than the other of the said parties, then and in every such case the party so lending or advancing, shall have and be allowed legal interest in the account of the said copartnership, until the other party shall have advanced his proportion.

Provided also, that if either party shall be minded to sell or dispose of his share, the other party shall have the refusal thereof at such price, as two persons, one to be named by each party, shall value the same at.

Lastly, if any dispute or differences shall happen, the same are hereby agreed to be referred to two arbitrators, each of the parties to name one within twenty-four hours after notice from the other. In witness whereof, the parties have signed these presents the day and year first above written.

(Signed) JAMES LACY,
DAVID GARRICK.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. PRITCHARD.

SIR, July 11, 1747.

I RETURNED from Lichfield last night, and found your letter upon the table. I am obliged to you for the concern you express to Mr. Draper about me, and he would have answered yours, had I not been here to do it myself. I was taken ill at Coventry with a very sorry throat, caught, as I imagine, by lying in damp sheets at Dunstable, but by an immediate bleeding, purging, &c. &c. I am now perfectly recovered and *in statu quo*. I am very sorry any of your friends (if they really are such) trouble you with letters of that sort you have sent me in abstract, nor do I well know the reason of your sending it me: that Mr. Rich may be uneasy you have left him, I can believe, and that his friends may endeavour to alarm you and Mrs. Pritchard is very natural; but that any of these artifices should disturb your quiet (as you are well versed in theatrical policy,) surprises me much. Whatever proofs your letter-writer may pretend to give you of my *partial opinion* to any body else, I appeal to yourself whether or no the bias of my actions has not inclined to your family: I have dealt by you as one of my *own* family, and I think your situation, with regard to me, should dispel suspicions and uneasinesses.

I have not engaged Mrs. Cibber as yet, and if I should, you may depend upon it that no such stupid article as playing with her [solely] shall be part of the agreement. If you will consider the falsehood, you may know that such clauses are incompatible with my interest and inclination, and I am sorry they should be thrown out to spoil the harmony I intend shall subsist in our company.

Mrs. Pritchard may depend upon the strictest justice to the best of my judgment: nor shall it be in the power of any haughty woman to injure her, nor can I apprehend what is meant by that impudent insinuation of deceiving you by appearances. It is my interest, (putting friendship out of the case,) that your wife should maintain her character upon the stage; if she does not, shall not the managers be great losers? I have employed my power to fix *you* in the best station I could, and what I think will put you upon the footing you should desire; have I done this, Sir, do you think, to deceive you with appearances? or to show you

my opinion of you, and inclination to you? I am sorry I have occasion to say thus much, because I thought we were settled together in such a manner, that no artifices or suspicions could disconcert us. I have a great stake, Mr. Pritchard, and must endeavour to secure my property and my friends to the best of my judgment. I shall engage the best company in England if I can, and think it the interest of the best actors to be together: I shall, to the best of my ability, do justice to all, and I hope Mr. Pritchard and his friends will be the last to impeach my conduct, or be uneasy that I should follow the bent of my judgment in my future management of the stage. I do not find that there is at present much talk about the theatre; however, I flatter myself, (and on good reasons,) that the world will not think you have acted wrong by your engaging with us, and that you run as little risque of ill treatment from the present managers as from your former: however, if you have any doubts about you, and you had rather choose Covent Garden than Drury-lane, let me know it immediately, (the very next post,) and I will do my endeavours with Mr. Lacy, (for I will not let him know it till then,) to discharge you from any agreement that may make you and Mrs. Pritchard uneasy. I am just come from the house; we are in the midst of alterations and mortar, so you must excuse this scrawl. Pray my best service to your wife and all friends; let me know your mind (for I am vexed a little), and you shall hear from me soon again.

I am, your friend and servant,

D. GARRICK.*

P. S. Pray let Mr. Havard know I wrote a letter to him to engage him in our company, if he chooses it, and should be glad of his answer.

Endorsed by Mr. Garrick.
"Copy letter to Mr. Pritchard,
at Bristol. 11th July, 1747."

MR. S. FOOTE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, In 1749.

IT is impossible for me to conceal a piece of intelligence that I have received this minute from either a friend or an enemy.

I am told, that on the revival of a comedy called "Friendship in Fashion,"† a very

* As this letter opens the management of Mr. Garrick, I am sincerely glad that he preserved a copy of it. It was a fine *earnest* of that dignified frankness and straight-forward integrity, which, upon the fullest proof, I aver to have been the characteristics of this manager. The reader will anon see by what very opposite qualities they were met, on the part of authors and actors.—ED.

† This comedy sullies the name of the great tragic writer, Otway. At its revival, in 1749, its profligacy drove it for ever from the stage. To see the general mimic, Foote, shrinking from Woodward's intended exhibition of him, would be only pitiable, did he not threaten as well as remonstrate. The great humourist never discovered that he had *himself lived* in what he calls a "state of nature," that is of satirical warfare, with society, during his whole public existence.

Garrick should not have retorted the miserable *five shillings* upon this occasion.—ED.

contemptible friend of yours is to appear in the character of Malagene, habited like your humble servant. Now, I think it is pretty evident that I have as few apprehensions from the passive wit of Mr. Garrick, as the active humour and imitation of Mr. Woodward; but as we are to be in a state of nature, I do conceive that I have a plan for a short farce that will be wormwood to some, entertaining to many, and very beneficial to, Sir,

Yours,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

If your boxkeeper for the future returns my name, he will cheat you of a sum not very contemptible to you, viz. five shillings.

To Mr. Garrick.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. FOOTE.

SIR, In 1749.

I AM very much surprized to find you so uneasy and hurt at the intelligence given you last night, but as you were doubtful whether you received it from a friend or an enemy, I think, in prudence, you should have considered twice before you had put pen to paper. The sudden *feeling* you had at the news (whether true or false) has hurried you a little into the unintelligible—for what you can mean by *Woodward's active humour* and *my passive wit*, unless like Bayes, for the sake of the antithesis, I cannot possibly comprehend. I assure you I neither *have*, nor *will* set my wit to yours, either in your active or passive sense, for I confess myself incapable of engaging with you at your usual weapons. I cannot but think you are very imprudent in saying Woodward is *contemptible*, for it is certainly lowering yourself to call *him* contemptible, who has made no contemptible figure as your antagonist. What he intends in the character of Malagene I am a stranger to; he has desired to be free with *me*, as other folks have been, and so little sensible am I of the consequence, that he has an unlimited power to use me as he pleases;—but pray, Sir, would you have me, supposing he has a design to be pleasant with *you*, interfere in the affair, while there is a mimical war betwixt you, and first declared on your side? If I did, would not he justly complain of unfair treatment, and say, that I am holding his hands, while you are beating him? But should he dress at you in the play, how can you be alarmed at it, or take it ill? the character of Malagene, exclusive of some little immoralities, which can never be applied to you, is that of a very smart, pleasant, conceited fellow, and a good mimic. If you really imagine, as you politely insinuate, that I have so great a regard for five shillings, sure then my giving you the liberty of the house was still a greater favour, and therefore I wonder, or rather I do not wonder, that you should make me such a return for it: however, to convince you that you are a little mistaken in that particular, I pro-

mise you if the *wormwood farce*, you mention in *terrorem*, should not prove so *entertaining*, or *beneficial* as you imagine, that I will pay to you, or to your order, the aforesaid sum of five shillings, whenever you shall call or send for it.

I am, &c.

DAVID GARRICK.

Foote's Letter and my Answer,
About Woodward's dressing at him.

J. CLELAND TO MR. GARRICK.

[John Cleland, the writer of the present letter, was the son of the Colonel of that name, who was the friend of Pope. He lived to the great age of eighty-two, and died ten years after Mr. Garrick. He is the author of a work of which the title is *infamous*, and whose literary merits, therefore, I shall not here estimate, lest they should invite readers. His "Memoirs of a Coxcomb," though licentious, are said to be well written.

The play, in whose behalf he here addresses Mr. Garrick, was his tragedy of "Vespasian," which he printed the year following, without much effect. Cleland is one of those writers, who have taken confidence for *power*; and being ingenious enough to frame petty objections to the works of other men, falsely conclude that their own *must* be exempt from the vices they can so easily detect. Roscius seems to have left this letter as a lesson, and indeed a model to disappointed dramatists.—ED.]

London, the 31st of July, 1754.

I FLATTERED myself, Sir, with the hopes of waiting on you, before your excursion to Norfolk, but debarred as I find myself of that pleasure, by a very unexpected accident, I comfort myself with this being one of the least troublesome forms into which importunity may be put, and it is determinately the last you have to dread from me, on a subject which cannot be more disagreeable to you, than it is grown to me: on that condition of never returning to it, I shall presume your patience and leave for subjoining a few thoughts that occur to me on your opinion of that dramatic essay of mine, not by way of contradiction to your judgment, for which, not to have the highest deference, I should think the highest injury to my own; but purely by way of appeal to yourself from yourself, and for the sake of truth, the light of which is often struck out of a collision of sentiments, which would otherwise lie dormant in a peaceable agreement of them.

Acquiescing, then, most resignedly in what I had for a thousand reasons anticipated, your non-acceptance of the piece now on tender, I own I was not so entirely prepared for your objections. Think but of the extent of my mistake with respect to this piece! The plan I had judged the master-piece of dramatic poetry: the plots of two excellent plays, Cinna and Andromache, and only the better for their notoriety, being wove artistly into one, and by that contexture rendered so full of business, as to exclude all declamation, all flourish of sentiment, but what rise naturally and necessarily out of the situations, which are numerous, and some of them appeared to me, at least, singularly theatrical. The time precisely that of the action. The underplot incorporated in due subordination, and the incidents of it calculated to

heighten the main distress: the foibles of Sextus not too glaringly contrasted, but thrown into a gentle shade, that shows Vespasian in such a mildness of light, as to render tolerable the almost romantic, though strictly historical impeccability of his character. The catastrophe of it only the more pleasing for wanting the stale and hackneyed last-shift of the dagger or bowl. In all this I praise nothing that is my own; I mean only to defend in some measure my choice of this plan, out of at least two thousand Spanish, Italian, and French pieces, to say nothing of the Ancients. In short, my fond partiality to it was so great, as to make me even overcome a capital objection, of which you, perhaps, rather good-naturedly spared me the mention, than overlooked: its sounding ridiculous to transform an Italian Opera into an English Tragedy, and that a patch-work at second-hand from two French authors. Let me observe that this, well considered, only supposes a more thorough digestion.

For the rest, as nothing can be more obvious than that the conspiracy of Sextus is taken from "Cinna,"* so is it equally certain, that the situation in the fifth act was never scenefied before. It is absolutely new and original, and the effect of it (on the word of one whose heart sets him as much above a falsity, as your understanding sets you above the suspicion of its passing on you,) was such as to draw tears from eyes not much used to the melting mood; and this, though I read it myself,—I who, at best, read ill others' works, but much more my own, from that ridicule I fancy inseparable from such rehearsal-scenes, when Bayes (and what dramatic author has not much or little of Bayes in him?) gives in fact a comedy in the emphasis natural for him to bestow on the reading his tragedy. Yet surely none could push the joke of laughing at me so far as tears; and as to flattery, I thank Heaven I am fully defended from it by my situation. That this scene, however, made no such great impression on you, it is without impeaching your taste, that I do not at all wonder at it. The very necessary and just prejudice of a manager, upon whom a piece was attempted to be obtruded in the manner mine was on you, in scorn of any recommendation but its own, was enough to cover your mind with a seven-fold armour, without even yourself feeling its having it on.

The "calm admirable" is, as you most justly indeed observe, unconstitutional to tragedy, which delights in storms; but then those storms must be the work of Nature, letting them loose on a subject great and worthy of their fury,—the deep, in short; not like those paltry blasts of art employed in raising storms in a tea-cup, such as tragedizing trivial or even ludicrous situations, as for example, the Adventures of a London-Prentice, or the whine of a true [girl] like Demetrius, in the Brothers. Who, when for the sake of a half-jade, half-ideot, he strikes a dagger to his heart, who can feel the blow? or rather, who is not readier to burst with laughter than into tears? Who is there, in any History above the dignity of a Modern Romance, that ever killed himself for sheer love? unless a confessed fool! and can fools be characters worth theatrical embalming?

* A tragedy by the great Corneille.

As to the striking! the pathetic! the terrible! the blending of which you likewise justly recommend, as the very *sine qua non* of tragedy, I subscribe without reserve to your sentiment. If this piece of mine is faint, or deficient in those points, I have nothing more to urge in its defence, or what is even less than nothing, my fond presumption of having avoided the abuse of them, of having in short tempered the dose of them just sufficient for its health and vivacity, so as to exhibit the colouring of Nature, which I have vainly, it seems, preferred to the more striking ornaments of modern tragedies, which appear for the most part tawdried out, like some pale hags of quality, with paint, patches, and false brilliants of French-paste.

That I may not, however, seem strained or affected in this my profession of my shunning that infection from a false taste, of which I can scarce name that dramatic author who has not died his theatrical death for these fifty years past, I shall succinctly touch on the abuses of those three qualities you require, in which abuses alone, that falsity of taste I contend against, appears to me to consist.

As to the *striking!* are rants to be called so? or those sonorous expressions which fill the ear, and leave the head empty? And yet, do not these compose the blow-bladder style of most of our modern tragedians, whose pieces have not been unjustly damned, if but for containing so many of those horrid sins against Nature, which true wit never commits.

The *pathetic.* Where is the modern play in which it is to be found? Is it in a man's making high love to his own dear wife, as in the "Earl of Essex?" or as in "Boadicea," Dumnorix expending, for two or three acts, his whole stock of pathos, in persuading his to take, very unnecessarily, a cup of poison, when all he says might be reduced to these two or three kind words: "*I prithee die, my dear!*"

The *terrible!* What can be less so, than the catastrophes of nine-tenths of our modern tragedies? I have already mentioned one example; and how many more could I name, which are all rendered ridiculous, by ending violently with a pair or two, in any sense, of most barbarous, most inhuman, and bloody murthers!

Thus sensible of the absurdities of others, I was also too sensible of my own insufficiency to try the stream upon my own bottom; and for my *first* essay, adopted a ready cut and dry plan, from the greatest dramatic genius now living, who is the worthy pupil of Gravina, and who boasts his forming himself upon Shakspeare and Milton, or rather, in imitation of them, upon Nature; and you see how I have not succeeded. Since, then, I find the very points on which I built my feeble hopes of success, are precisely those from which you teach me to despair of it, I shall make but one faint hopeless effort towards getting it on the other Theatre; there failing, I renounce for ever the vain thought of wearing the buskin. I shall leave to happier authors the by me unenvied task of elevating, surprising, and frothing up that wonderful sublime, which is, it seems, so necessary to secure the acceptance, if not to make the fortune, of a new play. Let who will, for me, supply with their drugs the poison-shops of taste; for should it even be true, that the public was so eat up

with that green sickness, that craving for trash, which is imputed to it, and which I never observed; (for to me it ever seemed rather to good-naturedly endure, than to palate it, for want of better fare being set before it;) still those authors, who against their better judgment and taste would nurse the distemper, for the sake of their gain by it, can with no better grace excuse themselves than the Florentine, who. being condemned to death for coupling with a she-goat, pleaded that it was not for the sin-sake he had committed the fact, but in the hopes of its producing a monster, for him to get an honest livelihood by making a show of it.

As to the barely yet embryo of a production, the "Clown polished by Love," I hold myself extremely obliged to you for the great encouragement you give me, and which will probably conquer the repugnance I have to proceed in it; but the truth is, that I do not foresee to myself ease and tranquillity enough of head to finish it as it ought to be by the next season, though I have long had all the materials for it, ready to put together.

The principal character is, as you will have readily bespoke it, a young, raw, untutored rustic, with good sense at bottom; a diamond in the rough; a Cymon, in short, in comic life, who having taken a sudden love for a young beauty, his natural talents burst open at once, unfold and shine forth in several incidents, so managed and prepared as to make him preferred to his rival, who is a character contrasted to his, one of those detestably gay, double-refined fops, one sees daily and pesterably swarm about town and Court. I say nothing now of the plot, as it would require too long an exposition, nor of the dialogue, than that I shall take it directly from the characters such as I imagine, or rather know them to exist in Nature. I wish you, Sir, the most perfect enjoyment of health, and of all the delights of the season and country; and am with the most grateful sense of your friendly procedure, as well as with the utmost esteem and respect,

Sir,

Your most obliged, and
Most obedient humble servant,
J. CLELAND.

FROM MR. GARRICK TO MR. HOGARTH.

DEAR HOGARTH,

OUR friend Wilson hinted to me the last time I saw him, that I had of late been remiss in my visits to you—it may be so, though upon my word I am not conscious of it; for such ceremonies I look upon as mere counters, where there is no remission of regard and good wishes. As Wilson is not an accurate observer of things, not even of those which concern him most, I must imagine that the hint came from you, and therefore, I shall say a word or two to you upon it.

Montaigne, who was a good judge of human nature, takes notice that when

friends grow exact and ceremonious, it is a certain sign of coolness, for that the spirit of friendship keeps no account of trifles. We are, I hope, a strong exception to this rule. Poor Draper, whom I loved better than any man breathing, once asked me smiling,—"How long is it, think you, since you were at my house?"—"How long?—Why a month, or six weeks."—"A year and five days," replied he; "but don't imagine that I have kept an account; my wife told me so this morning, and bid *me scold you for it*." If Mrs. Hogarth has observed my neglect, I am flattered by it; but if it is your observation, woe betide you! Could I follow my own wishes, I would see you every day in the week, and not care whether it was in Leicester-fields or Southampton-street; but what with an indifferent state of health, and the care of a large family,* in which there are many froward children, I have scarce half an hour to myself.

However, since you are grown a polite devil, and have a mind to play at lords and ladies, have at you.

I will certainly call upon you soon, and if you should not be at home, I will leave my card.

Dear Hogarth,
Your's most sincerely,
D. GARRICK.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, May 21st, 1755.

I AM much obliged to you for the favour of your letter, and return you many thanks for your good wishes. I hope, as you do, that the weather here may not prove as it did at sea; for we set out in very fair weather, but when we had almost reached our port, a storm arose that had very near driven us back again; so at present on shore it is all sunshine, and though I think I have no reason to doubt success, yet I foresee some little squalls arising that may be disagreeable, but not of any consequence, and what will easily be got over, though perhaps with some inconvenience to myself.

I think Miss Betty's† business seems to be done: what will her ladyship do with her? if she turns her adrift, what will become of her? I cannot help pitying her a little, though she certainly deserves it. I am very glad that you and yours are so well at B—— house,‡ as I am sure that is the happiest thing that can be for her Ladyship. John Moody is an honest fellow, and generally in the *reet*.

I am surprised that I have never heard either from Mr. Arundel or Mr. Collins relating to the purchase with the Duke of Queensbury, and therefore I desire

* Drury-lane Theatre.

† His Lordship is somewhat clearer in a letter which follows, dated 21st Oct. 1755.

‡ Burlington House.—ED.

you will not keep your money idle, for I take for granted I shall not want it, and insist upon it that you should lay it out, and am as much obliged to you as if I had it. I am glad to hear the little ones are well. I hope her Ladyship will soon go to Chiswick, when they will be in the air enough; I should be sorry there should be the least difference about them or any thing else. My best respects to Mrs. Garrick; tell her I wish she would now and then talk to Mrs. Hewett, if she can contrive it without giving jealousy to her Ladyship, by which means if there is any thing wrong, she may help to set it right. I congratulate her upon Mrs. Biddy's* happy nuptials, and hope that Sweet-lips has performed his part to her satisfaction. I have been once at the play; they sent me a list of tragedies, so I preferred Sir Fopling Flutter. I wish by that means I may not have affronted the great Mr. Barry: it was a woeful performance. I am in great haste, so must conclude.

I am, dear Sir,
Most faithfully yours,
HARTINGTON.†

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, June, 1755.

I AM much obliged to you for the favour of yours of the 22nd of May, which I received at Limerick, and during my expedition my time was so much taken up, that I really could not return you my thanks for the pleasure of hearing from you. I have received a letter from Collins that the Duke of Queensbury proposes to have the estate in Yorkshire valued, and must suffer a recovery, which will take up a great deal of time; so I hope you have, as I desired you in a former letter, laid out your money. I am much obliged to you for your good wishes; I hope every thing will go well; if they do but keep their words, it cannot fail to do so, and I have resolved to stay here, that they may have no pretence to be out of humour. As to Claret, I avoid it as much as possible, but I am obliged often to drink more than I choose; however, I think it agrees tolerably well with me. Lady Burlington writes me word that she is pretty well again, and going to settle at Chiswick soon. I hope the poor little ones are well. I beg my best respects to Madam Garrick, and am

Dear Sir,
Most sincerely yours,
HARTINGTON.

* Mrs. Garrick's lapdog. Biddy had the misfortune to be unknown to G. Colman the younger, who in a note upon one of Garrick's letters to his father, sportively written, says,—"I know nothing of Biddy."—ED.

† The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Dublin, October 21, 1755.

I AM greatly obliged to you for your very kind letter which I received this morning. I am very sensible of the kind and friendly part which both you and Mrs. Garrick take in whatever concerns me, and your partiality gives me more merit than I deserve, or ought to take. My work is begun tolerably well, but there have some awkward circumstances attended it, and more will arise, I am afraid, before the Session is over; however, I flatter myself, I shall be able to steer through all my difficulties, and if I do, I shall have the satisfaction to think I have done the King some service. I am quite ashamed that I have been so long without writing to you; if you knew the hurry I live in, and the quantity of letters that I write, you would excuse me: do not think it is for want of *regard and esteem* for you, or that I grow cool,—I do assure you it is not,—both you and Mrs. Garrick are entitled to my affection and friendship, and you shall always have it in the strongest manner I can show it. As to the coolness at Burlington House, I am sorry, but cannot blame: I wish, upon all accounts, that you were well there, and hope it will come about again. I am not strait-laced, but it really is indecent to have an affair of that nature going on so publicly in her Ladyship's house; if I find it so at my return, I think to tell her my mind. I pity Miss Anderson, yet hope she will continue there, because, if by any good fortune the other can be got rid of, she may supply the place. I shall obey your commands and attend Mr. Mossop, and glad to show countenance to any body that you wish well to,

I am, with great truth,
Dear Sir,
Most sincerely your's
HARTINGTON.

I beg my best respects to Mrs. Garrick. My sister told me that she had seen you both, and that you were well, which I was glad to hear. When you have leisure, let me hear from you.

THE REV. WILLIAM WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

[This is the first letter of a pretty considerable series from the Rev. William Warburton, Author of the "Divine Legation of Moses"—the friend and commentator of Pope, and who subsequently illustrated the See of Gloucester by ranking among its bishops. Time, it is true, has spared no one of his *paradoxes*, nor yet equalled the gigantic powers of his mind. This is the charm that still attracts reading men to his works: the certainty of finding original thought and unparalleled ingenuity, with a fullness of knowledge

that excites astonishment, and a mastery of all the arts of controversy, exhibited in careless, strong, native expression for the most part; but sullied by occasional sins against grammar, and a tasteless attempt to naturalize a host of French words, utterly dissonant in English construction. I cannot perceive, in any of Warburton's letters, that he attended his friend Garrick's theatre. Even to Hurd he abstains from all mention of his acting, and, at times, evinces a rather savage contempt for the stage. He thought, very obviously, that both Drs. Young and Brown, as clergymen, dishonoured themselves, by becoming dry-nurses to the theatre.—ED.]

DEAR SIR, Prior Park, March 2, 1756.

I am favoured with yours of the 25th, but deferred making my acknowledgements till I could give you the best information that could be got. I have kept your name a secret, as you desired: and it cannot be guessed at by my inquiries, since, as I understand, the estate has been two or three years upon sale; and the too high price is here supposed to be the reason of its having not, in all that time, met with a purchaser.

We have the village every moment in our view, and it is, as you are rightly informed, about a measured mile from Bath, on an easy ascent.

Bath lies in a bottom, through which the river Avon runs east and west; and so forms a long winding valley in that direction, the Bristol road going west, and the London road east. On the north and south it is shut up by two mountains; on the side of the northern, fronting the south, stands the village of Weston; and on the southern, fronting the north, is this place of ours; Bath lying in the bottom between us.

The lands of the estate of Weston run down to the banks of the Avon. There is a manor-house on the west side the village, and higher than it; it is old and large, but neither very good nor commodious. It has been sometimes let, and for forty or fifty pounds a year; and though on an eminence, not well situate for the prospect; but amends might be made for that, by a pleasure-building at a very little distance.

The village is pretty, and has a clear brook running quite through the middle of it. It is, as you observe, a manor, or royalty: but the advowson of the church is in the Chancellor of England. The estate is bare of wood; so that you would have amusement enough, like Mr. Allen, (and a very delightful and profitable one it is,) in planting. There is excellent riding on the down, or top of the mountain, which hangs over it, called Lansdown: and below, for the length of six or eight miles towards Bristol, you may have as agreeable excursions by water, as the finest wooded vale and a clear winding river can afford:—the fashionable summer diversion of the dissipated guests of Bath.*

But Mr. Allen, who goes always to the solid, was for better information than I could pick up. So he sent to his Steward, or Attorney, for a circumstantial account,

* In speaking of Warburton's intellect, it should be observed that he can do even slight things with unexpected ease and gracefulness. Who ever described "a patch of land" better, than it is done in the present letter?—ED.

who transmitted the inclosed. And these he bid me tell you are his reflections upon it. He says it appears from the rent-roll that it is well tenanted, (and his agent, you see, tells him he is informed the estate may be improved.) But the terms here mentioned he thinks not only too high, but altogether inconvenient. He sees little difference between Lady Parker's demand of an annuity, and her refusal to sell her life [interest]:—the purchaser of the reversion (at too high a price) being not so good as her rent-gatherer; for he will pay more than he receives, and bear all her contingent losses and damages.

These are his sentiments of the terms hitherto demanded, but he thinks it very possible you may have better. He would be glad of getting a person, whose character he much esteems, into his neighbourhood upon good terms; but Mrs. Allen and my wife, who desire their best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, would be glad to get her for a neighbour upon any terms. And this I dare say, from what I have seen, is the common sentiment of all who know or have heard of Mrs. Garrick. I beg my best respects to her, and that you would believe me to be,

Dear Sir, with true esteem,
Your very affectionate,
And faithful humble servant,
W. WARBURTON.

P. S. I should tell you, that in estates of this value it is not usual to reckon such sort of houses at any thing. Yet here are two, one called 40*l.* a year, the other 14*l.*

THE REV. W. WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Prior Park, May 4th, 1756.

I HAVE the favour of yours of the 1st inst.; we are all heartily concerned at Mrs. Garrick's ill state of health, and return you our best thanks for your kind congratulations.*

The accommodating you with the plays you want of Shakspear, besides the trifle, is but justice to one who can make so good an use of them, and has entertained so proper and curious a design as the writing the history of our stage; which I wish you would pursue in good earnest.

I suppose the Plays you want are in two 4to. vols., which Mr. Blackbourne borrowed of me for one Mr. Capel,† I think his name is. Pray take them of him, and cut out what you want. I have two more 4to. vols. in London, of Shakspear's Plays; and if there be any in those which you have not, you are very welcome to

* On the birth of his only son.

† Mr. Edward Capell, a rival Editor of Shakspeare, published in ten very accurate volumes, small 8vo. 1768.

add them to your own collection. I have the First Edition of Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," (if it be not lost,) where the names and scene are Italian: this is much at your service, if you have it not. And, I think, his Catiline, with all the imitations from the Classics quoted in the margin.

It is true, as you say, that the only person I took the liberty to recommend to you was our friend:* and it is as true that he was offended at it: a kind of temporary I cannot tell what, had seized him at that time, after having long brooded over a suspicion, that I and some of his best friends held his "Barbarossa" too cheap. I will say no more at present; and this is in your ear. But I dare say, when I tell you the particulars, you will be as much surprised at the relation, as I was at the adventure. In the mean time I ought in justice to say, that you was entirely out of the question: that his account of you from your first transactions together has been invariably the same, and full of the greatest honour, confidence and esteem.

I am, Dear Sir, with my best respects to Mrs. Garrick,

Your very faithful, and obedient humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

P. S. My only motive for hinting this affair to you was, that you should not remain at a loss, if haply you had observed any coldness in me towards him when we were in town together. I hope to be in town before Easter term be over.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

[This is the first letter in the collection from the celebrated Arthur Murphy, Esq. whose dramatic talent, if not of the first rate, was best suited to the existing state of society, and, in truth, of infinite value to the London stage. Mr. Garrick preserved his letters, I imagine, from its being obvious that a connection could not exist with Murphy without very troublesome disputes; indeed, they are composed of alternate acknowledgement and remonstrance, confessions of the deepest sense of Mr. Garrick's honour and justice, followed by demands of reference as to the matter in dispute; by which, in fact, he was for revising the management of a theatre, by a committee of authors.

While under the immediate influence of Garrick's presence, Murphy appears contented and happy, relying entirely upon his judgment and his friendship; but the moment he joins his friends, or countrymen, (for the terms are not synonymous,) he rises in self-importance, and comes to the false conclusion that he is *injured*, if his services benefit more than himself; he then falls into the common cant, "That he has all his life been working for other people, who exist upon his brains," and seriously announces "his intention, in future, to employ them for the benefit of their owner."—ED.]

SIR, Bedford Coffee-house, 27th Feb. 1754.

HAVING determined to relinquish the Gray's Inn Journal in a very short time, I cannot think of doing it without acquitting myself to every one who has been in

* The Rev. J. Brown, who wrote, under Warburton's eye, an Essay on the Characteristics, and, against his opinion, a tragedy called "Barbarossa." But the reader will soon see more of him, as Mr. Garrick's frequent correspondent.—ED.

any way serviceable to me in the prosecution of that whimsical undertaking. Among the few of this class, I must acknowledge myself indebted to you, and I therefore take this opportunity to return my best thanks for the inclosed ticket, which Ranger has found very useful in his Saturday compositions. As I do not foresee any farther occasion for this obliging passport, I am not willing to trespass too long upon your civility.

There is one point more to which I must beg leave to speak a few words. With regard to the trifling piece which was in your hands, I must avow, that when I was first applied to about it, I firmly believed it was intended for this season, otherwise I never should have hurried it so much, nor should I have exposed the nakedness of my muse. I must add, that it has hurt my vanity to think that any one should know I had given the manager a piece which he did not think proper to produce. I always imagined it would be a gratification to my enemies, (for my insignificance does not hinder me from having some,) and I was apprehensive that it might be insinuated to my disadvantage, that I had met with a repulse in my first theatrical attempt. To this effect, I remember, I once spoke to you, and had I then been told that your connections would not admit it this season, I should have made my mind easy, and have told my friends the reason of the delay. As matters now stand, it is not agreeable to a precipitance which I am sorry to find in my temper, to wait upon any body for a whole year, for so trivial a matter, nor do I conceive a farce of consequence enough to occasion any dispute between Mr. Garrick and his

Most obedient, &c.

A. MURPHY.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR, 1754.

YOU were most extremely welcome to the tickets, or any other assistance in my power, in all your undertakings, whether serious or whimsical. If you choose to relinquish your right to the freedom of Drury-lane Playhouse, you certainly will do as you please—but without the ticket, I imagine, Mr. Murphy will find the doors open to him as usual; and be it farther known to you, Sir, that as I thought you were above an undue influence, I never meant the ticket as the least tie* upon the liberty of your pen or conversation.

* Murphy was excessively petulant. He here throws up his card of free admission, we see; a compliment at all times to dramatic authors of any value; and he does so lest it should fetter him in the liberty of opposing the management of Drury-lane. Garrick treats all this impotent flutter of importance with great temper, and a really kind forbearance. He knew the actual merit of Murphy, who possessed the tact of dramatic writing beyond all his contemporaries. He was a dexterous artist even in tragedy, and in comedy always writes with point and elegance. In all our dealings with the French theatre, Murphy has been the best adapter of their plays to the English stage.—ED.

The mistake between us about the "Young Apprentice" is, indeed, most mysterious and surprising; and as it was impossible to give you any promise for this season, on account of my other engagements with Mr. Foote, &c. so I most solemnly declare, that, however you may have mistaken me, I never hinted, or thought of performing it this Winter. Nay, I imagined you were quite satisfied with its appearing next year, at the beginning of the season; that you approved of its being left with me for alterations, if necessary; and that, at the same time, I told you in what manner I would endeavour to strengthen the author's night. But supposing *this* mistake between us about the *time* of its appearing, how could it be insinuated to your disadvantage, that I *refused* your piece? So far from that,—have I not said everywhere, and to every body who knew us both, that the subject was well imagined, and that I would act and do every thing in my power to make it succeed?—I assure you, that I desire no gentleman to wait upon me unnecessarily. I hope that I give myself no unreasonable airs to any author, and however I may have been misrepresented, I flatter myself that no gentleman who has had dealings with me, will do me the injustice to charge me with breach of promise, false parade, or the want of warmth to support their performances, in my double capacity of manager and actor.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
D. Garrick.

P. S. I was obliged to go from home yesterday the moment I had dressed myself, or I should have sent you an answer before.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Tavistock-row, Tuesday night past ten o'clock, 13th June, 1756.

After your departure from Richmond this day, I spoke my mind very explicitly to Mr. Lacy and Mr. Clutterbuck, since which I returned to London full, as you may believe, of reflections on the meeting we had this day. I must say ingenuously, it appears to me mysterious and unintelligible, because, as it stood appointed by yourself for twelve days past, I did imagine the Managers of Drury-lane would have made an estimate of what degree of utility they might expect to derive from my slender abilities, and that they would have proportioned their offers to that estimate. Had this been done, I came prepared to make a peremptory answer, and by those means both sides would know at once what they might depend upon. Had I an inclination to indulge myself in conjectures, I should apprehend Mr. Garrick has no intention to contract with me, or surely he would not seek to drive me into a toil. I profess myself unskilled in all manner of theatrical politics, and therefore repeat what I said, that I had rather be with Mr. Garrick than any other Manager, provided I can see how it can be with satisfaction and credit to

myself, which, I must avow, I cannot perceive as your Company stands. Were I to think till doomsday of a list of parts, I dare say the result would be, that I should clash continually with other people, as you saw by the specimen I gave this day at Mr. Clutterbuck's. What I therefore would desire is, that Mr. Garrick would be explicit with me on this head. I do not pretend to be entitled to any favour from him, but I flatter myself that I have some pretensions to the small and only boon I ask, which is, that you would at once let me know your mind, and in return, I shall deal as candidly with you; for I cannot help thinking that our time was spent at Mr. Clutterbuck's to no other purpose but to enter into needless expostulations, and to give him (Mr. Clutterbuck) an opportunity of abusing me—body, soul, lungs, and what not? This last I only mention by way of a joke, and you will call it a very dull joke; be that as it may, Mr. Clutterbuck or any body is welcome to give his opinion of my poor abilities; but *valeunt quantum valere possunt;* I beg to know what encouragement Mr. Garrick and Mr. Lacy choose to give me to enter into another article with them. If it should appear to me that I am underrated, I shall tell you so without any heat or any kind of animosity, for I do not see why we may not differ as to terms, without festering any of our minds with disagreeable expostulations. *Tanti quantum habeas, sis,* is a rule as old as Horace; and accordingly let me know what terms you afford any actor, and I believe I can, without pretending to prophecy, foretell what use will be made of him. In like manner, as you know what you want of me, make me acquainted with your terms, and I shall very easily see whether it will be consistent with that little importance I may be of to myself to agree with you. Should it prove worth my while, the affair of parts must easily be decided. I have run over the course at a strange rate, for I own my thoughts are in some fluctuation, and will continue so while I am in a state of incertitude, which is neither agreeable to my mind nor my circumstances, for as I am not a man of fortune, I must cast about me, should I not settle with you, and I have no time to lose. I therefore make my request to Mr. Garrick that he will be explicit with me, and whether we agree or not, I subscribe myself, Sir,

Your most obedient and
Very humble servant,
ARTHUR MURPHY.

Your answer to this as soon as possible, shall be ranked among the other civilities I have received from you.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Tavistock-row, 21st June, 1758.

To avoid suspicions, suggestions, and alterations, I wanted to bring matters to a conclusion last Tuesday, but you did not choose to come to any thing decisive then; and if I have since filled a sheet of paper, it is what the style of yours extorted from

me, and I am not conscious of a single mistake through the whole. I do assure you, Sir, that my situation last season has given me many serious moments of reflection for eight months past; and I was not trifling with you when I told you at Richmond, and in both my letters, that I could say nothing until I first heard from the Managers, as I did the first year with Mr. Rich, and the last year with you. I think myself the more especially entitled to this at present, as I am persuaded that my conduct has been in every respect unexceptionable; as the meeting was of your own desire, and as the Managers are the best and only judges of what, in the present disposition of their affairs, they want of me, and what they can, or choose to afford for it. If they are willing to explain themselves on this head, they will find me very ingenuous in my answer; but if they really hold me so cheap, as not to think this worth their while, though I have given them ample proofs of my tractability and compliance all the winter, I must repeat now, what I said in my last, that I cannot suffer an indignity which I have not deserved, and I must, however reluctantly, bid adieu to Drury-lane.

Should this be the case, I beg leave to assure you that I seek no future dispute; we may, I imagine, come together like gentlemen, or, if it must be so, we may part like gentlemen. Let which will be the case, I very sincerely wish Mr. Garrick all the success his genius deserves, and am, with my compliments to Mr. Lacy,

Sir,

Your most obedient very humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Mr. Cross* bid me mention that he is in distress for the play of "King and no King," which I believe you will find at Hampton.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

SIR, June 1756.

YOUR not sending an answer to mine last Thursday night, has obliged us to send another person on purpose with this letter.—I was, indeed, surprised by your first letter, but with this much more so. You want, you say, to bring matters between us to a conclusion, and complain that we were not explicit enough with you last Tuesday. Why then did you not propose to us your terms, which I desired in my last, and to which I promised you that we would send an immediate and direct answer? instead of which you have filled a sheet of paper with suspicious suggestions, and mistakes and alterations, which still keep us farther from the point. When I see you, for I have not time to write a long letter, I think I can prove to you how unlike yourself you have judged of every particular. You have so warmly

* Richard Cross, the Prompter; he died in 1759.—ED.

resented our not determining about your engagement, (which was impossible for us to do,) and hinted your dislike of going to Richmond for no end (which we could not possibly help), that we cannot think of bringing you down to Mr. Lacy's without a previous likelihood of our agreeing. We, therefore, once more desire you to propose your terms (for that was your only point in your first letter), which, as I said before, we will either approve of, or make you another offer.

I shall meet Mr. Lacy at eleven to-morrow at his house, from whence, if you return an answer by the bearer, we will write to you; or if you please to direct a letter to one of us, at Mr. Clutterbuck's,* at Richmond, we shall meet there on Tuesday next.

D. G.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO PAUL VAILLANT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Saturday, Oct. 4th.

I HAVE received your note. I endeavoured, in writing the Play, not to overload Mr. Garrick's part, and I flattered myself I had succeeded in that particular. When a part is copied, I know that the many half lines that must necessarily be in it, swell it to a great bulk in appearance, when in fact there is not much more, sometimes, than half for the actor to speak. I never had any objection to cutting, but I cannot see where I can now retrench any more without mangling the piece. If any man can show me how to do that, I shall be ready to do it. As to the Sleeping Scene, I know people will remark, if left out, that no new scene for Mr. Garrick is added: however, I never desire to force words into any body's mouth; all I can do is, to print what I like.

I am very clear that neither of the additional acts will amount to three pages more than the "Suspicious Husband," when printed.

I shall wish the play success, if acted; if not, I hope it will not be contemptible in the closet.

I am, Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

A. MURPHY.

* A much-valued friend of Mr. Garrick's, a man of business of considerable fortune. He kept a shop, the sign of the Three Angels in the Strand, and had a country-house at Richmond. As a referee he sometimes rather warmly advocated the cause of his neighbour, the patentee of Drury.—ED.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

Thursday Evening, 1756.

MR. MURPHY'S compliments to Mr. Garrick; he is engaged this evening, and can't have the pleasure of seeing him, otherwise he would not give him the trouble of this note. He met Mrs. Cibber once before, and every thing then was thrown back instead of being put forward: the same thing happened again to-day. He imagined when a piece is carried into the Green Room, it is to put it into rehearsal, and not to treat the author as if he was going to school. This really gives so much uneasiness and perplexity, that Mr. Murphy had rather bring out no play at all, than go through it; nor can he afford to spend his time upon every unnecessary refinement. He could wish to please every performer, but that is often inconsistent with the plan of the whole, and is the case at present. He undertakes to write from his own feelings, and cannot possibly do it from other people's. He would have mentioned all this to-day, but his complaisance to a lady restrained him. Mr. Murphy hopes to-morrow morning is to be a morning of business, such as to retrench for the ease of the performers, for he thinks nothing else wanting, and he will attend with pleasure for that purpose, but he has an aversion to Lectures, and never heard Sheridan's for that reason.

SPRANGER BARRY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR. Thursday Night.

As we have deferred our jaunt to Richmond, I am obliged to direct this note to the Adelphi.

I have seen Mr. Murphy, who very thankfully received your very polite and friendly offer. He expressed himself in the strongest terms, and will wait on you with the Comedy as soon as he has looked it over, and corrected it a little.

I am, very respectfully,
Your most obliged humble servant,
SPRANGER BARRY.

Were the Author to cast the parts, he would do it as follows:—

Zamti	Mr. Garrick	Morat	Mr. Davies
Zaphimri	Mr. Mossop	Mirvan	Mr. Blakes
Hamet	Mr. Holland, or Mr. Fleetwood	Octar	Mr. Bransby
		Conspirators	
Timurkan . . .	Mr. Havard	Mandane	Mrs. Cibber.

The Author is sensible that Zamti is long; so is Tancred: the latter was cut for the stage; Zamti may likewise, though the author would choose to print it as it stands. He is sufficiently acquainted with theatrical retrenchments, and knows they are often necessary. If Mr. Garrick is of opinion that his declining the capital part, (a very uncommon thing with him in a new play,) will not appear to be designed to hurt the piece, he is certainly master to do as he pleases, and the author must consent, even though he cannot approve. Mr. Murphy thinks Mr. Mossop will do Zamti very well, but it is surely the interest of the managers, of the author, and the bookseller, whoever buys it, that the principal part should be acted by Mr. Garrick: and when the play was referred to Mr. Whitehead, he imagined that was tacitly understood. However, he resigns the play entirely to the direction of the manager.

Will Mrs. Cibber like appearing in the character of Mandane,* if Mr. Garrick will not appear in the same scenes with her?

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Wednesday morning.

I TROUBLED you with a letter last night, written, I believe, warmly, for I never was more affected in my life, but I hope not rudely, for I did not mean it.

I will not now enter into the question of right: thus much I will say, that men often have a legal right to do an act, where they have not a moral right, and where in point of honour they are not warranted.

I am desirous to save you the trouble of even discussing the question, and indeed of answering the letter; for I am willing to meet you, Mr. Lacy, the author, or authors of the piece you have put into rehearsal; and if reason is to be hearkened to, I am sure I can now, having considered the matter, make three or four different propositions, any one of which embraced will at least prevent dispute.

I want exceedingly to avoid disputes, and if you and your friends have the same disposition, half an hour will make an end of this matter. I will attend you any where, and am, Sir,

Yours, &c. ARTHUR MURPHY.

P. S. I flatter myself that the public will not require as evidence of the truth of these facts, the publication of the letters that have passed between us, because nothing but the last necessity can justify the disclosing what was communicated in the confidence of friendship, even after that friendship is at end.

* Mr. Garrick did, after all, perform the character of Zamti; but Mandane was happily the occasion of producing the unsuspected excellence of Mrs. Yates; who, from the appearance of the "Orphan of China," sustained the first-rate characters in the drama till she quitted the stage. There was a music in her declamation that enchanted the hearer, and her deportment was the *beau idéal* of a Queen.—ED.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Tavistock-row, 26th Nov. 1756.

MR. BERENGER did me the honour to call on me yesterday, and convinced me that I have been mistaken in regard to the "Orphan of China." All I can say in extenuation of myself is, that as I am sometimes quick to err, (I believe Aaron Hill would express it in that manner,) I am also quick to see that error. I think nothing of this nature can happen again between you and me, because I have some thoughts of making my bow to the Muses, and leaving them, as Addison has it, to those who practise them with more success: and if I can make my way in a new sphere of life, the acquaintance of Mr. Garrick will not only be a pleasure, but a credit to me. I therefore beg that no jealousy may subsist on account of the "Orphan:" as it is wrote, if you will act it at your own time, with such alterations as shall be agreed upon, I think a successful play, besides the emolument of it, will give me an opportunity of retiring from the stage with some degree of credit.

In this matter you will act as you please; and if you do not choose to have any thing to do with the "Foundling," I declare I shall not, after what has past, think I have any right to take umbrage at the refusal, and shall be glad at all times to be Mr. Garrick's real admirer in his profession, and

His most obedient,
Very humble servant,
ARTHUR MURPHY.*

To save you the trouble of answering this scroll, I will wait on you behind the scenes the first night you act.

REV. DR. WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Prior Park, Dec. 13th, 1756.

I SHALL keep your counsel, or rather my own, for I know who only at this time of day could write so instructive and witty a satire. The letter to the bookseller is full of humour. You have an original felicity in your prologues. This is the first time that the *modo ponit Athenis* has been touched upon in a prologue, though the happiest subject for one; and it is here turned so masterly, and on so proper an occasion, that it is one great ornament of the piece, which is indeed a very seasonable and a very just satire on the unmanly degeneracies of the great. It has all the *legereté* so much prized in the best compositions of this species of the

* Mr. Berenger appears to have fully executed his commission. Murphy is now all acquiescence. He alludes to his coming to the bar.

drama amongst the French, joined to what they want, the solidity and good sense of the English. In short, I have read it with infinite pleasure, both on account of its own excellence, and because a friend I so much value, has the honour of producing it. The only thing I had to blame in this very acceptable present was, that it is cruelly mangled to the quick, and made not so fit to bind with those little *deliciæ* which I value most: for one of our post privileges here is to be unrestrained by weight or measure.

My best respects to Mrs. Garrick.

I am, dear Sir, with the truest attachment,

Your most affectionate

And faithful humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

REV. DR. WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

[After a week's enjoyment of Garrick's trifle, Warburton, as was his manner, resolved to *renchérir* upon his letter of the 13th; and he accordingly now displays himself in one of his disquisitions upon every person and thing in his way. The stage doctors he also amuses Hurd with.—ED.]

DEAR SIR, Prior Park, Dec. 19, 1756.

THE *petite pièce*, as the French call it, which Moliere invented, and you and Marivaux have much improved, by turning the satire from the singularities of the time to the vices of our Nature, is, in my opinion, one of the most useful species of the drama.

The Greeks lamented that the licentious abuse of the *old comedy* had deprived them of that manly species, and substituted, instead of an useful satire on public manners, the low amusement of an intriguing servant between an amorous son and an avaricious father, which was the constant subject of the new; and which modern manners have changed into a gallant *à bonnes fortunes*, between a young wife and an old husband. Those critics would have been pleased with an inventor like Moliere to have given them, in the *petite pièce*, the vigour of the *old* comedy joined to the politeness of the *new*. You have acted a very friendly part in your remonstrance to our Essex Divine. But what is to be expected when men mistake propensity for genius; and miscall the *benefit* of success, the love of fame?*

Your intended politeness to Mr. Allen and me, you may be sure, will be very acceptable from a person we so much esteem. We wished you for our neighbour, but we shall be always glad to have of you what we can.

You say, *poor Tonson!* and I say, *poor Shakspeare!* Yet we are all the while anxious for the interests of two men who can afford to be plundered of a

* A beautiful turn of thought.

great deal of money and sense, and, when hungry or angry critics have done their worst, still remain richer than all their neighbours. In charity, therefore, reconcile these two editors;* if not for the love of Shakspeare, yet for the love of laughter. In a hunting-match, would it not be pleasant to see a race-horse and a lobster coupled together on the scent? when, singly, the one would never reach his game, and the other would always out-run it. Seriously, as Mr. J——'s end is solid, and he is likely to gain it; and Mr. C——'s is fantastical, and what he had better be without, unless he mistakes *various reading* for much reading; I could wish the first might meet with no interruption.

I really think, theatrically speaking, you could not have projected better than to revive "Amphitryon." Dr. Hawkesworth is a very ingenious man; and it is pity he should have suffered his "Adventurer" to be debased by the silly criticisms of Warton. But has he that easy elegance that comic dialogue requires, especially in a travestied Mercury? I remember he was generally on the stretch in the Adventurer:† but perhaps his subject, or his readers required it. *Apropos!* It is my custom when I have read a book, to give a character of it, while the thing is fresh in my mind, in the blank leaf, that I may not be betrayed by an ill memory to read a bad book twice. And I do it, because it is generally shorter, and always better done, in the words of some classic. So my character has the advantage of becoming *a motto;* which Addison, I think, called a charm against critics; but I use it to guard me against bad writers. I remember when I read Dr. Young's "Centaur," (you know the genius of the man,) I gave my sentiments of the book and the author in the following words of Cicero. "Qui nihil potest tranquillè, nihil leniter, nihil partitè, definitè, distinctè, facetè, dicere, is furere apud sanos, et quasi inter sobrios bacchari vinolentus videtur."‡

But hark you, my good friend! Can none but *doctors* serve you to decorate the scene at Drury-lane? You had one commenced at Cambridge in order to bring on his "Barbarossa;" and now another at Lambeth to usher in "Amphitryon." If you will at last take pity of Dodsley's "Hero," oblige that great poet previously to graduate himself in physic at Edinburgh at least. His patron, the *Irish Apollo,*§ is full as much famed for medicine as for poetry. That great theatre, the Court of Common Pleas, which has, before now, been made as amusing as a play-house, suffers none but Sergeants-at-Law to entertain the public. You, who nobly aim at making your play-house a Court of Justice, by giving vice and virtue their due rewards, will

* *The two editors.*—Samuel Johnson and Edward Capell; inclining strongly to Johnson, till his work came out: then we find that he resented very modest occasional dissent, mixed up too with hyperbolical praise, as unpardonable insolent malignity. See the letters to Hurd.—Ed.

† He alludes to Dr. Hawkesworth's eastern grandeur of style. Warburton had no taste for the tumid sonorous balanced English of the Johnsonian school, and was always ready with the Queen in Hamlet to exclaim—

"More MATTER with less art."—Ed.

‡ From the treatise styled "Orator," addressed to Marcus Brutus.

§ Dr. John Hill, no doubt.

admit none but doctors of the learned faculties to plead the cause of truth. *Macte novâ virtute, Amice mi.**

Is it not time my paper should admonish me? Only one word to your last obliging question. I see no kind of necessity for binding up the plays you do not want. But if you will do so, the same sort of covers will be the properest: for the other volumes I have are bound in that manner. All here present their best respects to Mrs. Garrick and yourself. And I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem,

Your very affectionate and faithful
Humble servant,
W. WARBURTON.

REV. DR. WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Prior Park, Jan. 25, 1757.

THE beginning of your letter, concerning your health, brought me ill news; which, the end of it, concerning Byng's condemnation, did by no means compensate; for I feel with the humanity of our laws, that it is better twenty rogues should escape, than one honest man suffer. And this maxim I transfer from man's government, to God's; where, I believe, it is much better observed.

In the diversity of doctors' opinions, there is a safe rule to go by; and I think it very unsafe to neglect it: and that is, to take no physic of them as proper for the distemper they have decreed you, which they do not satisfy you is harmless in any other, from whence they allow it possible that your complaints may proceed.

It is not the ignorance of physicians I complain of, but their presumption; that when God has put a *ne plus ultra* to the little knowledge to be gained in the art of healing, from experience, (which was soon learnt, and to which no additions have been made, though many to anatomy, these two thousand years,) they should act as if they knew nothing of this truth: for not to acknowledge it might be excusable. As there is no physical, but only a moral impossibility, of finding the philosopher's stone, so it seems to be in the art of healing: which makes me think the only way of bringing it to perfection is to improve the solar microscope to such a degree, that the human body may be placed within it, and made pellucid, that the doctors may see quite through it, as at present they do through that faithful companion of its miseries, a louse. Till then, if doctors differ, they are very excusable, as they can only guess. So that the best guesser is the best physician; nay, an old Greek proverb says, he is the *best prophet*. You see at last,

* Dr. Warburton frequently addresses his friends with this classical encouragement from Virgil's Ninth Æneid.

"Macte novâ virtute, puer, sic itur ad astra,
Dis genite, et geniture Deos."—v. 640.

if I defalk* from their *human* science, I repay them largely in *divine*. The best guesser I know, whom you have the good fortune to have for your physician, has piety enough, I am sure, to make him satisfied with this equivalent. Iapis, I dare say, took greater glory to himself for the cure of Eneas, after he understood the goddess of beauty was his coadjutrix, than he felt before.

I now begin to *envy* Brown,—not for his "Barbarossa," nor yet for his "Estimate of Manners,"—but for his being, before me, the host of Mrs. Garrick and you. I congratulate you for your respite: but I congratulate my country more for having the honour of being preferred before you, and in the article of danger too; for by the character he gives me of his work, it will be a kind of theological *Lilliput*, where the great will be told their own. But the pulpit, I hope, is privileged above the stage. The mischief is, that this will be neither in the pulpit nor on the stage, but somewhere between both. There is indeed another privileged place that would do him more service than either, and that is, the verge of the court; but here, as I understand, his artillery is to be levelled. In short, he has too much honesty for a successful court chaplain, and too much sense and sobriety for a city preacher: take him then once more to yourself; consider him as addressing you in the words a celebrated French poet addressed the Goddess of Fame,—

"O Renommée! O puissante Déesse!
Qui sçavez tout et qui parlez sans cesse,
Par charité, *parlez un peu de nous.*"

But seriously, do not misconstrue this levity, this *tête-à-tête entre nous*. I love and esteem Dr. Brown: he vexed me: but I find he must be treated like a mistress as well as friend.

"Be to his faults a little blind,"

and I make no doubt of his always approving himself a man of honour and virtue, and a warm and grateful friend.

As to Bower, I will assure you, had Douglas's detection left any doubts with me concerning the force of his evidence, this apology would have removed them. I have a thousand things to say of the ill-faith and tergiversation that run through every page of it, therefore I shall say nothing save this, which is in my own province: that where he speaks occasionally of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of Rome, in the articles of the supremacy, expulsion from monastical society, and what is deemed incest, and of the resort of the inquisitorial tribunal, by the canon law, his ignorance or impudence is most astonishing and prodigious.

I think you very insolently treated by Hume, the Essay writer; nor do I see how Millar can be excused from impertinence in showing you the puppy's letter, whose boasted generosity and charity appears to me to be only the vanity of a mock

† *Defalk.*] The real verb is *defalcate*—but this may live and not generate, on the authority of Warburton.—ED.

patronage. I think you will honour him too much in returning any answer to it; but if any circumstances attending the case require you should do so, I think your answer extremely proper, and the only one should be made.

But, hark you, my friend! do not your frequent indispositions say, (whatever your doctors may think fit to do,)—*Lusisti satis?*

Is it *tanti* to kill yourself, in order to leave a vast deal of money to your heirs? There is not one man in a hundred with health impaired by a fatiguing business, whom I should advise to retire, though all the common circumstances concurred to make it eligible; because not one in a hundred, who have been long in business, know how (I will not say to enjoy, but even) to bear retirement. But I do not take this to be your case. When you have left the stage, if you leave it with health enough to make life worth having, the happiest portion of your days will be to come; because you can then diversify life more, and will have reasonable occupations enough, with a taste like yours, to give a relish to every diversity.

I and my family propose coming to town the beginning of next month; Mr. Allen and his, the beginning of March.

I heartily wish you a perfect re-establishment of your health: but you do not act by it with a conscience. When you enter into those passions which most tear and shatter the human frame, you forget you have a body; your soul comes out, and it is always *dagger out of sheath* with you. I think I use the proverb better than it is commonly applied.

The women here desire their best respects and compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem,
Your most affectionate
And faithful humble servant,
W. WARBURTON.

P. S. I forgot to thank you for the entertainment "Amphitryon" afforded us. I think Dr. Hawkesworth has added, altered, and retrenched with judgment. The prologue is manly, lively, and worthy to usher in the honest purpose of washing the wit of the last age from its impurities. I think I know the writer by many marks, but especially by the happy application of the line from Shakspeare.

I hinted to Mr. H.* about your not seeing him when he was last in town. He owns you had reason to think it unkind, as you did not know the only reason respected not you, but Dr. B.† to keep clear of "Athelstan." I thought it proper that the behaviour of so excellent a person should be cleared up, the most accomplished clergyman I know living.‡

* Mr. Hurd. † Dr. Brown.

‡ I should have little difficulty in pronouncing this, and the preceding one, from the same great man, the two finest letters which even Garrick ever was honoured with.—ED.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE TO MR. GARRICK.

Wednesday evening, Aug. 17th, 1757.

THE Duke of Devonshire's compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, desires to know how they both do, thinks them strange rambling people, that when he was in town for ten days could not see either of them: he wants much to consult them upon a very important point, namely, a birth-day suit. He dines at Chiswick to-morrow, and should be glad to meet Madam there: if that is not convenient, he may very possibly be there on Friday, and will return to Derbyshire early on Saturday.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. R. DODSLEY.

DEAR SIR, Sunday Morning, 1757.

I MOST sincerely congratulate you upon your success last night. I heard with much concern, that some of your friends, particularly Mr. Melmoth, were angry with me for playing the "Busybody" against your Tragedy: this, I think, is very hard upon me, for I am certain that your house was far from receiving any injury from ours—however, if you will call upon me, and let me know how I can support your interest without absolutely giving up my own, I will do it; for whatever you or your friends may think, I am, most sincerely,

Your well-wisher and humble servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

Endorsed "*My* first Letter to Dodsley."

MR. R. DODSLEY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Dec. 5th, 1757.

I THANK you for your compliments on the success of "Cleone," and could have wished you had thought proper to have put it in my power to have thanked you for contributing towards it; but I think it is not now in your own to redress the injury you have done me. You know full well, that *profit* was but my second motive for bringing this piece on the stage, and you have taken effectual care to nip its *reputation* in the bud, by preventing the town, as far as lay in your power, from attending to it. As to my proposing any means [redacted] which you can now be of service to me, I hope you do not think, that after what has passed, I can possibly bring myself to ask a favour of you. In short, if your behaviour to me has been right,

I see no cause you have to be concerned about it; if wrong, why was it so? I am certain I gave you no provocation for it. I therefore leave it on yourself to pursue what measures you may think most consistent with your own reputation; as to mine, you have certainly in this instance done all you could to lessen it. However, I beg you will believe it is with some regret I feel I cannot at present subscribe myself with that cordiality I have always wished to be,

Sir, your friend and servant,

R. DODSLEY.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. R. DODSLEY.

MASTER ROBERT DODSLEY,

WHEN I first read your peevish answer to my well-meant proposal to you, I was much disturbed at it—but when I considered, that some minds cannot bear the smallest portion of success, I most sincerely pitied you; and when I found in the same letter, that you were graciously pleased to dismiss me from your acquaintance, I could not but confess so apparent an obligation, and am with due acknowledgments,

Master Robert Dodsley,

Your most obliged,

DAVID GARRICK.

Endorsed "My answer to Master Robert Dodsley."

REV. DR. WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Prior Park, Dec. 21st, 1757.

I HAVE the favour of your obliging letter of the 17th.

I have not received the plays you so kindly intended; but I saw a scene in one of them in the Chronicle that pleased me extremely. I am pleased to understand you have altered the "Gamester" of Shirley. I am sure you will make something good of it.

I honour you for your repeated endeavours in stemming the torrent of vice and folly. You do it in a station where most men, I suppose, would think you might fairly be dispensed with from bearing your part in the duty of good citizens on such a necessary occasion; but it is for this very thing I chiefly honour you.

Nobody but YOU, and Mr. POPE, ever knew how to preserve the *dignity* of your respective employments.*

* A fine discernment of life. This was exactly the fact; but meditation on the reader's part must unfold all the importance of it.—ED.

You have given me fresh occasion to commend and esteem you. I have been told you have carefully avoided the occasions of having the Poet Laureate's place offered to you. I will tell you my mind frankly: I think it as much below you, as some others, who have declined it, think it below them. The place, as Pope expressed it, has suffered an attainder and an interruption in the succession. And though civil places, of indispensable use in society, suffer nothing by unworthy possessors, and contract no stain thereby; yet I think it otherwise, in places only of ornament to society.

All here desire their best respects to Mrs. Garrick and yourself. They are delighted to understand that her health is grown better than usual.

I am, dear Sir, with all affection,

Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

A Play will come very well in a cover to Mr. Allen.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR, 1757.

I SHOULD not have troubled you with this, my last letter, had it not been to have answered that part of your letter relative to my friend Mr. Berenger. He might, indeed, say he knew of my good intentions towards you, but he could scarce tell you that I had intentions to serve you in the "Orphan of China," as he knew from the nature of the affair that it was impossible. Your warmth or quickness to err, (as you are pleased to call it,) has hurried you a little too far in that part of your letter, where you talk of equitable treatment; so I shall leave that part to be answered by your own feelings, when the quickness of seeing your error returns. I have always declared that my private resentments shall never interfere with the public entertainments; so Mr. Murphy may be assured, though he should publish twenty volumes of abuse upon me, that whenever he sends me a dramatic performance that I think will succeed upon the stage, I shall certainly perform it in the best manner I am able; nor will I, on the other hand, receive one, whose only merit should be that its author has published the same quantity of panegyric upon me.

The new acquisition of Mr. Derrick, which you are pleased to honour me with, is not the only mistake in your letter; but that of the mention of Mr. Hawkesworth, Shakspeare, Voltaire, are visible proofs of your anger, but surely not of your wit, your judgment, or your justice.

I cannot say that I am in the least surprised at your behaviour, or that your letter of this evening should be so totally inconsistent with your other that I received yesterday. My acquaintance, which you so warmly desired in that, and

which I so freely and as warmly gave to you in my answer, I now as willingly take again, and assure you, that it shall not ever incommode you for the future.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

DAVID GARRICK.*

REV. DR. WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Prior Park, Jan. 21st, 1758.

I HAVE the favour of yours with the enclosed.

We have been all here labouring under the same indisposition with Mrs. Garrick, and so know how to pity her. The disorder in your breast shows how you overstrain the muscles of it; and to set this right, you need no learned consultation, whereby you may incur the danger of committing any man's dignity by an unsuitable association.

We have read over the altered Play† with much pleasure. The occasional strokes up and down, of the nature of those in the excellent prologue, make us honour you greatly. If you did not give offence, you would not deserve applause.

The miscarriage of the first nights, from the cause you mention, was very natural. It was not the virtue of the audience which took offence at a supposed adultery; it was not their vice which was disappointed when they saw none committed; it was their vanity which was shocked, in finding themselves outwitted by the poet. They had sat long enough in their suspense to be secure in their sagacity, that Wilding had been really cuckolded; and to find themselves mistaken at last, was enough to put them out of humour.

I cannot but smile at your intelligence from Millar. If his author were as able as he pretends, he would know that the most effectual way of discrediting our friend's book (and who now *answers* but to discredit?) would be to show, not that it is full of falsehoods, but, on the contrary, full of such obvious truths, that it was hardly worth the pains of bringing them together in any formal manner that had the air of a discovery. But this *inter nos.*

I hope and make no question, but that "Agis," under your direction, will better deserve the applause of the public than "Douglas." But dramatic writers are often used like ladies of pleasure: they are received with rapture and enthusiasm by the public on their first appearance, but on farther acquaintance are received very coolly, though they have indeed by this time greatly improved themselves in the *art of pleasing.*

I cannot but regard it as an instance of your partiality to me, to give credit to any loose reports in my favour.‡ But if honour comes, as your old friend Falstaff

* Very neat, spirited and proper.—ED.

† The "Gamester" of Shirley, altered by Mr. Garrick.—ED.

‡ As to his becoming a Bishop.—ED.

says, it comes unsought and unexpected. Whatever I am, I shall never please myself in any title more than that of being,

Dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate friend,

And faithful humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

P. S. Next week my wife and I shall bring to town the best compliments of the family to Mrs. Garrick and you.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's Inn, 23d Feb. 1758.

I HAVE been this morning with Mr. Woodward about the "Upholsterer," and after a perusal, he is to determine whether he will act the part. I did hope that our last night's interview would have settled this matter, but, after many meetings, it remains as much in suspense as ever.

I do assure you, that if I could have foreseen so much trouble on all sides, I should never have offered it. I am sorry it came so unseasonably as to embarrass you; and the moment I heard you had another farce called the "Politician," I proposed to Mr. Taylor and Mr. Fitzpatrick to embrace an overture made me from the other House, which would have effectually answered any purpose of mine, without doing any hurt to Drury-lane. This I proposed, to evade any mutual trouble or difficulty which I foresaw might arise; but they were both against it, and indeed, after being reconciled to Mr. Garrick, I thought I owed him the preference. I am sorry to find this intention has embarrassed us both. Indeed, I cannot help being uneasy at present, because I plainly foresee the piece is likely to suffer in the representation; and every friend of mine who has seen it, Jack Bourke, Fitzpatrick, Colman, &c. are of opinion it is superior to what I have done before in this way, and they assure me if Mr. Garrick cordially recommends it to the company, that they think it cannot fail. For God's sake, Sir, if it cannot be done properly, don't let it be done at all; for if the actors were to slur it over, I should be tempted to print it without their names, and give the public the reason of it. Besides, I should choose to give Foote, Macklin, and the reviewers, as little room as possible to traduce me. I beg pardon for all this trouble, and am,

Dear Sir, yours with great sincerity,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Mr. Woodward seems to take it ill that the Farce was not offered to him: I am sure if you had so settled it, I should have had no objection. Mr. Fitzpatrick has called upon me this moment, and tells me he imagined you said, if Mr. Mossop would change his day, there could be no excuse for not playing the Farce with the

strength of the company. I plainly see the danger of doing it otherwise; and in my situation it would be foolish to run a risque, unless it is as well taken care of as every other thing at Drury-lane.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's Inn, 24th Feb. 1758.

PRAY do not imagine that we are born to misunderstand one another. I have no kind of reason to doubt Mr. Garrick's warmth or sincerity; on the contrary, I have reason to confide in his friendship, and some of my friends know this, because I have, and ever shall, profess a grateful sense of your civility. But, my dear Sir, if I doubt your *company*, on account of their piques to Mr. Mossop, have I not some reason to be apprehensive? I can assure you that Mr. Mossop's friends are uneasy, and have made me so. To whom then shall I apply but to Mr. Garrick? who can, and I persuade myself will, suggest to them, that it would be hard to wound the *author* on account of the *actor*. Rather than you should have any trouble, I could wish the Farce never had been written, or that it were committed to the flames. I am well aware of the fatigues both of body and mind, that your talents have made you liable to, and I assure you that I would be the last man in the world to add to your burthen. *Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus*, it would be a want of feeling to disturb you. You ask me if I think you lukewarm? I aver that I do not, and I beg you will believe me when I assure you that I am not lukewarm in the real esteem I bear towards Mr. Garrick. If I am a little jealous of the company, surely you will give me leave to explain that to you, without thinking me mysterious. I do assure you there is no hidden meaning in my letter; the tenor of it I imagined was plain—that I am afraid *the actors* may slight the Farce, because Mossop is not altogether acceptable to them; and this, you will allow, would be an ugly scrape for me. This is all that ever passed between me and any friend of mine; and Mr. Fitzpatrick, particularly, knows I have no reason to mistrust Mr. Garrick, nor does he entertain the least doubt of your good wishes for me, because, I think, he has the *evidence of facts* to convince him. I hope this letter will satisfy Mr. Garrick, and that he will believe me his most obliged humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

MR. J. BEARD TO MR. T. NEVILLE.

SIR, London, May 8th, 1758.

As you have vouchsafed to mention me in your late Imitation of Horace, you will excuse, I hope, my addressing you in this manner with ceremony. In whatsoever disagreeable light you are pleased to place me, and my profession, yet as

every man, however insignificant, is of some small consequence to himself, you will not think me too presuming for rescuing the very little merit I have from the severe and unprovoked lashes of your satire. I am humble enough not to accuse you of injustice for sinking me into the lowest class of my profession; you have an undoubted right to judge of me, and to speak your judgment, however severe, of my public performances. I can therefore, in that particular, think you cruel only towards a man who has never in the least offended you, and who has always endeavoured to make those indifferent talents he has, as useful and beneficial to society as he possibly could. If I have no merit, I have no vanity, and therefore your good-nature might have passed me by, had not my unlucky name been too tempting a bait—for your rhyme. In this point I can only tax you with ill-nature, but when you tell the world, speaking of Farinelli and Beard,

> "Press them, you'd think they never wou'd sing more;
> Unask'd, no hints can teach them to give o'er—

This I say, with regard to me, Sir, is a gross calumny.* I flatter myself, if you had enquired after my private character, you would have found that as I have not the talents of the great singers, so neither have I the affectation or ill-behaviour which you satirize. If this should be the case, you cannot think it surely too *scrupulous a delicacy*, or too *suspicious a sensibility* in me to expect some vindication of your honest satire (as you call it), which has not only fixed me the *lowest singer*, but has likewise injuriously made me the most impertinent of men.

I am, Sir, with a due sense of your favours,
Your humble servant,
JOHN BEARD.

"Beard's letter to the Imitator of Horace at Cambridge, with the answer."

MR. T. NEVILLE TO MR. BEARD.

SIR, Jesus College, May 12th, 1758.

I HAD the favour of your letter, which, though written with all the modesty and politeness the occasion would admit, has given me real pain. Had I been aware

* Beard did not understand the *licentia poetica*; and I will answer for it, that MR. Thomas Neville, of Jesus College, knew nothing of Beard but that he was a singer. He couples him with the accomplished Farinelli; for which Beard ought to have sung for him at the Commemoration whenever called upon. But the real truth is that Pope had made the imitation of Horace popular, and the third satire of the illustrious Roman began thus—

> "Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
> Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati;
> Injussi nunquam desistant."

And he instances Tigellius, a singer of Sardinia, as having this fault in the most extravagant degree. Our gownsman translated him into Beard, who very probably never resisted a call in his life.—ED.

of your extreme sensibility, I should certainly have afforded you no pretence for conceiving the least displeasure against me; as the case now stands, I have nothing left but to assure you that I shall be ready to remove the cause of your complaint the very first opportunity.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

THOMAS NEVILLE.*

REV. DR. WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Prior Park, May 19th, 1758.

I HAVE the favour of your obliging letter of the 16th. I understand by our common friends your loss of a very valuable relation, and I bear a share with you in this domestic loss. I hope in all other respects that you and Mrs. Garrick enjoy your retirement, and all other blessings that your virtues entitle you to. The women here desire their best respects to her.

I will with equal freedom open my mind to you concerning our friend Dr. Brown, who has many good qualities, but is of ungovernable resentments. To say the truth, I perceived (and I think I have told you so before in confidence), that the success of his "Estimate" had turned his head.† I from time to time, and by degrees, insinuated to him that this success was partly owing to the critical juncture, partly to his clear and popular way of writing, and partly to the *chance* that attends these sort of things: that, as to the rest, he had told the world no news, nor indeed any thing else but what had been retailed to them for this last twenty years in newspapers. All these hints he bore with the utmost impatience, and once, particularly, left me in great resentment, and I dare say considered me as one of the enemies of his glory. When I was last in town, he communicated to me his design of writing again on the subject. The very women dissuaded him from it, as what would *be carrying the jest too far*. I asked him whether he proposed to continue the subject, and reveal those mysteries he had promised in the first volume. He said, No, he was not master of that matter; this was to be a comment on what he had already done. I told him, if he expected the same success, he would be deceived. Yet he expected it so much, that he printed 4000 copies. I had determined long before this time to decline, for the future, the supervisal of what he wrote. I had found him very untractable even in the "Characteristics." You know what I did for the first volume of the "Estimate," when he was for extirpating our trade. As to this volume, I gave him no advice about a single letter, nor indeed could I, for I only took half an hour to skim it over, where I found here and there a reflection of a better taste and less trite than in the other.

* See the close of Dr. Warburton's excellent letter which follows.

† Nothing could be clearer than Warburton's discernment in this case. Dr. Brown really died insane, because his health did not permit him to accept an invitation of the Empress Catharine's, to construct an Utopia in Russia.—ED.

The Bishop of Carlisle, now at Bath, told me something that had passed between Williams, the Major, his Cousin, and himself. On which I wrote to him to this effect,—"that the Major's part, as it was represented to me, was generous and brave; extremely so, if done without his knowledge. If otherwise, I could not see how his (the Doctor's) could be justified. Why did he not fight himself, if fighting a duel was lawful? for I know of no lawful action the clergy is debarred from. If duelling was unlawful, he ought to have no hand in encouraging another to it. What he could not do in person, it is certain he could not do by proxy,"—And this was his second fault in this affair; the first was in resenting the conduct of a man disordered in his understanding. As to his squabble with Dodsley, this is the first word I heard of it. I am an utter stranger to all the rest of the trash you mention, except Hill's pamphlet, which was sent to Mr. Allen. As to Hill himself, as his abuse was unlooked for, so it was more acceptable than from any other hand in England. To be more moved by such abuse than by the annoyance of any other vermin whatsoever, would betray a strange impotency of mind; yet there are seasons, as when a man is much fatigued with his journey, when the howling of a village cur is troublesome enough.

Mr. Neville is a man of worth and family. I am, therefore, much concerned he has given any just cause of complaint to Mr. Beard, whom I have never heard any one speak of but with regard. Nay, I have heard him spoken of much to his honour on the marriage of his lady's daughter, when a mean, a paltry proposal was made to him. I did not recollect that Mr. Neville had said any thing offensive. But on this occasion, looking into the book, I found the line, (the 2d in the 3d Satire,) which I suppose Mr. Beard objects to—and with reason enough, if it be understood, as I suppose he takes it, to insinuate a distance between the *merits* of himself and Farinelli; but it may mean only the distance in *time*, from Farinelli's performance here to this day; or the distance in *place*, in all countries from Italy to England. I would fain suppose Mr. Neville (who has lived all his life in a college) meant one of the latter; for he is a very inoffensive, as well as a very ingenious man.

I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem,

Your most affectionate and obedient humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

P. S. I come to town for the term, and propose to be in London next week.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's Inn, 27th May, 1758.

I AM most extremely sorry that you did not think proper to explain yourself to me about the unfortunate "Orphan of China," as soon as you heard my sense of what passed between us. It would have prevented all possibility of any future expostula-

tion; and since there was occasion to discuss a very disagreeable question, I could rather wish that you had thought proper to do it at a personal interview, rather than by the intervention of others, because I am of opinion that people always do their own business best.

I look upon the question between us to be highly unlucky, nice, and delicate in its nature on both sides, and only likely, if agitated any more, to furnish matter to the talking world. It must then be reduced to this: that Mr. Garrick not having been quite explicit and peremptory as to time, Mr. Murphy's hopes were over-sanguine, and formed too hasty a conclusion. This is all, I think, that can be said to account for so direct an opposition of opinions between us. I do assure you, that to the best of my *knowledge, remembrance, and belief*, I related our conversation; but as there is a point incontestable, that you must be the best judge of your own meaning, I think it may fairly be allowed that you must be the interpreter yourself.

To put an end, therefore, to any further enquiries about the matter, and that it may be entirely settled, beyond a possibility of a dispute about the past, or any misunderstanding for the future, I think the best way will be to let the "Orphan of China" stand the third; that is to say, to be produced next after Mr. Mallet's Tragedy and the new Comedy, either next season or the season following, as shall be most agreeable to Mr. Garrick; and if either of the two first is withdrawn, then to stand second.

This, Sir, I hope will prevent a disagreeable retrospect; for the peace of my own mind, which has been a good deal disturbed, and to pursue my studies without any kind of wrangling, I have judged this to be the best expedient, and I choose to send it in writing rather than by another method, and I remain,

Your very humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Endorsed, By Mr. Garrick,

"A complaining letter about the 'Orphan of China.'"

REV. DR. WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, June 12th, 1758.

As you know me to be less an idolizer of Shakspeare than yourself, you will less suspect me of compliment when I tell you, that besides your giving an elegant form to a monstrous composition, you have in your own additions written up to the best scenes in this play, so that you will easily imagine I read the "Reformed Winter's Tale" with great pleasure. You have greatly improved a fine prologue, and have done what we preachers are so commonly thought unable to do—*mend ourselves while we mend others.*

I should want no other business at Hampton than paying my respects to Mrs. Garrick and you, would my time have given me leave to do myself that pleasure;

but I must set forward for the North in two or three days, and besides *aliena negotia centum*, my laziness always makes me defer my own little affairs to the last hour. I am, dear Sir,

With the truest esteem and regard,
Your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,
W. WARBURTON.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Chatsworth, Sept. 10th, 1758.

I HAD the pleasure of your letter last post. You must have been in some mistake about my coming to town, for I have not been there since I saw you at Hampton, nor do not, unless some unforeseen accident should call me, intend being there till after the Newmarket meeting. I am, however, much obliged to you for calling. I shall be glad to have the patterns here. I do not much relish either trimming or embroidery, and should rather like velvet, either with lace or brocade waistcoat, &c. I have enclosed sent you a note on Mr. Snow for 500*l.*: if you wanted as much more, it is at your service, and am very glad it is in my power to be of any convenience to you. My best respects to Mrs. Garrick, and am, dear Sir,

Yours ever,

I will have no security. DEVONSHIRE.*

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Oct. 13th, 1758.

ACCORDING to your desire, signified to me by Mr. Vaillant, I send you the "Orphan of China." Two or three friends, who have lately had it in their hands, have favoured me with their criticisms. But as they relate chiefly to single words, sometimes to phrases, and but rarely extend to an entire line, I defer the *limæ labor*, until I am favoured with Mr. Garrick's opinion of the piece. I flatter myself the fable will be found free from improbability, or obscurity; and I hope the incidents will be deemed to grow naturally out of the subject. Whether they are such as will alarm the passions of an audience, and whether the whole is worked up with any degree of poetic spirit, must be left to your determination. I am (whatever you may be whispered to the contrary,) Sir,

Your very humble servant,
ARTHUR MURPHY.

Whatever you may have to say on this head, I beg to hear it through any channel but that of a *little, mean, paltry Irish tale-bearer*.

* Mr. Garrick honoured both himself and the Duke, by preserving the record of a friendship so perfectly *noble*.—ED.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's Inn, 23d Oct. 1758.

UPON my return to town this day from Richmond, I called at Mr. Vaillant's, where I received the "Orphan of China:" I afterwards saw Mr. Colman at his chambers, who told me that you have offered me either a meeting, or your judgment *in* writing, upon the piece. As my opinion of it is backed by the criticisms of some persons whose understandings are not thought inconsiderable, it were to be very incurious not to desire to know the reasons that have weighed with Mr. Garrick. Of the two alternatives offered above, I must beg leave to choose the latter; namely, your opinion in writing; because I am apprehensive that a reading will produce nothing but conversation-wit, whereas, in the other way, I shall be more at leisure to attend to your reasonings, which I make no doubt will be satisfactory.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO THE MANAGERS OF DRURY LANE.

GENTLEMEN, Lincoln's Inn, 29th Nov. 1758.

THOUGH Mr. Garrick has been pleased to declare that he will not act any thing of Mr. Murphy's, yet you both seem very willing to avail yourselves of any little project of mine, provided you can get it executed by a *person of honour*, and whether that person be Doctor Hill, Mr. Foote, or Mr. * * *, seems matter of indifference to you.

In justice to myself, I must inform you, that I will not silently sink under acts of oppression; and though I never propose to reap the smallest profit by any theatrical composition, (for indeed the treatment is enough to deter any man of feeling from turning his thoughts that way,) yet I own myself most tenderly sensible to all attempts to injure me, to play upon me, or to fret me. And with what other view can you resolve to bring pieces on the stage for *literary pirates*, which you would not exhibit for the original proprietor? I think I have a right to expect of the Managers of Drury-lane, that, if they will do me no good, they will at least refrain from doing me any harm. This is surely an act of justice, which cannot decently be refused.

The pieces which, in my unguarded hours, I mentioned to Mr. Garrick and others, are,

1st, "The Tender Wife," designed for a comedy.

2d, "The Comical Fellow." About this piece Mr. Garrick has told Dr. Hill that he has a tale to unfold. I am afraid of no tale.

3d, "The Graces." The hint from the French.

4th, "The Rout; or, Travelled Lady." This piece is to be forestalled by a *person of honour*, and a character in it, namely, an *Irishman*, is to be pre-occupied by Mr. Foote.

5th, "The Discreet Man."

6th, "The Orphan of China."

The fate of the last, I suppose, will be soon decided; and for the others, I only solicit that they may be suffered to lie dormant in my bookcase. If you will not molest them in their obscurity, I will promise you that they shall never obtrude themselves upon your time, which, no doubt, you can lay out in a manner more profitable to yourselves, and more agreeable to the public.

I have only to mention, that I hope to hear, as soon as possible, that you will graciously be pleased to grant me the favour, that I may not have the trouble of appearing elsewhere.

I am, Gentlemen, your very humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR, Dec. 9th, 1758.

I DID not receive your letter till Sunday, and I waited yesterday in hopes of seeing Mr. Lacy; but as he is not yet come to town, and as the chief part of your letter relates only to me, I shall take the liberty of answering it. I never made any declaration that I would not act any thing of Mr. Murphy's, nor had I ever such intention, for I have declared to many, and to Mr. Murphy in particular, that I would receive a good performance from my most inveterate enemy. Whoever, therefore, said the contrary, told an untruth. If an unkind return for the best wishes and the best offices in my power might be accounted a reason sufficient for such a declaration, Mr. Murphy might indeed suspect me; but I have often said, and do now again repeat it, that private pique should never interfere with the public entertainments, while I had any concern in the management. But pray what performances have we exhibited for literary pirates, which we have rejected from the original proprietors?—We have exhibited every performance which you have offered to us, the "Orphan of China" excepted, which is now under consideration; and when the real circumstances of that play shall be known, from your first speaking to Mr. Berenger about it, to this day, I believe your most sanguine friends will think that authors may have their failings as well as managers. But whence proceed all your violent resentments against me, and which have occasioned the particular favour of your last letter? Why truly, Mr. Garrick has made objections to your tragedy, which objections he has submitted to the judgment of a third person, of Mr. Murphy's choosing. And if that third person shall say that the "Orphan of China" is fit for representation in its present

state, I will then convince you that the person, or persons, who told you I never intended to perform any thing of your's are slanderers. I am surprised that you should mention Mr. Foote's forestalling your character, when you are at present in such intimacy with him, and, I hear, have willingly given your consent that he should make use of the character in question. As to the farce of the "Rout," I am as ignorant of its being a piracy from you, as I am surprised that you should imagine that I would be either base enough to steal it from you, or malevolent enough to give the hint of it to any body else. I never heard or knew the least circumstance of the farce till it was put into my hands to be acted for the Charity; and this I will publicly attest when called upon. As to Dr. Hill, (whom you likewise suppose to be the author,) I have not had the least intimacy with him for some years. But is it not somewhat extraordinary that you should send us such a letter, when you gave your honour to Dr. Macdonough, (as he told me,) that you should suspend your opinion till the farce was acted, and that you have since assured a gentleman, one of the Governors of the Charity, that you were quite satisfied about it? If these things are so, pray, Sir, who is the person most injured, most fretted, and most played upon?

The Managers can receive no advantage from the farce; it was sent to them from the Hospital; we have promised to perform it for the benefit of the Charity, and must do it, unless it is recalled by the Governors; to them, therefore, you should apply, for our word has been given, and cannot, on any account, be retracted.

As I have really no time, health, or inclination, to continue these illiberal wranglings, I hope you will excuse me if I am silent henceforth: I can do no more. I should be very sorry to be forced into any future altercation; but if I am called upon so loudly that I must answer, I shall give a plain and just account of our transactions, supported only by undeniable testimonies; among these, I flatter myself, that Mr. Murphy will appear in the defence of,

Sir, your obedient humble servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

P. S. You should have received this yesterday, had I not played last night, and been too much tired to finish it after the play.

Endorsed: "An answer of mine to a wrangling letter."

REV. DR. WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Prior Park, Jan. 3d, 1759.

I HAVE the favour of your obliging letter of the 30th past, with the play; for which I return you our best thanks. The play is extremely prettily printed:* and

* The play here noticed, was "Anthony and Cleopatra, fitted for the stage by abridging only." This alteration was made at Garrick's desire by Edward Capell, and printed in a style which is now generally adopted in reprinting old English authors. The "mysterious marks," which the Doctor laughs at, were

without doubt the mysterious marks you speak of, mean something; but I think it would be an impertinent curiosity in the public to ask what? When every religion, and even every trade has its mysteries, it would be hard to deny it to the Worshipful Company of Editors. Besides, these dealers in other men's sense should give a *sign*, at least, that they have some of their own: like your haberdashers of small wares, who have always a back-warehouse of their own manufactories. However, whatsoever wisdom there may be in this (which I was absurdly enough going to call) word to the wise; whatsoever *spirit* there may be under *this dead letter*, (and that name, by the good leave of the critics, I will venture to give it, for they cannot deny but the Christ-cross in the horn-book has been ever esteemed by the ablest of them an inseparable part of the alphabet); whatsoever advantage, I say, Shakspeare may receive from the whims of his dead editors, he will this night receive a lustre from a living one, which I make no doubt was in his own idea when he wrote the play, but despaired to give, applying the words of the poet to his case with more propriety than they were first spoken,

"*Monstrare* nequeo, et sentio tantum."

We are all here rejoiced to understand that you and good Mrs. Garrick are in health. Our best regard and esteem attend you both. And know me, dear Sir, to be your most faithful

And affectionate humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

P. S. I beg my best respects and the compliments of the season to Mr. Berenger, when you see him.

I chanced to turn to the end of the play, at the page called *Conjectural Readings*, and was not a little surprised to find a man who had sense enough to see that some are reasonable, should neither have English nor grammar enough to see that others of them are absurd. When I wrote notes on Shakspeare, I could not imagine that men who could but just read, would pretend to judge of a part of learning, which, if Longinus may be believed, is the consummate fruits of long study. This I will assure you, that of all parts of learning, I have met with the fewest who are capable of judging of this. And if there are few who can judge in this part of learning, there are still fewer who excel. The only man who in this age did so, was Bentley. You will easily believe I confine my encomium to his performances on Greek and Latin writers. In a word, I have always found that proposing an emendation to the generality of those they call scholars, was desiring a blind man to judge of colours. Yet there is not a fruitfuller source of the buffoonery of coxcombs and witlings than these studies. I remember not long since to have read

explained in the year following, in a volume called "Prolusions." But his Shakspeare, which was published in 1768, did not receive the commentary of its editor, until time and fashion had consigned both text and commentary to other hands than Capell's.—ED.

a philosophic discourse of the best writer the French nation at present has,—Condillac: it was on the *senses;* and a view of several imaginary people were given, who wanted this or the other sense; amongst the rest, a knot of blind philosophers were brought into the scene, who had overheard what they called the jargon of another people who had their eyesight. And their discourse turned, with much critical acumen and pleasantry, on the nonsense and unaccountable ideas of their neighbours.*

REV. DR. WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Prior Park, Jan. 7th, 1759.

We are much obliged to you for the curious paper enclosed in your last favour to me.

Who the Bishop is, who has afforded us this entertainment, I cannot so much as guess; but he surely would have done himself more honour to have confuted Dr. Middleton's public sentiments in his lifetime, than to expose his private ones entrusted to the bosom of a friend, after his death.† Dr. Middleton indeed was, in my opinion, a very bad man; not for being an infidel, if he was such on conviction; but for pretending to believe less than he did, in flattery to the most corrupt courtier upon earth,‡ and professing to believe more than he did, to keep well with those whose esteem he did not care to lose.

The widow's intended revenge is natural; and could she set his reputation clear by the publication of his letters, I should applaud her piety. As it is, this will only be a sacrifice to his temper, which was ever vindictive, and not to his fame, which was always equivocal.

But observe how well the parties are matched. The Herveys and she agreed to an exchange of letters. They dishonourably took copies of the Doctor's; and she, who seemed to know them better than her husband did, had the discretion to transcribe theirs. The idle public, which always wants amusement, has reason to thank them both for their pains.

You may be sure I have the curiosity to see the correspondence you speak of, if it were only to keep me in countenance for having, as you know, myself set my wit against that blockhead. I readily believe he has behaved very ill to you. I know

* Exquisitely put; but alas! conjecture as to Shakspeare was for the most part unnecessary. His first editors supposed every thing to be corrupt which they could not understand; a larger library of old English than had in Warburton's time been collected, showed to men of moderate attainments, that the more they read, the less they would suspect; and at last, that the only safe plan would be to correct the palpable misprints, and leave what they were themselves still unable to explain, to the chance of future illustration. Pistol's "Callin o custure me," which had been conjectured to mean, "calmly, construe to me;" was at last found to be the burden of an Irish song, "Callino costora me."—Ed.

† Warburton was himself greatly superior to this unholy rancour. ‡ Lord Hervey, Pope's antagonist.

you are incapable of injuring him. I suffered my resentment to subside; and last summer, at Durham, I gave his friend Spence expectation that I would let him have a share of Mr. Pope's Works, which he has been so desirous of. But I will assure you, the man who injures you shall receive no favour from me: I think him no longer entitled to it. I am, my dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

REV. DR. ROBERTSON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Edinburgh, Jan. 9, 1759.

I HAVE often regretted that it was so near the time of my leaving London, before I had the pleasure of being made known to you. I was extremely desirous to have put into your hands some part of a History of Scotland, which is now ready to be published. I would have wished to have consulted you concerning any work of taste, and I know what advantages I must have reaped from your animadversions; but the story of Mary Queen of Scots is so completely tragical, that I am sensible of the greatest impropriety in publishing it before I submitted it to your censure, or received your approbation. Since the lateness of our acquaintance rendered that impossible, permit me to present you a copy of the book, which I beg you would accept, as the only testimony I can give of my esteem and respect. If, amidst your present hurry and fatigue, you have leisure to peruse it, I shall consider it as a very great obligation, if you will be so good as to point out to me any defects in taste or composition you discover in the work.

I beg leave to offer my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Garrick,* with whom, as I am a parson, and a married man, and at four hundred miles distance, I may acknowledge, even to you, that I am much in love. I am, nevertheless, with great respect and esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

If you are so good, at any time, as to honour me with your commands, my address is—One of the Ministers of Edinburgh.

* Mrs. Garrick seems to have always received her full share of the affection and respect testified to her husband by the most illustrious persons of the age. They were inseparable through life, and she loved the memory of her "dear David," as she called him, *passionately*, to the latest moment of her prolonged existence.—ED.

REV. DR. WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Prior Park, Jan. 18, 1759.

DODSLEY is a wretched fellow, and no man ever met with a worse return than you have done, for your endeavours to serve him.

I deny your position, that *scholars and men of ability applaud his trumpery*; for, take my word for it, a learned blockhead is a blockhead still. I think the applause given to it by Spence, Lowth, and Melmoth, was very sincere; and though I hardly think the same of Sir George's,* who is certainly as great a critic as politician, yet I excuse him, for he is like Enobarbus in the play, "he will speak well of any body who will speak well of him."

As to Master Robert Dodsley, I rate him at his worth; and he being worth nothing, we shall hardly come to a bargain. I am, dear Sir, with great truth,

Your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

Endorsed,
"Dr. Warburton, about Dodsley."

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, 1759.

I CANNOT help making an immediate answer to yours. Whether you are willing to receive a good performance, (by which you must mean a performance likely to be received by the public,) the world may perhaps one day judge. What can you mean by *its present state?* Do you mean without the alteration of a line, or the insertion of a line, or any slight alteration that can be expeditiously made, allowing such alteration should be deemed reasonable? Things of this sort I am, and ever was, willing to do; and I have only contended that your friend's marginal notes are wholly mistaken; or, allowing even that they are true, that they do not amount to a fundamental objection; and I am surprised that you, who *rung a bell* among the *Turks*, should hesitate about such trivial matters. I believe I shall be the first to give the world a plain and just account of this whole transaction; but the "Orphan of China" was out of the question in my letter to you. Now to the point—I did tell Dr. Macdonough that I would suspend *any publication* till the farce was acted for the Charity; and that promise was founded upon his assurance to me that there was no rout-scene in the piece now advertised. When I found that there is hardly any thing else in it, he says he meant no card-playing: the Doctor should have dealt *ingenuously* with me, for *mental reservation* is not entitled to be treated with a scrupulousness from which it has itself made a departure. I have the honour of knowing a very respectable Governor of the Charity, and I often told him that I set no value on a farce, but never said *I was satisfied about it,*

* Saville, I suppose.

unless it was when I said I was satisfied about the ground I had for suspicion, which was certainly strengthened, when I heard that the Managers were willing, in a very unprecedented manner, to play for a *person of honour*, (*who is to have a benefit*,) at a great advance of charges to an actor of reputation for pleasantry and humour.

The intention of my letter was not to dispute about that farce with the Governors of a Charity—I would sooner make them a present of a farce;—I meant to have an answer about the others I mentioned—that seems evaded in yours. Surely when an author tells a manager of hints he intends to execute, if the said manager is inclined to give such subjects to the public, let who will be the *man of honour* that comes with it, the original proprietor is entitled to the preference.—If this were not so, what security can a writer have?

As you will perceive that you have not answered this point, you will excuse me if I consider the thing upon the same footing it was, until the request at the close of mine is answered, as in poetical, and indeed moral justice, it ought.

Whenever you are called upon, I am sorry that Mr. Murphy cannot appear in your defence: truth, and his own feelings, from very indelicate treatment, have, I am afraid, retained him on the other side; and he never will be afraid of a reply, because he will say nothing but what he can warrant.

In the mean time I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

My letter was dated last Wednesday; it was sent from the Bedford Coffee-house, though, I believe, dated from Lincoln's Inn—the moment it was wrote; the man of the house sent it to Mr. Varney, and it was not till that evening that Mr. Foote explained himself to me, about ten o'clock, and then I did say he was welcome to any character I could write or suggest to him.

Mr. Whitehead was of your choosing, and I willingly consented to it.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Tom's Coffee-house, Feb. 3, 1759.

YOUR intention of declining the capital part* in the tragedy, in so unprecedented a manner, cannot but appear to me in a very extraordinary light. As you have compelled me to the painful solicitude of one reference already, I must now beg that you will give me another, and I will leave it to any man of honour, whether you are now performing your agreement with me. The part I am willing to reduce to the usual length; you have had the play to your own time, and I cannot think that I am well treated at present. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

I shall expect your answer any time to-morrow.

* Zamti, in the "Orphan of China."

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Feb. 4, 1759.

I MEANT by the note of last night to make an appeal to your own feelings, whether it is the *letter* or the *spirit* of the agreement that should be carried into execution. I believe there is not a man in England but will say you choose the former on this occasion; and I must be frank enough to declare that every body with whom I have consulted about this affair, nay, and some that have sided with you before, without a single exception, think the step you are taking injurious to me. I hope it will not turn out so; but if it should, I choose, at least, the merit of endeavouring to prevent it. If I cannot alter your resolutions, I must, as I said before, acquiesce; and therefore I must beg that you settle the parts one way or other: when it is done, I must study to reconcile myself to it.

I do not see what can be the tendency of meeting at Mr. Whitehead's: I am sure I have no objection; at any time I am ready. Something of this sort would have been of great use a long time ago, but now it cannot recall the past, and, by what I can judge, will not hinder your determinations for the future. Be that as it may, there is no time to be lost in regard to the play, and I am sorry you are now determined, since it must be done, to do it in what you yourself must allow the worst way. It is, however, better than none at all. You had an opportunity, by acting genteelly on this occasion, of making me blush for some things that have happened, and I thought you seemed to threaten this in a paragraph of a very long letter you wrote me. It would have been a generous way of triumphing over me; but revenge, perhaps, is more agreeable. If so, I must submit, and am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Feb. 18th, 1759.

I COULD wish to see the play acted as near as possible to the copy which Mr. Whitehead approved. Since the reading in the green-room, I have been in the case of the painter who put his piece in the window, to hear the opinions of the people, and continued retouching till not a feature remained. I have now recurred to my first intention, of not explaining too much in the first act. I am sure the other way would be attended with many inconsistencies, and I suspect that it is inartificial. Mr. Cross tells me Mrs. Cibber will not be able to perform: if so, with the consent of the managers, I would wait on Mrs. Pritchard, who is a very acceptable actress to the public. If Mrs. Cibber is not so ill as to resign her part, I think, for fear of

accidents, you should order the part to be under-studied, by Mrs. Yates, as has been the general practice. This I mention, as I find it is not done, and there is little time to lose. I will attend you at the House whenever you please, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

REV. MR. MASON TO REV. DR. WARBURTON.

REVEREND SIR, London, May 29, 1759.

MR. KNAPTON has my orders to send a copy of "Caractacus" to you in the Bath bookseller's parcel. I resolved for many reasons not to make any presents of this poem, but I have more reasons with regard to Dr. Warburton, to induce me to break through my general rule.

I this moment receive yours of the 27th, and in an answer to it have only just time to assure you that I am as ready as Mr. Garrick can be to make up the trivial breach between us. I go to-morrow to Hampshire for a few days, to visit Mr. Garnier, a very valuable man, to whom I have the greatest obligations; and on my return will make it my first business to wait upon Mr. Garrick, when you may depend upon it that it shall not be my fault if our meeting be not such as you say it should be, "that of friends who never had any difference." I beg my best respects to Mrs. Warburton, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen; and am, dear Sir, in great haste,

Your most obliged and faithful servant,

W. MASON.*

Endorsed,
"Letter from Mr. Mason to Dr. Warburton,
about our misunderstanding."

REV. DR. WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Prior Park, May 31, 1759.

As I went out of town unexpectedly, and before I could see Mr. Mason, when I got hither I wrote him a very friendly and expostulatory letter, on the subject of what passed between you and me the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, and with that caution with regard to your honour, which you had entrusted to my hands, which I am sure you would approve of. To which I received the enclosed, which pleases me extremely, as it discovers a temper which I should grieve to find wanting in any of my friends; so that I now look upon all strangeness

* Every reader of this correspondence will regret that Murphy had no friend, such as Warburton proved to Mason, to restrain his impetuosity, and by commanding wisdom subdue his troublesome self-love.—ED.

between you as entirely vanished, and that you will meet upon the old terms of cordial friendship. I set forward for Durham the 8th or 9th of June. All here join with me in our affectionate regard and remembrance to you and Mrs. Garrick.

I am, dear Sir,

W. WARBURTON.

P.S. Keep the enclosed, nor think of returning it.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, July 12, 1759.

I AM to set out to-morrow morning with Mr. Domville for Southampton. I hoped before this journey to have been able to send you the two pieces I mentioned in the Spring; but you know, in the series of such works, how hag-ridden poor poets are by their own fancy, and how many caprices and changes they are liable to. Such has been my fate; but at last, I think, I have finally agreed with myself about both, and, if I am not greatly deceived, believe I shall put into your hands two agreeable and genteel fables. If, therefore, you hold your resolution of bringing them out, in case you like them, in any part of the winter, I have a call to London for about a week, and will contrive to make my time coincide with yours, if you will be so kind as to let me know by a line, when it will suit you to be in or about London. Perhaps the sea-side may suggest some new ideas; if that does not happen, I have nothing to do but to copy out; and I reckon a fortnight or three weeks at most, without hurrying myself, will complete that business. I beg to observe, that I do not want to encumber you with these pieces, if you are better engaged: if they are agreeable to you upon perusal, I can promise that they will give you very little fatigue in the performance, should you play in both, which I have endeavoured to tempt you to do.

Will you be so good, in case your business admits the reception of these things, to think now and then of the epilogue you mentioned you would write? The opportunity will be a fair one for your talent in that way.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Lacy, when you see him; and I remain (excuse haste) Yours very sincerely,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Your letter, directed for me at the Post-office, Southampton, or left at Mr. Vaillant's, will reach me.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Southampton, 22nd July, 1759.

I RECEIVED your very obliging letter on Friday evening last, and take this first opportunity of returning you my earliest thanks for the same. Indeed, I cannot

give an answer in form, as I could wish: you will please to accept of this as a receipt acknowledging that I am in your debt; for really I have not time to do more at present, for it is Sunday morning, and I am in a hurry to go and hear Mr. Chancellor Hoadly preach: I intend, after the sermon, to take an opportunity of waiting on him to pay him my compliments.

If you come soon into Hampshire, and will let me know it by a line, I will ride over to Portsmouth, or any intermediate place, to have the pleasure of meeting you. Much about the time that you mention, namely the 1st of August, I shall in all probability be in town, but I would not peremptorily fix upon that day, for fear some little unexpected contingence may intervene; for when people are in pursuit of pleasure, you know, every trifle contributes amusement, and therefore I am afraid I cannot be punctual should I promise to meet you at the Sheriff's at the time you appoint. In the interim I shall do my utmost, and hope to bring in *poor Pegasus* with sound wind and limb: however, I, perhaps, am a kind of Yorkshire jockey, promising two [fine] colts, or *three year olds*, (I don't know the language), but yours is *Beaver's Repository*, and there you must judge whether they are *marketable*, or likely to tire before they come to the winning-post. **Peccet ad extremum ridendus et Ilia ducat*, is the shameful state a horse is often reduced to; and many a poor jade of a muse meets the same fate. But, as Pritchard said of his pretty daughter, so I say of my poetical offspring, if you don't like it—"I'll throw my girl into the warehouse." And now that I have mentioned children, is it not a sort of a bull, that an Irishman should attempt to get children with his head? I really have inverted the order of things, but I am in hopes the salt water will correct the error, and make me have recourse for the future to the talents Nature originally meant I should exercise. This country is the most delightful I have ever seen; wood, land, water, and fertile plains, all mixed together in the most agreeable variety. I hope, like Jones, to *catch a cod* here.—I am going to take a liberty with you: being a modest man, I shall, to introduce myself in the most acceptable manner, salute Mr. Hoadly in your name. The clock strikes ten, and I must dress for church. Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me, with great compunction for all *fracas*,

Yours most sincerely,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Mr. Domville, who is a great admirer of you and your talents, is just come into the room, and desires his compliments, though unknown. He is in hopes you will drop in here, that he may have an opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with you.

I saw Mr. Warton† at Winchester, and breakfasted with him: I told him you insisted I should not pass through the town without saluting him in your name: he enquired with great affection after you. I fancy I shall see him next Wednesday, as I propose riding thither to the Assizes. He was entertained with the story of me and Franklin.

* Horace Epist. I. ad Mæcenatem, v. 9. † The Rev. Joseph Warton.

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MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

DEAR SIR, Hampton, August 3rd, 1759.

I RECEIVED your last letter in Hampshire, the evening before I left Portsmouth, or I should most certainly have appointed a day for the pleasure of meeting you at Winchester.

The liberty you took with me, I esteem a favour, and I am sorry that I had it not in my power to see you and my friend and Dr. Hoadly together.

I shall wait with pleasure your own, or rather your Muse's time, for favouring me with a sight of the "Desert Island," and the "Way to Keep Him:"—follow your amusements, and correct at your leisure, and, my life for it, we shall neither of us repent the consequences. I think myself much honoured by Mr. Domville's favourable opinion of me, and I beg that you will pay my respects to him.

If you think that the salt water will abate your dramatic inclinations, I must absolutely prohibit your drinking it: I most willingly consent to *your catching as many cods* as you please, but I prescribe no other use of the sea-water to *you*;—were it really a remedy for every kind of *cacoethes*, I could send you a waggon-load of writers (scurvy ones) to be ducked and drenched for their own and the public benefit. The public has done you justice, and you cannot possibly make a more grateful return, (next to writing yourself,) than by doing your best endeavour to cure these gentlemen.

The *fracas* you mention was a matter of much concern to me. I despise the attacks and misrepresentations of blockheads, but shall be ever truly sorry when I am misunderstood by a man of genius.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

I was in London the 1st of August, but did not flatter myself that I should see you. When you return to London, pray let me have a line from you. Any parcel sent to my house will be with me here the next day.

To Arthur Murphy, Esq. to be left
with Paul Vaillant, Esq. in the
Strand, London.

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Edinburgh, Sept. 11, 1759.

HAVING since my arrival here been unfortunately concerned in the greatest scene of sharping and confusion that can possibly be imagined, my eager hopes of being able to return the sum you generously favoured me with have been frustrated; and, indeed, had I not prevented, by reading lectures which have been very well received, the ill consequences of the fraudulent treatment I have met, my situation

might have been very uncomfortable: however, I have maintained the character you were kind enough to give me; and now, seeing that next season will evidently produce, if possible, something worse in the theatrical way, I entertain thoughts of removing into a more favourable climate, and must confess that my wishes bend particularly towards your influence, admitting that any changes in your company afford room. I would by no means desire to tax good-nature, but cannot avoid believing, from approbation I have met, that the abilities I may possess, disposed of by Mr. Garrick's judgment, might be rendered useful. Hitherto I have been so circumstanced as to be like Penelope and her web; what favour I have gained when in my way has been undone the next night by being obliged to labour under great disadvantages. On coming here, I expected to find a capital man, but was necessitated to do *every thing myself*; and after all, the audience always received me very favourably, and the receipts of the season, with an ill-conducted company, were very little short of what used to be taken.

To be thus particular is, perhaps, intruding too much on your leisure, but I esteem it a duty to render you an account, and should heartily rejoice to have, in whatever light you please, and upon whatever terms, an opportunity to repay what I stand indebted, as well as to convince you, by every endeavour, with what a grateful sense of favour received,

I am, Sir, your most obliged and humble servant,

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.*

If you choose to favour me with any reply, I will regulate my conduct accordingly. Please address me under cover to Mr. James Atkin, at the Annexed Estate Office, Edinburgh.

Not having ever heard from Mr. Derrick since I wrote to him to put the manuscript of "Osman"† into your hands, at which time I enclosed an address to you, I know not what to think, but have been very uneasy.

* The author of a work called the "Dramatic Censor," and, as the reader sees, one of the many hundreds under pecuniary obligations to the *penurious* Garrick! In fact, Johnson spoke truth—Garrick was one of the most liberal men of his time.—ED.

† The tragedy of "Osman" was never printed. I am, therefore, unable to express any opinion of its merits. The author led a wretched life of expedients; one of which was both to act and print the present play; giving the means of *reading* to any persons who would pay for *seeing* it at the Haymarket. Gentleman could procure neither spectators nor readers. In 1774, Bell published Shakspeare, as acted at the Theatres Royal; and of this stage companion, *Gentleman* was the editor. Any thing of this sort was supposed to be in the way of Steevens, who had now a monopoly of the great poet's writings. It was, therefore, characterised by him and Reed, as "the worst edition that ever appeared of any English author." But it was never intended for a *genuine* Shakspeare, and really did all that it promised to do,—exhibited the plays as they were performed in London.—ED.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

Friday Morning, 12th Oct. 1759.

MR. MURPHY'S compliments to Mr. Garrick. He has seen Mr. Mossop this morning, and finds he goes for Ireland to-morrow; and as Mr. Murphy has some business to settle with him before he sets out, he begs to see the Managers of Drury-lane for ten minutes after the play this night. The business he has to talk of is this:—Mr. Murphy offered the "Desert Island," and the "Way to Keep Him," to the Managers, when he thought there would be an opposition to them from the other house, and this as much to serve them as himself. Now it will not disserve Mr. Murphy, if they are *not* done* at Drury-lane, because he has very strong invitations from Dublin, and, from the present state of their company, he thinks the two pieces can be done there more to his satisfaction than here, in the present circumstances of Mr. Garrick's company, unless he can play in both pieces himself. There is nobody, as it appears to Mr. Murphy, to play either with Mrs. Cibber or Mrs. Pritchard but Mr. Garrick, who will be the best judge whether he will choose to appear in both or not. Mr. Murphy will call after the play to see Mr. Garrick and Mr. Lacy for a conclusion of this matter, that he may determine with Mr. Mossop this night.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

MR. GARRICK'S compliments to Mr. Murphy. He owns himself much surprised at the note that he has received from him. He was in hopes that Mr. Murphy would never again have cause to suspect his willingness to promote the interest of him or his works.

It is impossible for Mr. Garrick to undertake the two characters in the two pieces: could he have acted in both, he should have been as ready to offer his services as Mr. Murphy to ask them.

If Mr. Murphy thinks that the company in Ireland will perform them better, Mr. Garrick will not dispute it; this only he will venture to say, that there is no person in Ireland has a greater opinion of Mr. Murphy's abilities, or will more endeavour to serve him, when called upon.

Mr. Garrick will be glad to see him after the play. Mr. Lacy is gone to Isleworth.

* This is, surely, most irritating and selfish conduct. We have just seen his expressions of satisfaction in the prospect before him; and his regret at former *fracas*. Garrick had replied to him in a manner highly complimentary, and really friendly. Mossop, however, had got hold of him, and Ireland even became his "Land of Promise," when the author turned *Jew*.—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR,

MR. KING'S accident, and Mrs. Yates's *indisposition*, have distressed our affairs so much, that we shall really want matter to go on with the business of the Theatre, if we do not bring out what we have in rehearsal without them: besides, if we defer the alteration of the "Country Wife," we shall not be able to fulfil our engagements with other authors. The parts of our play were delivered out as fast as they were written, and Mr. Dodd and Miss Pope, who have long characters, particularly Dodd, had not theirs till the time you favoured me with your first letter; so I cannot imagine where the gentlemen of the other house got their intelligence. I am very glad that you have not the least care about it; but the *whip-hand* must be your's, from the novelty and variety. I cannot say that I agree with you in not caring whether they are damned or not; I wish them both success, and do not doubt but they will have it.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

REV. DR. WARBURTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Grosvenor Square, Nov. 9, 1759.

I AM to thank you for myself, and your friends at Prior Park, for two copies of the new piece of "High Life below Stairs." I have read it with extreme pleasure and satisfaction. I add the last, because *satisfaction*, in works of wit, does not always go along with our pleasure. I will not venture to tell you whose I think* it is, because the author would be unknown: yet I believe I am no stranger to the hand. I saw it in the very title and motto, and quite through, to the last of the concluding page.

I laughed heartily at a stroke in the thirty-sixth page, and thought of our friend Browne, who seems at present in a humour to quarrel with his friends. How dares the author, if he has any tenderness for our honest friend, joke upon *modern tragedy?*

We have a few instances where the greatest ambition does not mislead. I find you will not be content with being the greatest performer that ever trod the stage, which is no mean fame, but you will be the reformer of it too. This was only wanting to give a lasting lustre to your incomparable talents; and therefore I say, *macte nova virtute tua.* I call it *new*, because the greatest of your predecessors contented themselves with being what the French call *honest men.* You think, and justly, that, as a good citizen, more is required from the advantages of your talents

* "High Life below Stairs" was long attributed to Garrick, and Warburton's compliment was probably not rejected: the farce, however, it is now believed, was really written by the Rev. James Townley, High Master of Merchant Tailors' School.—ED.

and situation,—the reform of those follies which the laws cannot punish: for which, what the poet would have done, posterity will do,—place you amongst those,

"Who, from the task obscene, reclaim our youth,
And set the passions on the side of truth."

Dear Sir, believe me to be, with the truest esteem,
Your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,
W. WARBURTON.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

DEAR SIR,

I SHOULD not have troubled you with a letter, had I not thought it necessary to acquaint you that I have received your additions to the "Way to Keep Him," and shall follow your directions. I am sorry that you gave yourself so much trouble to convince me of the insufficiency of my remarks. My advice and fears were submitted to you with great good-will and sincerity; but with no design of directing your better judgment, or that of your friends. I am very well satisfied. As to the other parts of your letter, which relate to the four acts for a hundred pounds, your state of suspense, your now most extreme willingness to recede from any bargain about your intended new comedy,—they are so much the reverse of our late and last conversations, that I cannot in the least account for the sudden change. Without entering into any farther discussion of this matter, I beg that you will follow your own interest and inclination; for I most readily agree with you, that no attention to the theatre should obstruct your pursuits of greater moment.

I am, &c. D. G.

Endorsed "D. G. to A. M.
An answer of mine."

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR,

IN your former letters, you say that you *wish not to quarrel, and do not mean to be rude*, but I can scarce reconcile that declaration with your last favour. Why would you *challenge* me to a reference, when you know that I first proposed one? Mr. Johnson is now in town, and I will meet him to-morrow, at your own time and place. You are mistaken; I did not tell you, *that I will declare loudly;* there is no such expression in my letters: this with some other parts of your letter, will convince you that we should never write in anger upon any subject.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,
DAVID GARRICK.

I am this moment come from Hampton, or I should have answered your's sooner. I am obliged to return thither on Saturday.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR,

WHEN I heard from some of our acquaintance that an explanation was necessary, I desired them to tell you what I thought and said: they did so, and then, surely, the farther explanation rested with you.

The "Orphan of China," as you mention, stands the third on our list, to be performed after Mr. Mallet's play and the new comedy; if either of them should be withdrawn, then to stand the second; always reserving to myself, which you have not mentioned, the right of judging of its fitness for appearing upon the stage.

People in general do their own business best; but as we have been somewhat unfortunate, I must desire that our theatrical concerns for the future may be adjusted by letter, or by the mediation of a common friend.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

D. G.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR, 1759.

HOWEVER painful the solicitude of the reference to Mr. Whitehead might have been to you, your tragedy, I am sure, is much the better for it, and so far you are obliged to the reference.

Would you have me refer also to Mr. Whitehead, whether I should undertake what I have most solemnly assured you again and again I am not able to perform?

You cannot surely mean that; but if you mean that he shall judge whether I have not behaved to you in this, as well as in every other transaction, with the greatest justice and honour, I most readily and willingly agree to it, and whatever opinion he shall give, I will stand to it, be it what it will; but if you, Mr. Murphy, should chance to be found wanting towards me, will you likewise subject yourself to the same determination? I am, and ever was, and ever shall be ready to come to a discussion of these matters; but I little thought, after your note yesterday to Mr. Mossop, in answer to a civil message I sent by him and my brother, which you would not deign to receive, that we should have any more delays to the subject of our debate. I think that the shortening the character of Zamti in some places will serve it, but I cannot agree that you should mangle it so much to bring it within my reach; you and your friends might then with justice condemn me. The character of Zamti is a capital one, and I will endeavour to make it so; but with all my application, I can but be barely ready in it by next Saturday three weeks. Mr. Mossop says, that he could not have undertaken Zaphimri, had he any other character in hand. I believe you are the first author that has objected to my taking my choice of the parts, or that has not been obliged at my offer to play the one you would

choose for me, provided I had time for it. If these things are so, why are these altercations continued in neglect of the grand point, and in contradiction to reason, justice, and, I had almost said, common civility?

I am, Sir, &c.

DAVID GARRICK.

Endorsed,
"D. G. to A. M. my answer about the Orphan of China."

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, [No date.]

I HAVE this instant received your excessively obliging letter, which has covered me with confusion. I really did not want any proof of Mr. Garrick's inclination to serve me, but this is one to which I cannot in any shape consider myself entitled, and therefore the more gratefully I feel the offer, but am entirely at a loss what to say. I am, I thank God, under no disability of prosecuting my studies, but the reason of my appearing hurried about the farce really was, that my brother going to Jamaica, and another person, dearer to me than he is, have been an incumbrance on me; but that is no reason I should be troublesome to Mr. Garrick. I meant the farce as a convenient expedient to prevent the necessity of asking my friend Mr. Taylor, or any body. I must once more say, I am in such confusion, I do not know what I am writing, except when I say,

I am, dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Mr. Colman is just come in, and I hope you will excuse this hasty scrawl.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Saturday Noon.

I FULLY intended waiting on you last night behind the scenes, but was unexpectedly detained where I dined. You are determined to overwhelm me with civility and friendship. I do assure you I never meant to be so troublesome to Mr. Garrick when the farce was put into his hands, and am sorry that the renewal of our acquaintance should set out with so much inconvenience to you. *Mr. Garrick's head and heart would be of use to any man in England, and to me the offer is an honour.**

* This pleasing tribute to Mr. Garrick burst from Murphy at a moment when he was too grateful to be either suspicious or vain—Roscius, for the time, had subdued him.—ED.

I am sorry you have so vexatious a cold, and, as soon as I can get on my things, I will do myself the pleasure of waiting on you, and am,

Dear Sir, yours with the greatest sincerity,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Friday evening, Six o'clock, March 13. [Year uncertain.]

I TAKE the liberty to send you a few remarks upon your manner of playing, which, excellent as it is, may receive, perhaps, some improvement from what I am now going to mention. I have the less reason to be thought intruding, as I am told you are always open to receive information; and as I believe that you will not overlook advice, though the friend who gives it is concealed. The particulars I shall point out, have frequently offended myself, and many others of your very numerous admirers. If you reform in these, you will be deficient in nothing that is requisite to finish the most perfect actor. Your chief mistake is a want of attention to the proper stops and pauses: which, however inconsiderable it may seem, is a gross neglect, and would hardly be excused in a reader of ordinary judgment. You seem to have contracted this by a regard to the measure of the verse, more than to the sense of it. Accordingly, you are apt to rest, and to sink your voice at the conclusion of a line, when the sense of the following is immediately connected with it, and consequently requires the voice to be still raised, and will admit of no longer a pause than is just necessary to recover the breath. I shall give you several examples, to make the observation as clear as this method of instruction will permit. For instance, in these lines of Hamlet,—

* * * * Then she would hang upon him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on—"

The justness of pronunciation requires that there should be only a very short stop at *appetite*, and that the following words should all be delivered in the same breath; but you, Sir, I observed, forgetful of this, spoke the whole verse together, pausing considerably after the word *grown*: by which means the rest of the period came limping after, and the distinct members were unnaturally separated from each other. So, likewise, in the famous soliloquy of the same play,—

"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms, &c."

you incorrectly lowered your accent towards the conclusion of the first verse, and made a long rest; whereas the whole line should be pronounced in very nearly

the same key of elocution, and imperceptibly carried on into the following verse. The only pause that can possibly be admitted, should be made at *mind*, and the remaining part should be spoke as one entire sentence. Thus again, in the prologue to Henry the Fifth,—

> "Oh, for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
> The brightest Heaven of invention."

As you removed the stop at *fire* to the conclusion of the verse, you could not, of course, connect *ascend* with the subsequent line, to which it is related. But you was more remarkably incorrect in "Venice Preserved," and made more slips of this kind, than in any other part which I had seen before; and this appeared the more singular, because the verses of that tragedy are, in general, far from being musical and flowing: at least, they are not so harmonious, as to deserve the being preserved entire, at the expense of the meaning. Take this example from among many others,—

> "When in your brigantine you sail'd to see
> The Adriatic wedded by our Duke, &c."

you went through the first line without any intermission, and stopt short at the end, which necessarily broke in upon the sense, and occasioned an ambiguity in the expression; for it did not readily appear, (as the ear could not distinguish,) whether the poet had not wrote, *you sail'd to sea*: whereas, had you made only a brief pause after *sail'd*, and joined *to see* with the next verse, you would both have spoke with propriety, and removed all possibility of an equivoque:—and this error you was frequently guilty of, throughout the whole performance, though, as I have not the play by me, I am unable to point out the rest. To prevent it, however, for the future, you may be pleased to observe the following rule, which, you will remark, is seldom liable to any exception,—Never disjoin the verb from the accusative case, or from the concluding members of the sentence which it governs.

The next omission you are betrayed into, is hurrying on the close of a period indistinctly, and dropping the accent so suddenly that we lose the sense. Again, I have observed that when several substantives come together, as truth, justice, honour, or the like, you are apt to deliver them with such rapidity of utterance, that you neglect to make the necessary rest, which ought to have a place between each: while, on the contrary, in pronouncing polysyllables, or compound epithets, you divide them in such a manner, as if they were really so many separate words: thus, I have observed you speak,—

> "Ye hurri-canoes, spout!"—*Lear.*
> And "Base-minded, dull."—*Venice Preserved.*

The last remark I shall trouble you with at present, relates to the manner of pronouncing those verses wherein the sense also closes at the end: and here I have taken notice, that for several lines together you constantly paused in the middle, and that, too, when the emphasis as often required the contrary. This fault in speaking,

is very near akin to the practice of some poets, who perpetually place the cæsura upon the same syllable for a score of verses successively. Such a uniformity of voice, always in the same tenor, is not only very tedious to the ear, but occasions you to sink into a tone which almost degenerates to whining.

These imperfections, Sir, as they are very glaring, may likewise be easily corrected by a very little attention; and you will think, I believe, correctness of speaking of such importance, that no force or propriety of gesture, no expression of the countenance, how exquisite soever, can compensate for the want of it. If you think it worth your while to acknowledge the receipt of this, your answers directed to Mr. Watson, to be left at the Rainbow Coffee-house in Cornhill, will be delivered to Your very humble servant.*

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Thursday evening.

I HAVE considered of the appointed meeting at Mr. Lacy's, and it appears to me to be no other than falling into the very thing I want to avoid, namely, wrangling to no purpose; which is the circumstance that makes me sick of the theatre, as I never yet had any thing done without a great deal of disagreeable altercation. In consequence of this, it is now my final resolution, and the advice of my friends, to detach myself entirely from those pursuits. It will, therefore, answer no end to go down to Mr. Lacy's, when I can come to no other point than that of withdrawing the "Way to Keep Him" entirely, or carrying it into immediate execution; for the truth is, I long to have done. The very proposal of doing another comedy first, carries at its first blush no good-will to me; and as to Mr. Yates's part being long, I foresaw that long ago, and for that reason, recommended that he might have his part in the Summer, but no such thing was done. The fairest thing I can now say is, that I am willing to take it back, and even refund the money for it; for I dread rehearsals, or rather readings in the green-room, where nothing seems to me to be in earnest, and where the other day I was induced to strike out a scene, which in the printing I must restore instead of what is substituted, as it is plain, for many reasons, that the whole is hurt by the alteration.

I have here written the ultimate result of my thoughts, and from this I will not be so frivolous as to recede.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

If the trifle I lately scribbled, merely to serve your Theatre, cannot be done otherwise than as a serenata, I must beg leave to retract it; for I sincerely think it

* There is no clue to the date of this really anonymous criticism, which is of the soundest kind. What difficulty I have, is to believe that Garrick could truly be so open to censure. The very reform introduced by him was the destruction of that eternal *chaunt*, which was the vice of the old school. The reader will admire, however, the humility of so great a genius, in preserving the lecture among his papers.—ED.

is already maimed enough, without farther disadvantages. I am sorry to be obliged to trouble you with this letter; but the truth is, I long to have done with the stage, to convince the world it shall be my future trade.*

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR,

HOWEVER you may mistake my words and actions, (for many mistakes have arisen between us since our first acquaintance,) I have ever had Mr. Murphy's interest at heart. I cannot say whether I was more surprised or concerned that my behaviour and advice to you, in our last transaction, were so totally misrepresented and misunderstood.

I shall ever with great pleasure be ready to serve you, either publicly or privately, provided that no imputation of folly or meanness should cast a damp upon my endeavours; and in that case, I flatter myself that Mr. Murphy himself would not wish me to exert my good offices: this brings us to the point. Had Mr. Rich, or Mr. Barry, seen your tragedy and refused it, before I had been concerned about it, I should not have had the least objection to take *my* turn at it, and upon reading and approving it, to have shown you my zeal for your welfare; but on the other hand, how is it possible, with the least shadow of reason, or without the greatest inconveniences to me, both as a man and a manager, to receive a performance that was taken so abruptly out of my hands, and so unaccountably put into those of other people? I would desire you to reflect a little upon my situation, and be convinced that it is with sincere concern that I am obliged to refuse you the request in your letter, and that most disagreeable consequences would attend (as I have so much to do with other gentlemen who write for the stage) my making a precedent of this sort. If you think I can be of the least service to you in any other theatrical matter, or in any thing else, I will convince you that I retain not the least resentment about our late transaction, but that my desire to be excused from seeing your tragedy again, proceeds merely from the nature and necessity of my situation and connections.

I would likewise urge another objection, were not the former an indisputable one. When I was convinced Mr. Barry had your tragedy, I thought it my duty to let Mr. Hawkesworth (who had behaved so well to us) know, that he might proceed again upon his scheme upon Voltaire, and that if I approved it, I was at liberty to perform it. What his intentions are I cannot say, he having lately had business of another nature to employ him. I am greatly flattered by your saying my acquaintance will give you pleasure. You are most heartily welcome to it,

* Perhaps Murphy's meaning may be this. I long to have done with the *mimic* world, to convince the *real*, that it shall be in future my only trade.—ED.

and I shall be proud of any opportunity to convince you that I have a most disinterested regard for your talents and abilities.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant and well-wisher,

DAVID GARRICK.

P. S. I should have sent you this letter sooner, but have been interrupted by company all the morning.

Endorsed by Mr. Garrick—
"Answer of mine to Murphy
about some play."

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

MR. MURPHY'S compliments to Mr. Garrick, and as the copy of "Love Alamode" is deemed by the Managers to be their property, he begs the favour of him to let him have the use of the book for Mr. Charles Stanhope, and he promises him it shall be kept sacred from every other eye, and shall be returned to Mr. Cross tomorrow.

You may consider the above as a *lawyer's opinion*, that the farce belongs to you, your heirs, executors, &c.—for ever;—and pray mind that I make use of the words *Ses heirs*, which are very material—you have the opinion also for nothing, which is no bad thing.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

Friday.

MR. MURPHY'S compliments to Mr. Garrick, and takes this method to let him know, that the affair of the two pieces is now decided. Had Mr. Garrick mentioned in his letter, which Mr. Murphy received in Hampshire, that he could not act in two pieces, the matter had been settled long ago; for he never will write a piece for the rubbish of any company. He is now determined to fix the affair finally for Dublin, for which purpose he is to meet Mr. Mossop this night, and in about a month's time he will set out for that city himself. The two parts together would not have been above twelve lengths; but it is to no purpose to mention that: he wishes Mr. Garrick all success.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Friday, four o'clock, [about 1758.]

A FEW days since I drew on Mr. Pritchard in favour of Mr. Clutterbuck, assignee to one Murray a Taylor, for 33*l.* 17*s.* in order to discharge a debt of a small matter due by me, and fifteen guineas from my brother. Mr. Clutterbuck then told me he would not require the money until due in regular course; but as I

apprehend it can make no manner of difference to the Managers of Drury-lane to advance me the rest of my salary, though perhaps it may be out of the common road of business, I should take it as a great favour—I mean the remainder, after reserving Mr. Clutterbuck's money. Should Mr. Garrick and Mr. Lacy have no objection to this, it will make me very easy in my mind, in my present indisposition, as I have this day had two or three small bills sent in to me, and on not paying them, (though visibly ill,) the bearers were unmanly enough to speak to me in a manner which hurt my spirits very much ever since. I should, therefore, be highly obliged to Mr. Garrick if he would enable me to prevent any farther uneasiness on this score; for though I got very handsomely by my farce, the profits were soon disposed of in payment of what debts I contracted before I went on the stage, and in supplying my mother, who is not regularly paid the annuity left her by my late uncle. I beg pardon for all this trouble, and am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

DEAR SIR,

THE enclosed is all that I have at present by me. Mrs. Garrick is gone to Hampton, and taken the keys with her; what more will be necessary to *lighten that incumbrance*, you shall be most sincerely welcome to; all I desire in return is, that you will not make any speeches on the occasion. Your letter has said too much—and all that I shall say is, that I am happy it is in my power to convince you *how much* I am yours,

D. GARRICK.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

Lincoln's Inn, Friday.

MR. MURPHY'S compliments to Mr. Garrick: he is unexpectedly called into the city, and cannot keep his engagement at eleven. Mr. Yates's scene with Lady Constant is gone to the press, and therefore he would be glad to let it stand as it is: he hopes it will not appear too long. In general he could wish that the whole may take its chance *as it is*. Horace furnishes me with a prayer, which I shall offer up to you.*

"Sit jus liceátque perire Poetis!—"

and he gives the reason for this a little after:

"Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti."

Written in very good humour, so don't be angry.

* *De Arte Poetica*, l. 460. i. The prayer of such a petition might readily be granted, as far as the poet is concerned; nor might the manager take the unthankful labour "*to save* a man against his will," but that the interests of the theatre sometimes rouse the reluctant criticism into action.—ED.

SPRANGER BARRY TO GEORGE GARRICK, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Thursday Night.

MR. MURPHY will not have the play read to-morrow, but will come to town and call on me. Present my compliments to your brother, and let him know that I will write to him, or wait on him, the moment after I have seen him.

I am most sincerely yours,

SPRANGER BARRY.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Grosvenor-square, Jan. 28, 1760.

NOTHING at this time could give me greater pleasure than that my friend Mr. Garrick had not given me up as unworthy of him. Yet I am not without some small resentment at appearances; and since you are so nice, I intend to punish you with calling on you in my episcopal equipage, (for such the besprinkling with mitres now makes it,) at your house in Southampton-street one of these days.

To be serious, I began to suspect you might take it a little amiss, as supposing I made a mystery of it, when you was last so kind to call, and on your asking me whether there was any truth in the talk of my promotion to the vacant bishoprick, I said I knew nothing of it. This was the unaffected truth: I knew no more of it than your footman, till some time after in the West.

My best respects to good Mrs. Garrick. Assure yourself, dear Sir, there is no one more unalterably yours than

Your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Grosvenor-square, March 7, 1760.

YOU told me no news when you mentioned a circumstance of zeal for your friends; but you gave me much pleasure by it and the inclosed, to have an impertinent story confuted the first moment I heard of it; for I cannot but be pleased to find I have no reason to change my opinion of so agreeable and so original a writer as Mr. Sterne; I mean my opinion of his moral character, of which I had received from several of my acquaintance so very advantageous an account.* And I cannot see how

* It is melancholy to find the good Bishop subsequently compelled to change this opinion. Sterne had distinguished the *Divine Legation* in his "Shandy," and Warburton was amused by his pleasantry, originality, and power of embodying character; but he at length opened his eyes to the indecency of Sterne's Life, and in a letter to Hurd, dated Dec. 27, 1761, writes thus:—"Sterne has published his fifth and sixth volumes of Tristram; whether they will restore his reputation with the public is a question. The fellow himself is an irrecoverable scoundrel."—ED.

I could have held it, had the lying tale been true, that he intended to injure one personally and entirely unknown to him. I own it would have grieved me, (and so, I believe, it would him too, when he had known me and my enemies a little better,) to have found himself in company with a crew of the most egregious blockheads that ever abused the blessing of pen and ink.

However, I pride myself in having warmly recommended "Tristram Shandy" to all the best company in town, except that at Arthur's. I was charged in a very grave assembly, as Dr. Newton can tell him, for a particular patronizer of the work; and how I acquitted myself of the imputation, the said Doctor can tell him. I say all this to show how ready I was to *do justice* to a stranger. This is all I expect from a stranger. From my friends, indeed, I expect, because I stand in need of, much *indulgence*. To them, (being without reserve,) I show my weaknesses. To strangers I have the discretion not to show them; at least, those *writing* strangers, I mentioned before, have not yet had the wit to find them out.

If Mr. Sterne will take me with all my infirmities, I shall be glad of the honour of being better known to him; and he has the additional recommendation of being your friend.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's Inn, 13th May, 1760.

I AM much delighted that you are pleased with the design I opened to you in regard to Sir John Restless:* I have conversed much with him since I saw you, and I dare think you will like him, and likewise the people about him. A new idea has occurred to me in my speculations on this affair, of which I will take your opinion when you come to town; or, upon second thoughts, if I hint it now, you will perhaps be better enabled to speak when I see you. What think you of an additional character of a vain young man, who fancies every woman in love with him, and while the jealous people are interpreting all appearances to their own disadvantage, construes every thing in his own favour, and is as much in the wrong as they? Of this, more hereafter. You stand engaged to Mr. Thrale for Wednesday se'ennight. You need not apprehend drinking; it is a very easy house, and the scheme of going to Ranelagh will be agreeable to him. I am to dine with him to-morrow, in order to adjourn in the evening to Ranelagh, so fond is he of that place.

I have not seen the comical fellow, Mr. Foote; indeed, I do not go much to the Bedford, but am tempted to drop in there, to hear him dash away at every body, and every thing. "Have you had good success in Dublin, Mr. Foote?" "Poh! damn 'em. There was not a shilling in the country, except what the Duke of Bedford, and I, and Mr. Rigby have brought away. Woodward is caterwauling among 'em;

* A character in the comedy of "All in the Wrong."—ED.

and Barry like a wounded snake; and Mossop sprawling about his broken arms with the rising of the lights," &c.*

I have enquired for the books you mention, and Mr. Sheriff can supply me. He has them all in sheets, and will order them to be bound in a day or two, so that I will not put you to the trouble of bringing them up. I shall be in great forwardness very soon.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you, I shall mention some more of my ideas of this matter, which, I own, I grow more attached to in proportion as I cultivate the subject. It will be a play of intricacy and business, and also, as far as I can execute, of natural dialogue, as much as possible in the way of Moliere, rather than Congreve.

I have only room to say, that, with a true sense of all your civilities,

I remain, dear Sir, your very obliged and humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Prior Park, June 16, 1760.

I MUST not forget to thank you for the hints I received from you by Mr. Berenger, concerning our heteroclite Parson.† I heard enough of his conduct in town since I left it, to make me think he would soon lose the fruits of all the advantage he had gained by a successful effort, and would disable me from appearing as his friend or well-wisher.

Since he got back to York, I had the inclosed letter from him, which afforded me an opportunity I was not sorry for, to tell him my mind with all frankness, as you will see by the copy of what I wrote to him. If it have the effect I wish, it will be well for him; if it have not, it will be at least well for me, in the satisfaction I shall receive by the attempt to do him service. I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate friend and faithful humble servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Prior Park, June 26, 1760.

I HAVE your kind favour of the 20th. I trouble you with the inclosed, because I was willing you should see the whole of our correspondence.

I have done my best to prevent his playing the fool in a worse sense than, I have the charity to think, he intends. I have discharged my part to him. I esteemed

* These are valuable hints of Foote's manner, perhaps actual reports of what he said —ED.

† Sterne.

him as a man of genius, and am desirous he would enable me to esteem him as a clergyman.

But this was not the principal purpose of my letter to you. I am setting out for the North, and shall be at Durham from the 20th July to the 20th August, and then set out directly for home to this place. I have some imperfect notion that you and Mrs. Garrick intend to be at Litchfield about that time. If you be, I would return that way, and spend one day with you there. A line to Durham will inform me. All here are much your's and good Mrs. Garrick's. No one more than, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

P. S. Somebody or other told me, that in the thing called "Bibliogr," or "Biograph. Brit," there is a Life of Pope, in which Mr. Allen is spoken of as a rich Quaker. Is it possible there can be such creatures in the world? or is this scribbler an aboriginal Grubbeian, who was not only born in a garret, but had never in his whole life descended it, and come down amongst men?

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Thurcaston, July 3, 1760.

I HAVE an unexpected favour from you this morning from Leicester, by which I find I shall not have the pleasure of waiting on you at Litchfield in my return.

I shall always be glad to have it in my power to pleasure any of your friends in more essential matters than in the trifle you mention. Be so good to subscribe for me and Mr. Allen to Mr. Thomson's book, and I shall thankfully repay you when I see you.* I am glad to understand that Mrs. Garrick (to whom I beg my best respects) is with you in this excursion; I hope the exercise will contribute to the firm establishment of her health.

I had the pleasure this spring of taking a few turns in the park with a gentleman, whom, I think, Mr. Berenger called Mr. Fitzherbert, and he bore the plain marks of being all you say of him. I am, my dear Sir, with the truest affection,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

Mr. Hurd desires to be remembered to you in the kindest manner, and bid me say what pleasure he should have received in a call.

The enclosed paper was shuffled into your packet by mistake, so I send it back: but be assured, had the whole song been written out, which promises so well, I should have intercepted it.

* The quarto edition of "His Works," published by subscription.—ED.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's Inn, August 2, 1760.

I AM to set out to-morrow morning for Hampshire, and before I go I think proper to send you once more the "Way to Keep Him," in five acts. I have reviewed it, and have called in to my assistance as many judgments as I conveniently could. I cannot, with all my industry, find out any essential reasons against offering the piece to the public.

The arguments you have urged yourself, I think, should have been considered when I first acquainted you with the materials of the scenes I intended to add; and even then they would have been no more than what may be urged against every new attempt, namely, the general danger of a failure, which there always is in every case, because nobody can determine in what light the multitude will be struck with characters offered to their judgment or caprice, more particularly if the characters be new. For my part, in every attempt of mine, I endeavour to be as right as I can, and then I divest myself as much as possible of all ideas of danger. Had you argued with me from any other sources of criticism than what I have mentioned, I should very probably have thought there was more weight in your observations: but as you told me that, were the additional character in any other play or farce, you would play it yourself, I am the more encouraged from thence to think what I have added is dramatic, and fit for the stage. I must therefore take the disadvantage of an inferior actor for that character, and I flatter myself that *Lovemore* will no more suffer in his scenes with *Sir Bashful*, than *Archer* does in the tankard scene with *Scrub*, or than *Ranger* does because there is a suspicious husband in the same play.—I must therefore beg to offer these scenes once more to your reception, with this additional remark, that writing a farce instead of what I now send, would be writing four acts for a hundred pounds,—and I must pay myself the compliment to value my time a little higher than that. Besides, I think I have here a new character, which, after casting about in my mind, I cannot perceive how I could employ in any other play so well.

I shall say no more on this head, but that I hope, on a review of the matter, you will allow that I send you an equivalent for the money: and I hope also you will allow that I put it into your hands in a seasonable time to be performed, as was mentioned in the beginning of the season.

With regard to *The man does not know his own mind*, as you seem to me to be full of business, I am most extremely willing to recede from that bargain, if it suits your conveniency; for to tell the truth, my time of going to the Bar draws near, and I begin to be very indifferent about theatrical performances, particularly if I cannot be at a certainty, for a state of suspense ruins my application to all other objects.

I have the vice of writing long letters. I shall be in town in the beginning of September, if not sooner, and will then talk this over with you, and yourself shall

determine. In the mean time, should you have any thing to say, a letter directed for me at Southampton will find me there.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

There are two circumstances, very minute in themselves, not entirely prepared, as the play (I mean the "Way to Keep Him") stands. They will not interfere with *Sir Bashful*, which I suppose must be done by Mr. Yates;—and I have different ideas about these trifling deficiencies. I shall put them to rights early in September.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Chatsworth, Oct. 25th, 1760.

I HAD a long conversation with his Grace,* who would have authorized me to have used his name to stop "The Minor," but I got off from it, and concluded with sending a recommendation by Mr. Pelham to the author, to alter those passages that are liable to objection: his Grace would not point them out,† so I think very little alteration may do. This to yourself; let me hear what has passed. My respects to Madam.

Yours sincerely,

DEVONSHIRE.

JOSEPH REED TO MRS. DANCER.

MADAM, Friday Evening, 1761.

As my tragedy of "Dido" is intended to be got up immediately,‡ I think it my duty to the public to solicit your performance of the part of my heroine. It is about ten lengths,§ and, if you will obligingly take the trouble of studying it, I flatter myself that your appearance in the character would be some little addition to your theatrical reputation. The part is mostly of the pathetic cast, a department in which you are so peculiarly happy, and so inimitably excellent.

* The Archbishop of Canterbury; for the Duke of Devonshire, as Lord Chamberlain, might have surely done what he thought proper with Foote's farce, and its objectionable passages. The truth is, they were all of them afraid of Foote's wit and power of exhibiting ludicrous character, or rendering most characters ludicrous.—ED.

† His Grace said, were he to do so, Foote would publish it as "*corrected* and *prepared* for the press by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury." And he did not over-estimate the writer's audacity. This he would have considered a high treat for the profligate levity of the age.—ED.

‡ It was not acted till the year 1767, when Mrs. Yates was the *Dido*, and Powell her not very *pious Æneas*.—ED.

§ A *length* is purely technical. Take half a sheet of foolscap paper and divide it, the two sides are called a length by the players; and in this form their parts are always written out by the Prompter or his clerk.—ED.

I was in hopes of seeing Mr. Barry in the character of my hero, but Mr. Garrick informs me that gentleman's study is attended with such difficulties, that I begin to fear the town will be deprived of the pleasure of seeing him in Æneas, a character which he would have played with great dignity and great ease.

If, therefore, Mrs. Dancer will kindly vouchsafe to study the part, she will confer a singular favour on one, who will endeavour to requite the obligation.

I shall wait upon you to-morrow noon, in expectation of your favourable compliance with the request of,

Madam, your most obedient humble servant,

JOSEPH REED.

SPRANGER BARRY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, 1761.

MRS. DANCER is at a loss to know what answer to give to the enclosed. She is much afraid that the part mentioned in the enclosed letter will interfere with the new comedy,—with Zara (which she has not played for many years), and with many other parts that you may possibly want immediately. She therefore would be obliged to you, if it can be contrived that she can be excused, lest it should prevent her preparing parts of more consequence to you. I am just going to set off, and must again return you a thousand thanks for your excessive goodness to me,

I am, most respectfully and affectionately yours,

SPRANGER BARRY.

Endorsed "Letter from Barry about Reed's Dido."

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Wednesday night, 11th Feb. 1761.

I AM much obliged to you for your late kind enquiries after me in my distress. After maturely reflecting upon the late severe blow I felt, I think it would be highly indecent in me to embark so immediately in any new adventures; and even waving that point of delicacy, my spirits are so impaired, that I am not able to attend properly to dramatic business, and without that due attention, the piece would be brought on without some little necessary corrections that I have had in my mind. I therefore must beg you will excuse me if I withdraw "The Citizen" for the present; and in doing this, I hope it will be rather a convenience than otherwise to you in this advanced state of the season, when you have so much business still upon your hands.

I must beg likewise that you will take the trouble to make my apology to the gentlemen and ladies who have had the trouble of attending hitherto; and when they consider my situation, I am sure they will accept my apology.

I shall readily pay the copier for his trouble, and I remain,

Dear Sir, yours sincerely,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Prior Park, Feb. 17, 1761.

BEFORE I left town, I talked very seriously with Millar concerning that scoundrel poem, and more scoundrel subject of it. He appeared truly concerned; and, as he told me, spoke to Wilks with great resentment of the injury done him, by incurring your displeasure, through his perfidy.

But do such wretches as the writer of the poem and the hero of it deserve a serious thought from you? I think you and I have all the standard-dunces of the kingdom on our hands: you the rhyming, and I the prosaic dunces. Yours have most of the nature of that sort of vermin Dryden speaks of—

> ——— "So little and so light,
> One could not know they live, but that they bite."

Mine, most like that which Sir Hugh, in the play, calls "a familiar beast to man, and signifies love."

On this account I must tell you a story. Two English soldiers, travelling through the Highlands, were one night in particular most miserably lodged, and, before morning, half eaten up with these two sorts of vermin. As day-light approached, they resolved to make an ample sacrifice for the violated rights of *Jupiter hospitalis*; but the first attack was so ill-planned, that a great part of the enemy had escaped, had not one of these commanders, observing the absurd manœuvres of his fellow, called out, "What the devil, comrade, are you about? Let us first secure the light-horse; the heavy-armed foot lie at our mercy."

And now, should you and I, think you, be better employed than these two brave sufferers, did we seriously set about revenging ourselves on the worthless vermin that molested us? I was pleased to see you in sentiments more characteristic of you, the last time we were together, when you hinted to Mr. Berenger and me your inclination of being the means of diverting some rays of the King's favour, to shine on the other house. I said nothing to you then, but you will pardon me for giving you my thoughts now. Were the King's using your house intended as matter of mere favour to you, your modesty and generosity would be well employed to serve your neighbour. But since the King, in this, consults only the gratification of his

own amusement, which your acting is necessary to, modesty and generosity would seem to be misplaced in hinting any thing in behalf of the other house.*

My best respects to good Mrs. Garrick, along with those of all here: conclude me,

My dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

Feb. 20, 1761.

I HEREBY declare that a piece called "The Citizen," in three acts, another called "The Embarrassment," in two acts, and another piece called "The Humorist," now in my drawers at home, are to be deposited in the hands of Messrs. Lacy and Garrick, to answer to them the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds borrowed of them. As witness my hand, London, Feb. 20, 1761.†

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Murphy's note for 120."

MR. GARRICK TO LORD LYTTELTON.

MY LORD, April 30th, 1761.

I THINK myself greatly obliged and honoured by the message you was pleased to send to me by my friend Mr. Berenger. I have since that had it in my power to do your Lordship justice, and publicly to contradict an assertion, that Mr. Bower had still the consolation amidst all his afflictions, to be protected and encouraged by Lord Lyttelton. With regard to the honour which he has conferred upon me, and Mrs. Garrick, (for I most sincerely think it one, to be abused in such company, and by such a man,) I have made it my business to proclaim his favours to every person of consequence I am known to; and in this I have served him; for his own discredit had so much sunk the reputation of his book, that nothing but his unparalleled abuse of some good characters, could excite the least curiosity to look into it.

> "When shame is gone—to take the rabble,
> Through thick and thin, abuse and squabble;
> When reason, proofs, and wit are wanting,
> Then fly to cursing, or to canting."—*Butler.*

I am certain that it must have shocked your Lordship's delicacy to have seen the illiberal manner in which he has mentioned Mrs. Garrick. She very innocently told the conversation which passed between her and Bower, without the least intention

* An admirable decision, for one reason *more* than the Bishop chose to assign.—ED.

† Murphy and Foote took Drury-lane Theatre this year for the summer, and "The Citizen" was then brought out as a comedy in three acts. It is a pure, or rather not very pure, *farce*.—ED.

of having it published, or of adding to his shame. Nor would she, though a *Papist*, (as he calls her,) vary a tittle from that or any other truth, though commanded by the Pope and his conclave of Cardinals. I was myself a witness to the contradictions, prevarications, and falsehoods, which he endeavoured to impose upon her; and I shall readily take my oath to that, and other circumstances, which he seems to have forgot. He calls out for *Protestant* testimony, and he shall have it; and I flatter myself that it will have its weight, though it comes from a *player*. The world must determine which is most to be credited; he who, though upon the stage, has retained a sense of honour, veracity and religion; or he who, though bred to one Church, and converted to another, seems to have lost them all in his passage between both. To be less serious, I am truly obliged to Mr. Bower for his late attack. I always thought him a richer character for the stage than even the *Tartuffe* of Moliere. And though I had warmly conceived the use I could make of him, and had formed situations to produce him with some entertainment, yet as I understood that your Lordship had not yet given him up, I could not on that consideration alone meddle with him; but since he has been pleased to try his wit upon me, I am sure that your Lordship will think it equitable to give him the *retort pleasant*, as Shakspeare calls it. And indeed by all the laws of justice and the drama, since he has had a public trial, and has been fairly judged and condemned, he as naturally falls into my hands for dissection, as other criminals do into those of the gentlemen of Surgeons'-hall.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged
And obedient humble servant,
D. GARRICK.

P. S. I shall do myself the honour of waiting upon you very soon in Hill-street.

CHARLES HOLLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

June 7, 1761.

I CANNOT leave London without some explanation with Mr. Garrick, as I am not conscious of having ever deserved otherwise than well at his hands. I must confess his treatment the last time I saw him has a good deal hurt me: whatever misapprehension (which seemed to be the *cause* of his treatment) he might have in regard to my first speaking to him, I neither designed indecency nor indelicacy, nor, I think, was there any thing in my words or manner that showed either. It is a little unlikely there should, when I was going to ask a favour. Nor did Mr. Garrick at that time seem to understand it so; for he, the same evening, behind the scenes, told me he knew what I wanted, and said it in such a way that it flattered me with the hopes of succeeding in my solicitation; for such only I designed. I knew I had no right to *demand*, and, consequently, Mr. Garrick might have given his negative to my *request* with less harshness.—He certainly knows every performer's merit. I hope mine is not seen through the wrong end of the perspective. *Comparative* merit was

what I wished to be *judged by*, and it gives me great concern to find myself so low in your judgment. Besides, could I behave even ungenteelly to one, to whom I have been, within these two months, under so particular an obligation,—and without cause too? Of what moment to my request was your going into the country? I knew I must see you again soon, and, if I recollect, you then said it was but for a day or two: indeed, Sir, there could from thence be no cause for your warmth and contempt. I know of what small consequence I am to Drury-lane Theatre; but let me ask what performer, *under forty*, is of more? Mr. Garrick has proved he could bear much greater losses than any he has now to [suffer]; and though you said, among other things, let what would be the consequence, you would not comply, I am sure I had no consequence in my thoughts. I would wish to act a great deal; and as I have proved I can do as much (I hope as well too) as others, my ambition (interest out of the question) told me I had a sort of right to desire to be ranked with them. I write what, if I had been permitted to speak, I should have said, and to assure you I did not design at the above time to look or say any thing to Mr. Garrick unbecoming him to see or hear. I am this instant setting off. I wish you your health and much happiness this summer, and am

Your most humble servant,

CHARLES HOLLAND.

DR. JOHN DELAP TO MR. GARRICK.

MY MOST WORTHY FRIEND, Lee, near Canterbury, August 7, 1761.

FOR I now claim that title which I always aspired to, and it must be something not common that is able to wrest it from me. I thank you, once for all, for your noble professions of esteem, and rest myself content and fully satisfied in them—

"Safe in the hand of one disposing power."

Do with "Hecuba" just what you please.* You are able, and I know you are willing, to do better for her and for me than I could for myself. I will endeavour to make it not unworthy of your regard; and if I should ever be happy enough to think of a subject, in which the principal part should be worth your attention, it shall be my pleasure, and my supreme pride, to finish it for Mr. Garrick. You may have other friends who can write to you in a more florid style; but no one can tell you with greater sincerity of soul, that he is yours, than, my most worthy Sir,

Your obedient and faithful servant,

JOHN DELAP.

* He brought it out the year following, but the audience were of Hamlet's mind—

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?"

Delap wanted *passion*, the soul of tragedy, without which it is "a quintain, a mere *lifeless block*."—ED.

DR. J. DELAP TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lewes, Dec. 17.

I WAS in hopes, after the alterations, that you would have thought better of "Panthea" than you seem to do. I am persuaded, however, that you speak your real thoughts, and that you would bring it upon the stage, if it could be made proper for it. I have, therefore, no objection to Dr. Hawkesworth's seeing it, provided my name be concealed. I will, in a post or two, desire your opinion of a plan on a story entirely new. Mr. Whitehead's opinion of it is, that, supposing the story not to be *too romantic*, it is told in a very masterly manner; and he desires that I would send it to you.

I am, dear Sir, your very faithful humble servant,

J. DELAP.

Endorsed, "Dr. Delap, about 'Panthea,' a tragedy."

JOSEPH REED TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, King David's Fort, Aug. 12, 1761.

LEST the partiality of the author, the flattery of friends, or my own mistaken feelings, should have betrayed me into too favourable an opinion of "Dido," I have had, since the receipt of your letter, the piece perused by no less than five gentlemen of acknowledged discernment in literature. And what is their opinion of the performance? Why, truly, so diametrically opposite to yours, that I should incur the censure of vanity, by committing to paper even one-half of the praises they have bestowed on the piece. It is surely somewhat strange, out of thirteen persons, (all esteemed judges of dramatic matters,) who have read the play, that none but you and Mr. Johnson should give the least unfavourable opinion of it. Mr. Johnson, indeed, scarce objected to *any thing* but the Shakspearian style; but you have improved your objections to such a height, that you totally exclude from the piece all appearance of merit. In short, Sir, I cannot help thinking—but I shall do a little violence to the bluntness and honesty of my nature, by suppressing that freedom of sentiment which might be probably offensive to one who is used to addresses of a more courtly and pliant kind. But to proceed. You have given a most severe *sentence* against "Dido;" eleven others have commended it—some with a kind of enthusiasm, some with more moderation. To which opinion am I to incline? I am anxious for the exhibition of my piece, but would by no means have it played, unless I had pretty strong expectations of its favourable reception with the public. A lukewarm reception would not do; I am not prostitute enough in scribbling, to sacrifice reputation to profit.

Nothing is more certain than the fallibility of human opinions. Is it not then

possible, that even Mr. Garrick may be deceived in his judgment of "Dido?" Will Mr. Garrick so far give up his judgment and his power, as to refer the merits of "Dido" to the decision of Mr. Capel, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Paul Whitehead? or to Mr. Whitehead only? They are gentlemen with whom I have not a twentieth part of your intimacy, and not one of them hath seen a line of the piece. This would sufficiently convince me that your objections to "Dido" are founded on principle only.

You may prudently reply, that, as manager, you may run a risk which you ought not to hazard on other people's judgment. True; but that risk may be guarded against; this alternative will prevent it: produce the receipts of the managers' six nights for any new tragedy you have played these seven years, and I shall give you sufficient security to make up the sum. If the play should be damned on the first night, I will engage to pay half the expense of dressing it. I hope you will excuse the freedom of this address, and vouchsafe me an answer.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JOSEPH REED.

JOSEPH REED TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Grigsby's Coffee-house, August 20, 1761.

I AM not a little surprised that my late letter should raise your resentment to such a height. I will not deny that I have doubted your integrity relative to your sentence on "Dido;" yet, as such doubt was rather implied than expressed, I cannot think that you have any just reason to be so highly offended. If a man will quarrel with every one that has the least doubt of his integrity, he may be at variance with half the world.* Are not even the best characters liable to suspicion in some particular cases? And can human invention find out any situation wherein some suspicion could be more excusable than in mine? Am I the first person that hath dared to suspect your sincerity in theatrical concerns? I am afraid not; for I have been more than once the unfashionable fool, to attempt your defence against the virulent attacks of those, who were (if I may be allowed the expression) indebted to you for their daily bread.

I confess I have had my prepossessions against you; but if you were acquainted with all the circumstances (reported) of your disingenuous conduct to dramatic authors, which were told, and solemnly affirmed to me by persons who had pretty strong connexions with you, I am convinced you would not be at all surprised that I should incline to a suspicion of your integrity. I was so prepossessed in the beginning of the last winter, that on being assured (upon oath) of your intention of quitting the stage at the end of the season, I declared, in a kind of rapture, I should

* Did half the world ever doubt the *integrity* of a good man? What does Mr. Reed think of the character who would not be *offended* with even an *implied* doubt of his integrity?—ED.

not grudge to make a bonfire as high as the cupola of St. Paul's when such happy day arrived; but though at that time a male-content, I was not so factious and fiery a zealot, as wantonly or maliciously to attack your public character. As it is contrary to my nature to entertain the least doubt of any man's integrity, without a real or supposed cause, I will honestly tell you the reason of my suspecting yours. During the exhibition of "The Register," (not to mention any thing prior to that,) I could not help remarking the coldness and disregard with which you treated me. I was not singular in such remark; for your friend Mr. Johnson took notice of your behaviour: nay, many of your people observed it, which, I am persuaded, contributed not a little to lessen my dramatic character. In short, I looked upon myself as a sacrifice to a man who had infamously robbed me of the character of the bawd. These suspicions were strengthened by your sentence on "Dido." As you did not soften such sentence, by proposing any alterations, or even by intimating the least desire of seeing any other of my pieces, I began to conclude you had determined to discountenance my dramatic appearance on the stage,

If you will so far abstract the man from the manager, as to put yourself into my place, I am convinced you will not, cannot, blame me for doubting your integrity. If my suspicions be wrong, they recoil on myself, and wound not you; then why should you be so irreconcileably enraged against me? To err is human; the wisest head, the most honest heart may be misled: the delinquent that falls by mistaken principles, hath some pretence to the pity of his fellow-creatures. Much more might be said on this occasion; but your own reason will suggest to you that my doubts of your integrity, however misplaced, are not altogether unpardonable.

But once more to the disagreeable business of solicitation. The offer I made you concerning Dido was such as I thought you could have no great objection to: if a more reasonable scheme can be devised, for securing your interests as manager, I am willing to come into it. If I had not an uncommon esteem of your theatrical abilities, the rebuffs I have met with from you would have prevented this present application.

I hope you will coolly consider the merit of my dramatic pretensions, and not devote me a sacrifice to splenetic resentment. I could wish to know your final resolution of rejecting or yielding to the proposals mentioned in my last.*

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

JOSEPH REED.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's Inn, 16th Sept. 1761.

I AM very sorry to find from two or three different quarters, that it is now circulating about town, that I have departed from my engagements and broke my

* This endeavour to render a manager subservient to a committee, reminds one of other critical boards in our own times. They are always mischievous.

word with you. I cannot help being touched at this, as I never yet broke my word with any man. It is true that Mr. Lacy proposed to me that you would play Yates's part, and that I should take two nights in lieu of all deficiencies of the profits settled between us; it is also true that I then approved this, and added that perhaps I might that way get more money than on the terms of the written agreement. Upon considering of this afterwards, it appeared to me that my interest would be better served in the other way, and accordingly I explained myself to your brother. Now, Sir, I appeal to yourself whether this could be an absolute engagement, when it remained still in your power to put a negative upon it.

I shall be much obliged to you if you will let me know how you understand this matter, for I cannot help being delicate when I find myself charged with a breach of my word,—a thing I do not recollect I ever did yet.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR, 17th Sept. 1761.

I RECEIVED your letter as I was stepping into the chariot to go to Hampton. I desired my brother to call upon you, but you was in the country. I really cannot answer for any idle stories that may circulate about this town. It has been asked me several times, whether we were to have your pieces, and my constant answer has been that I imagined we were, for Mr. Lacy told me that he had settled with you upon the terms that we two had previously talked of, and agreed to, in Bushy Park; and he farther assured me that you were well pleased with them. I am much surprised at his proposal of my playing Yates's character, for he knew my sentiments upon that matter. So it stood between me and Mr. Lacy; and I appeal to you, Sir, whether it was not very natural for me to think that we had bargained for your two pieces: nay, to convince you that I thought so, and that you knew it, I ordered Johnstone to write out some of the parts, and you forbid him for some reason or another. You likewise told me, that you were preparing a comedy for us, "The Man does not know his own Mind," and that it should be delivered to me before the opening of the house; and you told my brother that you would write to me about it: but I have neither seen you, nor heard from you, till the receipt of your letter, but have heard from others you are in another interest, which indeed I could not, nor can I now account for.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE TO MR. GARRICK.

Claremont, Sept. 18th, 1761.

ACCEPT, dear Sir, my sincere thanks for one of the most valuable presents which an old man can receive, or a good friend can make,—of a delightful horse, to supply the defects of old age and infirmity.

To have such a present from one of Mr. Garrick's character, who is so justly esteemed all over Europe, in knowing and representing human nature better than any one even in ancient times ever did, adds much to the value of it.

As to myself, and the public sphere in which I acted so many years, I have my *donatum rude*, and am fully satisfied in having discharged my duty to the best of my understanding, and the dictates of my own conscience.

You, Sir, I hope, will continue, as far as may be agreeable to you, to give (sometimes, at least,) the public such representations of human nature, as must encourage and promote the love of virtue and virtuous actions.

Pardon the freedom I now take. It comes from one who has the highest value for your superior merit, and for all men who, like yourself, love to do good, and to give pleasure to others.

As Claremont is so near, I shall be very glad if you would come over and see my place of retirement here.

I am with great truth, dear Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

HOLLES NEWCASTLE.*

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's Inn, 23d Sept. 1761.

SINCE the receipt of your letter, this is the first leisure moment I have had, or I should have sent a more speedy answer, especially as yours, in some parts, seems to require it. You appeal to me whether you had not reason to tell those who asked you, that you were to have the Summer recess? Surely, if Mr. Lacy told you what passed between him and me, you had none; for he expressly told me, as nearly as a memory not very deficient can recollect, that he had been thinking of the articles subsisting between us; he was afraid, on account of Mr. Foote's having half the profits, that difficulties would arise; he liked "The Old Maid," and "All in the Wrong:" to make matters easy, he recommended to me to take two nights, and the comedy should be got up with the strength of the company, and Mr. Garrick would play Yates's part, which would give great strength to the play. He had not con-

* The Duke as a politician and minister, belongs to history; but Garrick seems to have been the point of *union* for men of all parties and all opinions. They admired the actor, and they loved the man.—ED.

sulted with his partner, but if I liked his proposal, he would speak to him and let me know what he thought, the Thursday following. To this I replied, that I might possibly in that manner get more money than by the terms of the written agreement, and that I never had any difference about money. This is almost word for word what passed between us. I afterwards told your brother George, that some reasons had arisen which made it impossible for me to accept of the alternative proposed by Mr. Lacy; and this was before the Summer season was closed, since which I never heard one word from the managers.

Now, Sir, I am as much surprised as you, that Mr. Lacy should propose your playing Sir John Restless if he knew you did not intend it, and if he had previously conferred with you in Bushy Park; I am still more surprised he should tell me what he said on the occasion was the suggestion of his own judgment, and that he had not compared notes with you: it is also surprising that he has not told you since the real conversation between us; and if he has told you, it is surprising that your letter still sets up a seeming claim to an agreement made by me, as it is evident that I ought not in reason to be bound, when, as I already observed, it was in your power to give your negative to the whole or part, and when, in fact, you now do reject a part of Mr. Lacy's negotiation.

I am sorry I have been obliged to be thus long on this head. With regard to my being in *another interest now*, I will account for it. I am in *my own interest*, and will endeavour to dispose of what pieces I write to the best advantage, or lock them up for ever; for I really am tired of being a day-labourer to add to other people's fortunes, which in all my other bargains with the managers of Drury-lane I have actually done, it being demonstrable that they have got at least about 400*l.* by my pieces, which, had I transacted my business with due attention to myself, ought to have come into my pocket. I shall, however, learn for the future to regard myself a little, and not be more generous than richer people; and it is upon this principle that I cannot think of offering the comedy, called "The Man does not know his own Mind," to the stage, till I can meet with managers who will be willing to let an author reap the profits of his industry.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

DR. J. BROWN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR MR. GARRICK, Newcastle, Oct. 9, 1761.

I HAVE received yours; and having seen our friend, he says he is only displeased at your making so many apologies, and bids me tell you, that there is no man better endures the critical rod than he, when it is fairly and rationally administered. He says, he was disposed to try an experiment, on the old principle of

"Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri."—HOR. *De Arte Poet.* v. 95.

But as it seems he has not hit the true medium, he gives over the pursuit; and at a proper time will go to work in Metre. He thinks it impossible to go through a work of this kind during this season; and therefore refers it to the next, against which (as the plan appears to be right) he is pretty sure he can easily accomplish it.

As to myself, I am *now* putting the last hand to "The Cure of Saul;"* which I think of publishing this winter; and have made a considerable progress in a dissertation to be annexed to it, "On the Rise, Union, Progress, Perfection, and Corruption of Poetry and Music." This subject has enlarged upon my hands very unexpectedly: and I now expect that it will prove a kind of *prelude* to my *large work*; and is very proper to be thrown out before it, because it is prosecuted in the same manner, that is, by deducing things from their state in savage life, through the several stages of civilized society. I have got into a vast field, altogether new and untrodden: I was for a while bewildered in its immensity and variety; but I begin now to be familiarized to it: and meet with novelties without end. What I now intend to publish on music, is but a corner of this vast scene. I must expect opposition and enemies—no matter for that, you know I can despise them. I shall anger some *false friends* in this first dissertation: but I think I have as good a right to say *what is true*, as they have to say *what is not*. I wish you a good season; shall be glad to hear that you and Mrs. Garrick are well; and am always,

Dear Sir, most truly and affectionately yours,

JOHN BROWN.

H. H. TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, January 22, 1762.

LAST Saturday was sennight, I had the pleasure of seeing the tragedy of "Macbeth," a play in which the various and unlimited genius of Mr. Garrick seems to have found scope for entire exertion. It cannot certainly savour of flattery to echo the public voice, in acknowledging, that the powers of the histrionic art are not capable of attaining a higher degree of excellence than you displayed this evening to the audience, in the scene introductory to the murder, the dagger scene, and that in which the murder is discovered. But you will give me leave to point out to you some passages in this very long and intricate character which are liable to exception, at least they appear so to me; and I shall take the liberty to communicate them with great candour, not intending by any means to set up my sentiments in opposition to your judgment, but meaning only to suggest such hints, which you will reject or attend to as they may merit. One thing you may rely upon, that they are not dictated by a spirit of envy or malevolence, nor do they proceed from any

* A sacred ode, adapted first to music of Handel by the author, and afterwards new set by Dr. Arnold.

impertinent affectation of criticism. They take their rise from a disposition of great good will toward Mr. Garrick's person, and the highest admiration of his astonishing abilities in the profession of a player.

Early in the play, speaking the following lines,

"My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, &c."

you stop at the adjective *single*, which has a very bad effect, as the phrase of "single state of man," which is a very quaint, forced one, can be only understood by collecting the whole passage closely together in speaking. I am sure your good sense will readily subscribe to the propriety of this observation.

In the soliloquy, beginning, "If it were done, when 'tis done, &c." I shall submit to your consideration two instances, which I apprehend you will think proper to alter, when you next oblige the town with this excellent performance.

"Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And pity like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubim hors'd
Upon the sightless coursers of the air, &c."

In speaking the passage, viz.

"That his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against, &c."

you make a stop at *angels*, which I suppose wrong, as you by this manner transfer the epithet *trumpet-tongu'd* from *angels* to *virtues*, which, with great deference to your opinion, I do not take to be the idea of Shakspeare, who meant to describe angels under the usual representation of them, which is generally with trumpets.

In the lines,

"And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubim hors'd,"

you make a full stop at *hors'd*. Don't you think that, if you had just paused sufficiently at *cherubim* to recover breath, and continued without interuption, "hors'd upon the sightless coursers of the air," the whole passage would be more forcible and picturesque? Pray reflect upon this.

In the air-drawn dagger scene, you lay a prodigious strong emphasis on *was*, in this line,

"And such an instrument I was to use,"

which I do not see the reason of, and rather think that *use* is the word to be marked.

I took notice of a circumstance that appeared to me exceptionable, upon the second appearance of the Ghost of Banquo, when you utter the following lines, viz.,

"Be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword, &c."

You recollect a degree of resolution, and advancing on the Ghost, pronounce the passage in a firm tone of voice. I apprehend the whole situation supposes a fixed immovable attitude of horror and amazement; and I have always thought that Shakspeare intended to give the liveliest idea of Macbeth being totally overpowered by this supernatural appearance of Banquo in the passage which I have just quoted. Let us examine the force of it. He says, "Assume your mortal state *again*, and dare me to single combat with your sword; if I then betray any symptoms of fear, and decline the encounter, treat me with the last indignity."

Does not this imply that, during the presence of the Ghost, Macbeth's faculties were all absorbed? If this meaning could be disputed, surely what follows puts the point beyond farther controversy—

"Why so — being gone — I am a man again."

When Banquo vanishes, he recovers his powers, of which he was bereft while the spectre was present to his senses. I do not know whether I have fully explained myself upon this matter, but I imagine that I possibly may throw your mind into a new train of ideas upon this passage, and your quick penetration will readily determine how far the foregoing remarks may be just.

I shall trouble you with only one observation more, which regards a line in the famous speech, "To-morrow, and to-morrow, &c."

When you come to the "Out, out, brief candle!" you give two starts, and accompany each with a strong action of both hands: is not this wrong? I should suspect it is; for the whole train of Macbeth's reasoning tends to enforce the insignificance of life, which he slights as of little value, and not worth preserving, under the figure of a candle, which is easily extinguished, and whose existence cannot, in the nature of things, be very permanent, as it is incessantly consuming.

If my conception of this speech be justifiable, I think it must follow that "Out, out, brief candle!" should be spoken without any other emotion than a philosophical contempt. You will have opportunities of consulting much better judges than I pretend to be upon this question, and so far as their sense of this passage coincides with the suggestions I have presumed to trouble you with, you will be pleased to regard them, and no farther.

Little slips, which it would be deemed trifling to take notice of in another player, become glaring in Mr. Garrick, from a contrast to the great excellencies that surround them; as a want of proportion in a building of Inigo Jones, or a defect in point of attitude or expression in a painting of Michael Angelo, would immediately catch an attentive observer, who perhaps might overlook much greater faults in the productions of inferior artists.

If any thing throughout this letter should be thought worthy of your notice, I shall need no apology; but should it be deemed otherwise, ascribe my officiousness to the most favourable motive, nor let a severer censure fall upon me than that I have amused myself like a certain whimsical philosopher, with finding out spots in the sun.

I am, Sir, your unknown humble servant,

H. H.*

P. S. If you think proper to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, please to direct to H. H. at the Hungerford Coffee-house in the Strand.

N. B. I should have communicated my sentiments early in the last week, but a family connection unexpectedly summoned me into the country.

MR. GARRICK TO H. H.

SIR, Hampton, Sunday evening, Jan. 24th, 1762.

THOUGH I seldom answer anonymous letters, for many reasons which I need not trouble you with, yet I cannot forbear returning you my best acknowledgments for your kind, friendly, and let me add, very flattering letter. I should have answered your's the moment I received it; but indeed I am so hurried in town with my theatrical concerns, that I have not a moment to myself till I can retire to this place. You need not have assured me, that your hints are not dictated by a spirit of malevolence, nor by an impertinent affectation of criticism. The whole tenor of your letter would contradict the least surmise of that kind, and I must declare in my own favour, that I am always open to conviction when given palatably, and I can truly say with Pope,

"Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd—if right, I kiss'd the rod."

To show you, Sir, that I will do as I say, without farther preface I shall enter upon your remarks, and hope you will think me not unworthy of your future favours. "Shakes so my single—" If I stop at the last word, it is a glaring fault, for the sense is imperfect; but my idea of that passage is this: Macbeth is absorbed in thought, and struck with the horror of the murder, though but in idea, *(fantastical,)* and it naturally gives him a slow tremulous under-tone of voice; and though it might appear that I stopped at every word in the line more than usual, yet my intention was far from dividing the substantive from its adjective, but to paint the horror of Macbeth's mind, and keep the voice suspended a little, which it will naturally be in such a situation. And here, Sir, you must give me leave to explain a little

* The reader who has attentively perused the above letter, may feel some little *surprise* at the remarks of the writer; but he will not at all wonder that Mr. Garrick should *reply* to his ingenious though anonymous correspondent.—ED.

what I mean by suspending the voice, which in many cases I reckon a beauty in the speaker, when a stop would be a great fault.

I have been frequently abused by the gentlemen of the pen for false stops; and one in particular wrote against me for stopping injudiciously at this line in Hamlet:

"I think it was to see—my mother's wedding."

I certainly never *stop* there, (that is close the *sense,*) but I as certainly *suspend* my voice, by which your ear must know that the sense is suspended too; for Hamlet's grief causes the break, and with a sigh, he finishes the sentence—"my mother's wedding." I really could not from my feelings act it otherwise; and were I to have the pleasure of talking this matter over with you, I flatter myself that I could make you by various examples feel the truth of my position. But to return: I am sorry to differ with you about the joining "angels" and "trumpet-tongued" together. I really think the force of those exquisite four lines and a half would be shortly lost for want of a small aspiration at *angels*—the epithet may agree with either of the substantives, but I think it more elegant to give it to the *virtues,* and the sense is the same; for if his *virtues* are like *angels,* they are *trumpet-tongu'd,* and may be spoke justly either way. "Heaven's cherubim hors'd" with a stop, is certainly wrong, and was not so intended to be spoken; but when the mind is agitated, it is impossible to guard against these slips:

——"Quas ineuria fudit," &c.

"And such an instrumcut I was to use."

I think, Sir, that both the words *was* and *use* should be equally, though slightly impressed as I have marked them; and if you please to consider the passage, you will find they are both emphatical. The vision represents what *was* to be *done,* not what is doing, or what had been done; but in many passages like this, the propriety will depend wholly upon the manner of the actor.

My notions, as well as execution of the lines in the second appearance of Banquo, are, I fear, opposite to your opinion. Should Macbeth sink into pusillanimity, I imagine that it would hurt the character, and be contrary to the intentions of Shakspeare—the first appearance of the Spirit overpowers him more than the second; but even before it vanishes at first, Macbeth gains strength: "If thou canst nod, speak too"—must be spoke with horror, but with a recovering mind: and in the next speech with him, he cannot pronounce "Avaunt and quit my sight!" without a stronger exertion of his powers, under the circumstance of horror: the—"Why so —being gone," &c. means, in my opinion—I am a man again, or returning to my senses, which were before mad and inflamed with what I had seen. I make a great difference between a mind sunk by guilt into cowardice, and one rising with horror to acts of madness and desperation, which last I take to be the case of Macbeth. I certainly (as you say) recollect a degree of resolution, but I never advance an inch, for, notwithstanding my agitation, my feet are immovable. I quite agree with

you about—"Out, out, brief candle"—but surely I must have spoke those words quite the reverse of my own ideas, if I did not express with them the most contemptuous indifference of life. I have now gone through your remarks, and I wish that you had favoured me with as many as I am sure I gave you occasions to make. There is such a partial regard for me through your letter, that I have, without knowing you, wrote to you without reserve, and have poured forth my feelings through my pen, with great hurry and inaccuracy, but with the greatest integrity, and thorough confidence in you. I am, by my own nature and multiplicity of business, too apt to write, as well as talk, hastily; of part of this truth you are before this well satisfied, and therefore I am sure will excuse the many errors of this letter, which should not have been sent but to one, who has acted in so kind, friendly, and candid a manner to,

Sir, your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

P. S. I must beg of you to acknowledge the receipt of this immediately, and to throw it into the fire.*

H. H. TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Jan. 29, 1762.

SOME unavoidable avocations have prevented me from sooner acknowledging the answer which you have been pleased to return to the letter I took the liberty of sending you. I beg leave to assure you, that it was not my intention, in communicating to you such observations as the performance of *Macbeth* gave occasion to, that I should subject you to the defending these passages, in which your sentiments disagreed from mine. On the contrary, I meant only to suggest a few doubts, which might give occasion to the consideration of the character in question. The very particular discussion of the points objected to, which you have condescended to enter into, at the same time that it shows your thorough insight into the beauties and critical knowledge of Shakspeare, manifestly evinces the candour and ingenuous openness to conviction which ever accompany true genius.

I am not ignorant that you were persecuted all last winter by a cabal of malignant critics, who, insensible to those delicate touches in which the excellence of acting consists, confined their attention to one point, and by that means collected many apparent improprieties, which a man of real taste would not, and indeed could not, stop to regard. For what Mr. Spence applies to Mr. Pope, may, with equal justice, be used on this occasion. "His faults are the faults of a man, but his beauties are the beauties of an angel." And notwithstanding those pests of literature have desisted from any farther public attack on your reputation, yet their

* Happily it is preserved, and to us of the present day exhibits the *mind* of the great actor to be equal to his fame.—ED.

malice, like the brutal passion of Messalina, seems rather *fatigued* than *satiated.* This I collect from the many ill-natured conversations I hear at various Coffee-houses, and the numberless pretenders to criticism which the insidious writings of those gentry have created. In order, therefore, to obviate the designs of people who lay hold on the only circumstance in your acting which malevolence, on the most shameful perversion of talents, can represent as exceptionable, I would advise, (pardon my presumption,) a more than common care in the article of speaking. I am myself of a profession which has made it necessary for me to study oratory; but indeed that species of it which being rather inanimate, attended with but little action, and scarce requiring more than bare propriety of elocution, may mislead in judging of stage declamation, which being impassioned, frequently to a degree of enthusiasm, does not admit of rigid correctness. I shall, however, if you signify to me, by a note directed as before, that it will be agreeable, occasionally furnish you with my thoughts on this point, from a sincere regard to merit, and an honest pleasure which I shall enjoy in thinking that I may in some degree contribute to defeat the united efforts of malice and envy. I am perfectly sensible that every moment of your time is precious, and

> "In publica commoda peccem,
> Si longo sermone morer tua tempora;"*

and will therefore wave some general observations, which your distinction between *suspending the sense and stopping* has given rise to, until I shall have an opportunity of applying them to *Hamlet,* or some other principal character of Shakspeare. In the mean time, rest assured of my good will, and pardon my vanity, when I pay myself the compliment of saying, that no one has a more lively sense of Mr. Garrick's merit, than

Your unknown humble servant,
H. H.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, G. S. Feb. 17, 1762.

I GIVE you many thanks for the favour of your packet.

I had not seen "The Fribbleriad." It is excellent both in the fable, the sentiment, and the wit. Pope, in speaking of the *cock fribble* of his time, compares him to a *gilded-bug.* I remember Middleton used to say to me, the description was very faulty, because there was no such thing in Nature as a *gilded-bug.* I replied, it suited the purpose the better, for a fribble was as much out of Nature.

I have my fribbles as well as you. In the "Anecdotes of Painting," just published, the author, by the most unprovoked malice, has a fling at your friend

* Epist. ad Augustum, L. 3.

obliquely, and puts him in company where you would not expect to find him, (it is vol. i. p. 106, 107,) with Tom Hearne and Browne Willis. It is about Gothic edifices, for which I shall be *about his pots*, as Bentley said to Lord Halifax of Rowe. But I say it better; I mean the gally-pots and washes of his toilet. I know he has a fribble tutor at his elbow, as sicklied over with affectation as himself. But these half men are half wits, of whom Dryden says,—

——"They are so little and so light,
One should not know they liv'd but that they bite."

I have seen the first edition of the poem you mention, "The Rosciad," and I was surprised at the excellent things I found in it; but took Churchill to be a feigned name, so little do I know of what is going forward.

I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem,
Your most affectionate and faithful servant,
W. GLOUCESTER.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. PALMER.

"E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me."

MADAM, Saturday, March 13th, 1762.

I FLATTERED myself that I should yesterday have been freed from any business of the Theatre on account of the solemnity of the day, and I little expected that Mrs. Palmer would have broken in upon it with a letter of altercation.

I must desire every lady, for the future, who shall be pleased to give her sentiments upon stage affairs, to address them to Mr. Lacy as well as myself, otherwise I cannot, in justice to him, take any notice of them.

However, I shall go out of the common road of business to pay my respects to you, as you seem to have done the same in favour for me. I have done myself the pleasure of reading over your letter several times, and have considered every *marked* word with that attention which such stamp of weight ought to excite in the curious reader. Though your letter is so long, the matter of it, stripped of ornaments, may be contracted to two simple questions. Why did I not bring out the new play sooner? And why is your benefit two days later now than before? Heavy charges! But I trust in my innocence!

I would not wound your delicacy to ask another question in answer to the first demand, or else I might gently surmise that the most capital lady has not the least shadow of right to ask the managers such a question; but I will indulge you, and drop my right of office, to satisfy your curiosity.—Mr. Whitehead particularly desired it; but if he had not, I should not have thought of acting it sooner. But do not imagine that I mean this as an excuse for your not playing the part of Celia;* I never intended that you should, and for one reason among many, that it

* *Celia*,—acted, though a girl of sixteen, by MRS. CIBBER, in her 54th year.—ED.

would have shown too strongly the similitude between "The Guardian" and "The School for Lovers."

This is the first time that I have been called upon by a performer to account for my management, and I hope it will be the last. But I will go farther. Had I intended the part for you, it would have been as improper in us to have given it to you, in your condition, as in you to accept it; and I think ladies should rather be thankful to the managers for their attention and humanity to them, than be calling them to an account for not giving parts to those who are not in a condition to play them. If Mr. Palmer thinks it worth while to ask me why your benefit is settled as it is, I will give him a very full answer to that and every other proper question: I must be excused sending it to you, as I shall be obliged to open my mind, and to endeavour to convince him that, if any partiality is shown, it is in your favour. Now I come to a more serious part of your letter, which concerns me only. You tax me *with levelling my anger against you*; yet in your next sentence you say, that last year I professed an esteem for you, and showed it. Yes, Madam, I think I did, and upon an occasion when your filial tenderness got the better of my resentments for a behaviour in your father which few managers could have forgiven. I had drawn a veil over that transaction, and am sorry that you have obliged me to draw it aside. Immediately after I continued that regard, let me say partiality, and gave you and yours (contrary to the custom of theatres,) a most successful new play for your benefit—I do not include Mrs. Pritchard in this, for she deserves every thing we can do for her. But surely, Mrs. Palmer had no right to complain in the green-room of the settling of benefits, and upon her first coming abroad; when I had given her husband a play I had refused to one before him, and which I look upon as a favour in my present state of health. But this is nothing; I must and will follow the dictates of my own judgment and justice, and I flatter myself that I shall be much less likely to err, *than those individuals*, to use your own words, *whose partiality to themselves* makes them think *they have a right to expect*—what is not in the power of an honest manager to grant.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.*

P. S. I am ready to see and talk with Mr. Palmer whenever he pleases.

* This letter shows us the sort of intercourse which even the management of Garrick was exposed to, but he is *lively* in his displeasure.—ED.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Prior Park, April 22nd, 1762.

I HAVE mine and Mr. Allen's best thanks to make you, for your admirable interlude.* It will be read with as much pleasure as it was represented: with more by your friends, since it establishes your reputation as a writer amongst men of sense, as firmly as your reputation of an actor is amongst all men of sight. But never increase the envy it will occasion by letting it be known in how short a time it was written.

It was most kindly done of you to represent my complaint to Mr. Walpole. If an abuse had been intended, it was altogether *unprovoked*. His denying any such intention on his honour, gives me full satisfaction: though neither I nor my friends know what the passage aims at, if it had not that intention. It is p. 106—7. And to confess to you, *inter nos*, when the new antiquarian Bishop of Carlisle mentioned this affair to me, impertinently enough, for I never had that familiarity of acquaintance with him to expect he should busy himself in my concerns, I gave him to understand, that Mr. Walpole must give me farther satisfaction than what he brought, which was that gentleman's declaring on his honour he had not me in his thoughts. And my reason was this: I knew Mr. W. to be a wag, and such are never better pleased than when they have an opportunity of laughing at an antiquarian. And Mr. W. had given ample proof of this disposition in the book in question, which is one thorough pillage, and one thorough ridicule of that most serious and solemn branch of literature. You will smile when I tell you one of the arguments this good old Bishop Wormius employed to acquit his friend; it was this, that he, Wormius himself, and not I, was the first that found out, or made, the distinction between Saxon and Gothic architecture. But enough of these antiquarians, whether they be such who are so in jest or in earnest. But I am right enough served for being found in their atmosphere. Yet I might have been spared (for I think none but pikes and poets prey upon their kind) for the sake of family relation, the dulness of antiquarians and commentators being congenial. However, I shall never esteem that a misadventure which has offered me the pleasure of finding fresh instances of your friendship for me.

All here desire their best respects to good Mrs. Garrick and to you.

I am, dear Sir, with the truest affection,

Your most obliged and faithful servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

* "The Farmer's Return from London," originally given, by this father of his dramatic company, to Mrs. Pritchard for her benefit. It had a design by Hogarth for its frontispiece when published.—ED.

CHARLES HOLLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Liverpool, June 18th, 1762.

BEFORE I mention business, I beg you will accept my most grateful acknowledgments for all the favours you conferred on me last season, of which I am so truly sensible, that I hope the remembrance will warm me *ever* to endeavour to *deserve* your friendship and kindness.

As in all probability there will be some alterations in the Drury-lane Company next season, it may not be very inconvenient to remove me out of two or three plays in which I have parts beneath those you generally employ me in. I should be very happy if you could relieve me from Ferdinand in the "Tempest," Y. Knowell, and Col. Manly. I would not wish to do less business, I cannot do too much; but hope to be employed more to the purpose. You mentioned King John to me, in which I shall be at your service whatever part of the season you please. Perhaps, also, Mr. Havard would have no objection to parting with *Shore*, as I suppose he will have an increase of business from the resignation of Mr. Davies. If you will honour me with any other commands, I will do my best to fulfil them, as my business here shall be but a second consideration when opposed to your convenience. King has, no doubt, given you an account of the wretched state of affairs in Ireland. Nothing in the theatrical world can *succeed* that *you* have not a hand in: but fortune is not *blind* when she goes hand in hand with *you*. What a fortunate escape I had in not going to Ireland! I look upon it as the happiest circumstance in my whole theatrical life. I spoke to a person to-day who left Dublin on Tuesday. I learn from him that Mrs. Pritchard made her appearance in Lady Macbeth on Monday, and, notwithstanding much interest was made to fill the boxes, this gentleman asserts there was not 50*l.* in the house. We are going on prodigiously well here; the receipts this year to our first six plays exceed by nearly one half those to the same number the last season. Miss Pope will be a favourite, and so is King, and I make no doubt the excursion will answer well to every body in the company. If I did not know every minute of your time was employed, I would ask for a line, but as that is the case, I will not flatter myself with the hope, unless you have business to communicate to,

Dear Sir, your most sincere and devoted,

CHARLES HOLLAND.

My best compliments attend your brother.

JAMES LOVE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, July 5th, 1762.

I HAD the favour of your's on Saturday evening; but the post came so late, I had not time to reply. It would take up too much of your time to enumerate the many particulars that caused me in my letter to Mr. Jackson to seem impatient; but

the chief were to put it out of my own power to waver in the determination I had made, if you approved my proposal. The proprietors here, men of the first consequence, who have been applied to for justice in my case, have to a man declared in my favour privately; but, as the sessions is just now extremely busy, and they are mostly of the law, three of them, indeed, upon the bench of judges, they have not had a general meeting to determine the affair finally; but as my chief demand rests upon a retribution for sums advanced, they proposed among themselves, as I have been well informed, to make it a preliminary article, that I should remain here at all events as an actor, and they would settle my salary, &c. to my utmost desire. Now, Sir, if they had not, before I had been fully acquainted with your pleasure, the matter could not so easily have been reconciled, as I should, in prudence, have been afraid to determine. Perhaps, on my refusal, they will be negligent of my claim, and leave me to have justice from the law. But, be it as it will, I should think myself the most impertinent and most ungrateful of all mortals, if I hesitated a moment when you have done me the honour of declaring yourself willing to receive me. I engage, with a heart determined to serve you and Mr. Lacy, (to whom, as I have not the pleasure of being known, I hope you will be pleased to make my compliments,) to the utmost stretch of my power with the most eager sincerity. I would choose, if you please, to have an article like that formerly sent me, with the time, as well as salary, mentioned; to wit, as I said in Mr. Jackson's letter, three years. I hope you have no objection to my retaining the name I have assumed, as for very capital reasons I am desirous evermore to be called by it.* I have wrote to my relations to inform them of my design, and doubt not but they will approve it much, as they have often lately solicited my return. In speaking of the circumstance in relation to a benefit, you say I must leave something to contingencies. Sir, I should be ashamed to presume a syllable more after you mention that you never engage to act for benefits at all; I was led into an error, having been informed you played for every one of such a salary. I am sufficiently contented, when you give me leave to hope that assiduity and attachment to your interest may look towards that honour with some degree of expectation. If merit alone, which you mention also, had been the price of your performance, I should at least have trembled for fear. Depend upon this, Sir, I have experience, and I do not come to you without looking forward upon all probable events. Nor am I, like a child, fond of a change because the prospect is new. I have long considered the chance of coming to Drury-lane: I have carefully examined the succession of actors here, whether friends or foes, in regard to their opinion of my abilities; and though I have met with constant encouragement, still have I paused upon the danger. Had you ever seen me play, all this would have been at an end, for though your good-nature ever leads you to the kind side of the question, I am certain you discover the least degree of merit at once, and, rich beyond all count in the possession of it yourself, are always ready to acknowledge your poorest relation. Thus convinced of your supremacy (forgive me if I dwell too much on my favourite sub-

* His real name was Dance.—Ed.

ject,) I come to you with no will of my own, but always to be guided by yours. I am sure you will do me justice; and I am prepared to strain every nerve for your service, and to keep an eternal eye to your interest. I have obtained no end in getting a decent salary from you, if I deceive your expectations; but if, as I am bold enough to hope, my Falstaff should fill some houses, and, what is much more, obtain your approbation, think not it is possible I should presume one atom from thence, and think myself under-paid, as I dare say many a weak man has done. No, Sir, my chief, my first, my ardent desire is to rise in your opinion, and to that goal my course will ever be directed. You mention my assistance in panto-mimes; I am glad you think I can assist; in that, as in every thing else you command me: I shall have no kind of avocation from my business, and my whole time will be yours. I am afraid I shall not be able to reach you these six weeks; about that time, I hope to have the pleasure I have long, long, and ardently wished for, of kissing your hands. However, I will not lose a day in forwarding my prospect, for much I desire the interview. If there is any thing, in the mean time, you can think of, in which I may prepare to serve your pleasure, command and be *obeyed*.

Till I had your last favour, I was something concerned to hear you had engaged Mr. Parsons; for I had lost my most useful hand; but permit me, Sir, to assure you that you will in him be pleased. He is a most regular, sober, industrious lad, and will never neglect to watch your interest and inclination. Under you he must thrive, for he has much ability and great variety of natural talent. I doubt if ever you saw your Taylor in "Lethe" so well performed. His feeble old men, which he has only tried one season, will increase your hopes. He sings very prettily, has an immensely quick study, and great attention. He is excellent in harlequin for his time,* and will soon, I will answer, rival the greatest masters in that *sublime* and glorious profession—*cum multis aliis*, &c. I think what I have said, due to him for the faithful services he did me, especially as I am sure I have only said what he is amply able to make good.

And now, Sir, (no more a manager, for that employment I decently interred on Saturday evening, the moment I received your epistle,) give me leave to amuse you, as a poor appendix of yours, with some Scotch theatrical history. Mr. Digges, by some accident or other, has got a hint that I intended to quit this place and devote my future service to you. On this, after my having avoided any connection with him for some time, he has attacked me lately till common civility could no longer withstand it, to visit and be gracious, and all that. I own to you, Mrs. Bellamy was my greatest incitement, with whom I wished some conversation. We are pretty com-pany now, and see one another: and the main argument is this,—"that when the

* *Parsons.* This long letter from Love is very amusing. He is like Kent in "King Lear," on his own word "the best of him is diligence." He was a very useful actor in both tragedy and comedy. Those who distinctly remember the perfections of Parsons, and his peculiar figure, must smile to hear of his excellence in *harlequin*; but they may not much regret that he was induced by Mr. Garrick to leave Rich and Wood-ward unrivalled.—Ed.

price of my submission is settled, as I am willing to resign my office, I may get more here than at London, and Mr. Digges and his lady will do every thing, &c. &c." But they are deceived, and go upon wrong principles; for the truth is this—I entered deliberately upon the Edinburgh scheme, and have laboured diligently three years in its cultivation, but find by experience, it is a more barren spot than it appeared at first view. But I should never have shrunk till I had waded through, had not my partner played me false. When he gave me an opportunity by such behaviour, I was the first to declare myself willing to retreat; for the settlement of the property was all I aimed at; I can safely say I esteemed but little the governing. However, I have the comfort to find that the company, to a man, do me the honour to praise my administration and lament my retreat, and the very considerable voice of the town, more raised than could well be imagined on such a petty occasion, for my continuance here, inspires me with gratitude for their regard, and at the same time makes me hope that I may also thrive in your soil, and merit your favour and indulgence. I am ashamed when I look back on the length of this scroll, lest I too much tire your patience; and hasten to conclude that I ever am, dear Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your most sincerely obedient humble servant,

JAMES LOVE.

I beg, if you please, you would order the memorandum to be sent as before, which I will sign immediately, and get witnessed as you shall direct.

THE MULBERRY-TREE AT STRATFORD.

[This receipt is valuable for one word especially which it contains: it informs us that, at the date of it, the Mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare had been *lately* cut down by order of the Rev. Mr. Gastrell. Mr. Garrick, we see, had commissioned a military friend to purchase four pieces of this desecrated wood for him, and we find them delivered formally and duly authenticated. There can be little doubt that these relics suggested the commemoration of the Mulberry-tree, and the Stratford Jubilee, which took place nine years after. The approaching anniversary of the Poet's birth, 23rd April, 1764, which completed TWO CENTURIES from that event, might have seemed of all days to stand paramount in the claim for such a celebration;—but a more extensive preparation might be judged advisable; and Mr. Garrick's health in the year 1763, made him determine upon a visit to the Continent, in which his active mind necessarily found much that even profitably engaged his attention. Wisdom, too, admonished him to quit for a time a metropolis over which the sway of "Pantomime and Song" was now confirmed:—indeed Miss Brent, with "The Beggars' Opera" and "Artaxerxes," had, like another Goneril, abated "King Lear" once again of *half his followers*.—ED.]

9th July, 1762.

RECEIVED of David Garrick, Esq. by the hands of Lieutenant Eusebius Silvester, two guineas in full, for four pieces of Mulberry-tree, which, with two other pieces of the same tree, I lately delivered to the said Mr. Silvester for the use of the said Mr. Garrick, I do hereby warrant to be part of the Mulberry-tree commonly called Shakspeare's tree, and said to be planted by him, and lately cut down in the Revd. Mr. Gastrell's, late Sir Hugh Clopton's garden, in Stratford upon Avon. Witness my hand,

GEO. WILLES.

Witness hereto, William Hunt, Attorney, in Stratford.
John Payton, Master of the White Lion Inn there.

DR. J. BROWN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Aug. 10, 1762.

IT gave me a very sensible concern to hear of the late return of your illness; but I hope your horse mounted weekly between London and Hampton, will confirm your health.

The papers tell me that you intend to gratify the public by appearing on the stage this winter. Is it so? Or do you keep to the resolution you had formed when I saw you in London?

I cannot disguise to you, that I was much surprised to find you hesitate about bringing on "Armida" this season; indeed, I understood it as a clear determination that it should [appear]; and in consequence of that, I have really entered upon a measure of such a nature, as would put me to some disagreeable inconveniences, if it should be postponed. As to the musical part, I have fixed most of the capital songs; and the poetical part will not exceed (at most) three acts of a tragedy in length. I cannot pretend to prescribe any time to your getting ready the decorations; but if they require such a length of time, I cannot but wish that circumstance had been sooner mentioned.

As to the comedy, my good friend, I must brush up your memory a little. It was your own proposal (in your garden at Hampton,) that I should try my hand at it. Its comic merit, in point of *character*, is universally allowed to be of the first degree.* In point of *plan*, it goes on well upon the whole, till the third or fourth act, and then falls into nonsense and absurdity. This, I really think, I have removed; retaining, at the same time, every the least scrap of what is thinly scattered through the bad parts of it, such as might be worth preserving. This is all I pretend to: and as to the excellence of the other parts, it is generally allowed to be supreme. The Pig-woman certainly cannot be removed without spoiling the whole; for on *her* depend all the fine comic scenes between Busy, John Littlewit, and Justice Overdo; as well as some of Coke's and Wasp. In short, she is the *great connecting circumstance* that *binds* the *whole together*. If the scene of her scolding be thought rather too coarse, it may easily be softened. But as to all these matters, I can only give my reasons: you are to judge of them. Upon the whole, therefore, you will oblige me much if you can bring on either of these pieces this season. If you declare this impossible, I cannot for the present say any thing farther on this matter; but that I shall always remain, dear Sir,

Most truly and sincerely yours,

J. BROWN.

* He speaks here of his alteration of Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair." The sterling power of the old bard's characters leads me to regret that Dr. Brown's attempt to keep up the *humours of the Fair* was not cordially received by the chief magistrate of the stage.—ED.

DR. J. BROWN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Aug. 17, 1762.

I RECEIVED yours, and am altogether of your opinion, that much will depend upon the music, and that the airs in general ought to be as light as possible. You may depend upon it I shall select them of this kind from Handel, as far as they are to be found there; but the present taste has got down so far towards the *ballad style*, that I question whether the lightest of Handel's airs will quite hit the humour of the town. To an audience of taste, I could go through this with pleasure and security of success; to such an audience as we have to deal with, I cannot pretend to any *certainty* as to this matter. I have already selected twice as many songs from his operas as will be sufficient for our purpose, and these of great variety and spirit; but still they are of a higher form than many in Artaxerxes. I apprise you of this beforehand, that I may not seem to mislead you; and therefore, if you think that any of the composers in London can go through the thing in a more popular manner, I shall be glad to resign it to them, and to pay them the usual price for such performances. If Boyce would undertake it, he (next to Arne) I think most capable of it. It would accelerate the completion of the opera; because, as soon as one act was finished, I could send it, and thus the poetry and music would be advancing together; whereas, if I do both, the one must precede the other. You will think of this, and let me know your sentiments.

There will be a resemblance between this and "Arthur" in one sense, that is, so far as *machinery* is concerned in *both;* but as to the *main subject*, I recollect but little; and the conduct of the machinery is so different, that no striking resemblance can arise. By your asking me this question, I suppose you have some thoughts of presenting "Arthur." I wish I had heard the music when I was in town, but I cannot help suspecting the success of it. My first doubt is, whether there be any thing pathetic in the plan; my second is, with respect to the popularity of the music. Purcel is admirable *here and there;* but as to any *whole* of his *composition*, I cannot help questioning the success of it at this time of day, unless it was purged and done up anew. Within two or three days after this comes to hand, you will receive two packets from Colchester; this is owing to my having dealings with a wit, who, of course, has no memory. I desired you, in my last, to tell me of some Member of Parliament to whom I might inclose any thing I had to send you. This you totally forgot; (pray, good Sir, if you please, to remember this the next time you write.) For want of this I have been forced to send to Mr. Gray, of Colchester, two packets which contain a new edition of "Bartholomew Fair." I pique myself more on rectifying this plan, than on any plan I ever struck out in my life. It is amazing to think how any writer could do so well, and so ill, at the same time, as Ben Jonson did in this comedy. However, so far as I am a judge, there are admirable materials left, enough to make out a first-rate comedy after the trash is thrown out. But I will not anticipate. As to the little connecting scenes which I have added, I have made them

as short as possible, because I know that my comic composition is nothing. As soon as you have well considered it, let me have your thoughts. I can furnish you with some songs that will be proper for the purpose: that which is inserted is the finest that ever Purcel composed; and if Miss Wright can *act it* as well as she can *sing it* (for both will be necessary), that very song will draw an audience. You will see that I have struck out four of the *dramatis personæ*.

I was much diverted with your story of the Bishop of Gloucester and Quin. I see you are going on triumphantly in politics, and we of the minority have nothing to do, but hide our heads. For my part, I am glad to find that the late minority have laid aside their factious dispositions, and are become willing to serve their king and country; and I think I have a fair title to a deanery at least, for having advised them to this conduct. At least, after having *taken* my *advice*, I think they ought not to be *angry at me* for having *given it*. But I am like honest Justice Overdo, when he was set in the stocks, and defy Dame Fortune to hurt my mind, come what will.

Yours, yours, in good spirits,

J. BROWN.

If you see Mr. Fitzherbert, pray tell him I sincerely rejoice in his late promotion.

Do not forget my respects to Mrs. Garrick, who, I know, is above all party, as I believe you are at the bottom, though now and then forced to put on appearances.

DR. T. A. ARNE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Nov. 10th, 1762.

THE occasion of my troubling you with this arises from a wicked report made by some busy Argus, who having an hundred eyes, and but one of them honest, had ninety-nine too many.

Mrs. Cibber not a little amazed me, when she told me I was charged by you with hissing Master Norris, or, at least, with holding my head down, in an odd position, whenever he was hissed.

Sir, I cannot remember whether my head was up or down, or inclining to one side or the other, but take upon me positively to swear, that I never was so mean a rascal as to hiss the greatest enemy I ever had in the world, much less a young lad who never offended me; who, I then thought, as I now think, deserved the kindest treatment imaginable; being surprised, as well as shocked, to hear and see the best singer in your company (except Mr. Vernon) though with some material defects, treated in so base and undeserved a manner.

I was so far from inclining to any such unbecoming behaviour that I was the only advocate he had, and kept all quiet about me, except a young boy of an officer, who said he did not care for the lad's understanding music—that he squalled, and (by God!) he would hiss him.

I would not have gone to the performance, for fear of some scandal from these observing Pickthanks, had I not a friendship for Mr. Stevens, the lawyer, and an intention to serve the lad; and was so unhappy, when I came home, that I could not eat my supper on his account.

Whoever told you that I showed any signs of disapprobation is a busy lying scoundrel, which I am ready to assert to his face, and answer the consequence.

Yet, though neither I, nor my small abilities in my profession, nor those of any person belonging to me, or in my interest, have ever received the smile of your favour, but, on the contrary, have been greatly overlooked and discouraged upon my account, I have never failed in my respect to you, and still continue (in spite of ill treatment) an admirer of your extraordinary talents, and,

Sir, your real humble servant,

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.*

MR. GARRICK TO DR. ARNE.

SIR, Nov. 10th, 1762.

THERE are many mistakes in your letter: and first, I did not charge you with hissing Master Norris; but when Mrs. Cibber spoke to me about that affair, I told her the truth, that you was charged with being in the company of hissers, and though you might not hiss, the person averred that you were pleased, and laughed at the malcontents about you. I thought this affair of so little consequence, and so little willing am I to hear Pickthanks, as you politely call them, that I never spoke to the person who accused you. Mr. Lacy did, and will inform you of the whole. When you know and see the person in question, you may deliver your own messages, for I have too much to do to trouble myself about these matters. Your assertion, that *neither you nor your abilities*, &c. have had a smile of favour from me, has no foundation; for every body who knows me, knows that I have always given you your due, as a man of genius, but at the same time I had no great reason to applaud your behaviour to me. I never ill-treated a man of genius in my life, and I was so far from returning ill-will towards you, that I agreed, contrary to my judgment, and against all rules of reason and policy, that you should make new prices at our theatre for your oratorios. Therefore you will be much at a loss to particularise the *ill-treatment* you mentioned; nor know I of any transactions between us, but your indulging us with an engagement with Mr. Fawcett, when you entered into articles with the other house for Miss Brent.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

P. S. I am in such a hurry that you must excuse this scrawl.

* A variety of these imputations have been levelled from time to time at the possessors of great talent, but few of them so silly as this which annoyed that fine genius, Dr. Arne.—ED.

T. B. TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Nov. 25th, 1762.

THE many proofs you have given the town of your desire to oblige them, encourage me to propose to you a scheme no less advantageous than useful to the public, especially the polite part of it. The alterations lately made in your theatre for the convenience of the spectators, naturally suggested to me an inconvenience arising from the servants who are sent to keep places. I have, with concern, seen a lady finely dressed forced to sit down by a servant whose clothes and feet have been very dirty, and behaviour extremely offensive; it has happened, to my knowledge, that some servants, in order to follow their own pleasures, have hired common porters of the street to keep their places, whose company better suited a prison than a place of polite entertainment.

I have, enclosed, offered to your consideration a plan as a remedy for this great inconvenience, by approving of which, or altering it suitably to the occasion, you will add another pleasure to the admirers of your excellent performance, and especially to, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. B.

The plan may be formed by having a copper ticket marked with the letter of the box and number of the row, which tickets should be paid for upon the delivery of them to the servant who comes for places, and then the gentlemen and ladies are to carry that ticket with them as a proof of their being entitled to such a place as the number specified upon the ticket in box A, or B, &c. which will not only prevent the very great inconveniences of the within-mentioned letter, but will also be a means to put a stop to that partiality from the box and book-keepers of which you possibly may be ignorant, and the method of these tickets will prevent many frauds on your part.

I should be very glad to know how far you approve of this scheme, by the favour of an answer directed to T. B. at Tom's Coffee-house, in Devereux Court, near Temple Bar.

DR. DELAP TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE my last letter, I have been making a general rout and reform in the management of my play; which, though it will cost me some pains, will be attended, in my opinion, with much profit. It appeared to me that the Oracle might possibly be a stumbling-block to an English audience, and I have hit upon an expedient which will rid me of that, and, at the same time, furnish new matter for a large part of the second act, as well as an additional scene that will enliven the third, and give me an opportunity of leaving out all the flat parts of it. Besides all this, the fourth

will be more passionate, and the catastrophe in the fifth entirely altered. But I will lead you regularly through.—In the first act, all the flimsy parts of every scene will be left out, to make room for the appearance of Macaria, which scene also shall be improved. And now begins the alteration.—After the King and his brother have promised their assistance to the Queen and Macaria, I suppose that Demophon's son, in his return home with some troops, has been taken prisoner by Eurystheus, whose herald has informed Demophon, that if he does not immediately sacrifice Macaria (against whom he has a particular malice, which shall be mentioned,) Eurystheus will before the morning sacrifice his son. The second act begins with a messenger informing Acamas that the King, who is much troubled at an advice he has lately received, is coming to communicate it to him. Demophon then tells Acamas the story, and says, that as his religion and his priests forbid him to force Macaria from the altar, he must do it by stratagem: this is warmly opposed by Acamas, who answers the King with so much severity as occasions a quarrel, and confirms Demophon the more in his intention, who, upon the appearance of Macaria, commands Acamas to retire. Macaria, having heard them conversing, comes from the temple to return them her mother's thanks for their great friendship to them both. She tells the King that it has drawn her mother from the very depth of despair, and saved her life. This conversation affects the King so much, as to make it visible to Macaria that something has happened amiss, and she speaks her apprehensions: the King then tells her that he is the most unhappy of fathers,—that an accident has happened which obliges him to withdraw his assistance from her—that in the first hurry of distress, he had intended to deceive her, but that her behaviour forced him to discover the whole truth. He then tells her the story, and says that his kingdom, as well as the life of his son, is at stake, for that in his present situation he dares not oppose Eurystheus; he also insinuates that the altar and temple of Jupiter, though reverenced by him, would be no sanctuary to her from Eurystheus; and that Eurystheus had solemnly engaged never more to persecute the Queen, and that he would himself undertake to restore her to her kingdom. This throws Macaria into great confusion and irresolution, which so much affect the King, that he begs her to consult with Iolaus and the Queen, but not to mention what has passed to any other person, and that he will wait for her reply. Acamas returns to Macaria, and finding her in tears, suspects his brother, whom she exculpates, and thanking him for his friendly concern, desires him to retire. He then goes out determined to assist her to the utmost of his power. Iolaus, who had been dispatching Hyllus, returns, and Macaria at length determines to sacrifice herself for the safety of her mother and friends.

The third act begins with Macaria's address to Jove, while Iolaus is gone to the King: her mother, hearing her, comes from the temple, rejoiced at the friendship of the King, and the consequent happiness which will attend Macaria, whom she is surprised to find dispirited. (This scene will be an imitation of that fine one between Agamemnon and Iphigenia, where he is unable to mention the sacrifice.

The officer from the King then comes for Macaria, whom her mother is at last prevailed upon to part with; and while she is bemoaning her absence and that of Hyllus, her son comes privately to see her, and enquire what state she is in: he tells her that Melanthus, who shares the command with him, is leading on a large body of troops, and then offers to go to thank the King for his friendship, but is prevented by Iolaus, who, after some emotion, prevents his going to the King, and desires him for good reason, which he cannot then mention, to retire instantly to his troops, and then goes out with him. Immediately Acamas enters, enquiring for Macaria. The Queen tells him that she is most happy and secure with Demophon, who has sent for her to the palace, and to be present at a solemn sacrifice. Acamas tells her that the King has deceived her, and that Macaria herself will be the sacrifice, which he came on purpose to prevent: the consternation of the Queen at last makes her faint away, and Acamas goes hastily out. The fourth act begins with the Queen's violent grief. Iolaus then entering, confesses himself to have been privy; this calls forth all her resentment upon him. Hamon then tells them, that as the priests were preparing to sacrifice the victim, every thing was suddenly thrown into confusion, and there was a general uproar of the people. Demophon then enters enraged, but Dejanira, before he can speak, breaks passionately out against him, demanding her daughter, and accusing him of perfidy; he then tells her it was her daughter's own consent, and that she was herself to blame, who had impiously prevailed upon Acamas to force her daughter from the altar—that now his kingdom and his son's life were in danger. She tells him it is a proper punishment for his cruelty, &c. and upbraids him still more: when a messenger informs him that Acamas and Macaria are surrounded, and they want to know how to proceed: the Queen then falls to supplications, tears, &c. and the King goes out determined to sacrifice her. In the fifth act, the Queen's rage changes into a fixed despair and melancholy; upon hearing a tumult of the people, she rushes out to offer herself to their rage, and is met by Acamas and Macaria. Demophon soon follows: the brothers fight, and Demophon prevails, and is going to take Macaria, when Hyllus, who has killed Eurystheus in single combat, and rescued Demophon's son, comes in, and is upon the point of killing Demophon, till the matter is explained: the sudden violent transitions from grief to joy overpower Dejanira, who with her death concludes the play.*

R. J. BROWN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Newcastle, Nov. 26th, 1762.

I KNOW that your affairs require all your attention in the winter; and therefore I would not teaze you with any more letters on the subject of my last, till I knew

* Not acted until the year 1781, when it was called "The Royal Suppliants." The scenes here described, between the *mother* and *daughter*, made so strong an impression on the town, that the play lived the nine nights, which the bills of mortality assign as the mature age of modern tragedy.—ED.

certainly how the affair would be determined. I have at length settled it amicably with Mr. Smith, and the Oratorio is to be performed in Lent.

You may remember, perhaps, some hints that I dropped to you in London; from whence you might reasonably conclude, that I should not be much surprised if I was improperly treated from that quarter. The late occurrences have confirmed me in my opinion: and what you say of his behaviour to you, is a farther confirmation of it. However, we must take things as they fall out; but there never was a greater untruth uttered since the creation, than what he charged upon me with respect to the time of sending up the music: but let it pass. He complains of the *determined* style of my letter to him; yet I know that it was that determined style that induced him to change his resolution.

I am sorry to hear of the dismission of your friend the Duke of D.* Though as to myself, you know, if I was disposed to triumph on the defeat of an enemy, I might say something on that head. But though I never thought highly of his political system and conduct, yet I believe him an honest man; more honest, perhaps, than some of whom I once thought more highly: and therefore, I wish he had still been about the King:—but *inveni portum* is my motto, so let the seas roar; I cannot help it, nor does the storm reach me in my retreat. I do not like your friend Churchill's third book of the Ghost. To talk in the grand epic style, it has neither beginning, nor middle, nor end: it is crammed with personal abuse, and that, thrown on people who did not deserve it, for aught that appears. It is obscure: here and there a good line; but many of the *mediocre* rank, in my opinion. In short, he will scribble himself down in spite of genius.

The press is groaning and in labour with my Dissertation. You saw a rude draught of it; but I have been able to improve it in almost every part: and I dare almost prophesy, that it will please you. The Ode is printed.

What, in the name of wonder, is this huge work† of the Bishop of Gloucester upon Grace? I cannot conceive how any man could spin the subject to such an immoderate length. What mortifies me most is, that I do not hear of any body that is abusing it in print. My respects attend the good lady of the house. Let me hear a political anecdote when you can: and believe me always,

Dear Sir, most sincerely and truly yours,

JOHN BROWN.

* Devonshire.

† This "*huge*" work composes one rather small volume in twelves. It contains the famous attack upon Wesley; whose mission, on his *own* authority, appeared to be graced with some miraculous powers. But the finest thing in Warburton's writings is to be found in this book; I mean the examination, how far inspired speakers, or writers, may be reasonably expected to possess the *scholastic* graces of the language inspired?—ED.

DR. BROWN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, London, Saturday night, 26th Dec. 1762.

WHY did you not tell me that you was to go out of town to-night? I would have seen you in spite of all obstacles. As it is otherwise, I cannot omit this opportunity of thanking you for your friendly letter. Your caution is well founded, on what you (and I too) know of the impetuosity of my temper; and it will certainly put me more on my guard, than I should have been without it. However, to let you see that, in theory at least, I am tolerably prudent on this occasion, I will transcribe the concluding paragraph of my letter, which I writ to the Prime Minister of the Russian Empire. "I will take the liberty of observing to your Excellency, that I think my purpose in coming to Petersburgh cannot be too little talked of, either before my arrival, or when I am there. It will be best for a foreigner silently to make his observations on the state of the empire; and in the time and manner which prudence may dictate, convert them to their proper use. This will prevent jealousies, and tend gradually to carry forward those salutary designs which will be most surely established by being insensibly begun."—Prudence herself! in theory.—Yet I know by experience, that I have an unconquerable tendency to bolt out truths, independent of the consequences they may produce. Therefore, again I say, thank you for your good advice. I will endeavour to follow it. As to the point you speak of; it would certainly be dangerous to carry it so far, as to think of removing the seat of empire. That is certainly too much to think of: but to re-instate the City of Moscow in some degree of splendour, and to make it one of the two seats of art and science, I think is not so dangerous a proposal. However, nothing of this kind will I say to any soul living but the Empress herself, and that with great caution. But let me be fairly at home again, and then if I do not tell them my mind at large, in a general and connected plan of legislation, may I be knouted to death by the Metropolitan of Novogorod or Moscow! I do not think it certain that I shall be able to move before Monday se'nnight: if so, I will hope to see you yet: whenever you come to town, do not pass my lodgings without a call. My best respects to Mrs. Garrick. You may keep the other things till I return. Believe me,

Dear Sir, always most truly, yours,

JOHN BROWN.

DR. BROWN TO MR. GARRICK.

THE plan goes well on till the end of the third act; Bevern's giving way in the fourth, is such a violation of character as sinks the merit of the plan, and would greatly weaken its effect in the representation. The tragedy should have ended here; what follows seems designed only to lengthen it.

As to the characters, that of Osbert is not, perhaps, quite kept up with probability; considering the great qualities with which he is represented, it seems unnatural that he should be wound up to base designs and actions by such slight persuasions as Edric lays before him. Bevern's character is, perhaps, liable to a like objection; a mind so great, after the violation of his wife, could not have stooped to such means to save her. Emma's character is kept more consistent, except in the fourth act, where she listens a long time to her husband's dishonourable parley without speaking a word; and at last does it faintly, instead of snatching the dagger which was held over her, and ending Bevern's distress by her own death: all which her character required. With respect to the style, or composition, it is in general clear and easy; here and there, though not often, too florid; but often weak, and wanting that *energy*, and sometimes that pathetic amplification, which the situations (which are often good) might seem naturally to have produced. Hence, though there be capital situations, there are hardly any scenes which can be called capital or great.

Endorsed.

"Dr. Brown's Critique upon a Mr. Johnston's Play I desired him to read."

HENRY MOSSOP TO MR. GEORGE GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, March 17th, 1763.

I RECEIVED your letter, and I should have acknowledged the favour sooner, but that I waited with the hopes of being enabled to return a full and satisfactory answer to it. I am extremely concerned that it is not yet in my power to do so; however, lest I might appear negligent, in a matter of business, I cannot think of deferring longer my writing to you.

I had, as I mentioned in my first letter to your brother, begun to settle my affairs here, so as to be enabled to be at his service for the next season; I have made a considerable progress in this business: but it would be inconsistent with that sincerity and frankness, which I hope I shall always preserve in my dealings, (and which I know will be approved of by you and your brother,) not to acquaint you that some embarrassing difficulties yet remain which prevent me from being, as yet, entirely at liberty. They are matters of an interesting nature, inasmuch as my honesty and my honour are concerned in them. From this, your brother will see that I must not think of leaving this kingdom while these objections remain; and I am certain that he will immediately acquiesce in the propriety of this conduct, from the consciousness of that honour which exists in his own mind, and which is apparent in all his dealings.

However, I must likewise acquaint you, that I have no doubt of being enabled to remove these difficulties in a little time, though I think it my duty to inform your brother of them; and I am certain it would be improper conduct towards him, to come to a conclusion while a possibility remained of any difficulty which might

put it out of my power to be at his service consistent with honour. The moment I have settled these matters, which I flatter myself will be in a short time, you may depend upon hearing from me; in the mean time I must request that which has passed between your brother and me upon this subject, may be kept an entire secret.

With respect to the money which I am indebted to your brother, I am under great concern that it is not yet in my power to remit it to him: as soon as ever it is in my power, I shall certainly send it to him, which I fear, however, cannot be before the arrival of Mr. Holland. If I cannot pay it before, you may be assured that the first money which comes into the house on the performance of that gentleman, shall be appropriated towards discharging my debt to your brother.

I beg you will present my best compliments to Mr. Garrick, and believe me to be

Your most obedient and very sincere humble servant,

HENRY MOSSOP.

P. S. I must trouble you to give my compliments to Mr. Holland, and please to acquaint him that I have received the favour of his letter, and that I shall answer it at large by the next post.

MR. MOSSOP TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, 1763.

I SHOULD have written to you much sooner in relation to the promissory note which you sent hither by Mr. Holland, but that I really was at a loss in what manner to address you, not having it in my power to write to you as I ought upon that subject. I am extremely concerned that I am under a necessity of still trespassing on your goodness, and delaying the payment for a few months longer: the truth is, the theatrical business, for the latter part of the season, has been extremely indifferent, and has turned out much inferior to what I expected from the novelty of the performers from England, insomuch that, in fact, the plays hardly answered the expenses; however, Sir, I consider myself much obliged to you for your civility in permitting your performers to come to me before the expiration of their articles with you, and I beg you will accept my thanks for that favour. I thought it incumbent on me, through respect to you, to do every thing in my power to make their situation agreeable; and I believe the gentlemen have nothing to complain of. The failure of our business has been principally occasioned by Mr. Shuter's breach of his agreement, who, notwithstanding his strange and unaccountable conduct, has fifty pounds of my money in his possession at this instant. The damages I have sustained are very considerable; I have been obliged to commence a suit at law against him, from whence I am assured that I cannot fail of receiving ample redress.

I wrote a letter to your brother a considerable time ago, and was very unhappy in being unable to be at your service for the ensuing season, which, I assure you, was my most sincere desire; the reasons I intimated to him, I am certain, must be satis-

factory to you, as they were such as bound me by very strong ties of honour; and I flatter myself I know your mind so well that I may be assured that you have approved of my conduct. It would be impossible to explain this matter to you by letter: when I have the pleasure of seeing you in London, which I hope will be about the 15th of August, I shall take the first opportunity of laying the particulars before you. I cannot omit in this place returning my thanks to you for that strict secrecy which you have been pleased to preserve in this affair; and I must entreat, Sir, that you will be so obliging as to continue it. I give you so much trouble and make so many requests to you, that I am almost ashamed to mention the principal circumstance for which this letter was intended, particularly, Sir, as it tends in some degree towards giving you fresh trouble: however, I flatter myself that your usual goodness will excuse it. I must first premise, that Mrs. Fitzhenry's salary is so extremely exorbitant, her characters so few, and those having very little power of attracting the public, that it is impossible for me, consistent with reason and common sense, to think of engaging her for the next season. In this situation Mrs. Yates would be of the utmost consequence to me, and if you can spare her you will do me service beyond expression.

Mr. Yates can likewise be of great consequence in his characters. My intimating this is upon a supposition that they may possibly not be essentially necessary in your business in the ensuing season, and, in that case, I flatter myself you do not want inclination to oblige me. If you should be so kind as to bring a treaty on foot, I shall be perfectly satisfied to be determined by whatever conditions you should think reasonable, and shall with pleasure confirm any agreement that you shall think proper to propose. I mention this upon a supposition that you may be so obliging as to be at the trouble of interfering in this business as a mediator.

I shall only add, that your showing your friendship on this occasion will do me inexpressible service; and let me assure you on my part, that I shall have a particular pleasure in embracing every opportunity that may hereafter occur, in order to make every possible return within my power for your friendship and civility, and to testify how much I am, dear Sir,

Your most sincere and much obliged humble servant,

HENRY MOSSOP.

P. S. This being a matter of the utmost importance to me, I must entreat the favour of a line from you upon this subject, as soon as possible.

Please to present my best respects to Mrs. Garrick.

DR. FORDYCE TO MR. GARRICK.

May 13th, 1763.

DR. FORDYCE presents his best compliments to Mr. Garrick, and begs to be indulged in the pleasure of telling that gentleman some part of what he felt the other night at Drury-lane. It is impossible to tell him all.

He has seen Mr. Garrick in his other characters with delight always, and with admiration as often as the author will let him. But in King Lear he saw him with rapture and astonishment. He could wish, he could imagine, nothing higher. It was Nature herself, wrought into a vast variety of the strongest, the tenderest, and the most terrible emotions, that ever agitated the breast of a father and of a monarch.

In my opinion, Sir, those who have not seen you in that wonderful part, are still strangers to the extent of your powers. They have not yet seen Mr. Garrick. It seems to me the character, of all others, that gives the noblest scope to the career and the diversity of his genius. And I am much mistaken if, in the representation, he does not feel his soul expand with a freedom and fulness of satisfaction, beyond what he experiences in any other part.

Such violent starts of amazement, of horror, of indignation, of paternal rage, excited by filial ingratitude the most prodigious; such a perceptible, yet rapid gradation, from these dreadful feelings to the deepest frenzy; such a striking correspondence between the tempest in his mind, and that of the surrounding elements. In the very whirlwind of passion and of madness, such an exact attention to propriety, that it is still the passion and the madness of a king. Those exquisite touches of self-reproach for a most foolish and ill-requited fondness to two worthless daughters, and for the greatest injustice and cruelty to one transcendently excellent. Those resistless complaints of aged and royal wretchedness, with all the mingled workings of a warm and hasty, but well-meaning and generous soul, just recovering from the convulsion of its faculties, through the pious care of a worthy, but injured child and follower; till at length the parent, the sovereign, and the friend, shine out in the mildest majesty of fervent virtue, like the sun after a fearful storm, breaking forth delightfully in all the soft splendour of a summer evening. These, Sir, are some of the great circumstances which so eminently distinguished your action two nights ago. They possessed by turns all your frame, and appeared successively in every word, and yet more in every gesture, but most of all in every look and feature; presenting, I verily think, such a picture as the world never saw anywhere else; yet such a one as all the world must acknowledge perfectly true; interesting, and unaffected. A very crowded audience gave the plainest proofs that they found it so. Even a French lady, if I mistook not the person, who has been used to all the polite frigidity of the French drama, was moved and melted in the most sensible manner. As to myself, I suppose that I was affected in the same way with every body else. But what struck me most, and will ever strike me on reflection, was the sustaining with full powtr, to the last, a character marked with the most diversified and vehement sensations, without ever departing once, so far as I could perceive, even in the quickest transitions and the fiercest paroxysms, from the simplicity of nature, the grace of attitude, or the beauty of expression. What I alone regretted, was the blending of modern tragedy with the inimitable composition

of your immortal Shakspeare. It was some comfort, however, that you had no share in the whining scene.*

I hope, Sir, you will forgive this freedom of praise, prompted as it is by pure esteem for the man whom forming Nature, without the least assistance from example, has placed so high in his profession. I have said so much, not because I imagine that my single approbation can be of any consequence to Mr. Garrick, amidst the approbation of the public; but merely to relieve myself in some measure from a load of sensibility with which King Lear has quite overwhelmed me.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

J. FORDYCE.†

MR. HALL TO MR. GARRICK.

John-street, Berkley-square, May 29, 1763.

MR. HALL presents his compliments to Mr. Garrick, and is desired by his friend Mr. Gilbert,‡ to inform Mr. Garrick, that he has made some alterations in his play of "Jugurtha," which he hopes are sufficient to recommend it to Mr. Garrick's favour; but if he should be so unfortunate as not to meet with his approbation, Mr. Gilbert is so well convinced of the merit of his piece, that he will try every justifiable method to get it upon the stage. Mr. Hall has this play in his possession, and begs Mr. Garrick will favour him with such an answer as he can show to Mr. Gilbert without any risque of creating a misunderstanding between persons for whom he has the greatest respect and regard.

DAVID GARRICK TO MR. HALL.

SIR, Hampton, May 30, 1763.

I THINK with Mr. Gilbert that an author has a right to try every justifiable method to get his play upon the stage; and I think, too, that a manager is equally justifiable in refusing a play which he thinks will fail of success in the representation:

* Written by Nahum Tate.

† Dr. Fordyce was highly accomplished by his studies for stage criticism, and he has here enumerated the astonishing efforts of Garrick in Lear; which Shakspeare himself suggested, but never could have the happiness, in his time, even to *expect* from the stage. When I say this, I mean no disparagement to such men as Burbage or Alleyn; but what could even Garrick himself have achieved, if moving between a lane of lounging Bobadils, seated upon the stage, with boys in waiting for their pipes, and displaying themselves upon the heath in *troops*, along with the *deserted* King, calmly smoking through the "pelting of the pitiless storm?"—ED.

‡ I rather incline to think that the name of Gilbert is assumed here. Jugurtha was really writtenby the Rev. Dr. Gloster Ridley, whose eldest son wrote the *Tales of the Genii*.

this is a right which I will always exert, as long as I shall be a manager of a theatre. I should with great pleasure re-consider the tragedy of "Jugurtha," (as you tell me there have been some alterations made in it,) were I not so particularly circumstanced that I cannot with propriety read it at present, nor tell you my reasons till I have settled an affair of some consequence to me.

The moment I am at liberty to explain myself, I most certainly will; and in the mean time I must beg of you to let even this riddle be a secret till I shall expound it to you. I think myself honoured with your regard, and I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

P. S. I should have answered your note sooner, but I did not receive it till last night at this place.

DAVID GARRICK TO MR. QUIN.

DEAR SIR, June 20, 1763.

THE Duke of Devonshire rejoiced me much at Ascot races with the hopes of meeting you at Chatsworth, and we have since had those hopes confirmed to us by your letter to Hubert. I should have had ten times the satisfaction in this news, had not my wife taken more pleasure in hearing of it than is quite agreeable to the temper of a prudent husband: the news, indeed, was told her a little abruptly, and she broke out into a kind of transport, that even her friend Hubert thought was indiscreet; but whether he felt for me, or himself, I cannot determine, for he is at present chief favourite and first gallant at Hampton. But, my good friend, as you are stout, be merciful; I have been very ailing of late, and am ordered by the faculty to keep my mind quiet and my body cool; therefore, spare me and mine, I beseech you.

I must say a word or two to you upon the behaviour, the most unaccountable behaviour, of your friend Hudson: you remember our bargain, and though partly made in the warmth of our cups last summer, yet it was as sacred to me as if it had been struck and ratified over our tea, and toast and butter. I sent to him, as we agreed, to let him know when I should be ready to sit to him: he was not at that time disengaged. I then wrote to him, that I *would attend his friendly summons* (those were my words) any morning at his own hour, by giving me notice over night, —no answer to this. I then met him in Maiden-lane, he begged my pardon, seemed in great good-humour, and promised to send to me: from that time to this I have not had the least excuse or message from him; and, indeed, I am so out of patience with him, that I shall tell him my mind when I see him. I have considered again and again whether I might inadvertently have given him any slight cause of suspicion,—for he is, you know, a *sensitive* (and not a *sensible*) plant, as a lady called it in our garden— and, upon my honour, I have behaved with the most delicate attention to him. It was hinted to me, that the much and deservedly admired picture of you by Gainsborough has piqued him a little, and *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* If it is so, I sincerely pity him;

for, indeed, there is merit sufficient in that portrait to warm the most stoical painter, and what must it do when it works among the combustibles of our friend *Hudson?*

I have thought proper to say thus much to you, that you might not imagine that I had been either tardy or negligent. I should be proud of this interchange of tokens of good-will between us, and will be most ready at any time to accomplish my part. If we have but a tithe of the pleasure at our *next* meeting we had at our *last, our meeting will be well made.* I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

My wife sends her best to you. DAVID GARRICK.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bath, June 22nd, 1763.

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, and propose great pleasure in seeing you at Chatsworth the 5th: remember to come by Derby and Matlock; it is much the best way. If you lie at Derby, you may with great ease be with me by dinner; it is but twenty-six miles, and all good road; remember to come over Rowesley Bridge, three miles from Chatsworth, and so through my grounds, which shall be open. Mr. Quin will, I believe, be there the same time; he drives out almost every day in his one-horse chaise to get his nag in wind.

I hear Mr. Hubert has furnished him with an umbrella which is to defend him both against sun and rain. I send you a note on Mr. Snow. My best compliments to Madame. I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

DEVONSHIRE.

I expect a line from you the post before you leave London.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Chatsworth, Aug. 1, 1763.

I RECEIVED both your letters, and am very glad to find by your last, that Mrs. Garrick is growing better: I hope it was nothing more than a little over-fatigue of the journey, and I flatter myself that I shall soon hear she is quite well again. I am sorry for your brother's accident; it was, however, lucky that it was no worse, and as well that you knew nothing of it till such time as you heard he was better.

John communicated the Ode to me; I approved much, especially that part where the strawberries were introduced. The Duke* left me this morning; the whole family are gone with him to Lord Rockingham's, and I shall follow to-morrow. Mrs. Dal, who is this instant returned from Lord Strafford's, desires her best compliments, and is very sorry to hear Mrs. Garrick has not been well. I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

DEVONSHIRE.

* Bedford, probably.

MR. DAVIES TO MR. GEORGE GARRIC

SIR, Saturday, August 6th, 1763.

WHAT your brother said to Mr. Colman yesterday, I confess has touched me very much; he had desired that gentleman, it seems, to take up what was due to him from "The St. James's Chronicle," at the same time that he knew his share in that paper was held by me, in *trust for him*. What is this but to brand me as a fellow not fit to be trusted with the receipt of his money? He did indeed some time since insinuate there was some mistake in my account. Why then does he not point it out? I am ready to show my books and to settle with him whenever he pleases. So help me God! I know of no mistake but what I long since mentioned to him of five pounds which my servant I imagined had overcharged to him, and which I told him then should be allowed.

If he is tired of his kindness, in God's name let him withdraw it! but let him not endeavour to deprive me of that, by which alone I must get my bread—I mean *the character of an honest man*. This I write that you may show to Mr. Garrick.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS DAVIES.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. DAVIES.

SIR, August, 1763.

MY brother, according to your desire, has shown me your most extraordinary letter. I shall not put myself to the unnecessary trouble of convincing you of your unprovoked ill-treatment of me; I shall leave that to your own reflections when they are uninfluenced by suspicion and self-sufficiency. I shall only say that, upon my honour, I never once suspected your integrity, and till I heard of your last conversation with my brother, I had not the least doubts of your veracity. I shall most certainly withdraw myself, as you are pleased to command me, and I am as willing and ready as yourself to settle the account between us.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

D. GARRICK.

MR. DAVIES TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, August 10th, 1763.

BY desiring the account between us might be settled, I did not mean (which you seem to intend I should) to pay the balance immediately. I only thought that it would be the best way to rectify any past or prevent any future mistakes. However, that will not so much distress me, if Mr. Garrick will please to stay till my auction is over, which will be in about three weeks; then I shall be able to pay what

is due with ease. I should likewise be obliged to him, if the *Museum Florentinum* (as promised) would be accepted in part of payment.

I find it was wrong in me to complain, though I thought I had sufficient reason to apprehend my honesty was doubted. I very sincerely thank you that you have condescended to clear that point, and shall only say that I too hastily judged from appearances. I will be bold to say that I detest falsehood and dissimulation as much as any man living. But if you mean by any doubt of my veracity, that I assigned a very different reason to Mr. George Garrick for leaving the stage from what I had given to yourself and others, you are certainly in the right. Mr. Johnson can remember that I declared to him above twelve months since, that I should not have quitted the theatre when I did, if your warmth of temper had not provoked me to it. At the same time I own I told my friends, that my motive for so doing, was the being unable to attend my shop and the business of the stage together. And this instance of want of veracity I readily confess.

I could not be so *impertinent* as to *desire*, much less to *command* you to withdraw your favours from me. I did only mean that I had much rather lose yours or any man's favour than have my honesty suspected.

However you may behave to me for the future, I shall always think myself obliged for past favours.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
THOMAS DAVIS.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. DAVIES.

Hampton, Aug. 10, 1763.

THEY who have too much the weakness of sensibility about them, confess their mistakes with a degree of contrition, whilst you, Sir, can *find yourself wrong* with that superior indifference, and self-approbation, so well known to all who have the pleasure of your acquaintance. I hope, for my own sake, that you will still continue to keep one of the *real* reasons of your quitting the stage a secret from the world, as I would not choose that the public should upbraid *my warmth of temper* for depriving them of your theatrical talents. It has indeed been said, that the stage became disagreeable to you from the first publication of "The Rosciad," and that you were resolved to quit it, as you were always *confused and unhappy* whenever you saw Mr. Churchill before you: should this be truth, how will you reconcile your three different reasons for the same thing *with your detestation of falsehood and dissimulation?* If you mean by the *warmth of temper* you have accused me of to Mr. Johnson, a certain anxiety for the business of the stage, your accusation was well founded; for I must confess, I have been often too much agitated by your want of that care and

readiness in your parts, which I thought I had a right to resent, and which made your leaving us of such little consequence: this warmth of temper is certainly my weakness, but I could never find that any actors have left us upon that account, nor do I remember that I ever drove a single performer from the stage, always excepting him whose over-exquisite feelings have made my connection with him of small duration.

But why would you expose my infirmities (the real reasons for your quitting the stage) at a time that you was asking and receiving favours from me, and when I was exerting all the little interest I had in your service?—But to go farther—did not you tell my brother that I refused you the fifty pounds, which I gave you as a deposit for the purchase of your house? If I had refused you, could you possibly have the least pretence for thinking me unkind? certainly not. But you wrong me: I told you I *would* lend it to you, though I could not conveniently at the time you asked it, and I told you why I could not. I am ashamed to mention these things, but I repeat them to you as the last words of a dead acquaintance, that you may hereafter be a little more cautious in the treatment of your friends and well-wishers.

I am very ready to perform the conditional promise I have made you about the *Museum Florentinum*, though from your behaviour you have no claim to it: and I congratulate your prudence, which does not forget your interest in the midst of your passion. I must confess, that it appears particular to me that the same letter which acknowledges a wrong, without even the smallest concession, should ask an additional favour—at parting. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

D. GARRICK.

MR. DAVIES TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, London, Aug. 13th, 1763.

IF I thought you had good-nature enough to be sorry for an ill-natured action, I should have enclosed your letter, and begged your re-perusal of it; and should have imagined I had paid you by that behaviour the greatest compliment in my power: but as I am sure any concession from me at this time would be construed into an act of meanness, I am determined to answer every thing material in your's with equal truth and coolness; nor shall I endeavour at those keen strokes of spleen and resentment with which yours is so plentifully adorned.

I really thought that a man's acknowledging he was in the wrong, his returning his sincere thanks to the party offended for his condescension in clearing up the point in question, his confessing that he had trusted too much to appearances, and his owning all obligations for past favours, &c. would have been deemed a sufficient acknowledgment from one man to another, except where there was the vast distance of subject and sovereign, lord and vassal, or child and parent. But Mr. Garrick will not be satisfied with *contrition*, which, if I understand it right, is sorrow for sins past from the love we owe our Maker, and the sincere desire to please him.

As I have not the most distant wish to return to the stage, your ridicule from thence is pointless.

I remember, that, during the run of "Cymbeline," I had the misfortune to disconcert you in one scene of that play, for which I did immediately beg your pardon, and did attribute it to my accidentally seeing Mr. Churchill in the pit, with great truth; and that was the only time I can recollect of my being confused, or unmindful of my business, when that gentleman was before me. I had even then a more moderate opinion of my abilities than your candour would allow me, and have always acknowledged that gentleman's picture of me was fair; nor had I a right to be out of humour with him when better performers were not spared. Mr. Johnson is a common friend to both; surely the entrusting to him, and that in confidence, the real cause of my leaving the stage, which was as much a proof of my too great sensibility, as your warmth of temper, cannot be deemed a very great fault.

It seems I am the only person whose exquisite feelings, and not the warmth of your temper, have driven from the stage. Is it really so? or must I be obliged to name the living and the dead to prove the contrary? This I *can* do and *will* when called upon; but *till then* shall be silent, and leave it to your own recollection to supply this part of my letter. I do not mean that any other but myself has entirely quitted the stage on that account; but if your warmth of temper obliged them to retire to another stage, my assertion stands firm and unrefuted.

Be pleased, Sir, to hear a short history of your own conduct to me, which brought on those exquisite feelings you are so merry with. You will please to call to mind that by a mistake of your own, Mrs. Davies was first led to commit an offence against you about walking in "The Coronation;" you will likewise please to call to mind the submissions of husband and wife on this occasion, asking your pardon in the most humiliating terms; owning and thanking you for all past favours, professing the greatest esteem and regard, with most earnest supplications that you would please to remit this one fault, declaring at the same time that the withholding your favour made us extremely unhappy. All this I thought due to one who had perhaps some just cause of offence, and who had, as I *imagined*, taken a pleasure in doing us acts of kindness. No submission availed, neither *attrition* nor *contrition* would do. If I met Mr. Garrick behind the scenes, or in the street, or elsewhere, he would not speak, scarce return his hat when bowed to. At rehearsals he took all imaginable pains to make me unhappy—some jest or galling speech, which he seems to be excessively ready at, was sure to be at my service; the gentlest expression of his resentment was a laugh, not indeed of the most good-natured kind. He would not condescend to settle the business of a scene without some mark of cool disgust and displeasure. This behaviour my exquisite feelings submitted to bear for above two months. At last, seeing no end of it, I told your brother that I perceived I was become extremely disagreeable to you, that all my submissions were to no purpose, and that such a life was extremely irksome to me, and that I would much rather quit any man's roof, than live under it with his continual frown, &c. This conversation I have reason to

think, he mentioned to you: for the very next time I saw you, you spoke to me with that good-humour that is always sure to please. However, I found this sunshine was of short duration, and was determined at all events to ask my dismission: you confirmed me in my resolution by something that is as well forgot as remembered.

I really cannot call to mind what favour I asked of you when I quitted the stage, and should be obliged to you if you would refresh my memory. If I remember right, I had not the pleasure of your conversation for a long time. Please, Sir, to call to mind, that unsolicited you offered your service to purchase my house, when I told you that my friend Mr. Lane, the attorney, had promised to supply me with money, and that I then paid you the compliment of wishing rather to be obliged to you than anybody else. The lease was sent, and a day begged of you to meet and confer on what was proper to be done. You was pleased to see me at twelve o'clock the very day of the sale, when you declared that the freehold was not worth above 800*l.* However, Mr. Grignion's, which is not one penny better than mine, sold for (I think) about 1200*l.* and mine near 1100*l.* I did then return you thanks, and have never been forgetful of the smallest kindness, but have declared it to all the world. It is true, I asked you to lend me the 50*l.* draught, which you had given me for a deposit in case the house had been bought. You denied me, because you had a particular occasion for it. I could not have the least pretence for anger on your refusal. The anger of a man who is refused a sum he wants to borrow, is, in my opinion, like the anger of a highwayman who is disappointed of his booty. I own I was displeased at an expression you then dropped—you was really surprised, after all, that I should want money! A very strange thing indeed, that a tradesman not well established in business should want cash!—You was exerting all the little interest you had for my service: I am sure I never denied any service you did me. If by my pride, and insolence, and ingratitude together, I have lost the third share of a work which was worth 100*l.* as you told me, which you had got for nothing, or a trifle, I am, as I always have been, the undoer of my own fortunes.

I thank you for the intended favour of the *Museum Florentinum*, but cannot now accept of it, after such upbraiding terms. Two or three pounds more or less will not ruin me. However, you say you are pleased I can join passion and interest together: there is a small mistake in this, for you will find the passion of your side of the question. After you had cleared up the point I was so unhappy as to think I had reason to be angry about, I must have been a madman to continue it longer. All I request is your staying till my auction is over. If you should put your bond in execution, which I do not think you will, I am not so ill beloved but I shall be able to find bail till I can raise the sum. I have lost no friend worth having, except yourself.

I take my leave of my *dead acquaintance*, by telling him that I am sure I have made him extremely happy, for he will certainly think he has now a right to call me the most ungrateful scoundrel upon earth!

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

THOMAS DAVIES.

DR. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR AND GOOD FRIEND, St. Mary's, Sept. 1st, 1763.

I AM most heartily sorry for the occasion that deprives the greatest city of the greatest genius in the world in his art, for one winter, (I hope for no more,) and the most sensible people in it of the highest entertainment—perhaps you think I mean you again; no, Sir, I mean *Cromwell, Earl of Essex*, upon the exhibition of which I depended, along with that of your old friend Ben's piece, the next winter. Upon this foundation, I have battled it against all assertors of your intended journey, persuading myself that you would certainly give me the first notice of the very dawning of such an intention. I have made use of almost every vacant opportunity from the necessary avocations of my duty, and the *unnecessary* ones of this *very public* place, to abridge, reform, new plan, &c. and then re-copy the whole, after my good friends and critics had convinced me how much I had to do: but the call of health must be obeyed; and I shall not grudge my premature labour, as I have reason to hope it will grow more and more perfect, and appear, like yourself, with greater strength and *eclat* at your return—if it please God to spare our lives. If you do not think proper to wait upon, or write to, the widow Hoadly, I will let her know your design, as her disappointment (of the money, I mean) will be great; though not so great as mine, which is of a very different nature. *Ad-i-e-u, au revoir.* If you have an easy opportunity, I should be glad if you would give my respects and good wishes to a very old acquaintance, in our very young days, at the university, Isaac Jamineau, Esq. Consul now at Naples, formerly a sprightly, ingenious fellow, and a lover of our joint muses, of writing and acting. What he is now I know not, except that his fortune was somewhat broken (handsome as it was for a younger brother,) by his imprudences, before his appointment to this place; in which, I hear, he is not upon a very good footing with our greater man, Sir James Grey. Again adieu! with the good wishes of my good woman to you and *yours*, jointly with those of, dear David,

Your and her very affectionate,

J. HOADLY.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Woodhay, Thursday, Sept. 8th, 1763.

I WAS last night favoured with yours, and greatly surprised with the news in it, for though I had read a paragraph in the papers that you intended going abroad, I gave no credit to it. However sorry I am for my own sake, I think you do right, and wish to God I could do the same: my best wishes and compliments wait on you and Mrs. Garrick. Mr. Sloper and my daughter join in the same. I shall take it as a particular favour, if you will let me have a line from you in your travels, and should

you or Mrs. Garrick have any commands in England that I am capable of executing, I shall have great pleasure in obeying them. Health and pleasure attend you both!

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

S. CIBBER.

To save you threepence, I will not enclose this, having no frank.

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Wednesday, Sept. 14th, 1768.

SINCE last Sunday night, I have been confined at home, and am still so much out of order, it will not, I apprehend, be in my power, but in this manner, to bid you farewell before you leave London; I must therefore assure you, that as few persons can have more reason to wish you the enjoyment of every thing which may contribute to your happiness, so no one does it more sincerely than myself. The obligations you have conferred on me are of too substantial a nature to be ever erased from my memory; but as a grateful sense of them is all at present in my power, I must hope for some future opportunity of convincing you I am not undeserving of the confidence you have reposed in me, and I am with great regard, dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE TO MR. GARRICK.

[This letter appears to have been written while the Duke was Lord Chamberlain; if so, it must have borne date before Nov. 22, 1762, when his Grace was succeeded by the Duke of Marlborough.—ED.]

THE King has returned me the play,* and in case it is soon to be printed, will wait; if not, I am to get it copied out fair, in a large hand, and with *(black)* ink; would your people choose to do it, or shall I employ somebody?

Yours, &c.

DEVONSHIRE.

* Mr. Garrick's alteration of "The Midsummer Night's Dream," printed in 1763. He left this to his friend Colman's care, on his going abroad; it was brought out, and the audience, like the characters, at one time were *all asleep*. The judgment of Colman recommended the cutting it down to a *fairy tale;* but fairy beings must be left to the imagination for one especial reason,—they are too *small* to be acted by men and women; and *children* want the requisite *maturity, power*, and *voice*, to do them justice.—ED.

MR. POWELL TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, London, March 30, 1764.

SINCE your departure I have not presumed to trouble you with a letter, supposing you had all the advices and intelligences you could desire from your brother and Mr. Colman, &c. &c. and that any thing farther would only be an interruption of those pleasures you were in pursuit of, and which I hope you have enjoyed to your utmost satisfaction. I have long had an inclination to write to you, and now, on your return, I hope it will not be thought impertinent, for my heart wishes to unburthen itself of some of the many acknowledgments it owes to you, my best of friends. I need not inform you that the theatre has gone on in a most flourishing manner; and in regard to myself, my success has indeed been beyond my most sanguine expectations, or even my warmest hopes. I have many obligations to the public for their readiness in discerning my little share of merit, and their generosity in excusing my numberless errors. I am confident I can never cease to think that all the gratitude which can possess the heart of man, is due to *you* from *me*; for you, Sir, laid the foundation of all, by your kind care of me during the course of last summer, and have put within my view the prospect of future happiness, for *me*, *my wife*, and *little infants*, who are daily taught to bless your name as their very best of friends. During my poor but best endeavours in the duty of my new profession, I am indebted to Mr. Colman for every assistance: his friendship can be equalled by none but that which I have experienced from you, and for which I am sure I shall be taught by you to bear a most grateful remembrance. He is so kind to say he will direct this letter to you. I have all obligations to your brother for his abundance of good-nature and friendship. And I hope I have at last by unwearied diligence prevailed on Mr. Lacy to be *in earnest* my friend; indeed I can boast of no more friendship (scarcely common civility) behind the curtain. But of these matters I may speak more at large, when I am blest with the happiness to see you.

I have engaged to go to Bristol in the summer, but wish to have the satisfaction to see you before I leave London. I hope I shall gain credit when I tell you, that, amidst all my success, vanity has no *immoderate* possession of me; nor has it raised a pride beyond that of an honest emulation (with your future kind assistance) to go on assiduously and still to prosper; and that the greatest ambition my mind possesses is, to study to merit your favour and protection, and that the public may see, whatever other deficiency I may labour under, at least I do not want gratitude to you, the founder of all my happiness and success. I hope this will find both you and Mrs. Garrick in perfect health. I am very sorry to hear she has been at all indisposed, and beg you will do me the honour to present her my most humble respects, with which I remain,

Your very obedient, and much obliged humble servant,

WILLIAM POWELL.*

* Every reader, I think, will be pleased with the modest gratitude of this excellent actor. But his feli-

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR MR. GARRICK, London, April 17, 1764.

You will think me a strange beast not to have returned you my thanks for your former letter sooner. I am indeed ashamed of myself: do not impute it to any want of regard for you, for that is impossible. I received your last of the 24th of March, yesterday, and though it gave me great pleasure, yet the account of Mrs. Garrick's indisposition was a great allay to the satisfaction I had from it. I should hope summer and the warm climate of Italy will soon perfectly re-establish her. I take for granted your numerous correspondents inform you of the daily occurrences, and as I am not in the secret of affairs, I know very little more than the common newspapers tell us; for as to the secrets of the minority, God knows they are very few, or rather none at all. We made a figure in the House of Commons, but what with accidents, that were in themselves unavoidable, and mismanagement, we contrived to reap no benefit from our numbers, which were very considerable; whereas, had we known how to make a proper use of our forces, or rather, had we all properly concurred in so doing, I believe we should at least have brought the enemy to terms of capitulation before this time; whereas now we have left them in possession of the field till next session. The chapter of accidents may possibly decide the fate of the next campaign, and unless something extraordinary happens, I should think our adversaries will scarce be able to maintain themselves.

I am glad to hear that your administration has gone on so well in your absence. I have now and then made some inquiries, and have heard it doubted whether there would not be a considerable difference: a moderate one, perhaps, might not be disagreeable, as it would be flattering: however, I heard two days ago that you must come over, as some of your chief performers have left you. What a silly thing has Lady Susan Strangways done:* Lord Ilchester thought he had reasoned her out of it, and she had desired him to take her into the country: he is by all accounts most terribly affected by it, and poor Lady Sarah Bunbury as much.

city in having such instructors as Garrick and Colman, contributed in great measure to regulate the *passion* which distinguished his tragedy. Nothing but a sound judgment can save the tragedian from the rival absurdities of *rant* and *whine*. Mr. Powell died in the year 1769, in the 33d year of his age.

* Lady Susan Sarah Louisa Strangways, eldest daughter of Stephen Fox, the first Earl of Ilchester, married William O'Brien, the actor. He quitted the stage on his marriage, in compliment to the prejudices of the noble family to which he was then allied; and became, by their influence, Receiver General of the County of Dorset, in which important station he lived to a very advanced age, highly respected. The late William Lewis told me, that "*he* was the only actor, who seemed perfectly *genteel* upon the stage." How able he was to judge at the time, or how much he could have seen of him, the reader may estimate for himself; for O'Brien had quitted the stage, when Lewis barely reckoned *sixteen* years: however, he knew him in his retirement, and his judgment might be one of *inference*, what O'Brien must have been, from what he saw him to be.—Ed.

As you have lost your relish for the stage, and *virtù* has taken its place, we shall have you come over a perfect Dilettante, and I trust we shall have some battles upon the subject.

I am much obliged to you for your offer of purchasing pictures and statues, but I have no money. I should, however, be obliged to you if you would get me all the prints that Bartolozzi has engraved: as you are such a connoisseur, you must know him. I believe he lives at Rome; I know they are sold there. If you meet with Lord and Lady Spencer again in your travels, I beg you will make my compliments, and assure them of my great regard and esteem for both, and shall be very glad to see them return in perfect health. I shall be impatient till I hear Mrs. Garrick is quite well: pray assure her of my best respects, and believe me to be very sincerely,

Your faithful humble servant,

DEVONSHIRE.

MR. GARRICK TO LADY SPENCER.

MADAM, June 1st, 1764.

THE old saying, that no man can master his own mind, was never so truly verified as in your humble servant. If ever I was bent upon one thing more than another, it was to obey Lady Spencer's and the Marquise of Ligneville's commands; and yet, though I have seen your Ladyship's frowns, and have felt the reproaches of my own conscience for some time past, though no man ever took more shame to himself than I have done, and though I have not yet been able to keep my word, I flatter myself there is something to be offered in my vindication. The poem of which I had written a part, and in which I had introduced the character of Count Firmian, had possessed me so much when I had the honour of conversing with the Marquise of Ligneville, that I could not doubt of being able to finish the picture I had begun in a few days; but whether the subject was too much for me, or my fears of not answering the Marquise's expectations had taken too strong hold upon me, I cannot tell, but I have not yet been able, with all the struggles I have had with my froward mind, to perform my promise: all I have to plead in my own defence is, that my heart was too warm in a service which my peevish Muse, out of a little spite and contradiction, would not agree to; and what is still more provoking, all the trifles I have hitherto produced, have been as quickly executed, as they have been lightly written, so I can only say with poor Captain Bobadil in the play, (who was a braggadocio of another kind,) that I am planet-struck. If your Ladyship will step between me and the Marquise's displeasure, you will do me a most signal service, and if I can outlive my shame, I will not rest till I have laid myself and my muse at her feet, as very proper subjects to exert her mercy upon; and, in the mean time, I beg leave to produce

Montaigne in mitigation of her anger, who says, *that every promise breaker should be hanged, except he be a poet or a madman.*

I am your Ladyship's most humble and most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

SIGNOR JOSEPH BARETTI TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Venice, July 10th, 1764

COUNTESS BUJOVICH, the lady who told me of her miraculous remedy against the sciatica, has been out of town these three weeks, and I know not when she will be back again. But if I recollect well, the plaister is made with some Venetian soap and the yolk of an egg, well mixed together, applied to the painful part on a bit of blue paper. Have you forgot the black hen? Do not neglect that particularity, and abstain from laughing, you incredulous mortal. To be serious, I heartily wish Mrs. Garrick a perfect recovery of her health, and should be very glad to hear her bettered by this simple remedy. I was much pleased to hear from more than one friend, that she is much better now than she was when she left Venice, and that she has dismissed her stick, and walks bravely about. Could I absent myself from here, I would certainly come to Albano, and wait daily on her in our Italian character of Cavalier Serviente, although she wants a stick no more. My best wishes and compliments wait on her instead of me.

Now, friend Garrick, give me leave to be a little peevish with you. How could you be such a witless man, as to think that you could find Italian literature existing to the sum of thirty sequins? I scarcely think you would find literature in the whole world worth such a sum. I reckon that you have about twenty sequins' worth in England, three sequins' in France, a couple of sequins' in Germany, and another couple in the rest of the world, which sums, put together, do not fully come up to what you laid out in that of Italy only. Yet, though literature worth money be so very scarce, in my opinion, everywhere, I am not quite of your mind as to the books you bought, considered as books. Some of them, (for I saw a list of them in Mr. Beauclerk's hands,) some of them are valuable for their printer's sake, some for this, and some for that other foolish reason; and whenever you think of selling them again, I firmly believe that it will not be any hard matter to get you your money again. Mr. Beauclerk, meanwhile, offers you twenty sequins, if you are fully persuaded of having made a very bad bargain. So you see you will but lose ten sequins instead of twenty. I wish I had seen the books themselves, I could be more positive, in all probability, as to your having done yourself no harm; for I firmly think that you have done by chance what many more people in Venice would likewise do deliberately. Be comforted, then, and do not consider yourself as a great sufferer for a trifling loss that you may make at the very worst. The great sufferer

is your lady, who is obliged to stop in a sorry place, physicking, instead of rambling about merrily in cheerful places. You will, I hope, excuse this long nonsense, and be persuaded that I am, and will always be, dear Sir,

Your most humble and most obedient friend and servant,

JOSEPH BARETTI.

SIGNOR JOSEPH BARETTI TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Venice, July 14th, 1764.

YOUR defence is so eloquent and nervous, that had you betaken yourself to the bar as you did to the stage, I am positive you had been as formidable in Westminster-hall, as you are in Drury's play-house. I never saw any thing more advocate-like than this defence; and though the gallant Beauclerk be against the quoted sentiment of Hotspur, yet I am for it, as I do not pique myself to be any thing more than a mortal man, and never dared to run counter to the general opinions.

As to the soap-plaister, I find Mr. Turton is not against it, and Mr. Righellini approved of it too. Nay, Turton says, that soap in sciatical complaints is set down as a good remedy in an English Dispensary. I wish with all my heart it may produce good effect, as I had really a great value, and even affection, for your lady ever since she poured me a dish of tea the first time I saw her in London. I never shall forget that adventure, though she may. She did it in so graceful a manner, I could still paint her in that pretty attitude, had I Reynolds's or Guido's powers. Do not interpret this as a bold declaration of love to your best half; for was my love to her of the wicked kind, faith! husband, a cunning Italian would know better than to let thee in the secret. You see, Sir, the effect of what you tell me, that the professors at Padua declare me the best writer of Italy. Such flattery will always put a man in good-humour. However, I love still my country so much, that I should be sorry to be convinced they are in the right. *Poor* Italy, if they were!

Signor Sacchi is still in Milan along with Tartaglia; and inclosed you have a letter that will do for both. But I have a notion you go another way; and it is great pity, as you will lose an opportunity of seeing two actors not easily to be matched, if I am allowed to judge, after having seen you for ten seasons running.

Every Englishman here tells me, that you do not come back to Venice as they all did, the Duke not excepted. I am sorry for it: but the devil is in it if I do not go to see you in England again, since you will not be seen again in Venice.

Father Finetti presented me with some copies of his book after he had seen my opinion of it in my paper; therefore give me leave to divide those copies amongst my friends, and accept of one along with the two last sheets of that paper. I will take care you have the remainder when it be time.

I wish you and your lady as good a journey home as you can desire; and be

assured I will be glad of any opportunity to show you both that I am with the utmost affection and respect,

Dear Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

JOSEPH BARETTI.

My direction is, *Alla Bottega del Signor Saviola Librajo, in Merceria.*

MR. J. MINIFIE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Milan, July 16th, 1764.

I RECEIVED your two letters together: the first requires no particular answer. I am sorry to find that you have been so indecently treated by a man who had so many obligations to behave otherwise. I believe with you that he will meet with much difficulty to get into an English service. He left Mr. Newton here, and set out immediately for Genoa, and said that he had travelled with him as a companion, not in quality of a servant. Your second letter has given me a very great pleasure: I accept most willingly your proposal of a mutual correspondence, of mutual services, and promise you the utmost exactitude and punctuality on my side. If you will send me your pattern and orders, I will get you what embroidery you think proper, and send it to my friend Mr. Holford, to be sent to you by the first opportunity. I will make the utmost inquiry after the editions of Italian authors of the 15th and 16th century, and beg you will let me know the names of those you have picked up, that I might not send you the same that you already have. I have amongst my books the first and most curious edition of *Machiavel's* Works, entire, of 1500, and *Davilla*, of the Civil Wars of France, an excellent author, very much at your service, and the more so as they are very rare. I shall not fail of making your compliments to Count Firmian: I am sure that they will be extremely acceptable to him; for he esteems you as much as the most partial of your countrymen can possibly do. I wish you would be so good as to add to the commission I have already troubled you with on Count Firmian's account, the *Dialogues* of Lord *Lyttelton*, and get them to be sent off as soon as possible, directed to Mr. Holford for me. Be so good as to get put into the packet, three of your prints, one for C. Firmian, one for Holford, and one for me; and two prints of Mr. Pitt, if there are any like him. I will take the liberty of troubling you for some English books on my own account as soon as I have made some progress in your commission for the Italian ones, which I shall set about without delay. I shall direct this letter to Augsburgh, because I fear that I shall be too late for Padua. I shall be extremely glad to hear that you are safely arrived in Germany, and that Mrs. Garrick has got rid of her pains. My wife begs you will not forget the fans in the small commission of books for C. Firmian. I am with the highest esteem, and sincerest attachment,

Dear Sir, your most obedient most humble servant,

J. MINIFIE.

SIGNOR JOSEPH BARETTI TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Venice, Sept. 2, 1764.

MAKE me not ashamed with your too many thanks for inconsiderable trifles that are not worth two-pence. Was I a man of fortune, it is probable that I would endeavour to deserve your cordial expressions, as well as those of other Englishmen travelling this way; but as that is not the case (ten thousand pities it is not), you do me a favour to accept of my good-will; but as to your warm thanks, you may spare them for proper occasions, without putting me to a needless blush.

I am really overjoyed to hear that your lady is in a much better way than she was here; I wish her as much health and happiness as she can wish, and if you will give me one great pleasure you must tell me that she has reached home perfectly recovered.

Inclosed you have the "Life of Aretino," which is very good, and would still be better, was it not over-filled with unimportant notes: yet in my periodical sheets I thought proper not to blame the author for his too many *minutiæ*, as the good that is in it preponderates the bad, or, to say better, the superfluous. With it you have likewise two numbers more of the "Frustra,"* published since your departure; and I will find means to send you the three remaining when printed.

Continue me the honour of your friendship, and believe me, with great respect and affection,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

JOSEPH BARETTI.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. ARDEN.

DEAR SIR, Munich, Sept. 15, 1764.

YOU have read "Letters from the Dead to the Living," and from the living to the dead, but, I believe, never received one before from the half-dead to the living—such is the case at present; I am but the shadow of myself, that self which at Naples and at Venice made no contemptible figure even at your side, and which was always ready and willing to second you in every article of the fat and fine; but, alas! my good friend, all the combustibles I had been long storing up there and elsewhere took fire at this place, and I have been confined more than a month to my bed, by the most dangerous bilious fever that ever poor sinner suffered, for the small fault of a little innocent society. By the greatest good luck Turton was our fellow-traveller to this place, and would not stir from me till his great care had made me able to pursue my journey to Augsburgh, which we intend to do to-morrow, when he will turn off for Ratisbon and to Vienna.

* *Anglicè*, "Scourge."—ED.

As you have been troubled with part of my misfortunes, you must have the sequel. When I had got quit of my fever, and was so well as to ride out twice a day, I was seized with a fit of the gravel, or stone, collected by my lying in bed so long, which threw me back another week; so that though I cannot "creep through an alderman's thumb-ring," yet I can thread the smallest tumbler's-hoop, and I think at my return to England of entering myself at Sadler's Wells, as much fitter for that place than for the sock or buskin at Drury-lane.

I am told that Spa would be of the greatest service to me, but I fear we are too late; we shall depend upon the intelligence we get at Augsburgh and Stutgard, and either push for Spa or make the best of our way to some other waters in France.

I am most truly the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, and have lost legs, arms, belly, cheeks, &c. and have scarce any thing left but bones and a pair of dark, lack-lustre eyes, that are retired an inch or two more in their sockets, and wonderfully set off the parchment that covers the cheek-bones. Thus I really am, but out of all danger, for I recover daily, have no cough, and am in tolerable spirits: you desired me to write, and invalids will prate of their ailments. What is become of the rest of our English friends, we know not; Mr. Beauclerk and Lord Ossory were left at Venice in the hand of Marquis Prie and Don Pepy the Neapolitan gamester,—the first has lost about 4000 sequins, and Mr. B. 20,000 sequins,—ten thousand good pounds, Master Arden, and all this in one night!—You may depend upon the fact, and I depend upon you that my name is not mentioned as giving you this information; I could not withhold it from you, though, perhaps, you know it already, for it is too well known in Italy, and has spread to Vienna.

"On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
Whilst virtuous actions are but born and die."

MR. ROBERT BROMPTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Rome, Oct. 9, 1764.

I HAD the pleasure of writing to you some time since, but never have had the favour of an answer, which the circumstances mentioned in my letter made me hope for: not having arrived, I must suppose the reason, as I flatter myself you would have favoured me as soon as convenient. I therefore have taken the liberty to draw for the 60*l.* which I desired you would be so obliging as to give an order for; I hope you will excuse it, as the reasons I gave in my last obliged me to do it. Inclosed I send a duplicate of a receipt which I sent to Mr. George Garrick with the bill, lest you should not be in London; and this I direct to Paris, that if you should be there, it may be a preparation for the bill, or if not, will be in London soon after the other. As to the pictures at Venice, the person would not take less than 130 sequins, which

I think too much, but, if you have any inclination to have them, you are always in time; and I have also, in a house at Padoua, found another Old Woman by Jelotti, the same size, and painted by the same person as that in the number fixed upon, and am certain it might be had for ten or twelve sequins: when you have determined about it, be so good as to direct me, and I shall act accordingly.

Your copy of Lord Ossory is finished,—when any opportunity presents itself I will send it; at present I am employed upon the copies of the Duke of York's picture: when I have finished three of them I shall probably come to England to do the others, except something very extraordinary should prevent it, which may happen at Parma, where I have been told by the people that I shall be stopped to paint the royal family.

I beg my best respects to Mrs. Garrick, and am, with the greatest regard, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and most obedient servant,

ROBERT BROMPTON.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. POWELL.

[Davies tells us that he had once seen this correspondence between the master and scholar—indeed he is pretty accurate as to the chief points of Mr. Garrick's advice.—ED.]

DEAR SIR, Paris, Dec. 12th, 1764.

THOUGH I have neglected to answer your obliging letter, I am sure your good-nature readily excused me, when you heard how unfit I have lately been to pay my debt of friendship in that way: the writing a letter has, till within this fortnight, been a labour to me, and which I should have undergone with pleasure, could I have been of the least service to you. The news of your great success gave me a most sensible pleasure,—the continuance of that success will be in your own power; and if you will give an older soldier leave to hint a little advice to you, I will answer for its being sincere at least, which, from a brother actor, is no small merit. The gratitude you have expressed for what little service I did you the summer before your appearance upon the stage, has attached me to you, as a man who shall always have my best wishes for his welfare, and my best endeavours to promote it. I have not always met with gratitude in a playhouse. You have acted a greater variety of characters than I could expect in the first winter, and I have some fears that your good-nature to your brother actors (which is commendable when it is not injurious) drove you into parts too precipitately; however, you succeeded, and it is happy that you had the whole summer to correct the errors of haste, which the public will ever excuse in a young performer, on account of his beauties; but now is the time to make sure of your ground in every step you take. You must, therefore, give to study, and an accurate consideration of your characters, those hours which young men too generally give to their friends and flatterers. The common excuse is, "they frequent clubs for the sake of their benefit;" but nothing can be more absurd or contemptible,—your benefits will only increase with your fame, and

should that ever sink by your idleness, those friends who have made you idle, will be the first to forsake you. When the public has marked you for a favourite, (and their favour must be purchased with sweat and labour,) you may choose what company you please, and none but the best can be of service to you.

The famous *Baron* of France used to say, that an actor should be "nursed in the lap of Queens;" by which he meant that the best accomplishments were necessary to form a great actor. Study hard, my friend, for seven years, and you may play the rest of your life. I would advise you to read at your leisure other books besides plays in which you are concerned. Our friend Colman will direct you in these matters, and as he loves, and is a good judge of acting, consult him as often as you can upon your theatrical affairs. But above all, never let your *Shakspeare* be out of your hands, or your pocket; keep him about you as a charm; the more you read him the more you will like him, and the better you will act him. One thing more, and then I will finish my preaching: guard against *the splitting the ears of the groundlings, who are capable of nothing but dumb show and noise*—do not sacrifice your taste and feelings to the applause of the multitude; a true genius will convert an audience to his manner, rather than be converted by them to what is false and unnatural:—*be not too tame neither*. I shall leave the rest to the friendship of Colman and your own genius.

I expect to receive great pleasure when I see you, which if my health will permit me, I expect to be before you retire into the country.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very sincere friend and well-wisher,

D. GARRICK.*

P. S. I have by mistake written upon half a sheet of paper; I could not write it over again, so you will excuse me.

DR. J. BROWN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, 1765.

I WROTE to you some weeks ago, and, I suppose, should have heard from you before this, had not your theatrical affairs come on and demanded all your attention. I should not have interrupted you by this, had not an affair of consequence unexpectedly intervened, which the enclosed letter will explain to you.

You will see by this, that Mr. Smith has an intention of putting off the performance of "The Cure of Saul" till another season; but as this is a design which I cannot submit to, upon many accounts; so I have desired, (in a letter which I wrote to him yesterday,) that in case he persists in this resolution, the copy of my Oratorio (now in his hands) may be carefully delivered to you. If he should do this, and

* I could wish a copy of this letter to be worn as an amulet by every young actor of genius, "nearest his heart:" those are the very words.—ED.

should say any thing to you upon the subject, I desire that my letter to him may be shown to you, in which you will see the reasons at large why I cannot consent to his proposal.

In case, therefore, this should be the issue of the affair, as I am at so great a distance, and an immediate journey to London would be very inconvenient on many accounts, I rely on your friendship for your assistance in this critical juncture: for as the season is approaching, no time is to be lost. The first thing I should be glad to know is, whether Dr. Arne, or any other person, has engaged, or intends to engage, your house during Lent. 2dly. Whether you think it a practicable thing for me to employ Arne, or Boyce, to manage the whole affair, and lead the Oratorio, and to get a sufficient band, during the *vacant nights* in Lent. 3dly. In case this be not practicable, would you venture to embark with me in this affair during any of the other nights in Lent, when the best band in town may be procured, you furnishing your house and musical band, (as a part of the whole,) and we two dividing the profits, or the loss between us? Lastly, in case this would not be eligible, what must be the least that I must give for the use of your house, (on an acting night,) having the use of your band of music? In some or other of these ways, I think the thing may be very practicable.—*N. B. Giardini* does not perform at Covent Garden this year; he was here lately, and I talked with him on the subject. But from what he said, I am sure I could procure him, provided he was to have the direction of the whole. For the subjection to other people's humours was what he complained of.

Mr. Smith says, I did not send up the Oratorio in the time I proposed: I sent it *from hence* at the time proposed; and all the time that was lost, was only in the *slow carriage* up to London, which was about a fortnight. The particular reason which he assigns for putting it off, is, that they have only *two music-writers*. Is not this strange, that only two music-writers can be found in the whole City of London? As to the Oratorio, he confesses it *as good as any that has ever appeared*. With respect to the *poetry*, and the *application* of the *music*, I can say nothing, because these are my own doings: but as to the *music itself*, I dare assert that it is *far better* than any that ever appeared in any one, or in any *four Oratorios* put together. The last thing I have to request of you is, that you will not descend to *intreat* the performance of it this winter. This, I know, your friendship might prompt you to; but this is the only step you are capable of taking, in which you can displease me: therefore, no more of that. I have treated them with all possible respect, in the progress of this affair; but if they think I am *afraid*, I will convince them that they are mistaken. It is true, I shall put something to the hazard by having it performed at your house; but the chances on the other side are equal if the thing succeeds. If they do persist, I have other plans which I will certainly put in execution; and I think I am pretty sure they will repent their ill-treatment of me. They may flatter themselves as they please, but I well know that they have only *three Oratorios* that will ever bring them *houses;* and these three are losing their force every season.

I beg your pardon for troubling you with the contents of this long letter; and

nothing but the sense I have of your truly friendly disposition could have induced me to give you this trouble. I will be particularly obliged to you for the *most speedy intelligence* in this affair; because no time is to be lost. But before you do any thing in it, you must certainly know Mr. Smith's final resolution. If he brings, or sends you the Oratorio, you may look on that as a final answer.

I hope to hear that your health and Mrs. Garrick's continues good: for myself, I never was better. I have now got into my own house, which, people say, is one of the sweetest rural retreats that ever was seen in a great town. My love and respects attend Mrs. Garrick, and I am truly, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and affectionate humble servant,

J. BROWN.

COUNT MARSILI TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Padua, April 10, 1765.

THOUGH I have not heard from you since you left Germany, I hope you are safe and easy by this time in your own country, with your lovely half, and your worthy friend Mr. Young, after your long peregrination, and several encroachments which I have heard of in your health. I hope, too, you have not forgotten your affectionate friend Marsili, who is and will ever be proud of your acquaintance, and more so, should you often give him the pleasure of employing himself in your service.

I have likewise given myself the treat of a short trip into Tuscany, where I had frequent opportunities of mentioning you with Sir Horace Mann, my good, though very fantastical friend, Mr. Cocchi, and several more, your countrymen and friends; and that you may have an evidence of my forwardness for whatever concerns you, as you left me a commission of getting you some of our ancient and valuable Italian books, I seized the opportunity of choosing and buying some out of the library which is selling of the last; the titles of them shall be at the end of this of mine, and by the first opportunity you shall have them, in return for those which you were so kind as to promise me from England. If you have not yet made the purchase of them, I wish, instead of Morison's work, which I then wanted, and bought afterwards at Florence, you would purchase me Plukner's Botanic works, and add to them the Odyssea of Homer, of the two Greek editions lately published at Glasgow. I have the Iliad of both, one in folio large paper, and the other in two volumes octavo, common size, and should be very very glad of getting the Odysseas too of the same editions, for the suite and completion of the work. Mr. Treves is already forewarned for the expedition of whatever should come from you. You will let me know the cost of each separately, and I shall not permit you to be the loser in the bargain.

One Mr. Rigal, a Palatine gentleman, who is travelling about Europe, by the Elector his master's order, in quest of learning and taste in the arts, wanting to be

acquainted with you, will present you a letter of mine. I have known him first at Florence, and afterwards at Venice, and here, and found him a very honest and clever fellow, worth my friendship and your civilities, so that whatever you should do for his sake, I should reckon it as done to myself.

Be so good as to present my humble compliments to Mrs. Garrick, with my best wishes for her health; and to offer my service to Mr. Young, whether in Lombardy, or not in Lombardy. Mr. Stratico, and Count Secchо send you a million of compliments; and Marchetto the Jew, with the bookseller Scappino, kiss your hand, and recommend themselves to your protection. My dear Mr. Garrick, let me soon have some news about your welfare, and spare me not, whenever you may have an opportunity of employing me, who am, with the most cordial attachment,

Your most affectionate,

Most obliged and sincere friend and servant,

MARSILI.

P. S. Remember you promised me some seeds from England, namely, of the pepper-mint. The time of sowing being over, I shall wait for them till the next winter.

P. S. The above-named Marchetto begs you the favour of delivering the inclosed letter of his great concern to the said Mr. Treves, who lives and is a well-known Jew merchant in the city. Scappino, the bookseller too, sends you, as you ordered him, a small list of books, to look it over and choose, if there should be any thing worth your while.

Palladio Architettura. Ven. 1561. fogl. per il Carampello.
Enalbenigni novelle. Firenze, 1572. 4to. Giunti.
Massuccio Salernitano, il novellino. Ven. 1522. 4to. rarissimo.
Epistole di Luca Pulci, in versi. Fir. 1481. 4to.
Prose Antiche di Dante, e Boccacio. Fir. 1547. 4to.
Sonetti e canzoné antiche di diversi. Fir. 1527. 8vo. rarissimo.
Giambullari della lingua di Firenze. Fir. 1557. 8vo.
Giraldi gli Ecatomiti Montereale. 1565. vol. 2. 8vo. rarissimo.
Vita nuova di Dante, e vita di Dante scritta dal Boccaccio. Fir. 1576. 8vo.
I Sonetti, del Bunhiello. Fir. 1552. 8vo. Giunti.
Firenzuola, Prose. Fir. 1562. 8vo. Giunti.
Picolomini Niolozo della bella creanza delle Nonne. Ven. 1540. 8vo. rarissimo.
Evandro Orazio, del Bracciolini. Fir. 1612. 8vo. Giunti.
L'Incendio, Comed. del Goredano. Ven. 1597. 8vo.
Poliziano le Stanze e l'Orfeo. 8vo. raro.
Lasca la Gelosia Comed. Fir. 1551. 8vo. Giunti.
Aristippia, Comed. 1544. 8vo.
Pescatore Nina, Comed. Ven. 1558. 8vo.
L'Ingratitudine, Comed. Fir. 1559. 8vo. Giunti.
And several other comedies of less value.

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, London, May 8th, 1765.

As it is uncertain when, or if at any time I may have an opportunity of conversing with you on a subject in which I am greatly interested, I beg you will excuse my taking the liberty of mentioning it to you in this manner.

Since your leaving England, I have often considered many circumstances of the transaction between us which a little preceded that time, and could not forbear censuring myself very severely, for every thing in my conduct which carried the most distant appearance of mistrust in your friendship, at a time when I had so little reason to doubt of it, from a voluntary instance, on your part, of uncommon generosity and confidence.

Many things at that time deceived me, which I cannot now explain; but chiefly the consciousness of my own inability to discharge so considerable a debt, if the power of demanding it fell into any hands but your own, made me, for the first time, listen to a caution which has been in its consequences as disagreeable to me as any surmise at what occasioned it may have been to you. The uneasiness I have felt from my own reflections on this subject has determined me to do all that now remains for your satisfaction and my own—to acknowledge myself under the greatest obligations to you, and to assure you, that if you please now to accept of what you had always a right to require, my bond, or any other instrument, for the money I am indebted to you, it will by no means lessen the sense I have always entertained, and shall for ever express, of the great service your kindness has done me, though my own principles would prompt me, whenever it was in my power, to repay it with the utmost thankfulness.

Many reasons induce me to wish myself re-established in the favourable opinion you formerly entertained of me; I have always received the greatest pleasure and advantage from your conversation and friendship, and there is nothing a temper less liberal than yours could require, which I would not acquiesce in for that purpose; if my own imagination could suggest any thing more likely to accomplish it than what I have now done, you may depend on it, it should not be left untried; and I can only depend on the credit you will give to my assuring you, that as my circumstances in life have been such as oftener subjected me to receive, than enabled me to confer benefits, I have never till this unaccountable period, incurred the slightest suspicion of having been an unworthy object of them.

I hear with great pleasure that your health is perfectly re-established, and I beg you to believe no one can more seriously rejoice at that and every event which contributes to your happiness, than, dear Sir,

Your ever obliged and affectionate servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. R. JEPHSON.

DEAR SIR, May 8th, 1765.

I THOUGHT I should have seen you last week, as I told you I should then dispose of my papers; I thought too, that you fixed about that time to be with me. I waited till yesterday for you. I have done what I promised in regard to the mentioning our transaction in my will.* The more I think of this matter between us, the less I am able to account for your particular diffidence. I wish your next friend may be as much more able to serve you, as more deserving of your confidence: and I wish that I could not remember that you have withheld the only proof you could give me that our confidence was mutual.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

DR. JOHNSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, May 18th, 1765.

I KNOW that great regard will be had to your opinion of an edition of Shakspeare. I desire therefore to secure an honest prejudice in my favour by securing your suffrage; and that this prejudice may really be honest, I wish you would name such plays as you would see, and they shall be sent you by, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.†

See MR. Garrick's answer, dated 31st May, 1765.

DR. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, St. Cross, near Winchester, May 23d, 1765.

I WAS prevented from making observations on *the Dodd* in "The Suspicious Husband," (which I much longed for), by an ugly cold, which confined me at home; but I employed a judicious friend to go and make me his report. Of what *I saw* in "The Wife's Resentment," "Love in a Village," "Double Gallant," and "Jealous Wife," I will give you my own opinion.

* There is no mention of Mr. Jephson in the will.

† This letter from Dr. Johnson, and one from Garrick in return, beginning alike with a term of endearment, and closing alike *without* the use of it, express to one who venerates them both, the melancholy truth that there was little true cordiality between them. Burke, however, seems to luxuriate in the friendship of Garrick, and give free play to his whim when he writes to him; is never formal in the least, and appears to forget his own high merits in those of his friend. —ED.

My friend's report was, that, in Ranger, he could not quite enough cast off the coxcombly character that sticks so close to him: and when he was to express joy and rapture, he only exalted his voice into a very disagreeable untuneful noise; but in the main, that the part was done with spirit and propriety enough. His wife did not play in it, it being for Mrs. Lea's benefit, who got out of a sick bed to play Clarinda.

My own opinion of him in general is, that his *person* is good enough, but his motion is too much under restraint and form: more the stalk and *menage* of a dancing-master, than the ease of a gentleman. I speak of his legs; his action seems easy enough and unstudied. He has a white *calf-like* stupid face, that disgusted me much till I heard him speak and throw some sensibility into it. His voice is good, and well heard everywhere; and he seems sensible, alive, and attentive to what is going on, and properly so. I fear there must be a dash of the *coxcomb** in every part in which you would see him in perfection; and in that cast he will be an excellent successor to O'Brien: in the *easy gentleman* I much doubt, though there were some strokes in Atall that promised well. He sings agreeably, and with more *feeling* than he acts with; though there is a formal kind of parade kept up by the singing gentry, (not easily to be avoided in the strange unnatural circumstances and attitudes that the songs and their symphonies, &c. place them in, in the front of the stage,) that hides and disguises nature, but which he reconciles better than I remember any body. In singing, his voice seemed to me remarkably low, but that might only be by comparing it with his *speaking* voice, which is very distinct. One excellence I observed in him, that he is not in a hurry, and his *pauses* are sensible, and filled with proper action and looks. My general idea of Mrs. Dodd is that of a very genteel, sensible woman, fit to fill any part of high life, especially if written with any sensibility and tenderness. Lady Townley, and Mrs. Conquest, (of the last,) pleased me much. Her raillery in Mrs. C. rather wanted spirit. The affected drawl of Lady Dainty became her much; and in Mrs. Oakley, I could not see a fault. She was not a moment out of the character, and amazingly proper and ready in the repartee, and taking up the half sentences before they fell to nothing; which abound in that natural comedy, as in all easy discourse. After all, I wish that these excellencies may not be almost totally lost, for want of that force of voice requisite to pierce all parts of a large and crowded theatre. In many places she put me in mind of Mrs. Heron, who succeeded Mrs. Oldfield—*longo intervallo!* but has a much genteeler person, though a face not unlike her; not handsome, but I think better for a stage. How I wished that our little poet had thrown into Mrs. Oakley's character, or made visible by a few circumstances, a tenderness and sensibility towards Mr. O. by which the audience should have been soon convinced that she really *loved* him, and had more of the jealous *wife* than the mere *termagant*. That alone would have given a dignity to *his* character, which it now wants; and, through that want, is more

* Dr. Hoadly's account of Dodd is perfect. He saw through him at a glance.—Ed.

of the sneaking *hen-peck*, than of the tender enamoured husband. Mrs. Oakley's character (without this) has not foundation enough to support that sudden reconciliation at the end; with it, it would make the comedy very complete: besides, it would ease the character of Mr. O. of a load, which even your own great acting cannot thoroughly support. Could not he be prevailed upon to try this only in the acting? for all sensible hearers perceive the want of it. This by the bye.*

To resume what I proposed, I thought that Dodd was deficient even in coxcombliness in the part of Lord George Brilliant, and sometimes forgot all his affectation. On second thought, I do not know whether that was not judicious, when his whole soul is intent on his pursuit of Lady Gentle, in the great scene between them,—or is that *refining* in me? Mrs. Dodd did Mrs. Conquest well, but not with brilliancy. She is tall, and made no bad figure in breeches. I will mention another part, that of Miss Notable by Miss Reynolds; because I heard that she also was to come to your theatre next winter. She is a showy figure, and has life and vivacity; but I cannot think her any genius. When she is left alone, she seems utterly at a loss, and a soliloquy is the death of the actress. I never knew any one show such a consciousness of defect, except Shuter in the soliloquies of Falstaff, whom I once saw. She seems to me to be wanting in her *scholardship*. However, I will not be too peremptory, as many judge like her, especially in breeches. She did the country girl in "Love in a Village" tolerably, and one of the ladies in "The Double Gallant," and Miss Notable better than either.

Dodd is reckoned *charming* in the gardener in "Love in a Village;" and indeed I think he makes the most of such precious stuff. They say his Macheath is excellent. I suppose his wife must sing tolerably, at least; for she played *Polly* with him.

He played Atall well in the main, particularly as Col. Standfast; and his formality of motion became him in the grave Mr. Freeman. In the character of Atall himself, he seemed not to know precisely what character to assume.

In Lord Trinket, in "The Jealous Wife," I thought him admirable. He was every inch the coxcomb and unfeeling man of quality. That whole play was acted well enough to be a rational entertainment to the best judges, except poor Charles, by Mr. Sheriffe, whose contemptible figure and snuffling nose never became him so well as when he was drunk. But his wife made amends in Lady Freelove, which she played as well as it could be done with her bad figure and voice. She is a judicious player, and made as good an old maid afterwards as ever went to six o'clock prayers at Covent Garden Church.

I am now pretty well arrived at the end of my tether, and hope my characters are pretty true, notwithstanding the deception of comparison, which I know to be very great.

I have more reason than ever to determine me to produce "Cromwell"† on the

* I am not clear that Garrick ever showed this letter to his friend Colman. The objection is at least well put.—Ed.

† A tragedy on the subject of Thomas Lord Cromwell had been long attributed erroneously to Shak-

stage; but of that, more another time. Madam joins in compliments and good wishes to you and yours with, dear David,

Your obliged and affectionate
J. HOADLY.*

P. S. Tragedy is quite out of date at Bath, not one having been acted while I was there for five weeks, and I never heard how either Dodd or his wife performed in that style.

2d. P. S. Mr. Dance, it seems, took your likeness in Italy, and by the account of the family (with part of which I have a great intimacy) much to your approbation. I beg to know your real opinion of him as an artist and a man; for family opinions are seldom formed without prejudice. I think he is expected over soon.

"To David Garrick, Esq.
in Southampton-street, Covent Garden,
London."

MR. GARRICK TO DR. JOHNSON.

DEAR SIR, May 31st, 1765.

MY brother greatly astonished me this morning by asking me, "if I was a subscriber to your Shakspeare?" I told him yes, that I was one of the first, and as soon as I had heard of your intention; and that I gave you, at the same time, some other names, among which were the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Beighton, &c. I cannot immediately have recourse to my memorandum, though I remember to have seen it just before I left England. I hope that you will recollect it, and not think me capable of neglecting to make you so trifling a compliment, which was doubly due from me, not only on account of the respect I have always had for your abilities, but from the sincere regard I shall ever pay to your friendship.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
DAVID GARRICK.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN AT PARIS TO HIS FRIEND IN LONDON.

[I am half disposed to think this character of Preville really written by Garrick after his return to London from the Continent, and the form *of* "A Letter from a Gentleman" in Paris given to it, and a later date, the better to disguise it. Garrick wrote much in the public prints unavowed; and this returns to the right author only by being found among his papers. It is a valuable sketch.—ED.]

Paris, June 5th, 1765.

WHEN I return to England, I shall publish my thoughts upon the French stage and the performers, most of which you saw when you were here thirteen years ago:

speare. How far Dr. Hoadly's muse might confer dramatic honours upon him, we know not, for he could not prevail on his friend Garrick to embark in the design.—ED.

* Benjamin and John Hoadly were sons of a Bishop of Winchester of that name, but by some unaccountable turn, from sacred to profane, both of them delighted in the drama; and the younger brother gave

of these I shall at present say nothing, but only send you an imperfect sketch of the character of *Preville*, whom you have not yet seen, and with whose comic talents you have so earnest a desire to be acquainted.

He is rather a little man, but well made; of a fair complexion, and looks remarkably neat upon the stage—this is of small consequence, but I choose to be particular. His face is very round, and his features when unanimated by his *vis comica*, have no marks of drollery. He is, though one of the most spirited comedians I ever saw, *by nature* of a grave cast of mind; and, if you will take Garrick's word for it, he is a man of parts independent of the stage, and understands his profession thoroughly. His eyes are rather of the sleepy kind, and very happily express, with the raising of his brow, and opening of his mouth, folly, confusion, and amazement: when he is to be angry, he can throw such a ridiculous vivacity into his eyes, that you see a weak, cowardly mind, bustling up to a resolution which he can never attain; and his anger subsides as ridiculously as it was raised: add to this, that when his part requires a contrary expression, he can throw such an archness, spirit and intrigue into his countenance, that he appears the very Davus of Terence. He performs no less than five different parts in a comedy (not a good one) called the "Mercure Gallant." In the first, he is a miserable, half-starved, sneaking compound of flattery and absurdity; in the second, he represents a shrewd, sly, suspicious, obstinate campagnard; both which, though whimsical, are made natural by his manner of playing them: in the third he is a Swiss soldier, most importantly drunk without grimace: in the fourth, he swells his figure and features into the full-blown pride, pomp and passionate arrogance of a serjeant-at-law, and then in a moment changes himself totally, and enters with all the soft, smirking, self-conceited, familiar insignificance of a scribbling Abbé. His performance of this last character, perhaps, equals any thing that was ever seen upon any stage; no humour, or comic passion escapes him: nor is he only excellent in the *low* parts of comedy; in the *petites pièces* of Marivaux, you will see him act with as much finesse as nature. You tell me that in the part of the Physician, in the *petite pièce* of the *Cercle*, you see little or nothing to be admired. This proves the actor's great merit, who can give a high colouring and a finished strength to the slightest outline. You will ask me if I like him equally well in all parts? to which I answer—No:—he is obliged by the customs of the French stage sometimes to play what they call *les roles de charge*; but *I* am as sorry, as *he* seems ashamed, when he is obliged to perform them: it is no small honour to Preville to say, that he is always out of his sphere when he is out of nature. However, play what he will, he has such a peculiar pleasantry, that it must be agreeable to the generality of spectators. No comedian ever had a more happy manner in saying little things, but made capital by his comic power and excellence in pantomime—his genius never appears more to advantage, than when the author leaves him to shift for himself; it is then Preville supplies the poet's deficiencies, and will

himself up willingly to *private theatricals*, when his guests at St. Cross were as merrily disposed as himself—a thing he could pretty generally secure.—Ed.

throw a truth and brilliancy into his character, which the author never imagined. In short, he is not what may be called a mere *local* actor, whose talents can only give pleasure at Paris; his comic powers are equally felt by Frenchmen and strangers: and as there are particular virtues which constitute a man a citizen of the world, so there are comic talents, such as those of Preville, which make him a comedian of the world.

EDMUND BURKE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR DAVID, Gregory's, Monday, June 18th, 1765.

WE have now got a little settled in our new habitation. When will you and Mrs. Garrick come and make it comfortable to us by your company for a day or two? You have promised us, and we are a sort of persevering folks, and will not easily let you off. You shall have fowls from our own poultry-yard, and such beef and mutton as our next market-town yields; and to make it complete, we will assure you it is our own feeding, and then you will find it very good. In all sadness we wish, Madam Burke, all with us, and myself, most hugeously to see you, and will take it ill, if you go and see the new Paymaster before us starving proscribed folks. You know the unfortunate are always proud and touchy. We only wish you would give us a day's notice that we may not ramble.

Adieu, my dear Garrick, and believe me most sincerely and affectionately,

EDMUND BURKE.

Mrs. Burke desires her compliments to Mrs. Garrick. If you bring your neighbour, the *Thames*, with you, it will be quite agreeable.

MR. G. GRAHAM TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Eton, June 21st, 1765.

As I am uncertain whether you expected my tragedy* without farther notice, or not, I take the liberty of sending it to you, as I presume it cannot be of the least inconvenience to you barely to have it in your possession. You can read it at your own time. I am in no hurry for an answer; for though I think the event of great consequence to me, yet it is of very little to know whether my hopes are to be disappointed or not six weeks sooner or later. Only, in case you have any alterations to propose, I should be glad to have that point settled before our leisure-time, which is the month of August. That I shall spend at Bristol with the Dean, who, I believe, is pretty well known to you. Before I leave Eton, therefore, I hope to hear from, or

* "The Duke of Milan."

meet you, which I shall be always ready to do at your appointment. Your nephews are very well, and very good boys.

I am, dear Sir, your obliged and most obedient servant

GEORGE GRAHAM.

EDMUND BURKE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Queen Anne-street, July 16th, 1765.

You have made me perfectly happy by the friendly and obliging satisfaction you are so good to express on this little gleam of prosperity,* which has at length fallen on my fortune. My situation is for the present very agreeable; and I do not at all despair of its becoming in time solidly advantageous. So far, at least, I thank God! the designs of my enemies, who not long since made a desperate stroke at my fortune, my liberty, and my reputation, *(all! Hell-kite! all at a swoop,)* have failed of their effect; and their implacable and unprovoked malice has been disappointed.

Your attention to my brother's affair is in the strain of your usual good-nature. There, too, the impotence of the attack was equal to the baseness of it. The Commissioners of the Customs, who will not readily believe him to be a guilty, because they know him to be a very meritorious officer, have written some days ago in the strongest terms, assuring him of their perfect satisfaction in his conduct, and promising him a most effectual support in the continuance of it. So that if the wickedness of those rascals has not made too deep an impression on a mind whose only fault is its over-sensibility, he has nothing to fear from them, whatever some of them may have to apprehend from the natural consequences of their own villainy: and he will have hereafter no occasion, I hope, for the interposition of good offices from either of us; though with yours he shall certainly be made acquainted; and I am convinced he will have a proper sense of them, for I assure you, (I will speak though he is my brother,) that he is a very honest young man, and a person every way worthy of your friendship.

Will. Burke is much obliged to you for your good opinion of his readiness to serve you on every occasion. He tells me that the best book he ever met with on the subject of the English Islands, and, indeed, in general on the trade of our Plantations, is a little French work, called "L'Histoire des Antilles Angloises." With regard to the queries, we might, so far as it is prudent for you or us to go, satisfy you much better, if we had the pleasure of a little previous discourse together. What day will you eat a morsel with us in town, or spend together a few cheerful hours in an evening? Pray tell us, for we long for it, I assure you. You have heard of Will's promotion, and I make no doubt you are glad of it. He is sincerely desirous of your good opinion. You little Horace, you *Lepidissime Homuncio*, when will you

* A gleam, indeed! the Rockingham administration for a month.—ED.

call to see your "Mæcenas atavis," and praise this administration of Cavendishes and Rockinghams in ode, and abuse their enemies in epigram? Though your performances may be short, surely they will not make your salary so.

I should grieve to send our excellent Fitzherbert to the ape and monkey climes upon any terms. You know and love him; but I assure you, until we can talk some late matters over, you, even you, can have no adequate idea of the worth of that man. It is no small satisfaction to find that, if some men are capable of making the basest return to affectionate, faithful, and long, long service, and if they endeavour to asperse you, whose *conscience* bears the most faithful witness to your integrity, yet that there are others who, without any previous services whatsoever, generously, disinterestedly, and nobly, forward and aid their friends upon every occasion. When we meet, you shall hear more of what you have an heart that can relish.

Adieu! my dear Garrick, and believe me ever

Your most affectionate and obliged humble servant,

E. BURKE.

I did not get your letter until one o'clock this morning. Mrs. Burke and I join in our affectionate compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

MR. GARRICK TO GENERAL FITZWILLIAMS.

SIR, July 19, 1765.

BEFORE I enter into the subject of this letter, let me assure you that the writing it does not proceed from any impertinent presumption in *me*, but from my very great opinion of *you*. I have been honoured at times with your conversation, and if I have been mistaken when I flattered myself that I have seen some kind of partiality for me, yet let the good cause I mean to plead, and the worthy parson I mean to serve, be my excuse. The honest Vicar of Egham, (whom I am sure you regard, and whom I sincerely love from the best conviction of his worth, a long and intimate acquaintance with him,) might be made the happiest man upon earth with a small addition to his present income, and without which I fear that he will be in an uncomfortable situation: he is obliged to undergo more labour and fatigue than he can possibly support another winter; he has not only the severe duty of Egham upon him, but, besides that, he is obliged to ride five or six miles through much water, and often to swim his horse, for the sake of about thirty pounds a year—this to a gouty man, and turned of sixty, is a terrible consideration. I entered lately into a very serious conversation with him about his affairs, and he confessed to me that he found a curate was necessary for him; I made him an offer of money for that purpose, till something might happen, but he absolutely refused me. I am persuaded that any small preferment, with what he has, would make him look down with pity on the Archbishop of Canterbury. "My good friend Mr. Garrick," said he, taking

me by the hand, and giving his head the usual jerk of affection, "could I have fifty pounds for a curate and fifty to keep up my little garden, I feel no ambition or happiness beyond it."—"And thirty," said I, "Beighton, to keep Hannah your housekeeper."—"Pooh! pooh!" jerking his head again, "you turn every thing into a joke; let me show you the finest *arbor vitæ* in the country:"—so away he trotted and forgot his wants in a moment. This is the plain, simple, and affecting truth; and I am certain, that if it were stated by General Fitzwilliams to the most princely disposition in the world, a truly worthy man would be made happy, whose life is ever active in the service of his friends.

That no imprudent step of mine may be charged upon Mr. Beighton, I must assure you, upon my word and honour, that this is taken without his knowledge or concurrence: I have long felt for him, and wished for an occasion (as you have flattered me that I have sometimes had the power) to raise your feelings too for the honest vicar. My friend is a great dabbler in curiosities, and he has collected some few in his little library and garden; but I defy him to show me a greater rarity than himself, for he is a generous, modest, ingenious, and disinterested clergyman. This is the man for whom, as our Shakspeare says, I have at last "screw'd my courage to the sticking-place;" but if I have exerted it now improperly, at the expense of my modesty and your good opinion, I shall be very unhappy.

I am, Sir,

D. G.

Endorsed,
"My letter to General Fitzwilliams,
for Beighton."

DR. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR DAVID, St. Maries, July 21, 1765.

I CONGRATULATE you on coming to a resolution, and, however the public may suffer, hope you will continue to enjoy the sweets of retirement with your sweet woman, which your humane and social disposition render you equally capable of. I thank you for your friendly offer and advice with regard to "Cromwell," and shall never forget the obligation; but—*you* are indeed the *sine qua non*. Nothing but my entire friendship for you, and your conduct of the thing, and your inimitable performance, could induce me to break through the prudery of my profession, and the fantastical *decency* of my (too) exalted station in it, and bring the name of Hoadly again upon the public stage. I shall never forget your friendly advice at Hampton *against* my exhibiting it; and you cannot blame now my closing with that advice, when the main inducement to my rash resolution is vanished. I shall, nevertheless, beg your full effort of criticism, that I may leave that (and one or two other things) behind me in as perfect a state as the nature of them will admit of, whatever I may resolve concerning them hereafter.—(*Exit Cromwell.*)

I shall write my resolution the first opportunity to my sister, who will not be willing, as I *suppose*, to trust the poor Doctor's performance without its designed companion: if you think it worth having, and *she worth money*, you may depend upon any assistance of mine that I can possibly give it.

The criticism of "The Suspicious Husband" was in a volume of comedies, or rather farces, written by your sweet self, and bound together with "Old Suspicions," and the pamphlet of Foote. It was a marble-paper binding, with a white-leather back, lettered (I think) "Comedies, vol. 7." I hope it is not entirely lost, as it broke my set—but you wanted it, and that was enough: you never returned it, nor did I expect it, as you proposed cutting that pamphlet of yours out of the volume. I have rummaged all my drawers of this place, and find nothing of yours; all I have is at Alresford, which we shall visit in a week or so, and then I will look for every scrap of that great author's pen.

The resolution above is formed in conjunction with a wise and good woman, who has my interest, and reputation, and happiness *almost* as much at heart as Mrs. Garrick has yours, and who sincerely joins in respects and all good wishes to her and you with, dear David,

Your most affectionate,

J. HOADLY.

GENERAL FITZWILLIAMS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Richmond, July 22d, 1765.

FOR such you have been to me, ever since I saw you in the character of Pierre at Goodman's-fields, and, what is as true, you have preserved that title in my heart upon twenty other occasions, when I have been to hear and to admire you. I therefore beg leave to say again, dear Sir; and to declare I should but ill deserve the favourable opinion you are pleased to have of me, were I to make a merit of applying to the Duke to take care of *Beighton* upon your kind application to me in his favour, as it is a year and more since I had a favourable opportunity of mentioning the poor man's wish to his Royal Highness, who told me, he should be the chaplain, with a certain salary, the moment Mr. Sandby had put a desk into the chapel fit for such a clergyman to loll on and read from.

This he knows, and for this I am constantly soliciting Sandby to hasten on the work: who promises stoutly, and as stoutly is carrying it on.

I hope Mrs. Hale is in spirits, for I hear she is at Hampton; and cannot but envy your good fortune in having one under your roof, for whom, as your Shakspeare says, I have often wished to "screw my courage to the sticking-place." But I fear I shall never be suffered to exert it, as Mr. Hale's parts and abilities are so much younger, and so much superior to those of, dear Sir,

Your very obedient humble servant,

JOHN FITZWILLIAMS.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. GRAHAM.

SIR, Hampton, July 24, 1765.

I WAS greatly obliged to you for giving me so much time to consider the tragedy you put into my hands. I read it carefully before I went my journey into Essex, and since my return I have considered it a second time; the result of which, though it may not raise me in your opinion as a good critic, will not, I hope, lower me as a man of sincerity. My judgment of "The Duke of Milan" is, that, notwithstanding there are many striking passages in it, there will be certain danger in representing it. The characters and construction of the fable are greatly deficient; the language, though often poetical, is seldom dramatic; and the catastrophe will want the effect which it ought to have upon an audience. This is my opinion in general; if you can meet me next Saturday morning, about ten o'clock, at Mr. Beighton's, I will give you my objections more at large; if your affairs will not permit you to be there, I will leave the tragedy with him, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you another time. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,
DAVID GARRICK.

MR. G. GRAHAM TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Bristol, College Green, 1765.

YOU will hardly imagine that the line I had the honour to send you in answer to your last, written in so much haste, and at a time when I should have been peculiarly unwilling to trust to my first thoughts upon receiving a piece of information so vexatious to me, should be considered by me as a sufficient answer on a point of so much importance to me, and that had been so long the object of hopes raised and encouraged by yourself, as I shall clearly prove to you. You proposed to me a meeting at a time when the nature of my business, which is well known to you, made it impracticable. You gave me no alternative. The meeting, indeed, I think, could have been of no service to my cause, as I have the most rooted aversion to disputing on my own compositions, and despair of any good from it. I therefore address myself to you as a gentleman, and a man of honour; and hope you will not think much of giving attention to this letter, when you consider how much trouble I have given myself upon your advice.

I beg, therefore, you will consider seriously, with how much hardship you will treat me, should your opinion that my play cannot be safely represented, be ill-founded, (upon that point I shall speak in its place.) If that be just, you certainly do me no wrong. If it be not, my peculiar hardships are founded in the encouragement, advice, and praises I received from you before you went abroad. You must give me leave to recall them to your memory.

When first I mentioned to you my design of writing a tragedy for the stage, you highly encouraged me as a person you supposed capable of it. You made no promises of bringing it on, nor were desired by me to do so. I told you my whole view was to let you know I had such an intention, and to entitle myself to any preference it was in your power to give an acquaintance on that account. This you did promise: you entered most warmly into the thing; you desired me to communicate my plan, fable, &c. which on the whole, so far as I had then formed it, you approved; giving me at the same time, as we rode, several hints, which, as my own plan was not fully formed, and you had never heard of it before, it was highly improbable should be compatible with my intentions. All this I call entering warmly into my views; but to take away all doubt about it, I beg leave to transcribe a letter I had the honour to receive from you. You desired as a favour that I would send you what I had then done; I consented: you assured me you would not spare me in your criticisms; I desired you would not. In a few days you returned it with the following letter, which I transcribe verbatim from your own hand.

"DEAR SIR,—I shall be very short, but sweet with you. I like what you have sent me extremely well, and if you keep it up to the end with an interesting fable, will ensure you success. I am, &c. &c. &c."

At Egham afterwards you heard me read the second act. You greatly commended the characters of Julio and the Duke, though you made some exceptions to other parts, which I did not think incompatible with my wishes, because I always intended to pay due attention to them.

When I dined with you afterwards at Hampton, you encouraged me to proceed. You referred me to your brother in your absence, who told me that night you had spoken to him of my performance in very high terms. Though, I remember, you said yourself, I was in one respect on ticklish ground, and advised me to be cautious: I told you I would. You advised me also to consult with what ingenious men I was acquainted: I have done so.

All this, I think, gave me much reason to expect a favourable determination from you. But how astonishingly inconsistent is your present judgment with the expectation you were pleased to form of me! If it be true, that, notwithstanding your opinion of the two first acts, the characters, fable, language, and catastrophe are all deficient, I must indeed quit all hopes of succeeding; but I hope you will take it into farther consideration, and I now proceed to that point.

I told you I could not bear to defend my own writing, and that I thought my opinion of my own work of no weight to one who disagreed with me. What, then, can I do but have recourse to the opinions of those who have seen it? who, on the whole, greatly differed from your judgment, and thought it entirely calculated for representation; though various readers, be the writer whom he will, will form various objections. In which particulars, did you think well of it on the whole, you, perhaps, would not agree with them. But with respect to the language, most, if not all, have expressed high approbation of it, in the very particular you condemn in it.

You will say, perhaps, they flattered me. I could refer you to one, whom you do not think a flatterer, who has said to me that the language is eminently dramatic, in opposition to poetic: I would willingly risk the whole on his saying it behind my back.

In short, Sir, I hope you will take the matter into farther consideration. I will be ready to meet you if required, though ill inclined to dispute on my own performance. But what I would wish and beg is, that you would canvass the matter with some common friend, of whose judgment and impartiality we both think well. From such a one a defence of my piece would come with more force and propriety than myself; and if he cannot obviate your objections, whatever you two shall agree upon, I shall acquiesce in.

To conclude, as I have long thought you incapable of using me with hardship and injustice, I beg you will give the matter, as I have stated it, farther consideration. I hope still to owe you thanks in this affair; but if not, have former cause, which I shall never forget, to write myself,

Sir, your obliged and most humble servant,

GEORGE GRAHAM.*

MR. GARRICK TO MR. GRAHAM.

SIR, Aug. 15, 1765.

I WAS prepared, when I desired to meet you at Mr. Beighton's, to talk over the tragedy with you. You thought proper not to come, or even to send me an excuse. A day or two after, you wrote me a letter, very short, and signifying that you chose not to see me. But, upon consideration, you have honoured me with a long epistle; the purport of which is (if I am not mistaken) to prove that I gave you encouragement to write a tragedy, with the hopes of having it represented upon our theatre. The matter is this: you acquainted me with your design of writing a tragedy, and told me the subject of it; I promised you every assistance in my power, and likewise to perform it, if I thought it would meet with success.

I gave you the best advice I was able from the little part of it I saw. I have since seen the whole, and gave you my opinion in general, and would have been more particular had you not declined meeting me. Whatever you may *clearly prove*, or whatever you may think of my justice and humanity, I shall still entertain a very good opinion of them; and if you can only think well of them by my acting the *tragedy*, I must be unhappy enough to lie under your censure, though not to deserve it. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

* *Mr. Graham* was one of the *Masters* of Eton College. He appears to have acquiesced in the unfavourable sentence of Mr. Garrick, for he never printed his tragedy. Shall I say that even in his letter I discern enough to make me sure, that he was unequal to the production at least of a tragedy in English?—ED.

MR. SAMUEL SHARP TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Geneva, Aug. 18th, 1765.

I AM just come from Mons. Voltaire's, and can give you the fullest assurance that neither your letter nor any other part of your conduct has given him the least umbrage. There was no company at dinner but myself: his nieces and nephews talked more and louder than other men and women usually do in France; however, I every now and then, as I sat next to him, got hold of his ears, and our chief topic was our English actor. When I signified to him that I should write this evening to Mr. Garrick, and that it would be the greatest pleasure I could do you, to say he was in good health; "No, Sir," said he, "do not write an untruth, but tell him, *Je suis plein d'estime pour lui.*" When I represented how mortified you was in having lost the opportunity of paying him your respects, his answer was such, that I am persuaded you never offended. All the conversation turned on a tragedy,* represented at his own theatre last Friday evening: unfortunately for us, the night of our arrival.

Mademoiselle Clairon, the subject of their applause, left him this morning to visit some friends, so that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing her: in about six days she sets out for Provence; Antonio, however, waited on her yesterday, and made some proper apology, in answer to her complaints against you for not writing. I confess to you, though I am conscious of her merit, I never was so fatigued with panegyric; the women screamed, and acted, and stared so violently in repeating the fine passages; Voltaire sat placid, every now and then either nodding or speaking his approbation. At length one of the ladies asserted, in contradiction to the other, that it happened in the course of the five acts, that Madem. Clairon was not equally excellent, and an appeal was made to their uncle; he turned to me, and said, his answer should be the same that Madame Dacier gave to a critik who pointed out to her a real *sottise* in Homer: "Ah, Monsieur, dit-elle, ce n'est que divin." The story is not the best Voltaire ever told, but I will tell you one: he wept in recollecting and repeating Clairon's manner of asking, "Où est ma mère?" To conclude, he had been all the morning busy in composing an *epitre* to Madem. Clairon, which he read in the rough draught with wonderful vigour and emphasis, but at the same time with a tone and accent so different from those of the English, that I have no doubt that was you to repeat any passage of Shakspeare before the same assembly, they would feel but little pleasure from your recital. Sick as I was of all the praise I heard this afternoon, it revived my spirits to be told by Voltaire, that when Madem. Clairon was sent to prison, you made her an offer of five hundred louis; and I was not a little flattered to see him turn round to the company and ask them if there was a Duke or a Mareschal in France, generous and honourable enough to do such an action.

Wilkes is here, very busy, writing and printing some things, which I hope his

* "Orestes," the play; Electra the role of Madem. Clairon.

friends will prevent him from publishing. I am his well-wisher, and could wish he was not quite so zealous; such zeal may tend to the good of mankind, as martyrdom advances religion; but I should be sorry that my brother or David Garrick were the instruments in either case. Antonio continues to be an honest, worthy, and sensible conductor to my daughters and me. He flatters us you may possibly give us a rendezvous at Paris next May. I will not attempt to tell you how much such an event would delight us. Should the scheme take place, we will endeavour to accommodate our return to your arrival at Paris. I happened at dinner to assign as one reason why you would act no more, that our theatre was overrun with sing-song. His eyes sparkled at the indignation I expressed, and I found afterwards it was from the similarity of the two nations; for this charge makes the subject of some lines in his *epître* to Madem. Clairon. Voltaire thought his theatre would hold but 50 persons, and they crowded in 120; he is going to enlarge it so much, as to admit an audience of 200 or 250. My daughters present their respects and compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

I am, Sir, your most sincere friend and humble servant,

SAMUEL SHARP.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Woodhay, Aug. 20th, 1765.

YOU cannot imagine how vexed I am to find you expected to hear from me; either *you* or *I* quite misunderstood one another at our taking leave, for I verily thought when you were so obliging to desire to hear from me, that I said to you I would certainly write, and you called after me and said, No, no, I will write to you: which made me think you were uncertain how you would dispose of yourself, and would send me word, when you wrote, where to direct to you. This, I assure you, Sir, is the real reason why you have not had a letter from me; for I most sincerely longed to know how you did, and have never failed to abuse you every post-day. The shortness of your letter has made me very little amends for my many disappointments, for I have friendship enough for you to wish to know particulars with regard to your health, which you were lazy enough never to mention, yet could cruelly knock me down with hinting all our amours were at an end, and if I had any thought of playing the fool again, it should be by myself. This is so unpleasing a situation to think of, that, I believe, like yourself, I shall take care of number one, and leave them a clear stage, and all the favour they can get; for my health is at present so indifferent, and my inducements to join them so demolished with your barbarous resolution, that I must wait for a fresh recruit of strength and spirits before I can venture upon so formidable an undertaking, as attempting to prop others, when I am in danger of tumbling down myself. In short, I am not well enough to

open with the hounds. But when the weather is cooler, and there is a stronger scent, (in case I am in running order,) I will certainly hark to Garrick.

And now let me tell you (for I am in a very ill humour) that you have much disappointed us all with your flattering promises of seeing us at Woodhay: what is become of all that *fire* of friendship and *seeming* heartiness with which you almost said you would certainly come? Perhaps you think such insinuations of no consequence; but if you could be sensible of our impatient longings, and eternal inquiries after you, of every body who is in London or has gone to London, you would be of another mind. Besides, you have actually starved us, and prevented our having a morsel of venison the whole summer! for Mr. Sloper has positively declared he will not write for a buck, unless you, and sweet Mrs. Garrick, compensate him by your company for the infinite fatigue he must be at in writing a note to his Royal Highness's keeper. If you have any bowels, you will consider all this, and generously send us word to air our beds and stock our larder: if you do not, I thank my stars, I have it in my power to be even with you; for not a dimple (I do not mean wrinkle) in my *face* shall you *see* till towards next Christmas. As we have not succeeded with trying every soothing means to induce you to make us happy, I would have you reflect upon the consequence of provoking us, and look upon this letter as the prelude to many things much more terrible.

As we are not in the least angry with good Mrs. Garrick, (who, I am sure, always does what you would have her,) we beg our best respects and compliments to her; as for you, though you do not deserve it, I think, before I conclude, I shall just give you a hint, that upon ordering your horses immediately, and appearing before me *here*, with all due submission, it is possible I may be prevailed upon to make it up with you; for I feel myself very much disposed to be, (though I am really ashamed to own it,) most sincerely,

Your truly affectionate friend,
And most obedient humble servant,
S. CIBBER.

"Mrs. Cibber's letter to me this Summer, 1765."

DR. BROWN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sept. 4, 1765.

I HAVE been for some time expecting an answer to my last, in which I told you that I had forwarded two packets for you by the way of Colchester. As I imagine you are considering that point, as well as what I said with respect to the music of "Armida," I have in the mean time made some progress in the last-named work, both as to the poetry and music; and that no time may be lost, I send a small box by to-morrow's London Fly, directed to you in Southampton-street, which contains the first act, (supposing it divided into five,) both poem and music,

consisting of five songs. I do this that you may make trial of them, and by that means judge the better, how far the songs of Handel, or other eminent composers (the songs not being hacknied ones,) may be likely to have popularity and success.

I make no doubt of going through the whole in the same manner; and as to the real excellence and propriety of the music, make no scruple to say, that I believe no modern composer can come near it. But this not being the only point aimed at, I am desirous of giving you this means of judging how far this music, or such as modern composers can produce, may most likely be attended with success. The little box will be in town on Saturday evening, and will be left at your house. The post is just going out. I am going upon a party of pleasure to Keswick for a fortnight. By that time, I hope I shall have your opinion in these points, and shall know what method you think most advisable. Pray be as explicit as you can.

Always yours,

J. BROWN.

DR. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK

EXCELLENT FRIEND, St. Maries, Sept. 24th, 1765.

So we all think you, and do sufficient justice to your sincerity when we give up our husbands, our brothers, and our own work, to our opinion of your judgment. Take the widow's words, which are very proper on the occasion.

"To say I am not greatly disappointed, would not be telling you the truth; but since it is so, and that our friend is of opinion it would not be to the credit of the memory of him, whom I shall for ever hold in the highest estimation, to let it be performed, far be it from me to desire it; and therefore I hope you will accept of my most grateful thanks for the kind assistance which you had designed favouring me with, and believe I think myself highly obliged to you and Mrs. Garrick, in speaking so plainly to me, as it will have saved me the infinite mortification I must have met with, in finding it not approved. Pray, when you write to him, be so kind as to make my best compliments, with a thousand thanks for his friendship; and when I come to town, I should be very glad to be favoured with the sight of the 'Widow of the Mill,' as she was to have appeared; and will take care to return it safe," &c.

She does not stay long at Tunbridge, and when she has done with it, she may find an opportunity easily of returning it to me, or may keep it till I come to town in the winter, which I have thoughts of doing, as usual, about the middle of January or perhaps before.

I take this opportunity of sending you a little article for the "Biographia Britannica," which a sorry fellow's behaviour forced me to put together in my own defence, and that of the great and amiable name that is the subject. One Ph.

Nichols (who would have been transported for stealing of books, had he not in good time transported himself,) is employed by the booksellers, and has a property in a new designed supplement to the "Biographia Britannica." This man applying to me, and sending down only a week after, an article *Hoadly*, ready printed off, with neither sense, grammar, nor decency in it, obliged me to rescue old Ben out of his dirty paws, and give a plain account of him and his works—in how simple a manner you will see; but a son would have been thought prejudiced had he said more. I had a few copies allowed me, which I have given away to friends all but this, which I reserved for your worship; who, being mentioned in *the work*, have a kind of right to it.

When you have an opportunity, I shall be as glad as willing to give you my opinion on certain verses; and, I trust, with as true a sincerity as your own. Your epigram on Duke H.'s Pickle was good, and almost *spake* itself. I am pleased to hear that Mr. Colman's comedy (two acts of which you showed me at Hampton some years ago) is in such forwardness; as I found by his talk at his own house last winter, he had not worked any farther upon it. I did not let him know I had seen any of it, or was privy to the scheme, which surely is a good one.

God bless you both! After going a visitation of the clergy along with our Bishop all round the country, you will think I have caught his phrase. I am, with madam's best wishes to you and yours, joined with mine,

Dear David, yours affectionately,

J. HOADLY.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Woodhay, Oct. 3, 1765.

IF I had followed my inclinations, I should have immediately returned you thanks for your most agreeable and kind letter, as I was then overflowing with gratitude for the most flattering commendations I ever had in my life; but as they unfortunately had the usual effect of all undeserved praises, (that is, as they made me for some time as conceited as the d—l,) I thought it best to reserve my acknowledgments till I was able to express myself like a reasonable creature.

You cannot imagine how much we are obliged to you, and sweet Mrs. Garrick, for your kind intentions of looking upon us at Woodhay. To be sure, this is not the right season of the year to show the lions. But let things make what appearance they will without doors, I believe I may say without vanity, *true wit and humour* reign within; and what is very extraordinary, (though there are three of us) it will be exceedingly difficult to decide who is the most agreeable. Our common way of passing our time is in lively jokes, smart repartees, &c.: we have it at our fingers ends, and are not only witty ourselves, but as Falstaff says, are the cause of wit in others. My very parrot is the wonder of the time! equally excellent in the *sock* or *buskin*, and when you come, shall cut a joke, and tip you a tragedy stiffle

that will make your very foretop stand on end. As I hope to be saved! I have taught him to speak tragedy. We have many other agreeable entertainments here, too *tedious* to mention, but they are all at your service.

And now, Sir, let me tell you, I should be excessively shocked at your intention of quitting the stage, if I did not hope that the judgment, taste, and authority of that great personage you hint at, would put it out of your power to keep such a barbarous resolution! You may resolve to be as ill-natured as you please, but depend upon it, there are those who will never suffer such *talent* as *yours* to be long hid under a bushel, and my comfort is, they will force you to shine (at least sometimes), whether you like it or not. However, I highly approve of your taking all imaginable care of your health, and most heartily wish you a long and happy enjoyment of the fruits of your labours, and the just reward of your great merit.

You must have more complaisance, and be disposed to believe every thing I say to you, before I shall give you any account of myself. What an infidel you are! But no matter—you must be convinced all is not right by my not coming to town; but as soon as ever I find an alteration for the better (to be depended upon), you shall certainly hear from me. Pray let me know what notice you would wish me to give you, and I will be sure to write in time. I sometimes fear I shall not be able to venture on the fatigue of the stage till towards Christmas, but I am a queer uncertain animal, and a week or ten days often make an amazing alteration in me; in such a case you will see me much sooner.

Do not imagine I am impertinent enough to expect you to acknowledge this, or any other letter that does not relate to business. I am very sensible how much better you can employ your time, than in reading and answering my nonsense. But when you are kicking your heels at the fire, and have really nothing else to do, a hint to remember your friends is not ill-timed, amongst whom no one is more warmly and sincerely so, than,

Dear Sir, your ever affectionate and obedient servant,

S. CIBBER.

Mr. Sloper and my daughter's best compliments wait on Mrs. Garrick, and you.

P. S. I hope you remember that I have lost poor little swivel-eye, that was blind, and also that you promised me a dog that could see. If Biddzy has any children, I should be infinitely obliged to Mrs. Garrick and you if you would be so good to spare me one.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. CIBBER.

DEAR MADAM, Oct. 3, 1765.

I AM sorry to hear that you are so thin, but congratulate you at the same time with a return of your spirits, for be assured that your flesh will not be long after them—laugh and be fat all the world over.

You have seen in the newspapers an account of my intended expedition into Italy: I had no right to avow it, till I had met with the Lord Chamberlain's approbation; I have had it, and now I proclaim the certainty of it to my friends. I have been advised by several physical friends and physicians, at the head of which I reckon Dr. Barry, to give myself a winter's respite; I have dearly earned it, and shall take it, in hopes of being better able to undergo my great fatigues of acting and management. If your daughter or Mr. Sloper have any commands to France or Italy, I shall obey them with pleasure. Mrs. Garrick desires her best compliments to all about you, and

I am, Dear Madam, your most, &c.

DAVID GARRICK.

ROBERT BRISTOW TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Seven o'clock, Friday night, Oct. 7, 1765.

I BEG pardon for troubling you with this, but it is with concern that I acquaint you the Report was this day made by the Recorder to his Majesty, in consequence of which the dead warrant was brought this afternoon to prepare (among the rest) the unhappy Robert Turbott* for execution next Wednesday.

I hope, if not too late, your goodness will interest itself in behalf of the life of that unfortunate youth, as a petition signed by a nobleman only can save him,

From, Sir, your devoted and most obedient and humble servant,

ROBERT BRISTOW, for W. Bristow, being absent.

ROBERT TURBUTT TO MR. GARRICK.

MOST EVER GOOD AND GRACIOUS SIR, Newgate Cells, Oct. 7, 1765.

SINCE I find it is the will of Almighty God that I must die, I here take this last opportunity to return you, good Sir, my ever-sincere and last thanks for your kind endeavours and good intention. I own I flattered myself too much with hopes of my life being saved by the news my poor unhappy wife brought me last Tuesday; but when the dreadful summons came to me last night to prepare to die on Wednesday next, the shock at first overpowered me; but, thanks be to God! I am something easier in my mind, which as I fear there is no possibility now of saving my life, and no mercy to be found in this world, I hope God will have mercy upon my

* Robert Turbott, a young man, son of the Comedian, was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing a silver cup from a public-house, and found guilty. He received sentence of death, Sept. 24, 1765, and from the Report made to the King, Oct. 5, he was ordered for execution, but, owing to the intercession of powerful friends, he was afterwards respited.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1765.

poor soul in the next. But then here comes another heavy blow, which is my poor wife, but God and all good friends I hope will be her comfort. Oh! I could say a great deal on this head, but that my heart is too full; and for fear I be too troublesome, I here return you my last thanks for all your goodness to me in this world,

And am, with due respect, your dying and ever obliged humble servant,

ROBERT TURBUTT.

P. S. Pardon me, good Sir, but here I hope God in Heaven will bless you and all your good family.

C. CLIVE* TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, October 14, 1765.

I BEG you would do me the favour to let me know if it was by your order that my money was stopped last Saturday: you was so good, indeed, last week to bid me take *care* or I should be catched,—I thought you was laughing, and did not know it was a determined thing.

It was never before expected of a performer to be in waiting when their names are not in the *papers* or *bills*; the public are witness for me whether I have ever neglected my business. You may (if you please to recollect) remember I have never disappointed you four times since you have been a manager; I always have had good health, and have ever been above subterfuge. I hope this stopping of money is not a French fashion; I believe you will not find any part of the English laws that will support this sort of treatment of an actress, who has a right, from her character and service on the stage, to expect some kind of respect.

I have never received any favours from you or Mr. Lacy, nor shall ever ask any of you, therefore hope you will be so good to excuse me for endeavouring to defend myself from what I think an injury; it has been too often repeated to submit to it any longer. You stopped four days' salary when I went to Dublin, though you gave me leave to go before the house shut up, and said you would do without me. If I had known your intention, I would not have lost any of my salary, as my agreement with Mr. Barry did not begin till our house had shut up. I had my money last year stopped at the beginning of the season for not coming to rehearse two parts that I could repeat in my sleep, and which must have cost me two guineas, besides the pleasure of coming to town.

I am sure I have always done every thing in my power to serve and oblige you: the first I have most undoubtedly succeeded in; the latter I have always been un-

* As this delightful actress, Mr. Garrick's *Pivy*, lived with him afterwards on the happiest terms, I would not perpetuate *her* bad spelling, at a time when hardly any body could spell decently. She was by no means ignorant; on the contrary, her comic power in private society was transcendant, and on the stage she was unequalled. —ED.

fortunately unsuccessful in, though I have taken infinite pains. Your dislike to me is as extraordinary as the reason you gave Mr. Sterne for it.

The year Mrs. Vincent came on the stage, it cost me above five pounds to go to and from London to rehearse with her, and teach her the part of Polly; I could not be called on to do it, as it was long before the house opened,—it was to oblige Mr. Garrick. I have never envied you your equipages nor grandeur, the fine fortune you have already and must still be increasing. I have had but a very small share of the public money: you gave Mrs. Cibber 600*l.* for playing sixty nights, and 300*l.* to me for playing a hundred and eighty, out of which I can make it appear it cost me 100*l.* in necessaries for the stage; sure you need not want to take any thing from it.

I have great regret in being obliged to say any thing that looks like contention. I wish to be quiet myself, and I am sure I never laid any schemes in my life to make any one uneasy or unhappy. In regard to the affair of "The Devil to Pay," I sent my compliments to the managers by the prompter, at the beginning of the season, to beg that it might not be done till the weather was cool, as the quickness of the shift puts me into a flurry, which gives me a violent swimming in my head. When I was sent to, I recollected I had given my servant leave to go out, as I did not want her, who had the keys of all my things; neither had I the necessary things ready if she had been at home. I had a friend's equipage come for me from Greenwich to dine with them, and take my leave, as they are going to Bath for the recovery of her health. I was very unhappy after I was there, and the gentleman was so obliging to send one of his grooms, at half an hour after four, to let you know I would come if you could not do without me. I had a carriage ready with the horses put to when he came back, it wanted then some minutes of six.

It is very happy for me that they happen to be people of consequence, who know the truth of what I say, and who will be very much surprised to hear how I have been treated. I have nothing more to add, but that I am,

Your most obedient servant,

C. CLIVE.

DR. J. BROWN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Newcastle, Oct. 27th, 1765.

VISITS and engagements have prevented me from sooner answering yours. I am glad to hear of your recovery from your illness, and hope you will have no occasion for your epitaph these fifty years, except to give your friends the pleasure of reading it, which I desire you will do the next time you write to me. I think you were a little quick two or three times in your last letter, which I do not much dislike in a friend, by-the-by, especially when there is not much reason for it, as I look upon it as a proof of his regard—at least it is so with me. I have now and then a little anger in reserve for my friends: I have always contempt in abundance for my ene-

mies, whether they be mock patriots at Stowe, or ballad-makers in Grub-street. I had seen the ballad long before in a newspaper, and looked upon it as one of those many honours of late conferred on me by the scribblers of the times. On some future occasion, I will write to you more particularly about the affair of Stowe, and will desire you to lay by the letter, to be put into a collection which will hereafter appear in print. I think you acted a truly humane and charitable part in getting the reprieve for poor Turbott; and I am glad to hear that Lord R. is so considerable a man: I am sure I shall not endeavour to make him appear less so.

As to "Bartholomew Fair," my sentiment, in a word, is this: the comedy was, in its essentials, *excellent*, and that it wanted nothing but a *plan*. This I have attempted to give it; and I wait for your decision in this point, as well as your judgment of the music and poetry of "Armida."

I have seen some extracts from Johnson's Preface to his "Shakspeare." In my humble opinion, he is as improper a critic for that great poet as any that have yet appeared. No feeling nor pathos about him! Altogether upon the high horse, and blustering about Imperial Tragedy! How is this work relished by the public?

I am going upon a visit to Lord Ravensworth for about ten days, where the Duchess of Grafton is at present. So, you see, I have nothing to do but to take another *turn* (according to the blessed Bishop of Gloucester, whom God long preserve!) to become a courtier on the right side again. Take my word for it, my good friend, nobody is so apt to accuse innocent people as thorough scoundrels. So, with my compliments to Mrs. Garrick, I remain,

Dear Sir, always most truly yours,

J. BROWN.

MR. CLUTTERBUCK TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Lucknam House, Nov. 9th, 1765.

YOUR pretty rebuke for my omitting to put up a line along with the returned books, I esteem a better testimony of your affection than a page of complimentary professions; but I knew your engagements better, than to think of resenting any temporary neglect, (if any there had been,) and had even desired Gastrell in my name to entreat you not to break into any of your important matters, but deal at all times by me as a real friend, who, being secure of your heart, wants no fresh declarations or deeds by way of strengthening my title. I hope our sentiments on this subject are reciprocal, and therefore shall not trouble you with excuses for having occasioned your reprimand.

The purchase negotiated by Lacy with Fleetwood amounted to 13,750*l.* for the unexpired seven years and one half of the patent granted to Wilks, Booth, and Cibber, at which rate, the expired thirteen years and one half would have been worth 24,750*l.* and the whole term of twenty-one years *thirty-eight thousand five hundred pounds*. By a proportionate calculation, (supposing there were nine years to come

of the present patent granted to Mr. Lacy and yourself, which, you know, there is not quite,) then the reversionary patent for twenty-one years, which takes place afterwards, makes the whole term thirty years, which amounts to fifty-five thousand pounds. The half whereof, namely, 27,500*l.* you would be entitled to; but that is a price which, although you would be the gainer, I owe to no man living so ill a turn as to wish him to give. Your peculiar infelicity is, that unless you sell *yourself* too, the moiety is not worth so much as your partner's in any market whatever: *by how much* is not my present business to compute, but the person most interested in the calculation knows it, (though not to a precise degree,) and therefore *he will not sell* at an equitable price. However, what I have said, will enable you to make a demand, if he can be brought seriously to treat; but I despair of that, and think you have no chance of being disentangled from him by any other means than finding out a purchaser that will offer a proper sum for your share. In that case, Mr. L. *must* either take to it himself, or submit to a change of partners. Pray, why may not Woodward be sounded? it is no matter to you who the man is. Your only concern should be to have a proper security; and the nature of the estate furnishes means, even to such a one, to make you perfectly safe. It will be time enough to touch upon the topic of an annual sum to be paid you out of the profits, in consideration of a mortgage from him, when he hath consented to such a measure, and you have adopted it. But your security in such a view would be far from *undeniable* in my opinion; because I am convinced, past all doubt, that were he to be the sole manager for a very few years, the profits might be contained in a small box, perhaps in a nut-shell. Avoid disputes with him as much as possible, for your health's sake; be cool and firm. Nothing is more certain than that "it was his agreement not to meddle in the management;" and that agreement was contended for by poor Draper to be inserted in the articles, but was omitted by your delicacy in favour of the gentleman's vanity. With regard to his ridiculous charge against me, and his subsequent behaviour, banish *the whole* from your thoughts, and owe him no resentment on that score; he measures other people's minds by his own, the crookedness of which makes it his inclination and interest to suppose every body's else is so too, and therefore I look upon him with an eye of pity instead of indignation, and pray for his cure. Your brother George, who can have recourse to the mortgage deed, must draw up a proper notice for me to sign; I am unable to do it for want of dates and other matters. Gastrell will forward the draught to me, and I will return it duly authenticated without delay. In my scrawl from Bath last Thursday, I advised you to vest your superfluous money in India bonds for the present. I do not forget the farm of seventy pounds a year at Hendon, that I said you should have; but until the business of the land-tax there be brought to a conclusion, I should not divest myself of it; because then I shall not have estate enough in Middlesex to qualify me to act as a commissioner in that county, which for your sake, at some future appeal day, I purpose doing, if the same shall be thought necessary, and my health will permit me: however, I have in my will guarded against contingencies in relation to that article. Colman and you are

men of most quick sensations, and are apt sometimes to catch at words instead of things, and those very words may probably receive great alterations by the medium through which they pass. I know you love one another, and a third person might call up such explanations as would satisfy ye both; I myself should not doubt being able to do it were we assembled together. He had communicated his griefs (but no acrimony, I assure you) before your letters came, and I commiserate his disappointment. Had I not been in the secret of the joint enterprize, I suppose he would not have opened his mouth to me; but being so, the comedy was read to my Molly and me last Wednesday night, and our concern, for that it is not likely to be finished and represented, equalled the delight we had in hearing the piece: I cannot help thinking there is but one person in the world capable of playing Lord Ogleby, *et hinc illæ lachrymæ!* but who can help it? The blasphemer Johnson* shall never more be officer of mine; it was like yourself to send me his preface, for I had rather make ducks and drakes with my money, than buy his book. My dearest Molly holds herself infinitely obliged to you for the attention you pay to the increase of her library, and sends her most grateful thanks. But she will not serve God and Mammon too; and having a taste to read and admire your writings, she wonders how you could think her capable to prey on garbage, or swallow *the Cry*, and such miserable trash. Her relish, you must know, is for the marvellous and the pathetic, but loaths musty mediocrity; of late, her hours have been sadly clouded by violent pains in her stomach and teeth, but, Heaven be praised, no asthma! My own health at this present writing is full as good as I have a right to expect it. The dregs of life are seldom palatable; but my spirits, and the kindness of those few friends that Providence hath spared me, take off the bitterness, and make the draught less nauseous to my dear, dear Garrick's ever affectionate and faithful friend,

JAMES CLUTTERBUCK.

I must forget to be, before I can forget unfeigned love to dear Mrs. Garrick; pray present to her mine and my better half's, and know that both of us cannot esteem ye more than we do for the souls of us.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Woodhay, Nov. 15th, 1765.

I HAD yesterday the favour of yours, and I assure you that you were the subject of my thoughts and discourse the whole day, and at six at night I obeyed your commands, and had for you all the feelings of a sincere friend.

As your imaginary apprehensions are now all over, give me leave to congratulate you upon the infinite pleasure you have *given* and *received*, for there is not the least

* Here is another who thinks with Dr. Brown on the subject of Johnson's censure of Shakspeare. Having written "Irene" in the strain of "Imperial Tragedy," I think the *true* feeling was hardly to be expected from the Critic.—ED.

doubt of these being the assured consequence of your appearance again in public. I always highly honoured and loved his Majesty, for his sweet disposition and many amiable qualities, but am now charmed to find he has added so *noble* a one to those he already possessed, as openly to profess himself the admirer and patron of merit.

I most heartily partake of the pleasure you must have received from this so much deserved and distinguished honour, and sincerely wish you may enjoy a long and uninterrupted state of health and spirits to enable you to express your gratitude.

I still hold my resolution of being in town on the 30th, though my nerves are plaguy ones as well as yours! I have been ill these two or three days past, but I hope I am getting better. This cold damp weather plays the vengeance with my delicacy; and if it was not for the stage, I should wish, with Lady Townshend, that my nerves were made of cart-ropes.

I have sent your little ——— some guttle, which I hope you have received. The servant happened to return the very day after I wrote to you.

I long to hear your prologue, and have no doubt of its being a happy one; I have taken it into my head that you have planned it upon Horace's First Epistle to Mæcenas, as it is so strikingly applicable and fine for your purpose.

Pray please me with two or three lines, when you have recovered your fatigue, and have half-an-hour's leisure, that I may know how it was, and every thing about it.

Adieu, dear Sir; our best compliments and congratulations attend good Mrs. Garrick.

I am ever,

Your affectionate and most obedient servant,

S. CIBBER.

EDMUND BURKE TO MR. GARRICK.

Gregories, Friday.

WELL, since we are to see you, I am satisfied. I think, on the whole, you have disposed your matters with judgment. You first sate yourself with wit, jollity, and luxury, and afterwards retire hither to repose your person and understanding on early hours, boiled mutton, drowsy conversation, and a little clabber milk. As to my journey to Yorkshire, if I should go at all thither this summer, it will not be until late: I say if I go at all, because if I get the farm I propose into my hands, it will, I believe, keep me pretty well employed. The neighbour, whose name you could not read, is no other than your silver Thames, whose company would vastly improve this place. Richard is gone pleasuring to Oxford and Blenheim, but will meet you. Will is here, and continues. So we shall make things as agreeable to you as we can. Madam

Burke is very happy to hear she is to see you and Mrs. Garrick in some reasonable time; about when may it be?

Adieu, dear Garrick, and believe me most affectionately yours,

EDMUND BURKE.

Be so good to give my service and congratulation to the Paymaster.

MRS. CIBBER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Woodhay, Nov. 24th, 1765.

I AM greatly obliged to you for informing me of the result of your appearance again in public. I was very certain it would turn out just as it has done; but there is always a great satisfaction in hearing of the *due* encomiums and attention paid to one's friends. That pleasure your delicacy would not suffer you to give me complete, but my imagination has fully painted to me what your good sense and modesty would not relate.

Your prologue is delightful, and speaks the author in every line; I can easily believe the house was ready to come down with the conclusion. I think myself most infinitely obliged by the copy, which you may depend on my keeping sacred.

"Witty folks, you know, have sometimes cramp ways of expressing themselves." I find I was so very witty, it was impossible to comprehend me; and as I am sure the fault must lie at my door, I am very ready to humble myself, and explain a part in my last. I said I would enter my favourite mare, Belvidera, into your theatrical stud, in about a week or ten days after my arrival in town, by which I meant to inform you that I would perform that character about that time. This explanation will, I presume, answer the demand in your last.

I shall set out from hence on Friday next, lie at Reading that night, and hope to arrive safe in Scotland-yard the next day by dinner. As I intend myself the pleasure of seeing you so soon, I will detain you no longer now, than just to deliver Mr. Sloper's and my daughter's best compliments to you and Mrs. Garrick, to whom I beg mine.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and very humble servant,

S. CIBBER.

G. COLMAN ESQ. TO MR. GARRICK.

Great Queen-street, Dec. 4, 1765.

SINCE my return from Bath I have been told, but I can hardly believe it, that, in speaking of "The Clandestine Marriage," you have gone so far as to say, "Colman lays a great stress on his having written this character on purpose for me, suppose it should come out that *I wrote it!*" That the truth should come out is my earnest

desire; but I should be extremely sorry, for your sake, that it should come out by such a declaration from you. Of all men in the world, I believe I may venture to say that I should be one of the last to take any thing to myself of which I was not the author; and I should hope you could never so much forget yourself, and what is due to an old faithful friend, as to endeavour to fasten such an imputation on me. In the present case you must be sensible that such an insinuation from you must place me in that ridiculous light: but you know that it was not I, but yourself, who desired secrecy in relation to our partnership, and you may remember the reasons you gave for it. You know, too, that on the publication of the play the whole affair was to come out, and that both our names were to appear together in the title-page.

Though I cannot believe, till I have the most indisputable proof of it, that you have thus suffered your anger to betray yourself and me, yet it puzzles me to account for an indifferent person's knowing so much of the matter; and I must own, that I am not only hurt by what I hear you have said, but by what I know you have written. In your letter to Clutterbuck, which is a kind of memorial against your old friend, you tell him, "that you had formed a plan of a comedy called *The Sisters;* that I *brought some city characters into it;* and, moreover, that if the piece did not succeed, you had promised to take your part, with the shame that might belong to it, to yourself." I cannot quote the words of your letter, but I am sure I have not misrepresented the purport of it, though the whole is diametrically opposite to my notion of the state of the partnership subsisting between us. You have the plan of "The Sisters" by you; read it, and see if there are in it any traces of the story of "The Clandestine Marriage." You returned me the rough draught which I drew out of that story, and, thinking it might be of use in conducting the plot, I happened to preserve it: let them be compared, and see what is the resemblance between them. The first plate of Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" was the ground I went upon: I had long wished to see those characters on the stage, and mentioned them as proper objects of comedy, before I had the pleasure of your acquaintance, in a letter written expressly in your defence against the attacks of your old arch-enemy Shirley.

Again; was there any promise of your taking your part to yourself, out of tenderness to my reputation? I do not remember it. I understood it was to be a joint work, in the fullest sense of the word; and never imagined that either of us was to lay his finger on a particular scene, and cry, "This is mine!" It is true, indeed, that by your suggestion, Hogarth's proud lord was converted into Lord Ogleby, and that, as the play now stands, the levee-scene, at the beginning of the second act, and the whole of the fifth act, are yours: but in the conduct as well as dialogue of the fourth act, I think your favourite, Lord Ogleby, has some obligations to me. However, if that be the part of the play which you are desirous to rest your fame upon, I would not have differed with you about the glory of it; but cannot help being hurt at your betraying so earnest a desire to winnow your wheat from my chaff, at the very time that I was eager to bestow the highest polish on every part of the work, only in the hopes of perpetuating the memory of our joint labours, by raising a monument of the

friendship between me and Mr. Garrick. If I could have awakened the genius of Shakspeare, I would have done it; not for the sake of adding to my own reputation, but that it might reflect an honour on us both. I do most solemnly protest, that I felt myself more interested as a friend than as an author, in "The Clandestine Marriage;" and there was nothing in my power which I would not have undertaken in order to add to the brilliancy of its success. Judge, then, of my disappointment to find you so cold and dead to all these feelings! Was it behaving towards me with your usual openness and ingenuousness of temper, to reserve from me the communication of your intentions on a point, wherein our interest was mutual, till after the commencement of the season? In all our conversations concerning your return to the stage, for you always allowed a possibility, did you ever tell me, that if you *did* return, you would never play in a new piece? never play in "The Clandestine Marriage?" Did you not often regret the want of a performer for this character? and did not I often express my hopes that you might still perform it? Did you throw cold water on those hopes by any other manner than saying, you did not believe you should ever play at all? Nay, when your return to the stage was mentioned among your friends, and I joined in dissuading you from it, did not you openly applaud my disinterestedness, saying that your absence would be of more consequence to me than to any other person? Had I then the least reason to imagine that if you *did* return you would have any objection to do the business you had carved out for yourself? So far was I from the slightest suspicion of it, that some days after opening the theatre, when you first mentioned this matter to me at Richmond, although you then made no positive declaration, I was thunderstruck. Happening to come up to town the next morning, I heard, to my farther surprize, that you had declared your intentions in the most open as well as positive manner behind the scenes: the whole theatre was acquainted with a circumstance which was the most profound secret to me not twenty-four hours before. Ten days or a fortnight after came our conference before your brother in Johnston's parlour; but your behaviour to me in the intermediate time, as well as then, showed that you had imagined I had been sensibly affected by your most unexpected conversation at Richmond. For how did you treat me? —like a friend, who had written in concert with you? or even like an author, with whom you were upon tolerable terms?—You formally demanded to know my positive resolutions; you told me you would now consider the work as *solely mine;* that you must settle your business; that you had offers of other plays, &c. &c. This was strange manager-like language to your friend and fellow-scribbler; so strange, that from that hour I concluded I had lost all your confidence, and did not wonder that you were unwilling to exert your endeavours to establish the credit of a work, which was to degrade your name by joining it to mine.

A word or two more, and I have done. You tell Clutterbuck, that if I will not consent to the play's being done this season, you will put a negative on its being played at all. Is it possible you could know me so little, as to suppose that I ever dreamed of it? If what was undertaken on my part, chiefly with a desire of perpe-

tuating and strengthening the connection between us, was only to serve as the æra of its dissolution, the object for which I laboured vanished, and the appearance of our joint work would rather give me pain than pleasure. You complain also of what I have said on this occasion to other people. I will not recriminate upon you, nor will I attempt to excuse my own peevishness. I will only say, that I had a right to tell my friends that I had withdrawn the piece, as well as to assign your refusing to play as the reason for it. Indeed, I do not see how I could well do otherwise. As to the words you charge me with, I never uttered them: and on the whole I flatter myself you never had a difference with any friend, who behaved with more moderation.

For both our sakes, the secret of our partnership, I think, ought to be made known. On your part, the world would see that you have acted with no more rigour towards me, than you have exercised on yourself; and I shall be delivered from the suspicion of the meanness of fathering a work of which I am not the author. Hereafter, therefore, I shall take the liberty of mentioning the true state of the case, unless you let me know, within a few days, that you have an objection to it.

I could not bring myself to the formality of addressing you with a *Sir*, at opening my letter, though you have *Mistered* me in yours to Clutterbuck and Schomberg, and I hope you will excuse my subscribing myself

Your old friend,

GEORGE COLMAN.

MR. GARRICK TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Southampton-street, Dec. 5th, 1765.

THOUGH I am to obey his Majesty's commands this evening, and my head is full of the character I am to play, yet I will answer your long letter, however hastily or inaccurately.

You should not accuse me of any thing in our present circumstances without mentioning your author; let me know what indifferent person told you, and I will answer both him and you. I hope I shall always know what is due to myself and an old friend; and by having that best of feelings, I was astonished and unhappy to hear that you had complained of me (peevishly indeed) for not acting the character you had written on purpose for me; and if you did not add that *there was an end of our friendship*, I was misinformed: the former part was told me by several not indifferent persons, viz. Mr. Kent, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Strahan, &c. &c. Your suspicions of my behaving in a *manager-like manner*, before you went to Bath, are very unworthy of you; I never assumed the consequence of a manager to any body, (for I know that fools may be, and that many fools have been managers,) much less to one whom—I leave your own heart to supply the rest. I was hurt to see you persevere in a point which in the end would be of so little consequence to you, and of so much to me. If any of our friends, (to whom I dare refer this affair,) will pro-

nounce that you were either friendly or kind in insisting upon my return to the stage in the manner I should have done by acting in a new play, I will own that I am unfit for society, and unworthy of the name of friend; but on the other hand, if they should declare that my plan of happiness was not to be broken in upon by any peculiar notions of yours, it will appear that your peevishness, as you are pleased to call it, (before you went to Bath,) gave the first stab to our friendship. Though I think your account of the comedy somewhat erroneous, yet I shall not enter into that lesser consideration of who did this, or who did that, but return to matters of more consequence: I will adjust that business very easily when I am called upon. I am sorry that you have given a kind of hint at obligations by your mention of Mr. Shirley: I may be mistaken, but when I recollect my being taxed by a lady before company of not doing so much for you as you have done for me, or words of the same import, and having heard since of her great warmth in our affair, I own myself surprised, and could wish, for both our sakes, that no account *courant*, (as there ought to be none in friendship,) may be produced on either side. You say that you never knew of my resolution not to act in a *new piece* till after the season had commenced: I am greatly deceived, if I cannot mention some persons, among which is one of your own friends, who can attest the contrary. Another part of your letter mentions my desire to "winnow my wheat from your chaff,"—what can you possibly mean by that? and do you really think I have so much vanity of the author? I am sure you cannot. I suspected, indeed, from your unfriendly demand upon me, and from words you dropped, of not being able to read the part of Lord Ogleby, and which is now confirmed by your tauntingly giving the glory of the fourth act to me that you thought my portion of the play could only be supported by my own acting; and that you rather chose to ask what could not be granted, than tell me your doubts of my part of the work. This I mentioned very sincerely to Clutterbuck; but whatsoever are our opinions upon this head, is now of very little consequence, and if I guess right, the chief matter to be answered in your letter is, whether the secret shall be told or not. As I have not been allowed to have any determination in the disposal of this unhappy comedy, I beg that you will act from your own discretion and feeling, and do whatever you please in the affair, only permitting me to subscribe myself

Your old friend,

D. GARRICK.

P. S. In my hurry I have overlooked something that you lay a great stress upon. You speak of my treatment of you at Richmond. Are you really in earnest to upbraid me with saying that I should consider the work *as solely yours: did* I, or *could* I mean any thing, but that you should dispose of it as you pleased? Were we not then the best friends, and till very near the time of your going to Bath, when I saw with the greatest concern a change in your look and behaviour? And could there be any *manager-like* language in telling you I must fix the business of the season, and if you would not suffer our play to be acted, I must accept of other

offers to supply its place? Can any thing be more reasonable, or less unfriendly? and should not I rather accuse you of using me in a *strange* manner by withdrawing the piece, when I had a share in it, and reckoned upon its appearance? I have ever thought you and loved you as a faithful and affectionate friend; but surely your leaving London so abruptly, and leaving complaints of me behind you, was not among the many instances of your kindness and moderation to me; and if I betrayed any warmth in consequence of your conduct, such warmth was at least more natural and excusable than your own.

MR. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

Dec. 6, 1765.

I AM sorry you gave yourself the trouble of answering my letter at a time when you might have been so much better employed; however, if I may judge by your performance last night, it did you no more hurt than I think your playing Lord Ogleby would do you. As a correspondence of this nature, so different from what I expected ever to open with you, must, I suppose, be as irksome to you as to myself, I will be as brief as possible. I will speak to no points but what are directly in answer to your last; and if, contrary to my intentions, my letter should be drawn out to any length, I hope you will the more readily excuse it when I promise you that it is the last I will send you on this very disagreeable subject.

If you ever spoke those memorable words mentioned in my last, you must easily recollect to whom they were spoken. It was needless therefore for me to point out the particular person, especially as it was not by him they were reported to me. I told you I could hardly believe you capable of having uttered them, and hoped that, if you favoured me with an answer, you could and would have assured me that you never did. If you did, I must say (as you do of my suspicions), they were unworthy of you: and it is no wonder that I should desire the true state of the case to be made known, rather than be under the imputation which they carried with them.

My mention of Shirley was purely accidental, and never meant to convey the sense which you have extracted: but if my expressions, with their gloss upon them, can be interpreted as glancing in the least towards *debtor and creditor*, I take shame to myself for having made use of them. However, you have been more than even with me by what you say of a certain person. I am quite of Lockit's opinion, that, among good friends, whatever they say or do goes for nothing. That person, I am sure, has always had the greatest respect for you; and if there were any offensive words carried to you, they were occasioned by some irritating expressions brought from you. Spaniels, who will fetch and carry, may be useful; but whenever they lay hold of any thing, they do so tumble and disfigure it, that when it comes out of their mouths, one can scarce discover it to be the same. The words thrown out before company, I do not remember; but I think it very possible for you to have

misconceived them, as I see you did what I said of my not being able to read the part of Lord Ogleby. I might intend it as a sincere compliment to your talent as an actor, but most certainly never meant a reflection on your abilities as an author. There are characters, where the writer must necessarily leave a great deal to the player: Lord Ogleby is one of them; and I know no player that can so well fill up such passages as yourself. I am sorry to find, after having for some years past opened my heart to you so very freely, that you should suppose that I would rather choose to ask what could not be granted, than to tell you my doubts of your portion of the work. Did I ever deal that way with you in any other matter? I hate all crooked politics. I have written in concert before, and have seen more manuscripts than I ever desire to see again; but I cannot tax myself with having in one instance dissembled my real sentiments. Why then should you, my particular friend, suspect me of trifling with you? Why might not I reprehend what I disliked, without your immediately crying, *I am always very ready to give up what I write*, as if it was a quality peculiar to yourself? And why might not I confess what I approved, without suspicion of flattery or dissimulation?

You tell me that you are greatly deceived, if you cannot produce some persons, among which is one of my own friends, who can attest that I knew of your resolution not to act in a new piece before the season commenced. You are very greatly deceived indeed. May I never be believed to speak one word of truth, and I know no greater curse, if I had the least conception of it till the time mentioned at large in my last letter! Nay, in some fond moments I had flattered myself, that though you should never regularly list yourself again in the service of the public, you might perhaps be tempted to act as a volunteer in "The Clandestine Marriage." I was even weak enough to communicate these hopes to a particular friend, who was of our counsel. You see from what a mountain of hope I have fallen, and cannot wonder if I have received some little shock. On the whole, it was not my *unfriendly* and *unreasonable* demand, but your long reserve and most unexpected denial of what I thought would never have been questioned, that has occasioned our difference.

I cannot reconcile your desiring the play to be considered as solely mine, with your complaints of not having been allowed to have any determination in the disposal of the comedy, when you had a share in it; but if you now claim the right of your affirmative voice, as in your letter to Clutterbuck you laid your claim to a negative one, you are welcome, if you please, to put the play into rehearsal; but as it is against my opinion, I hope you will not be farther offended, that I give myself no concern about it.

I have sent you the fifth act as you desired, but have had neither leisure nor inclination to compare it with that left by your brother yesterday. You know it was my opinion, that it wanted retrenching; but for near two months past I have been totally incapable of that task, as I could never without pain turn my eyes or thoughts on "The Clandestine Marriage,"—this unhappy comedy, as you very properly call it.

You take great advantage of my acknowledgement of my own peevishness, and in one part of your letter seem to imply that it deserves a harder name. You are pleased also to bandy about the words *unfriendly* and *unreasonable* very liberally, both in your letter to me and that to Clutterbuck. The fact must speak for itself, and declare on which side friendship and reason have been most violated; wherefore all the notice I shall take of those marks of your ill-humour is to wish that you may find all your other acquaintance less peevish, and more friendly, and more reasonable, and more faithful than

Your old friend,
GEORGE COLMAN.*

MR. GEORGE STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, London, Dec. 27, 1765.

I HOPE you will oblige me so far as to accept of a work which I could never have carried into execution but for the assistance you lent me, which was made more valuable by the ready manner in which you granted the favour I came to solicit. I am sorry that I could not procure a greater number of the old copies, that my collection might have been complete; but their scarcity is such as not to admit of their being easily found or purchased, nor would my own pride allow me to borrow what I had reason to suppose were in the hands of Mr. Capell. He would probably have thought he had conferred a greater obligation on me than the utmost endeavours of my future life could have returned, if he had been inclined to assist me; though it is more likely he would have treated me and my undertaking with the same contempt he does the rest of a world, which, I believe, in that respect, is

* These letters are among the innumerable proofs afforded by all ages that *literary* jealousy is the strongest of all feelings. It would be very impertinent, on these documents *alone*, to pronounce a sentence upon the disputants. But there is no sort of difficulty in confessing the regret excited by the silly practice of *venting* every doubt or momentary displeasure conceived between friends; because the reporters are seldom accurate in their intelligence, and commonly colour the matter with their own malevolence in the garb of friendly interest. There is one point only of this dispute, on which I think it allowable to give an opinion—it is Garrick's resigning the part of Lord Ogleby. I feel confident myself, from a recent perusal of his "Lethe," that it was to avoid the positive identity of manner with his Lord Chalkstone in that farce. For in whatever variety of business Lord Ogleby may be engaged, he is absolutely Chalkstone, with his Bowman, even to the eternal calls upon either Canton or Lovewell to confirm or admire what he says! Accordingly, had the comedy appeared as Mr. Colman's only, he would have been accused of stealing that character from his friend's farce, and Mr. Garrick's own performance of Lord Ogleby would have still more strongly proclaimed the sameness of the parts. The determination therefore to try Tom King in it, as it made the great reputation of that actor, was of real service to the play—indeed his conception and execution were alike masterly; and they are perpetuated, as far as tradition can convey them, to the present hour, except some enthusiastic raptures, which King *alone* warmed into occasionally, when in the utmost harmony of his Lordship's spirits.—ED.

not behind-hand with him. I hope I have executed my part of the work with tolerable care, though I do not pretend to the exactness of the gentleman I have just mentioned, for should a flea break his chain I declare myself utterly incapable of mending it. I have taken no notice of the variations of the stops in the different editions I have collected, as I look on them as merely fortuitous, and *that* punctuation which chance has directed for the better in some than in others, may as well be supplied by the skill of future editors, for whose use these volumes are principally designed, as adopted from old copies. I make no doubt but when the other expected edition makes its appearance, we shall find them all faithfully recorded there, and receptacles erected in every page like parish pounds, for stray commas and semicolons that have committed a trespass. To the jurisdiction of this editor I leave them, nor should laugh at exactness, unless carried to a length that made it ridiculous. I am contented with the spirit of the author you first taught me to admire, and when I found you could do so much for him, I was naturally curious to know the value of the materials he had supplied you with; and often when I have taken the pen in my hand to try to illustrate a passage, I have thrown it down again with discontent when I remembered how able you were to clear that difficulty by a single look, or particular modulation of voice, which a long and laboured paraphrase was insufficient to explain half so well. In respect to the present performance, I must be satisfied with having done a little where I should have been glad to have done more, and be as happy in the recollection of my obligations to you, as I am that I was not reduced to the necessity of being obliged to Mr. Capell.

I am, dear Sir, with great sincerity, your much obliged,

GEORGE STEEVENS.*

I am sorry the volumes are so clumsy, but I desired a few might be worked off on large paper, instead of which they have printed them on thicker, and the printers being paid by the sheet, have made the entries and exits, &c. so considerable, that the books are swelled to a size I never dreamt of. If you have a friend you would oblige with a set or two, or more, I am bound (as Lady Macbeth says), *still to return your own.*

* This letter acknowledges the liberal use of several scarce quarto plays, which Mr. Steevens borrowed for his reprint of "Twenty of the plays of Shakspeare," published during the poet's life-time, or previous at least to the appearance of the folio edition printed in 1623. He here begins that unsparing ridicule of Edward Capell, which he continued through life; but surely, in an edition of such a poet as Shakspeare, there is *no point* at which critical care ceases to be a virtue.—ED.

DR. BROWN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Newcastle, Jan. 3, 1766.

You will shortly receive, as usual, a printed letter of mine, addressed to Dr. Lowth: and I write to you, as well as some other friends, on this occasion, upon account of a letter I formerly showed you, written to Dr. B——y.* It is inserted: and he desires that his name may not be publicly mentioned on this occasion; and therefore I desire the favour of you and my other friends to whom I communicated it, that you would not name the person to whom it was written. When you see the letter, you will remember it.

If you are deliberating in what manner to answer my last, I think you are doing better than to answer it in the hasty style in which it was written. Of the letter which occasioned it I say nothing; except that I certainly owe you my thanks for suppressing the dirty ballad. You and I are like a pair of good friends, walking side by side, with their hands upon their sword-hilts, and ready to draw them suddenly. Yours was half-drawn; and mine was out in an instant: but by calmly replacing yours, I really think you have fairly got the better of me. Pray make my best respects to Mrs. Garrick; and believe me to be always, dear Sir,

Very sincerely and faithfully yours,

J. BROWN.

DR. FRANKLIN TO THE PRINTER OF THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE.

SIR, Jan. 13th, 1766.

IN the last Critical Review for December, in the observations on the new tragedy of the Earl of Warwick, we meet with the following stricture.

De la Harpe (says the critic) author of the French play on this subject, seems to have deviated from history, not so much for the sake of rendering his fable truly dramatic, as in order to accommodate it to the manners of the people to whom he wrote. King Edward, according to the genius of their government, is treated *en Prince*, and Warwick is inspired with a reverence for the regal authority diametrically opposite to his known character, and smelling too strongly of the principles of prerogative and arbitrary power: this, continues the critic, is equally applicable to De la Harpe and his imitator.

The latter part of this observation is, in my opinion, very false and injurious to the ingenious author of the English tragedy, who has, I think, carefully avoided the error attributed to Mr. De la Harpe, of falsifying the character of Warwick. I have read the play over very carefully, and cannot find that, according to this critic, the

* Doctor Balguy, I presume,—the common friend of Warburton, Brown, and their clerical connections; a divine of very profound learning, unambitious, and shunning all controversy; one to whom the wisest deferred, and of whom the most litigious never spoke ill.—ED.

English Earl of Warwick shows any *reverence for the legal authority*, or *smells* at all of the *principles of prerogative* and *arbitrary power*, but, on the other hand, throughout the whole piece shows a spirit of liberty and independence, agreeable to his real character in the English history.

The author of the critique has not, indeed, by any means done justice to the merits of this piece, which, though not without faults, is generally allowed to be the best written tragedy which has appeared for some years. I have already seen it twice with great pleasure, and when it is acted next, shall certainly again pay my respects to the inimitable Mrs. Yates, who is, without doubt, and above all in Margaret of Anjou, the finest actress now in Europe. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

CANDIDUS. (DR. FRANKLIN.)

"For the Author of the St. James's Chronicle, to be left at Mr. H. Baldwin's, printer, in White-friars, Fleet-street."
Endorsed, by the Editor, "Passed."

DR. J. BROWN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Newcastle, Jan. 19th, 1766.

I MUST first wish you joy of your new acquaintance, the gout. If he comes as a friend, he is a very honest fellow, and often drives away all enemies; but take care how you provoke him; for in that case he is, I believe, one of the worst of enemies. I have had a slight visit from him, (about four years ago,) in the friendly mood; since which time, by temperance, ease of mind, and exercise, I have enjoyed a firmer state of health than ever I had before. With proper care, I am of opinion, that the same agreeable consequence may arise to you.

By the *half-drawn sword* I meant the old *political* one, which really seemed to me to be coming out of the scabbard. But I have forgot all the particulars of that affair; which, however it was, is now only to be laughed at. Yet I will have a lunge with you, with all my heart, when I come to London; but it shall be with *foils*, and not with *mortal weapons*.

I should wonder not a little, if any of Dr. Lowth's impartial friends should think I had not reason enough for my late publication. Had no false imputations been cast upon me before, the necessity would have been less pressing; but you know that all the scribblers of Grub-street have joined in this cry, ever since the publication of the "Estimate," and some of them before it. Dr. L., *joining this cry*, made the consequence inevitable. I believe, he meant it not in malice to *me;* but if he *rashly* wounded me through *another man's* side, I surely had a right to defend myself. I think I have struck Calumny dumb on this article; yet I have no doubt but she will attack me on some other. You know, as well as I, that she will always either find a pretence or make one.

I sent a copy of my printed letter to the Bishop of Gloucester before publication; along with it I enclosed a letter to himself, in which is the following paragraph:— "In the first of my letters inserted in that to Dr. L., I have omitted several paragraphs which glanced strongly at an *author* or *two*, to whom though your Lordship may think you have many obligations, yet I am pretty sure *I have none*. What I have *omitted*, I am sure the *public* would have *strongly approved*; and therefore I hope your Lordship will at least allow me the praise of *some forbearance*, in thus sacrificing *resentments*, which I think *just*, to that reverence which I have even for the shattered remains of a ruined pile of friendship." No answer is returned either to this or the printed letter; from whence I conclude, that all friendship and correspondence are at an end. Indeed *you* know, that in *reality* all friendship was at an end, on his side, long ago. I see a pamphlet advertised against me, which by the Greek and Latin mottoes, I guess to come from the Warburtonian quarter. I see the scribblers are at me *pêle-mêle*. This is as it should be.

If you can get well rid of your theatrical property, you are certainly right in doing it. If your partner would sell *his* at the same time, I suppose you might sell to good advantage. But (though I know nothing of particulars) I think I see, that his being possessed of one-half must be a heavy clog upon the sale of the other. With respect to the music, &c. of "Armida," I own I had some suspicion of what you say: you will consider of that matter at your leisure; but it cannot be done in a *lighter style*. Neither the subject, nor the sources from whence the music is drawn, will admit of it.

Till this foolish affair of Lowth's letter, (in which, by the way, I think, in attacking the Bishop's character he has sunk his own,) I have for about three months been engaged in one of my grand pursuits. I have not only completed the plan of my projected Epic Poem, but have thrown off a rough draught of nearly the two first books; and should by this time have completed the second, had not that interruption come in the way.

Another, and still more serious circumstance, I must inform you of—that I have lately been invited to assist in the civilization of a great empire. I have had letters from Russia, which do me more honour than I can pretend to deserve; but which I have answered in such a manner, as may probably carry me to Petersburgh in a summer or two. The Empress is aiming at great things, but seems to me to be wandering in the dark. I have sent a general sketch of a plan, which by this time is laid before her Imperial Majesty. Whether the whole, or any part of it, may be adopted, I cannot yet say; if it should, you will probably some time or other see "A System of Legislation for the Russian Empire." At a leisure hour, pray give me a little of the town talk on our present foolish debate. Compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

Affectionately yours,

J. BROWN.*

* This is a very extraordinary and valuable letter. Warburton had long observed his progress without much wonder, as a man who, in the midst of the most glaring inconsistencies, could always "satisfy himself."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. FOOTE.

MY DEAR SIR, Feb. 13th, 1766.

I HAD resolved, before I spoke to Mr. Bromfield, to send you my sincere condolement in a letter upon your late accident;* but I was afraid lest you should put yourself to the trouble of answering me. It gives me infinite pleasure to hear by Mr. Bromfield, that you have passed all danger, are in the best way, and in the highest spirits.

Notwithstanding the severity of your misfortune, yet it must be the greatest consolation to you, to hear how many have most cordially felt and lamented it. Among which number, my friend Colman has particularly shown his regard to you; and if I could convince you of mine by any other proof than that of mere words, I should be proud and happy to show it upon this occasion. All I shall say at present is, that should you be prevented from pursuing any plan for the theatre, I am wholly at your service, and will labour in your vineyard for you, in any capacity, till you are able to do it so much better for yourself. I am, my dear Sir, with my best thanks for your kind wishes, and my warmest wishes for your recovery,

Your most sincere friend and humble servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

P. S. I have sent a paragraph to the papers to contradict the false reports about you.

I have this moment seen Holland; he speaks of you with the greatest regard and affection.

Mrs. Garrick presents her compliments and best wishes to you.

MR. FOOTE TO MR. GARRICK.

Cannon Park, Feb. 26th, 1766.

I SHOULD have answered, my dear Sir, your kind and friendly letter long before this, but Mr. Bromfield's substitutes supposing that I had rather made too free a use

The ruined pile of their friendship had, however, been too severely shattered for any earthly repairs to reach. Warburton dropped him as one whose vanity had become gigantic. He was, indeed, tried in a way that would have turned a sounder head than Brown ever could boast. Her Imperial Majesty the Empress of all the Russias invited, as we see, the *Estimator of the Times* to frame a system of civilization for her barbarous empire. Thus elevated to the highest heaven of imagination, and being disappointed in prescribing the future destinies of Russia, a morbid tendency in his habit burst out with various alarming symptoms of insanity; and in the month of September of the present year, he destroyed himself; but his violent death redeemed his moral character to his friends, which had been reproached with acts like positive ingratitude and breach of engagement.—ED.

* He was at Lord Mexborough's, with the Duke of York, when this accident occurred. Foote fell from

of my pen, deprived me of it entirely. Nothing can be more generous and obliging, nor, I am sure, at the same time would be more beneficial for me, than your offers of assistance for my hovel in the Haymarket; but the stage to me at present is a very distant object, for, notwithstanding all the flattery of appearances, I look upon my hold in life to depend on a very slender tenure; and besides, admitting the best that can happen,* is a mutilated man, a miserable instance of the weakness and frailty of human nature, a proper object to excite those emotions which can only be produced from vacant minds, discharged of every melancholy or pensive taint?

I am greatly obliged to Mr. Colman for his friendly feelings on my late melancholy accident. I am no stranger to his philanthropy, nor how eagerly he has adopted one of the finest sentiments in his favourite author. *Homo sum, et humani nihil à me alienum puto.* I rejoice with him and the public on the success of his "Clandestine Marriage;" Lady Stanhope came here last night, gave me a very good account of it, and is vastly pleased. It has been my misfortune not to know Mrs. Garrick much; but from what I have seen, and all that I have heard, you will have more to regret when either she or you die than any man in the kingdom. I beg my most grateful compliments may be made her for the share she has generously taken in my calamity. I do not know whether the expression be clear in the last period but one; but I mean your separation, whichever occasions it. As to my present condition, for which I am sure your friendship will make you anxious, I wish I could meet you with a more favourable account; but I am, in truth, very weak, in pain, and can procure no sleep but by the aid of opiates. Oh! Sir, it is incredible all that I have suffered! and you will believe me when I assure you, that the amputation was the least painful part of the whole. They flatter me with the thoughts of being able to get to town in three weeks: change of place to a man in my way is but of little importance, but for one reason I wish it, as it will give me an opportunity in person of expressing some part of my gratitude to dear Mr. Garrick for all his attention and goodness to me, and of assuring him that no man can be more sincerely

His most obliged and devoted servant,

SAML. FOOTE.

I fancy my man has made a horrid blunder, by inclosing to you a letter for Mr. Holland.

his horse, and fractured his leg in so dreadful a way, that the amputation of the limb could alone save the life of the sufferer.—ED.

* There is a melancholy *truth* in this question, which goes to the heart. The whole letter indeed is peculiarly amiable.—ED.

MR. PATERSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, New Burlington-street, March 4, 1766.

MR. LACY is just gone from me; he brought me back the memorandum I had drawn, and absolutely refuses to subscribe to it. He particularly objects to the mode I had pointed out for the disposal of the property in case of death or separation. He declares the most sincere desire of continuing with you in partnership, as well as friendship, and says that, in the eighteen years you have been together, he does not recollect his having interrupted you in the management of the stage more than twice, and, as to the last time, seems to think himself to blame for the manner of doing it, and I really believe is sorry for it. He says, he desires you may go on upon the old footing, and has given me his word of honour that in such case he will never object to your management but in a private and friendly manner. And in case you two cannot agree, he will leave it to my determination as the common friend of both, though originally yours.

Now taking it for granted that Mr. Lacy is in earnest, I think his proposal fair and reasonable, and such as you should agree to. I have heard you express your inclination to continue with him, in which I thought you sincere; give me leave to say that I think Mr. Lacy equally so, and will undertake for his punctually performing what he promises. I have not told him my sentiments of his proposal, but, on the contrary, have appointed to meet Mr. Fitzgerald next Saturday. But my sincere wish is, that you would both agree; disappoint the little arts of those who endeavour to make a total breach between you; and give me the satisfaction of being the happy instrument of restoring your ancient harmony and friendship. Pray send me an answer as soon as possible, that I may let Mr. Lacy know your determination, and believe me ever

Your most faithful humble servant,
JOHN PATERSON.*

MR. GARRICK TO MR. PATERSON.

MY DEAR SIR, March 5, 1766.

As I am most willing to put an end to your trouble and my own anxiety, I shall certainly submit to your opinion. If Mr. Lacy, as you have told me, is sorry for our late quarrel, and sincere in his desire of continuing in partnership with me, I shall at once come into your determination. I should have quitted Drury-lane Theatre with reluctance, and nothing but being convinced that Mr. Lacy had chose to part with me should have drove me to the step that I was obliged to take—therefore I fully

* This gentleman was one of Mr. Garrick's executors; and, as this letter proves him to be, a person of sound judgment and perfect impartiality.—ED.

subscribe to your proposals in your letter, and am ready to meet Mr. Lacy as my partner and friend without having the least remembrance that we ever disagreed. I most sincerely thank you for the pains you have taken, and the true friendship you have shown to both of us.

I am, dear Sir,
Your affectionate friend,
D. GARRICK.

P. S. I would have answered your letter last night, but it was very late when I received it. I will call upon you before twelve to-morrow.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR, May 24, 1766.

I NEVER heard that you did me the favour of calling in Southampton-street. I have not yet examined our theatrical stores for next season. We have many things to make their appearance. You did not mention what performance you intended for us, whether tragedy, comedy, or farce. Whatever it is, if you will please to put it into my hands, I will take care to perform it as soon as I possibly can. The managers reserving to themselves the right of refusing it if they shall (upon consideration) think it not for your and their advantage to receive it. I may venture to say that you can run no risk of this last condition.

You will oblige me by putting me in the list of your subscribers. Mr. Lacy, Mr. Holland, and Mr. Powell, desire to have their names also among your subscribers.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,
D. GARRICK.

I shall be glad to know by a line in Southampton-street, Tuesday or Wednesday next, what kind of performance you intend for our theatre, that I may give you my answer as soon as possible.

MR. LOVE TO MR. HOPKINS.

DEAR HOPKINS,* Richmond, May 28, 1766.

IF you remember, you told me that Mr. Garrick would not be in town till Tuesday evening. When I went over to Hampton yesterday he was just gone, and I missed the opportunity of seeing of him by being too late; I must therefore wait till I can have that pleasure, in order to clear up the matter you said he seemed displeased about.

But I am unhappy enough, you tell me, to be blamed on a fresh account. I should be much obliged to you if you would candidly tell Mr. Garrick what you

* The prompter of Drury-lane theatre, and the father of Mrs. John Kemble.—ED.

know of our situation; and then, I think, you will accord with me, that I cannot venture a tragedy on a Saturday night without the certainty of losing more than I can possibly afford. I always apprehended that Mr. Garrick proposed my taking Mr. Cautherly for an opportunity of practising a little under his eye, and therefore only to play when we found it convenient to perform the pieces in which he was studied: Mr. Garrick, to whom nothing theatrical can be unknown, must be sensible that otherwise Mr. Cautherly, instead of being of service, would greatly injure the whole undertaking; for as it is impossible he should bring us any thing by his single merit, we cannot afford to risk plays on his account that no one will come to see. I hope Mr. Garrick will be so kind as to consider, that if Mr. Cautherly was not with us at all, we should not want one person more to supply what he can at present fill up: but as there is not the thing in the world I would not do to pleasure Mr. Garrick, as far as I am able, if he thinks it of consequence to wait a particular day, I do not desire Mr. Cautherly to appear till we can do a comedy he is in, and then he may play first on a Saturday; as to a tragedy, I neither dare nor can, consistent with my duty, attempt it on any Saturday in the season. Dear Sir, give my sincere and most respectful compliments to Mr. Garrick, and beg him to consider the truth of these particulars; and, as I know you to be the faithful friend to both, endeavour to set this matter in a right light. I am, of late, very unhappy to find upon what slight occasions Mr. Garrick suffers me to sink in his esteem: I trust you think I do not deserve it; I am *sure* I do not. I wish you and family a safe and pleasant journey hither, and am,

Yours, most sincerely,

JAMES LOVE.*

P. S. If the play must be changed, please to put "Love in a Village" for Wednesday.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. LOVE.

SIR, Hampton, June 8.

THAT Mr. Garrick may too *hastily*, and Mr. Love too *slowly*, feel the delicacy of friendship, I am very ready to acknowledge; but I could wish that Mr. Love would make some small distinction between *slights* and *slight occasions:* the last are the words made use of in your letter to Mr. Hopkins. As for Cautherly, it was never intended that he should be a burden to you, and he never shall: he is otherwise disposed of. Hopkins is my witness that I read your extraordinary letter to him,

* Love was an indolent man, but a respectable and judicious actor. One wonders, if he really prized Mr. Garrick's favour so highly, that he did not at once concede the point as to Cautherly. If the great actor felt any *particular* interest in this young man's welfare, he had surely the means of gratifying any country manager, like Love, who aided him in his object. His real name was Dance, and his father was the architect of the Mansion-house.—ED.

with astonishment, indeed, but no anger. I beg with you that the whole matter may be *drowned in oblivion:* we have both been *mistaken.*

" —— nos debemus amici,
Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire."

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
DAVID GARRICK.*

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Mr. Helsa's, Great Rider-street, St. James's, May 31st, 1766.

THE favourable reception that the town gave to " The Double Mistake," has encouraged me to essay their indulgence again, by writing another comedy. Notwithstanding your severe censure upon my last, I most earnestly wish to present my instant performance to the public through your hands. If, therefore, Sir, it may be agreeable to you to receive the comedy I mention, it shall be sent to you immediately, upon this condition, that if you should reject it, you will never mention your having seen it to any person. If I should be happy enough to have my comedy received and approved by you, I shall be truly thankful to you for any observations or alterations you may think proper to make.

As I have not the pleasure of being personally known to you, I prefer this method of addressing you, to troubling any of my friends who may have the happiness of your acquaintance.

I am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,
E. GRIFFITH.†

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, June, 1766.

I HAVE been ill these ten days, and I really think it is you have made me so, by unkindly refusing me an indulgence which I have set my heart upon—that of dedicating my play to you; but I am not so easily said nay to as you may imagine. You have a right to waive a compliment which you do not choose to accept, but none to prevent me from expressing the honest feelings of my heart towards you, or any other person.

* One of Garrick's neat and gentlemanly closes of altercation. The reader sees, with Dr. Warburton, how well he could preserve his *dignity* in the profession he illustrated.—ED.

† Mrs. Griffith has left no comedy of striking excellence; and as an author is most advantageously remembered for her share of the Letters between *Henry* and *Frances;* and her very clear display of the *ethical* strength of our great dramatic poet. Her " Illustrations " afford a code of morals suited to all the exigencies of human life.—ED.

Women, you know, do not easily give up a favourite point, and I declare I shall be extremely mortified if you persist in refusing to let the enclosed be published along with my play. If you take the trouble of reading it, you will find how much I am interested in this request.

Mr. Griffith tells me you do not approve of the title he gave my play; call it what *name* you will, provided you let *yours* appear in the Dedication.

I should be glad to know if Mr. Barry will play Sir William, and Mrs. Barry, Harriet? Do be so good to tell me something about it. I do not wish to plague you, but I cannot avoid being anxious. My compliments wait upon Mrs. Garrick,

And I am very sincerely,

Your much obliged and most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. E. GRIFFITH.

MADAM,

I SHOULD have answered your letter immediately, had I not been in the country. The opinion I gave of "The Double Mistake" was to a friend, to whom I never disguise my thoughts: had I known that a lady was the author, and that my letter would have been sent to her, I should certainly have been more wary in my expressions; however, I most sincerely congratulate you that the success of the comedy did not correspond with my opinion.

We have six new performances in our hands, three of which are only farces; I am likewise to read a new comedy to-morrow, and expect, from its author, sufficient merit to receive it. Exclusive of this last piece, it will be impossible to perform yours this next winter; it shall come in its turn, and if it is received, you shall be acquainted with its situation upon our book, and with the names of those performances which, in justice, and by the custom of theatres, must precede it.

I am, Madam, yours, &c. D. G.

Whenever you please to entrust me with a performance, you may depend upon my not abusing your confidence. If I think I cannot serve, I take care not to injure, an author.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, June 4th, 1766

I AM very sorry to find by your letter that my comedy cannot be performed at Drury-lane next winter, as it will by no means suit my convenience to postpone it farther.

The earnest desire I had to obtain your approbation had flattered me into a belief that my *present* performance might in some measure have deserved it. I very sincerely wish success to every work and person of merit, and am, therefore, Sir, with great regard,

Your most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

SHERIDAN DAVENPORT TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Bath, June 9, 1766.

I KNEW nothing of your intended engagement with Mr. Arthur or Miss Reynolds,† or I should never have *interfered* in a matter that no way concerned me. She commissions me to say, that she has no doubt, from what Mr. Palmer has said to her, that she would have the salary here that you had put her down for, rather than part with her. Here she is secure of very good benefits from our interest; in London she runs a great risk of being out of pocket: and the difference of living here and there, chair-hire from the plays, &c. makes a material circumstance in her life. She says that fifty shillings the first year, with half a benefit, and three pounds the second, if she is approved of, she is willing to venture on; not that that would be an inducement to her, unless she could flatter herself with your patronage and care of her interest, as she hopes by her good behaviour, diligence, and talent, to merit it. Placing things in the worst light, the loss of ten shillings in one year, can be of no moment to you or Mr. Lacy.

She has desired me to subjoin the catalogue you desired. Arthur, I think, never intended serving you; if he did, he had spun his web so fine as to conceal itself, for he has held up such a terrible picture of ruin, desertion, and street-walking to the lady, that I had some difficulty to smooth the rough impression he had worked on her fancy.

I am, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

SHERIDAN DAVENPORT.

CATALOGUE.

Cordelia	King Lear.	Clarinda, or Silvia	Double Gallant.
Juliet	Romeo.	*Jaciatha, or Mrs. Strickland,	
*Audrey, or Celia	As You Like It.	or Julietta	Suspicious Husband.
Flora	Kind Impostor.	Miss Jenny, or Lady Grace	Provoked Husband.
Fidelia	Foundling.	*Fanny	Maid of the Mill.
Harriet	Jealous Wife.	*Margery	Love in a Village.
*Foible	Way of the World.	Aura	Country Lasses.
Charlotte	Funeral.	Oriana	Inconstant.
*Miss Notable	Lady's Last Stake.	*Lucy	Beggar's Opera.
*Flarret	Love's Last Shift.	*Dorcas	Thomas and Sally.
Angelica	Constant Couple.	*Pastora	Chaplet.
*Phillis, or Lucinda	Conscious Lovers.	*Maria	Citizen.
Ann Lovely	Bold Stroke for a Wife.	Nell	Devil to Pay.
*Juletta	Pilgrim.		

† Miss Reynolds was received by Mr. Garrick, and made her first appearance at Drury-lane, in the present year, as *Peggy*, in the "Country Girl."—ED.

The chambermaids and all the girls, likewise a number more that she is studied in, which she thinks would be troubling Mr. Garrick to read.

MR. GEORGE GARRICK TO MR. LOVE.

DEAR SIR, June 13, 1766.

THE managers of Drury-lane, having considered the contents of your last letter, have desired me to inform you that they cannot possibly raise your's or Mrs. Love's salary; and from the little use they have made or can possibly make of the lady, they think it is unreasonable to expect it. Besides, they think that you are fully rewarded according to the rate of other actors. If, therefore, you are willing to enter into an article with them for three years, (and which you so ardently sought for last year,) please to let me know in two or three days, otherwise the managers will look upon your silence as a taking leave of them and Drury-lane Theatre.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

GEORGE GARRICK.

MR. LOVE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Richmond, Tuesday, Noon.

I CAN truly say (and I believe I have many witnesses) that I have never enjoyed ease since the unhappy accident of incurring your displeasure; and to secure my misfortune, I am continually receiving fresh intelligence that there is a breach between me and Mr. Garrick. I take God to witness that I never intentionally offended you; and beg that you will consider that my letter to Mr. Hopkins was wrote unguardedly, and little dreaming to be so severely commented on. Pray, Sir, be satisfied, and burn the cursed cause of my present unhappiness; depend upon it, you have punished me enough. I am willing to make every submission that may become a man, every acknowledgment you can possibly desire. If you will be kind enough to permit me to pay you a visit, I hope to prevail upon your good-nature to send me away happy; pray inform the bearer of a leisure hour, that I may not break in upon you abruptly. (To-morrow is play day, but I can come over in the morning, or if you want Mr. Hopkins, I can bring him with me after rehearsal on Thursday or Friday.) Once more, let me intreat you to restore me to your friendship. I am ready to article when and on what terms you please, who am ever (let what will happen)

Your most sincere friend,

And obedient humble servant,

JAMES LOVE.

P. S. Excuse my scrawl. I am not easy enough to write with any care.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. LOVE.

Hampton, June 18, 1766.

THOUGH Mr. Garrick may have been too sensibly touched with the slights he has received from a quarter where he imagined that he had some reason to expect a contrary behaviour, yet his heart is a stranger to such an obstinacy, that would prejudice rather than justify his sensibility in the first case. Mr. Garrick will be glad to see Mr. Love to breakfast either to-morrow or Friday morning. All he requests of Mr. Love in return is, that for both their sakes, he will not say a word more of what has passed. As to his engagement with the managers of Drury-lane Theatre, he begs it may be no consequence of their meeting. Mr. Garrick scorns that the reconciliation should have any effect upon Mr. Love's interest; the latter must send his determination to Mr. Garrick's brother, and accept or refuse the proposals as he thinks will best suit his circumstances.*

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, July 17th, 1766.

WITH infinite pleasure I commend the comedy that goes with this, into your hands, though not without the same kind of apprehension that a flattered client feels, when his cause is to appear before Lord Camden, for should he or you condemn, we may lament, but not accuse our judge either of partiality or ignorance.†

I confess I had vanity enough to hope, that a comedy of mine might be received by you, and therefore wrote the one I send, with the performers of Drury-lane in my view, and designed it more for the stage than the closet. The greatest merit it can pretend to is its originality, as neither the plot, nor characters, are taken from any other. I shall not say any thing more, either of its faults, or merits, as I am certain they will be sufficiently conspicuous to you; but only beg leave to hint, that the first may be mended, and the latter heightened, by any friendly hint from you, which shall ever be gratefully acknowledged by

Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

I shall leave town the beginning of next week, but request the favour of your answer, directed for me at Mrs. Gore's, St. James's Street. I beg you will keep the comedy till I return.

* The reader sees by the measured language, and studied delicacy, that James Love had various claims beyond those of the mere actor. He was a scholar, and a satirist, and had written and altered several pieces for the stage.—ED.

† She had just had a comedy brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, the manager of which, in point of judgment, had never been compared with Lord Camden, by successful or unsuccessful authors.—ED.

MR. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Paris, July 21st, 1766.

I HAVE had both yours, and am extremely obliged to you for your very kind attention to my little boy;* but I hope you will not let him be troublesome to you. I know he is very well taken care of; and yet I would give 50*l.* to be with him at present writing, though perhaps in that matter I consult my own happiness more than his. I have not been well since I left you, and yesterday se'nnight had so serious an attack of a very bad sort of fever, that Dr. Genn's melancholy face looked ten times more melancholy than usual. The fever is off; but the devil has got into my bowels, as well as poor Thomas's, and makes a little hell of my inside. Add to all this, I have had another boil, which falling on my thigh was inflamed by my breeches, and has brought me under the hands of a surgeon. Such is the present state of your friend. My complaints however are, I think, all on the mending side, and I hope soon to find myself on my legs again: and the first use I shall make of them will be to run to England again; for all these accidents have thrown such a cloud over our expedition, that though I am very well disposed both to the place and the people, I see every thing through the jaundiced medium of my ill health. To obtain money, ready money, of the Chevalier was absolutely impossible, for he had none, and nobody will lend him. After a good deal of rough riding, I have got him to accept bills of exchange payable in two and four months, at the end of which periods he must either fly the place, pay, or go to gaol. I took advice, and was told by every body that this was the best thing I could do. You know he evaded accepting the draughts sent over to you. I have told him of them often enough. I have had a letter from England from a gentleman of some fashion, whom I never saw in my life. I long to tell you the contents, but after the confidence he has reposed in me, I dare not. However, I believe I shall be able to tell you when we meet. Riddle-me, riddle-me-ree!—I am so low, I have no stomach to "The Country Wife." I am sorry you have lost Miss Wright. When you were ill abroad, were you so uneasy as I? I believe not. You are in port. My little bark is yet at sea, and if I am thrown from the helm, God knows what will become of the poor souls left on board the vessel!

"Oh, I have ta'en too little care of this!"—but I will take more and more, if I live. I have very little ambition. All I have ever desired has been a few of the common comforts of life; and all I wish is to leave those behind me not destitute of them. But this is melancholy and low-spirited. My little woman sends you her best love and thanks. Pray give mine to Mrs. Garrick, and believe me most cordially and affectionately,

My dear Garrick, yours ever,

GEORGE COLMAN.

* The great ornament of the modern stage, George Colman, the *younger*.—ED.

MR. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Paris, July 27, 1766.

As I sent you but a poor account of myself the other day, I cannot help seizing the opportunity of another private hand to tell you that I seem to be growing better every day. My lank jaws begin to recover flesh and colour, and though I am considerably fallen away, I hope to be visible without the help of a microscope by that time I reach England. We had proposed setting out next Thursday, but have since deferred it for a week, so that our departure is now fixed for the seventh of August. Monnet, who has been extremely kind, met Genn two or three days ago, and said, "Mais qu'est-ce qu'il a eu, ce pauvre petit Colman? Je l'ai vu hier: il me sembloit presque mort." There hang out here in every street pirated prints from Reynolds's picture of you, which are underwritten *L'homme entre le Vice et la Vertu.** I was last night at the Italians, to see a new little piece called "La Clochette," and the *debut* of an Italian dancer, (Guidetti his name is,) whom I think Monnet talked of sending you; but I suppose by this time he has dropped all thoughts of it, for he is one of the worst I ever saw. A little grotesque pantomime at first, but no execution as a dancer, and so damned thick-winded, that he is only fit for Lacy's infirmary. Slingsby is here at the Opera, but did not dance when I was there. I met him one day in the street: he fixed his eyes upon me, and knew me, I am sure; but as he did not claim my acquaintance, I was not ambitious to solicit his, and so we passed without a word. "La Clochette" is a mere trifle, not wholly despicable, written by the prompter. La Ruette (the man I mean) plays well in it, and Clairval very ill. Cailland, to my great mortification, is gone into the country to some Duke's. I saw him play Western in "Tom Jones," the night before he went, admirably. His dress is not altered, but all the rest are. Do you know any thing of the quarrel between David Hume and Rousseau? It makes a great noise here. Baron d'Holbach has had three letters from Hume about it, who, it seems, is to publish a pamphlet containing the whole story. Suard seems vastly hurt at Smollet's letters, and I suppose will give a suitable account of them in the Gazette Literaire. Monnet brought me Favart the other morning, and seemed vastly happy at seeing two little authors together. In the fulness of his heart, he had told Favart that I had given a very fine translation of "Telemachus." Gravelot, it seems, had spoken handsomely to him of my Terence, and this was what he meant. I have agreed with Gravelot for the plates. The engravings will come to thirty guineas, which is to be paid by Becket and Co.; and the designs, which will come to twelve more, I make them a present of. When the plates are taken from them, I shall frame them and hang them round my room, and expect they will be mighty pretty furniture. Diderot told an English gentleman, he had dined with me at the Baron's, and that he wanted

* Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy. Among a mercurial people like the French, I suppose Virtue would be drest in *smiles*.—Ed.

to see "The Clandestine Marriage." I happened to have one here, and sent it him by the gentleman, as a *donum ex authoribus*. I could make myself very happy here for a month or six weeks more at least; but to be locked up in a stinking metropolis all the summer, will not do for an invalid. The weather has been miserable, and so, I hear, it has been with you. I hope you got *Georgy-go-ging* a good raspberry tart, and that he has been very saucy during his visit at Hampton. Madam sends her love to you; and moreover she will bring over a petticoat for Mrs. Garrick. We did intend returning by Dieppe and Brighthelmstone, but we have at last settled for Calais and Dover. I long to be with you. I have made your compliments to every body here. Changuion has been a very constant visitor during my illness, and we have had the pleasure of joining in abusing you more than once. I like him much. He seems a very honest man, and his spleen against the Chevalier is quite entertaining. Miss Ford sends her *baisemains* to you, and most humble respects to Mrs. Garrick. My best love to her, and believe me here and everywhere, now and ever, dear Garrick,

Most affectionately yours,
G. COLMAN.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. E. GRIFFITH.

MADAM, Aug. ..., 1766.

I FIND by your letter that Mr. Griffith sent the play sooner than I desired him. I have made a longer visit than I at first intended, and had not an opportunity of considering the comedy as I ought till the week before last. I have read it twice over very carefully at the distance of a week. Let me assure you that it would have given me the greatest pleasure to have received a performance of yours, and shown you what a sense I had of your politeness by my care of it; but indeed I should deal very insincerely with you, if I did not tell you my opinion of the comedy with that plainness which I have always professed.

To begin with the characters. I think Dalton a most dangerous one: his adventures in the garden with the Colonel, and the mistakes which thence arise, are improbable, and I am afraid not entertaining: his putting on women's clothes is surely too like the circumstance of Alderman Smuggler, and if it were not, it appears to me to be too farcical and uninteresting for comedy. I cannot quite approve of Col. Weston; and his Captain seems to me to be no more than a sort of upper servant to him. Sir William's bullying and tricking poor Dalton into a consent, is surely ungentlemanlike and dishonest. Though there have been many circumstances in other plays like the passing Lucinda upon Lord Frank for Lord Samuel, yet I fear that this part of the fable, which is the basis of the whole, would be very exceptionable: the precipitate manner in which Lord F—— swallows the

book, and her unaccountable calm behaviour upon the discovery of the imposition, appear to me neither comic nor natural. The amiable character of Harriet suffers much by her joining in the conspiracy against her mother. *Civil* is too like many chambermaids of late who mistake words, and I think that humour very near exhausted: however that part of the play, if it is really an objection, might be easily altered, were there not other difficulties which cannot possibly be removed without taking away the very foundation of the play. In short, it is my opinion that, notwithstanding there are many good things said, the whole together would not answer your, or our wishes, nor answer the expectations which the public may have conceived of its author. I am, Madam,

Your obedient, &c.

D. G.

I shall keep the copy of the play till I have received your commands, which I will immediately obey.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Weymouth, August 17th, 1766.

I THIS day received your favour, and very sincerely thank you for the attention you have shown in the *condemnation* of my comedy, for, I again assure you, I shall not appeal from your *sentence*. It would have gratified my utmost wishes as a dramatic writer, to have had a performance of mine approved by you, and I will not yet despair but that pleasing event may happen.

Now, Sir, you must allow the author (a female one) to step forward a little in defence of her work. And first give me leave to observe, that there is scarce such a thing as a modern comedy where there may not be a likeness traced, either in the characters or incident, to some other play; and indeed it must necessarily be so if we stick to nature, which is nearly the same in all ages—at least the present one affords no great variety of humour; and, as Swift says, "Those anticipators, the ancients, have done infinite prejudice to the writers of the present times." Notwithstanding this acknowledged dearth, I flattered myself that Col. Weston, Dalton, and Lucinda were *tout à fait nouveau*; for I cannot agree to the likeness between Dalton and Smuggler, there being in my mind nothing similar but their metamorphose. The contracted time of representation precipitates all our dramatic action too much, and almost every play which I have ever seen or read exceeds the bounds of probability in that particular. I cannot look on the calmness of Lady F.'s behaviour on the discovery of the imposition as unnatural, as she stands self-convicted of the most ridiculous vanity; but that objection might be easily removed by heightening her resentment.

I am now to apologize for taking up so much of your time by my weak defence against your powerful decree; but let me at least stand justified in attempting to wear the sock, though I may fail to make it fit me: it was not vanity led me to the trial, but a young family and a small fortune called for the assistance of a fond mother, who would hazard much more than her fame—her life for their service: the cause is certainly good, be the effect what it may.

I shall return to London in about three weeks, till which time I request you will be so good as to keep my copy for me, and that you will believe me, with sincere regard,

Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. E. GRIFFITH.

MADAM, Sunday, Aug. 23rd, 1766.

I SHOULD have immediately thanked you for your very polite, generous, and very affecting letter, if I had not been from home when your letter was received; let me assure you that I shall think myself happy whenever it is in my power to serve you. Give me leave at present to take notice that you mistook me quite, if you thought that I mentioned the *character* of Dalton to be like that of Smuggler; there is certainly not the least similitude between them; it was the *circumstance* alone of their both going into petticoats that I thought so much alike, and too farcical to be admitted into comedy. I am quite of your opinion, that there can be no objection to the introducing circumstances, incidents, characters, and even scenes, that may bear some resemblance to other plays; authors should only take care that such incidents, characters, and scenes, are not too nearly imitated or ill-chosen.

I am, Madam, most truly your humble and obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

I shall keep the play till I receive your commands.

MR. B. VICTOR TO MR. GARRICK.

London, Aug. 25, 1766.

THIS tragedy, Sir, lays more than ordinary claim to your attention, for the following reasons.

In its first weak state, as I produced it about the year 1728, it had merit enough to claim the attention of Mr. Booth, and to excite him to request the late Mr. Hill to

new-write the character of Gonsalvo. I had drawn him a young man of merit and virtue, which they said was doing some injury to Altamira, and not contrasting the characters of her lovers. Mr. Booth's letter, which he wrote to Mr. Hill on that occasion, is published in a volume of "Hill's Letters," in which they have only printed the initials of my name. Mr. Hill complied with Mr. Booth's request; and though the play, as it came from Mr. Hill's hands, (besides the rape and incest) was full of great faults, yet it was ordered into rehearsal and cast thus:—Old Mills, *Belfort*; Milward, *Bellario*: Mrs. Horton, *Altamira*; and Mrs. Booth, *Lucidora*. In the six letters of Mr. Hill's, which I printed at the end of my second volume of the Theatres, you will see he speaks of the rehearsals of "Altamira," and advice to Mrs. Horton, with his severity against Mills in Belfort, where he says, "He could enter no farther into a passion than a snail into a pavement." After, I think, six public rehearsals, the whole company revolted to the little theatre in the Haymarket. Thus it has lain for these thirty years. The revival of it this summer at Horton (carried thither by your kind advice) has given it new life. The noble Lord was attached by the three first acts (as Captain Falkner can tell you) to an amazing degree, so as to employ his thoughts, with the utmost solicitude, to remove the grand objections (the rape and incest) which threw an odium on almost all the characters, and brought the whole into danger. But to the point.

The reasons you gave for its performance in the neighbouring theatre were powerful, and could it be done, I should think myself happy; but you then admitted the absolute necessity of concealing the author. If Hull is not let into the secret by Captain Falkner (which will be dangerous), he will undoubtedly mention the play and subject to the Griffiths (whom he frequently visits) who read it in Dublin: besides, Paul Whitehead may—nay, I think, must recover the knowledge when he reads it; and if known to be mine, many objections will start, of course, even if they had none to the play before; and to be rejected there, would be attended with bad consequences indeed.

Therefore, Sir, though the most obliged man has not the least claim to ask favours, yet let me beg you to extend your friendship to me thus far, as to give "The Fatal Error"* one serious reading (which, perhaps, you never did) now it stands corrected; and if you should alter your opinion as to the danger, (which I very much hope you will, now the dangerous passages are removed,) if no room can be made for it either before or after Christmas, I am sure it will be worth my while to let it lie over to the next, because tolerable success (which I should not fear where it can be so well acted) would make my little fortune for ever in this world; and that I am sure (by way of completing the many great and friendly offices you have done me) would give you real pleasure: therefore, let me beg you to pause a little on a subject of so much

* It is merely an alteration from Heywood's "Woman Killed with Kindness," and has never been acted in London. One scene of the original play is beautifully written.

importance to your poor friend, and after that I shall cheerfully submit to your determination. Captain Falkner, who gives you this (and who, I know, is so good as to be under the greatest anxiety for my success), will proceed as you shall be pleased to advise him, with all the fidelity of a true friend to, dear Sir,

Your most obliged faithful servant,

B. VICTOR.

THE REV. T. KENNEDY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Munich, Aug. 26, 1766.

I HAD the pleasure of your kind letter of the 12th of January upon the 27th of March last. I certainly had answered you long ago, had I not been expecting from day to day the arrival of Mr. Greville's vessel, wherein the present you was pleased to honour me with was packed. Some days ago the ambassador sent me the books in perfect good order. I was not a little overjoyed to see myself in possession of an author I longed for many years ago, viz. Dryden:—Dennis's "Fables" are likewise very acceptable, as are all such works of our language, which, at this distance, I cannot purchase even for money. But without making a compliment, I assure you the most agreeable of all was to see thereby you have not forgotten your old friend: for I look upon friendship not only as the greatest tie, but as the greatest happiness amongst us mortals. That posterity may know that Mr. Garrick and T. Kennedy were friends, I have wrote it on the front of the books, which, probably, may be seen in the library of our house several ages after we are both dead and gone.

I am very glad you have got the better of your indisposition: take more care of your precious health for the future, as the greatest treasure on this side of time, and preserve a person of so many good qualities and extraordinary talents for your friends, your native country, and the whole learned world, for many years to come.

Since you left Munich, I have, God be thanked! kept my health tolerably well. I am still going on my philosophical way, shunning the great as much as I can, and wrestling with a thousand difficulties, to draw a nation out of ignorance and pedantry,—to what purpose time must teach.

Mr. Greville, who is very well, has his kind compliments to you; he is exceeding gracious towards me, and, as he deserves, much beloved and esteemed here. In his present station, as he is an honour, so he, no doubt, will be of profit to his king and country.

I beg you make my acknowledgments and humble respects acceptable to Mr. Pitt. I trust not myself to write to him in the present exaltation of his family, on which I congratulate him from my whole heart, for fear he chooses not to correspond with a Popish priest. You may assure him I am no dangerous one either for church or state.

I have heard nothing from our good friend Mr. Turton, since he left us; I am afraid he will have much ado to bring his bones back to England, his constitution being so broke. I am really sorry for it, for I love him, and he deserves to be beloved as a learned and worthy gentleman; the only fault I find in him is, that he hath too much faith in physic, and thereby I am afraid he will ruin the remainder of his health by making too much use of it. The more I see and experience in this world, the more I am confirmed that medicine can do a great deal of hurt, but little good, except accidentally; and that is the reason I make no use of it, and choose rather to die a natural death, than be killed by art.

I suppose our old punning friend Young is by this time a perfect French *petit-maître*. I have often reflected upon, and envied his easy and happy temper; who, going on his way, laughs at the whole world, keeps his health and humour, and is still the same.

Pray make offer of my most cordial and humble respects to Mrs. Garrick, who I hope is in good health. Make me so happy as to see now and then a line from your hand, and believe that I am till death, Sir,

Your most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant,

THOMAS KENNEDY.*

MR. GARRICK'S NOTE AS TO VICTOR'S TRAGEDY.

Sept. 1st, 1766.

I TAKE it very ill of Mr. Victor that he should force me into a correspondence with him about the play, which might have been more fully debated, and determined upon, in some of our late conversations:—though *he* loves writing, he knows very well that I hate it; and besides that, I have scarce time for my theatrical matters. Mr. Victor has acted contrary to my directions and express desire, in every movement he has made lately in the business of his tragedy.

I gave my advice like a friend, and I pointed out the only method by which Mr. Victor could have any chance to reap advantage from the performance; but, it seems, I must be pressed into the service and solicited to contradict myself. Previous to Mr. Falkner's seeing the play, I gave my sincere sentiments upon it, and which I still maintain, viz.—that "Altamira" will have a better chance of succeeding at Covent Garden than with us, and that I am certain that "Cleone," "Virginius," "The Double Mistake," and many others, would not have been well

* This gentleman was, it appears, a Catholic priest, highly esteemed by Mr. Garrick, and who enjoyed the protection of Mr. Greville, our resident at Munich. I sincerely believe he was no *rara avis* in his order; though he describes himself as keeping the even tenour of his *philosophicil way*, "and wrestling with a thousand difficulties, to draw a nation out of ignorance and pedantry."—ED.

received at Drury-lane.* I hope Mr. Victor is sensible that I have been his friend without any other motive but the mere desire of serving him: therefore I have a right to demand of him, when I give my judgment upon any thing relative to him, that he will believe that I give it with great truth and sincerity, and to the best of my abilities. I am sorry that so much time has been lost in proceeding contrary to my advice, which was the best and most friendly I could give, and consequently I cannot change it for the better. I am,

Mr. Victor's most obedient,

D. G.

MR. B. VICTOR TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Gosport, Sept. 8th, 1766.

CAPTAIN FALKNER (who did not follow my directions) has enclosed me your severe paper; which has, of course, made me very unhappy at the misfortune I labour under of disobliging where it is my utmost wish and endeavour to oblige.

Every step, as directed by you, was carefully taken by me to the utmost of my power. I can think of no variation in any degree or shape, except in your expectation of having the lady engaged to use her interest with Mr. H—ll while we were together at Horton. But that, the Captain and I both agreed when there to defer for this reason:—Compliments had passed between you and the Captain about an interview before we went down; which was mentioned at the table at Horton: and as the noble lord was reading the play, and expressed himself with so much warmth on reading the two acts, and even when he came to the third and fourth, only marked dangerous passages which he thought might be easily removed, and never quitted the subject till he proposed the means: was it then to say Mr. Garrick has objections, and fears danger from what was then supposed to be altered and removed? No, surely—the Captain was to bring the copy with him to Hampton, and after the interview with Mr. Garrick, then the expected consequence was to be sent by the Captain down to Horton, (viz.) that on a serious reading, though the tragedy was much better for the alterations, yet there was something dangerous in the fable that would not escape an audience inclined to severity, and such are the audiences at Drury-lane; therefore the only chance for lenity was at Covent Garden, where pieces of little merit have been received with favour. To this opinion I should have sub-

* A manager is the happiest of all critics. The most brilliant success does not refute his unfavourable sentence. When, as in the case of Dodsley's "Cleone," Miss Bellamy had raised the tragedy to the most enviable popularity, there was still a retreat for Garrick from which he could never be forced, because the trial could never be made.—"The play would not have been well received at Drury-lane." It is, however, probable, that had "Cleone" contained a hero that could at all have stood his ground against the heroine, the trial would have been made, and Dodsley been endured though he had worn a livery.—ED.

scribed, and solicited the interest accordingly, which would have determined the affair at Horton.

You will now, Sir, be pleased to observe that it could not be otherwise with the least degree of propriety. How unfortunate was it that the Peer, at parting with the Captain, should desire him to leave the copy behind him, to give it another reading: which I could not recover, though I wrote two letters to his Lordship, till Saturday the 24th of August, and on Monday following (the 26th) I was engaged to go into Hampshire. Was I not then reduced to the necessity of writing to you and the Captain both at Hampton? Could any thing of this be debated at preceding conversations?

The noble Lord's letter that attended the copy was very polite and obliging, and paid great deference to the manager's judgment, *on which all was to depend!* evidently proving that no clandestine measures had been taken with his Lordship to *press Mr. Garrick into the service.* Whatever favours his Lordship is pleased to honour me with, will at all times be acceptable, but I have certainly no claim to entitle me to ask any; and surely I must be a stranger indeed to theatrical affairs, if I thought the interest of a monarch could secure a damned play from its just fate from a British audience!

Rest assured, therefore, dear Sir, that my noble, as well as gentle friends, will religiously submit to your better judgment, and conclude that every opinion of yours in theatrical affairs has almost infallibility to support it.

For my own part, I have received so many instances of the friendship and good wishes of Mr. Garrick, by so many signal services, that nothing he can say or do shall lessen the esteem of his much obliged

And faithful servant,

B. VICTOR.

P. S. By a letter received this morning from my poor wife, I find she is dying with fear; some ill news having been brought her from Hampton Court Green. I know you have good nature when your rage is over—comfort her.*

I am making myself young again by the use of sea water.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hyde-street, Sept. 11th, 1766.

I AM extremely obliged to you for the kindness and attention you have shown me, and I should be both weak and ungrateful if I did not entirely rely upon *your judgment and friendship.* I flatter myself I have sense and virtue sufficient to value *them* as they deserve.

* This poor treasurer is really too abject for endurance. He was a tiresome minute scribbler of theatrical matters, which he invested with ludicrous importance. His manner was well anticipated by Shakspeare's Gratiano.

Indeed, Sir, I cannot, as I would, express the sentiments I feel for your unmerited goodness to me; and though the disagreeable situation of my circumstances might perhaps tempt me to be too precipitate, I shall perfectly acquiesce in whatever you think best to do with the "Père de Famille," or any other of my theatrical productions.

I shall set about finishing the comedy upon Diderot's plan, as soon as my eyes will give me leave, but they are at present so bad, that Mr. Hawkins has forbid me the use of pen and ink. But not even his command could prevent me from returning you my sincere thanks, and assuring you that I am, with real gratitude and esteem,

Your much obliged and most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. C. YORKE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Wednesday, Nov. 12th, 1766.

GIVE me leave to ask the favour of a *side box* for Mrs. Yorke the next time you act Hamlet. I think that you made me such a promise four years ago, and let me now claim the performance of it. Mrs. Y. sent last week to make interest with the box-keeper, but without success,—(I suppose,) by some mistake between him and the servant. I hear sometimes with great pleasure of your *health* from Mr. Cambridge and Mr. Wray, and on *that* account hold you wise in being frugal of your dramatic labours, though the public is a loser in the consequence. I am, Sir, with great esteem and regard,

Your obedient humble servant,

C. YORKE.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Tuesday night, Sept, 30th, 1766.

I WAS really in hopes I never should have occasion to trouble you with a letter about any theatrical affairs again while I lived; and I was farther in hopes that you, Sir, would rest contented with the injuries you had upon many occasions done me. But, Sir, I find I am still to be persecuted by you, and even those I wish well to. To come to the point—

It has been these three years (near four years) that I had written for the advantage of Miss Elliôt a new play, upon the subject of "The Country Wife." Mr. Yates, of your playhouse, and Mrs. Yates, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Woodward, all saw it three years ago. I have often mentioned it to Mr. Holland, though never shown it to him. It has been lately given up to Miss Elliot entirely, and this is known to people of the first fashion in England.

Sir, though subjects lie in common, yet when a man has declared himself, I apprehend, in point of honour, Mr. Garrick should not attempt to forestall it; yet the same design is this day put in rehearsal at your playhouse. Luckily, you cannot wound me; but I leave it to yourself to judge whether it becomes Mr. Garrick to contend with a girl! When the fact is known to the first people in England that I have given it to her, I leave it to your own feelings to judge whether you ought to anticipate her! If you are afraid that she will do your house any mischief, why do not you give her a trial winter on your own stage? She and her play are at your service upon any terms! And this I say, though it depends upon herself to be engaged at Covent Garden.

I vow to God I have no interest in this piece, and if it was not for her I would burn it. It consists of three plays of Moliere moulded into one. I want neither profit nor reputation from it. But I own I am stung to the very heart at this attempt to hurt *her*, and you must excuse me for explaining myself on the instant I heard of your intentions!

I beg, Sir, (for I want no quarrels) that you will consider of this measure.

I do not meddle with your designs. Why will you meddle with mine?

I will say no more; for I feel myself much hurried by my feelings upon this business. The more so as it is the affair of a young girl to whom I am not ashamed to be a well-wisher.

I hope, Sir, *you*, that have made your fortune, will not desire to clash with a poor girl. I say once more the play is known by the first people in England, and Mr. Beard has expected it any time these four years; but the want of Miss Elliot, for whom it was written, was the obstacle. Now, wherever she engages, the play must go. I hope once more you will consider of it.

I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

I write this from the Bedford Coffee-house, where I have not been these three years before.

But as it is now near twelve, I desire it may not be sent to your house till to-morrow morning.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR, Oct. 1st, 1766.

You begin your very surprising letter with saying that you have received many injuries from me, and yet in other parts of the letter you desire no quarrels—do you imagine that I will not contradict your assertion, and boldly, and honestly aver, that what you have said, has not the least foundation, but in your own warm imagination?

I have indeed often thought myself injured by *you*, both publicly and privately;

but we are not to be judges in our own cause. As to the subject of your letter, I give you my word, and will my oath, that I never heard of your performance till lately, and long after I was in possession of the alteration of Wycherley, now in rehearsal. I have had a comedy many years ago in my hands upon the subject of Moliere's *Ecole des femmes* and *Ecole des maris*, and which several gentlemen have seen. I saw it likewise again when I was at Bath, but I thought it unfit for representation. I therefore got an alteration of "The Country Wife," (which had been altered and acted as a farce at our theatre the season before,) to introduce Miss Reynolds. I pray what injury is done to your performance, that has not been done before? for unless you imagine that the additional part of the present alteration is stolen from you, how can you have the least reason for complaint against me? Your saying that I would clash, or injure a poor girl, deserves no answer. I have an undoubted right to exhibit this alteration of Wycherley: but to convince you that I am as free from meaning an injury to any body as wishing to quarrel with you, I will leave the matter in dispute to your friend Mr. Johnson, whose knowledge and justice I will appeal to, and be determined by. Once more, Sir, I repeat it again and again, that you never have received an injury, or the least shadow of one, from your humble servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

P. S. You have mentioned another person in your letter, I suppose you mean my friend Colman; therefore to clear him from this disagreeable altercation, I must assure you that he never saw the alteration of "The Country Wife" till two days ago, though he has known of it for some time.

[Examined the above with Hopkins with the original, which I delivered to Mr. Murphy, and he declined the reference to Mr. Johnson, saying he was out of town, and that there was nothing to refer to him; but made a proposal to bring the two pieces out at each theatre on the same night, and that would satisfy him.]

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR, Oct. 1st, 1766.

SINCE you have declined a reference to Mr. Johnson, I have no more to say upon the occasion. I made that proposal merely to satisfy your own mind, and to convince you that you had not the least matter of complaint. I must beg leave therefore to pursue my own business, without considering that of another theatre.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

[Mem. I delivered an exact copy of the within to Mr. Murphy's servant, at his lodgings in Lincoln's Inn, at twelve o'clock, per the Inn Church dial.

JOHN JOHNSON.]

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR Lincoln's Inn, two o'clock, Wednesday, 1st Oct. 1766.

IT is not true that I declined a reference to Mr. Johnson; but I observed, Sir, that he is out of town, and to-morrow it is necessary to read "The School for Guardians" to the managers of Covent Garden Theatre.

Miss Elliot's business must, and if I can, shall go on, whatever you do. I challenge a meeting with Mr. Johnson, or any body else of his judgment and morals; and then, Sir, I will make it plain (for more is known to me than you are aware of) that you do not pursue your own business, without considering that of *another theatre*, and even, as I said before, a poor girl's business!

You may remember, Sir, that you assured a gentleman of the city, upon my remonstrance relative to a scene in "The Male Coquette," that you was not the author of that piece! and you know whose name, as author, has been since publicly annexed to it.

You tell me, you will declare loudly, &c.; but I never yet valued any man's loudness. When I choose it, I will be as loud as you; but it is most probable I shall despise the whole affair.

I will only take care that you shall not be a forestaller of markets, since you have not accepted the reasonable offer I made, namely, that both pieces *should start on the same night*.

Unless we have a meeting, I beg we may not altercate this matter any more by letter.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,
ARTHUR MURPHY.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's Inn, 3rd Oct. 1766.

I AM this moment favoured with your letter, which was left for me at the Coffee-house last night. I was sincere when I said I *wanted to avoid quarrels*, and I hope I always shall endeavour to avoid them. I should be sorry to say or do the thing that Mr. Johnson should disapprove. I am ready to attend you, and him, at any time or place this day, though there is little to refer to him at present; for Miss Elliot being settled at the other house, and her play read yesterday at Mr. Rich's, my commission is at an end, and please God! it shall be the last of the sort. However, it may be right, notwithstanding what I have said, to see Mr. Johnson. You

will please, therefore, to choose any time and place this day or next week, to meet Mr. Johnson, and I will attend you and him.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's-inn, Oct. 7, 1766.

I ACQUAINTED Miss Elliot with your proposal to defer playing the alteration of "The Country Wife" till next Saturday fortnight, which will be the 25th of October, and I this moment have her answer, which is, that she has consulted Mr. Woodward and other principal performers, who cannot undertake to be ready by the time you have limited. Mr. Woodward and Mr. Shuter, in particular, have such long parts, that I am convinced it will be impossible for them, consistently with what they owe themselves, to hazard a performance at so short a warning, and this the more especially as they understand the parts at Drury-lane have been given out for some time.

By Saturday the 1st of November, which is next Saturday three weeks, the performers undertake to be ready, but cannot run any risk before that time.

For my part, I have no farther concern in this affair; both plays may succeed, or both be damned with my full consent; and whether you have the whip-hand of them or not, shall never give a moment's thought to, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

DR. JOHNSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Oct. 10, 1766.

I RETURN you thanks for the present of the Dictionary, and will take care to return you other books.

I have had it long in my mind to tell you that there is a hundred pounds of yours in Mr. Jonson's* hands, if you have not received it. I know not whether any other paper than what I gave you be necessary. If there is any thing more to be done, I am ready to do it.

Please to make my compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I am, Sir,

Your obliged, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON.

* I suppose *Tonson*. But indeed this letter is in its character so curt, so blunt, so obscure, and so ungracious, that few persons would write so uncivilly even to an attorney who had been instructed to sue.—ED.

MR. J. SHEBBEARE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Meard's-buildings, Dean-street, Soho, Nov. 10, 1766.

THE tragedy which accompanies this letter was put into your hands either by Dr. Hoadly or Mr. Dodsley not much less than twenty years since, and before I had the pleasure of being known to you. The person to whom you delivered it, when it was returned, told me it was your opinion that it must receive some alteration before it could be proper for the stage. My going to Paris prevented my waiting upon you at that time; since which it has received many alterations, and, I doubt not, is capable of receiving many more from your knowledge in theatrical compositions.

Many of the lines, I am sensible, want measure; but, as there may be more essential faults, I have not taken the trouble of correcting the former till I am informed by you whether the whole is capable of being made acceptable.

In the advertisement prefixed to your comedy of "The Clandestine Marriage," you have acknowledged some little obligation to one of my novels: be kind enough to permit me to receive a great one from your hands, and to consider this tragedy so that I may have it returned before Christmas, unless you should not have leisure for it in that time. I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

J. SHEBBEARE.

MR. C. YORKE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Saturday Morning, Nov. 15, 1766.

MRS. YORKE and I give you many thanks for your kind note. She will not see you in Lothario, wishing for more of your natural character even in the parts you act. Be so obliging only as to give us a few days' notice of Hamlet, whenever you play it either on a Thursday or a Saturday, and secure a box for us.

Always with great esteem,

Your faithful and obedient humble servant,

C. YORKE.*

* The sudden and premature death of this great and good man, affected a very extensive circle of all ranks. In less than four years from the date of the present letter he abruptly finished his career. The Christmas holidays of 1766 he passed at Prior Park—a visit thus commemorated by Bishop Warburton: "Mr. Yorke, who has spent the holidays with me, has just now left me, to return to the *Bar*; when nature, virtue, and superior science, in any age but *this*, would have conducted their favourite pupil to the *Bench*." —ED.

MR. POTTER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Vauxhall, Nov. 25, 1766.

I UNDERSTAND from Mr. Tyers and Mr. Vernon, that you say I am the author of "The Rosciad," and that you can prove it.

You have also sent to Mr. Tyers to inform him, that I am a bad man, and that in your opinion I am a dangerous person for him to employ. I should have waited upon you, but Mr. Vernon told me you would not see me. I think this an unjust proceeding, and from the nature of the expressions, and the manner of conducting it, an attack upon my interest with Mr. Tyers, and in short, a manifest attempt to deprive me of my livelihood. I can see it in no other light, and therefore think myself grossly injured.

What! upon conjecture and suspicion (for proof you can have none) rashly proceed in such violent persecuting measures! It concerns me in the tenderest point, and therefore I am obliged to vindicate and redress myself of the injury.

I have a right to examine into this affair, and I do expect to receive an answer to this letter in a day or two at farthest. As to your taking the liberty of the house which you gave me, I do not blame you, if you have any reason to suppose me the author of "The Rosciad." I am also told, you say you will let me know I am the author. This I understand. I am indebted to the house, which should not have remained so long unsettled, but I expected some things I have offered, and have to offer, would have suited your purpose. However, please to let me know when, and to whom I shall pay the money, and it shall be done as soon as I receive your answer.

The violence of your proceedings, and the underhanded manner of doing it, has injured me and made a disturbance; I have therefore, by proper advice, drawn up a state of the case, with such attestations as are necessary, and shall offer it to the consideration of the public. Had you sent to me, and treated me with that civility due from one man to another, I would have given you any information you should have desired. To injure me, and aim at my ruin, upon suspicion, is what the laws of England will not suffer, nor do I think they would were I absolutely the author of "The Rosciad."

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

JOHN POTTER.

Endorsed,

"An impudent letter of Potter's, and my answer."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. POTTER.

SIR, Nov. 27, 1766.

I MOST sincerely believe, that you are the author of the Theatrical Register, and if you will call upon me, (for I *will* see you,) I will give you my reasons.* But whether you are or are not, I care not. I had a regard for you, and always showed it when in my power: you best know if you have returned it in a proper manner. That I have sent any message about you to Mr. Tyers, is *false;* that I have in the least endeavoured to ruin you with him or any body else, is *false;* that I ever proceeded with *you* or any body else in an *underhand* manner, is *false;* that I knew till three days ago that you were engaged (by) or dependant upon Mr. Tyers, is *false;* that I insinuated, or even knew you to be indebted to the managers of Drury-lane Theatre, is *false;* that I have taken away your liberty of our house, is *false.* If you can clear yourself of acting falsely by *me,* you will be certainly right. As for the statement of your case, I disregard it, as I do every thing that "The Rosciad," or "Theatrical Register," can say of me as a manager, an actor, or a man.

D. GARRICK.

Upon looking over your letter, I find there is another accusation, that I have sent word to Mr. Tyers, that you are a *bad* and *dangerous* man: this is likewise a *rank falsehood,* and I appeal to Mr. Tyers whether it is or not.

(Wrote in the cover.)

Mr. Garrick has sent the letter open, as it in some measure concerns Mr. Tyers and Mr. Vernon.

DR. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, Old Alresford, Dec. 4th, 1766.

HADST thou written to me *directly,* I could have written to thee *directly,* as thou desirest; but as thy epistle travelled to St. Maries, (where I have not resided ever since I could walk the parade with thee at Bath,) I could not give thee an answer before I received thy question. It came regularly back again last night. As to its contents, I am doubtful; but rather think, as it will be a hard matter to avoid suspicion in Bowyer, and not the *genteelest* way of considering the very genteel obligations I have to him, and he is not in want of such a return, my best way will be to drop the whole design, and make my acknowledgments to you for this in-

* Potter was a scholar, and had a degree in music. He read the Gresham Lecture, and assisted Tyers in the musical preparations of Vauxhall. Whether he wrote Theatrical Registers in 1766, I cannot say; but in 1768 he wrote and published the *Theatrical Review,* a series of papers, which were collected, and still wander through the stalls in two octavo volumes.—ED.

stance, amongst others of infinitely more consequence, of your true regard and friendship for me. There let it rest therefore, and put thy paper into thy pocket again: *Tantum.*

The French have a rascality of their own; and I told you when you changed the scene to England, that there was a spirit in the thing that might keep it alive; but the heroes were not English valets, nor English villains. I never expected much success, though your actors, you told me, were so fond of it last year.

Talking over theatrical affairs with Keate, I found your scheme of "Cymon" was resolved to be extended to the length of five acts—"I'll speak a prophecy, or ere I go."* The character and the scenery, &c. of the rest, may support it through two or three acts at most; but surely nothing full of Urgandas and Merlins can be drawn out longer, to keep a sensible audience pleased. Cymon, the natural Cymon, will be the hero, add what you please; and I could wish that he had none but natural things and objects about him; but as they are, take heed of bending the bow till it loses its elasticity. You are not apt to do that neither, but this struck me so strongly, that I could not help *crying out.*

You have done the stage great service by restoring Wycherley to it. I never read the plays till now. They will certainly be both stock plays: "The Plain-Dealer" excellent, "The Reformer" could go no farther; there was no castrating of Manley.

Another hint. Would not the story of "Amphitryon" in good burlesque, in the manner of "Midas," be a fine subject for a burletta? Amphitryon, a sergeant of grenadiers, stealing away after the battle, along with the suttler's boy to attend on him, to his trull or wife, in a night cellar, or something in that style. I have laughed more than once upon my pillow at the whim of it. You will send me down one of the farces in a cover or two: more may breed suspicion of my having to do in it. You will also return my wife's compliments and my *love* to Mrs. Garrick and yourself, and you will, I trust, believe me,

Dear Sir, your's most affectionately,

J. HOADLY.

P. S. My love to Keate; who will tell you what a poor summer I have passed. Not once have I *walked* round my own garden; but I am well in health, and heart whole, boy.

JOHN WILKES TO MR. GARRICK.

Paris, Rue des Saints Pères, Jan. 17th, 1767.

MR. TURTON'S return to England gives me an opportunity, my dear Sir, of assuring you of the most sincere regard, and at the same time of transmitting to you a

* The fool in "King Lear."

pacquet from our most amiable friend Helvetius. He desires me in the warmest terms to recommend to you a *tragedy* of one of his friends, an Irishman, who is here. I have no acquaintance with the play-wright, but Helvetius has dragged me through the piece, and insists on my saying the handsomest things of it to you. His reason for all this you will find in the four pages prefixed to the play. I have great power of face, and therefore only found the tragedy too didactic, and lamented the author's not sufficiently knowing the English stage. I admired the sentiments, and recommended the form of a philosophical epistle to Helvetius, rather than this of a tragedy. In vain; I must send it to you: I obey, and wish you a good deliverance from this new Irish attack on our stage.

As I could not save you, you will save yourself by a letter to Helvetius, and he will subscribe, I am sure, to the opinion of the best judge of literature, as well as one of our best authors. We regret your absence greatly at Pelletier's, and send many warm wishes after you. We have made an agreeable acquisition in Monsieur de Bussy, who is always amiable and good-humoured here, though I believe he was peevish enough among our countrymen. I love a Frenchman *d'un certain age*, when he is retired from business with a good pension and a good cook. Helvetius is now often of that set. Did you know his own mother, whom he loved tenderly, and was a woman of superior merit? She is just dead, and he is this morning in great affliction. Yesterday I had a letter from him, the beginning of which will please you, *Mon cher précepteur des Rois, vous qui avez de si mauvais écoliers, qui êtes exilé dans ce monde, qui serez damné dans l'autre, et à qui la posterité doit une statue, &c.*

I keep a steady and a longing eye on dear England, but I do not know when I am likely to see its white cliffs again. Perhaps I may be doomed, like all my predecessors in Plutarch, to pass the rest of my life in exile: so dangerous is it to do great services to any country. If that should be the case, I will alleviate the evil by philosophy, by the amiable philosophers you know this country produces, by a good conscience, and the *superbiam*. I believe you will let me say *quæsitam meritis*. My place of banishment, at least, is left me, and the pursuit of those studies, which in every place and every age are the duty and ornament of life.

I am less dissipated than ever here, and my *history*, &c. advance very fast. If I had an amanuensis, I should send you some parts, but that is almost the only convenience I cannot have here. I enclose you a few trifles. The others of that kind I dare not venture, and they are too numerous.

I hear that you are collecting your works for publication. I rejoice at it. Do not be content with charming the present age, but command posterity to admire you, and give me the happiness of reading, when I cannot have that of seeing you.

Let me beg you to remember Miss Wilkes and me very affectionately to Mrs. Garrick; she has two great admirers in us.

I will come to my native London as soon as ever I have leave, and to you. If I

have not leave, I hope we shall meet here, and early in the spring: in the mean time, you will oblige me greatly by writing to me, and commanding me in every particular which can be useful or agreeable to you or Mrs. Garrick.

I am, dear Sir, with great truth and regard,

Your affectionate humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Monsieur et Madame d'Holbach vous font mille complimens, item Monsieur et Madame Suard, Beaumont, &c. My best services to Fitzherbert, Colman, Clutterbuck, &c.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND TO MR. GARRICK.

Downing-street, Jan. 31st, 1767.

MR. TOWNSHEND* presents his compliments to Mr. Garrick: he is very much obliged to him for his information of "The Earl of Warwick's" being to be played this evening; but Mr. Johnston not having left the notice till late yesterday, and a cabinet being since appointed for this evening, Mr. Townshend is prevented the pleasure of being at the play.

Lady Edgecombe presses Mr. Townshend to solicit Mr. Garrick that "The Earl of Warwick" may be fixed for Friday next; and if this can be done, Mr. Townshend solemnly swears, for their mutual convenience, never again to trouble Mr. Garrick upon a matter of this sort.

Mr. Townshend hopes Mr. Garrick has heard from Capt. Schomberg, that he yesterday stretched his conscience a little to oblige him, and he rather forgets the original promise, nor means the favour of yesterday in discharge of it.

MR. J. REED TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Grigsby's Coffee-house, half-past three, Feb. 11th, 1767.

As I am of opinion that "Zenobia" has been the cause of "Dido's" non-appearance this season, you will oblige me by giving necessary orders that my farce shall not be played with it: I would be understood with this restriction—that *the part of Mrs. Doggerel may not be played.*† The new character, I apprehend, is (as yet) my own property; you may, therefore, easily imagine how disagreeable it must be to me,

* The great Charles Townshend, whom Burke characterised as the *delight* of the British House of Commons, at a time when it could boast of powers of *entertainment!* Written 1828.—ED.

† Acted by Miss Pope.

to have that character played in support of a piece brought upon the stage at the expense of my reputation.

I hope, therefore, Mr. Garrick will oblige me in this request, as an exhibition of the new character will be esteemed an insult offered to his

Very humble servant,

JOSEPH REED.

P. S. I cannot possibly be at the West End of the Town this evening, or I would have waited on you on this occasion.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. G. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GEORGE, Sunday, April 5th, 1767.

IN the first place, I am grown as fat as a hog, and you may measure with me at my return without tucking in your guts till your face is as read as bull-beef.

I have had a letter from Noverre, who is at Paris, and offers us his service in preference to the Opera, Vienna, and other engagements he may have. If Mr. Lacy has altered his mind, I will write to know his proposals; if Mr. Lacy thinks it not right to have him, I will let him know we are engaged. Send me a line about that on Tuesday's post, or Wednesday's at farthest, for I will send you a French letter to be put into the post on Tuesday afterwards.

Colman and Changuion are arrived; we pulled off our hats, but did not smile. Our friends here will stir heaven and earth to bring us together: make the best of it, it will be but a darn. And does "Dido" please? Good God!—and will they come twice to see it? Good God!—it is time to leave the stage, if such a performance can stand upon its legs. Good God!* I have seen a paragraph for "Cautherly," but not an advertisement. I hope the lad will get something. I expect a full account (and hope for a *full* house at King's benefit) of the new hodge-podge of Linco. Pray let me know it by the first post: that *will* be on Tuesday, the day you receive this. Have you seen Kelly yet? do you know any thing of his play? Is Johnston yet arrived from Ireland? I believe Arthur would gladly receive Miss Reynolds? I have told him that I would give up her articles to her advantage: he knows what she has, and has dined with Mr. Davenport, so that perhaps she would

* "Dido." Notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Garrick, Reed, by giving his "Dido" to Holland for his benefit, procured an admission for the "Queen of Carthage" to Drury-lane Theatre. After it had been acted with applause on the 28th of March, the management repeated it twice for the house; by the usage, that what appears for a benefit is at the option of the concern. La Clairon, as it appears, wanted something of the *figure* demanded by the heroine; but when I think of that finest portrait by Virgil, Mrs. Yates best realizes the picture sense of my fancy. She, in fact, could have charmed by merely *walking* through the fable.—ED.

be as willing to part with us as we with her. Suppose you were to feel her pulse on this matter: I have kept up her importance with Arthur. They ask for her here much; and indeed she would be right to desire her *congé* of us. I see advertised "The Theatrical Campaign," price one shilling and sixpence,—have you heard of it? Pray let me know what the subject is, and what they say of it? Love to your dear little ones.

Ever and most affectionately yours,
D. GARRICK.

Poor Jacob Tonson!

I have not put the name of the Inn on Dr. Hawkesworth's letter, for I do not [know] whether it is Lyon's or Clement's; I believe it is the last. If Johnston is returned from Ireland, he will tell you and carry it, for he has done so by many before.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. G. GARRICK.

DEAR GEORGE, Good Friday, 1767.

I SUPPOSE by this time you are near to London. I did not understand that Noverre talked of coming to *our* Opera, but had offers to be engaged at the Opera in Paris; however, we will wait for his answer. I am glad Cautherly goes on so well: Philips was a fool to refuse taking his tickets when I settled it; he will be no gainer by it. Pray put a puff about Linco's Travels into the paper; King and you will settle it. I wish you would tell me if I should play on the second Thursday after Easter week or not. I shall be in town (if I must) on the Tuesday before, and will settle the part before I leave Bath. What is to become of "Dido?" Now I talk of "Dido," I have heard a bird sing that there were some scoundrel suspicions that I wrote a long copy of verses against "Dido" in the St. James's Chronicle. I shall be very angry if I hear the least hint of it from my partner. It is well known that they are Kenrick's, and I shall speak to Reed about them as soon as I see him. Do you know any thing about this? Do not mention Kenrick's name, for Becket told me in secrecy. I shall see Powell and Holland to-morrow, and give them a breakfast. I received a letter last week from Sir Edward Lyttelton, desiring me to help him to discover the author of some letters which have been written to him, or his friends, of a very scandalous nature, and which he hears, by tracing them, were written by our Hurst. I have promised him my assistance. If you will call upon him in Pall Mall, (Johnston's housekeeper knows where, for I sent my answer to Sir Edward by him,) you may tell Sir Edward that I sent you to know how you might serve him in the affair he mentioned to me;—say nothing to Hurst till you have consulted with Sir Edward. I believe Hurst is a tartar. We are very well, and I am very fat. I am made too much of, and eat and drink too freely: it won't

do, and I cannot undertake Macbeth this season. When you see Mr. Ramus, give my love to him, and hint as much. I see Colman often, and we talk as usual. Clutterbuck and Schomberg would see us upon good terms. We all dined with the former last Monday, and were merry. Pray puff Linco's Travels for Tom.*

Yours most affectionately,

D. G.

Madam sends her love with mine to our nieces. Are you better for your journey? Will the boy be better for Mrs. Lessingham? Do her friends come for tickets?

MR. GARRICK TO MR. G. GARRICK.

DEAR GEORGE, 1767.

I HAVE found the letter C—— sent to me, in which the affair is hinted at. The first paragraph relates to a letter which he received from General Poultney, in answer to one of his, which I saw and advised him about. I suppose I shall hear the whole matter to-morrow, for we have agreed to ride out together.

Once again, Adieu.

Yet I do not understand it! take care of C——'s letter.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. G. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GEORGE, Tuesday Night, 1767.

I SEND this by my friend Changuion. I have enclosed two franks, one for the letters, and one for "The St. James's Chronicle" and "The Public Advertiser," which I beg you will send on Saturday next—both the papers of *that* day. Sir Edward Lyttelton's affair shocks me: I long to know the event. Hurst must be discharged—what a villain! Pray let me know the whole in your next.

Now to the *grand* affair. Pray return my best respects to my partner, and tell him, if you think proper, that the news of the sale of the other house gives me not the least uneasiness. It is impossible that it should hurt us; and if P—— is to be a director, we have reason to rejoice, for he is finely calculated for management. What a strange affair! We shall know all in time. I am satisfied, be the news true or false. I shall most certainly keep the secret. I think Forest would not deceive you. Notwithstanding Cautherly has many tickets out, I tremble for his benefit. I hope he

* *Tom*, i. e. Tom King, to whom Garrick had given it for his benefit.—ED.

will not lose by it. You will take care to put "The Public Advertiser" and "Chronicle" of Saturday into that frank which I have directed myself, and the letters into the other,—very cautious, you will say,—but, my dear George, a mistake might be made, so do not think me overwise in wishing to be sure of my newspapers, when I come into my Inn at Reading. God bless you and yours! I and mine send our loves to you.

DAVID GARRICK.

I wish you joy of Clive's familiar epistle to the public.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. G. GARRICK.

DEAR GEORGE, Thursday, 1767.

IN the first place give my best wishes and services to my partner, and tell him that I believe his suspicions are well founded. He may be well assured that I would not suggest the smallest hint of what I know to C——. Do not imagine, Mr. George, that I am such a booby. Colman has told me that he has an affair to open to me, but we have always been interrupted by somebody or other, so I have not yet had the whole, and which he has some qualms in bringing out. However, I am prepared, and he will be surprised at my little concern and ease upon the occasion.* I am sure there is something in it; and yet, the more I think of it, the more I am puzzled. Who finds money? What is the plan? Who are the directors? D—n me if I comprehend it, but I shall know more. Suppose you and Mr. Lacy meet me at his house at Isleworth next Wednesday morning. I will come from Hampton, and be with you at his own time, and he may return to town again. You may send me a note by the Hampton stage Tuesday next, which I shall receive at the time I arrive there; and pray send the two Reviews from Becket, or what other things you may have for me—pray mind that. I think we should meet directly. I am glad Vernon has signed, and I think we should close with Arne, but let Mr. Lacy determine.

My wife desires you to write a note the night you receive this (Saturday) to our maid at Hampton, Nancy Hetherington, to prepare some mutton, and a pudding, with some asparagus, for our dinner on Tuesday, about five o'clock or rather six. Pray get me all the news to send on Tuesday by the coach. What! has Holland no hand in this?—is he hummed? I have not the least idea of the matter, nor have I the least notion of their doing any thing to give us one moment of uneasi-

* The letting Powell into the Covent Garden property, and the purchase of the theatre from the heirs of Rich by Colman, Harris, Powell, and Rutherford. Garrick judged rightly, that Colman would not be happy in the concern.—ED.

ness. I hope Mr. Lacy thinks so too. God bless you and yours. My wife sends her love to you all.

D. GARRICK.

P. S. Remember the newspapers for Reading, and a slice of news. I shall let you know what C—— says.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. G. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GEORGE, Reading, Monday Night, 1767.

WE are here safe, and sound, and merry. Clutterbuck brings you this. I should be glad, if you send me the Monthly Review by the coach, that you would bid Becket let me have a Gentleman's Magazine too; and pray let me know by a note how I am to behave to Lacy. I have told Colman that I cannot forgive Powell's behaviour to me, and breach of articles. He is silent upon that head; but I cannot think Colman's joining P——, when he and I were at variance, and from an offer of P—— and his confederates, blameable: however, C—— will act under my wing if I would have him, and so do not inflame matters, dear George, for I have acted to a tittle by your's and Mr. Lacy's desire. As for Powell, he is a sc—— and C—— will repent his conjunction in every vein; nay, he does repent it, and wishes the affair was broke up;—but I believe it is gone too far. I hope to God that my partner has not talked with P—— of an agreement, or a friendly intercourse, between the houses—that would be ruin indeed! I cannot forgive P——. You surprise me about Holland; I should think the contrary. Just give me a clue to walk into the labyrinth of Lacy's brain, that I may be upon my guard.

For Heaven's sake! say not one word about Hurst's affair.

Our maids will [be] in Southampton-street to-morrow night, and I shall be there the end of the week.

Yours most affectionately,

D. GARRICK.

Our loves.

My wife desires you to bring in your pocket to Lacy's some dried rosemary flowers for tea; half an ounce will do, and you may have them at the herb-shops in Covent Garden.

Pray see Clutterbuck.

DR. SHEBBEARE TO MR. GARRICK.

1767.

DR. SHEBBEARE presents his compliments to Mr. Garrick, and desires his acceptance of the enclosed pamphlet: at the same time, he takes this opportunity of declaring that Mr. Garrick has at all times treated him with politeness, that he has kept his tragedy at the Doctor's request, and may still detain it as long as he pleases: he thinks it right to say this in writing on this occasion, that it may not be imagined he is capable of using any man ill who has treated him with good manners.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. SHEBBEARE.

SIR, May 9, 1767.

IN the first place let me thank you for waiting so obligingly till my return from Bath, for my opinion of "Dion."

I have read and considered the tragedy with great care, and I am sorry to say that I think it not calculated for representation, and for the following reasons. The chief defect appears to be in the fable: there is certainly what is vulgarly called business in it, no less, I believe, than three revolutions in five acts; but I fear these changes are without that interest, and those striking situations, from which must arise an effect that gives success to dramatic performances.

The character of Heraclides seems rather out of nature; and the scene in which he works up the people against Dion, though an imitation of Shakspear, in my opinion wants art and probability; and surely Dion's horrors and death, on account of this man, who behaved so treacherously in the former part of the play, are very exceptionable.

The circumstance of Aretes being forced to another marriage answers no end, as it does not bring about any tragic event, and will only raise expectation without gratifying it.

The scene with her dead child I fear bears too great a similitude to one in "Cleone:" the unexpected change in the character of Callippus would not have any effect, for want of a proper preparation; it appears too sudden, and will hurt rather than please an audience.

In short, Sir, for I have not room to give my opinion more at large, though there are many speeches which please me, and convince me that with a good story, you might produce a successful tragedy; yet to speak my feelings, I think "Dion" wants that dramatic force, that raising of the passions, by which alone a Tragedy can be supported on the stage.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

MR. C. DINGLEY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, May 26, 1767.

You have had my confession that I was eager to purchase of you, Hendon Manor, on a presumption that, being accustomed to divest yourself of pomp and grandeur, and you having made the overture by mentioning you would sell, it could not displease for both to be gainers, you by sale, myself by purchase, as most certainly my situation, living on the manor, industry, &c. are circumstances for my having it. But the sum you have mentioned has quite dismayed me from all thoughts or expectations: and if I mistake not, we agreed to be cautious that Mr. Wylde should not know our inclination. If S. and you are really in earnest to sell at a price that you would buy were you C. D., the best means to bring this business to a speedy and candid conclusion is to inform me of facts: what has the Manor produced you since your purchase? what expectation or plan have you to make it more beneficial by enfranchising? And though Lord Pomfret, or those under him, may have deceived you, I have faith you would not do so to me: and if we cannot hit it off as to sale and purchase, I may be of service, and you may rely I will be a trusty vassal to you and do all the suit and good I can, by a frank advice, speech, &c. and if you command me to attend the Lordship any hour I shall obey, or if you will call at my cot it may save trouble to us both. My Essex and Wiltshire estates may be called 200*l.* and 400*l.* per annum, and I should sell for 16,000*l.* and I was in hopes to have received some rhino to reimburse me what I am laying out for a manor-house; and purchased the tythes for less than sold at public sale, and by trouble and management I hope to make them more valuable than they have been, and will sell you them at a price worth your buying, to be connected with the Manor. I had heard you had given too much for the Manor, and that you had as much if not more reason to repent your purchase, as those who bought the tythes; and if so, I had reason to suppose you might be willing to sell at or near the price you purchased, and if I paid 1000*l.* as a vain man to be the Lord of Hendon Manor, 14,000*l.* in exchange would be about the mark; but, as I am quite in the dark, it is from ignorance if I offend in my conjectures of the value, and be assured I am, truly and sincerely, dear Sir,

Your very trusty friend and humble servant,

C. DINGLEY.

P. S. My daughter expects performance of having the honour of seeing Mr. Garrick on Golder's Hill. We enjoyed the pleasure of seeing you on Saturday; and the party of three thank you.

MR. C. DINGLEY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Golder's Hill, May 30, 1767.

I MAKE use of one of my secretaries, being so ill as to be in bed. I have received your favour, and I should be glad to hear you say you have by enfranchising acquired for your estate the sum [at which] you offered it to me. I repeat, I am at your service as a decoy, or as the first to begin; but it is my opinion you will be disappointed, and not find that spirit which you expect; as I have been in my offers to sell any parcel of the tythes to the owners of land. I thought that you, as well as myself, would rather decline speaking to Mr. Wylde: and surely, my good friend, there could be no inconveniency to you to give me the plan, or upon what basis you ground your expectation of making 20,000*l.* or more for your estate. I am still in the dark, and shall be so, unless you are pleased to give me daylight by information. I am sure you would not deceive me, though you or Mr. Clutterbuck may have been deceived; and I have been by many told that it was a dear purchase. I told you, ambition, vanity, and a presumption that I can make more of it than you or, perhaps, any one can, by reason of certain circumstances, made me incline to buy it. The two estates which I have mentioned in exchange, which I estimate at 16,000*l.* I suppose more than an equivalent to be the Lord of the Manor: I may stretch 1000*l.* more. I have only to add that I am upon all occasions, dear Sir,

Your very humble servant,

C. DINGLEY.

P. S. My daughter and secretary joins in respects to Mrs. Garrick.

MR. JAMES LOVE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Richmond, June 2, 1767.

FOR God's sake, do not misunderstand me: I have the highest and most disinterested respect for you, and, consequently, cannot resign a grain of your friendship with any sort of ease or patience. If I could have possibly found time to wait upon you, I would have ventured to convince you that though, perhaps, my judgment might err, I never conceived a thought of offending you, or acting ungenerously in regard to any one you are pleased to favour. I beg you, drown in oblivion the anger you have hastily conceived: let Mr. Hopkins tell you the state of our affairs, and settle Mr. Cautherly to play when and what you please. I will do every thing in my power to render his appearance agreeable to you, who am ever immutably (permit me to say it,)

Your most faithful and sincere friend,

And obedient humble servant,

JAMES LOVE.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. GRIFFITHS.

MADAM, June 16, 1767.

It is with the greatest uneasiness, but with the greatest sincerity, that I am obliged to tell you my sentiments of the three acts you put into my hands. I am greatly disappointed in the fable and the characters. Maria is so unnatural a character, that an audience (I speak my own opinion), I fear, would not suffer her: I had always my fears about her, and I am now convinced of the danger of introducing such a person in such circumstances. You will say, that the transaction in which she is concerned has happened in life,—may be so,—nevertheless it will appear very unfit for a serious play, as Maria does not appear to be abandoned, though she has been deluded. To have fixed the propriety of her character (which I think next to impossible), it should be shown by what arts Sir William had worked upon her to join with him in a scheme, which will render her odious to the spectators, and wound herself in the most sensible and delicate point. Lady Somerville appears by Thomas's soliloquy to be ruined at the opening of the play, and enters directly into all the horrors of repentance, that nothing can add to her distress but the entrance of Lord Somerville. When he appears, which will raise expectation to the highest pitch, what passes between them? She complains of a disorder "which corrosives alone can cure," &c. which he does not endeavour to find out, but thinks she is mad; she leaves him, and he prays for the return of her reason: this scene, in my opinion, is not worked up to that point of terror and pathos which will be naturally expected from so great a situation. In short, Madam, the capital mistake, in my opinion, lies in the construction of the fable; and I fear, if you proceed upon this plan, you will lose that time which might be more preciously employed both for yourself and the public. I beg leave to return you my thanks for the two volumes, which I shall carry into the country with me. I shall return towards the latter end of the next week, and will do myself the pleasure of waiting upon you before I go into Staffordshire. I am, Madam,

Your most obedient servant,

D. Garrick.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Griffiths. I always write in a hurry, and mean only to give you my feelings, not a regular critique.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. JAMES LOVE.

DEAR SIR, Hampton, June 30th, 1767.

As it was neither so late in the day when we last met, that we could be supposed to be drunk, nor so early in the morning to be half asleep, I cannot for my life account

for this very strange mistake between us. It is most certain that I have very much *misunderstood* you; but that I may have no more trouble, as you say, with this or any other disagreeable business that does not belong to me, I must desire you never more to let me hear of it in any shape whatsoever.

I am your most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

I believe that there are other people who have misunderstood you about this matter, as well as your humble servant.

MR. J. REED TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sun-Tavern fields, June 16th, 1767.

I HAVE advised with some friends concerning the enclosed letters, and they are unanimously of opinion that it would be proper to lay them before Mr. Garrick. I therefore hope Mr. Garrick will excuse the freedom of the present address. Though anonymous letters seldom deserve any notice, yet, as a strain of sincerity seems to run through the enclosed, I have thought fit to answer them. I should hardly have answered the first, (as it has a greater appearance of curiosity to learn if I would dispose of my opera, than of any real design of purchasing it,) if the *reference to the clergyman* had not drawn me into a kind of belief that the writer was sincere. The second letter, indeed, comes so much to the point, that one can hardly doubt the writer's being in earnest.

I could therefore wish, my good Sir, you would favour me with your advice. As I have already suffered by *theatrical anticipation*, I am not in the present case without my fears. A burnt child will naturally dread the fire. Could I entirely divest myself of the suspicions of *jockeyship*, I should not have troubled you with this application; but as an opera may be easily cooked up on the same subject, I hope you will excuse the freedom of laying my case before you.

Be not, therefore, my dear Sir, offended, if I should entreat you to produce my opera at your house the next winter. The only certainty of preventing all anticipation will be a timely exhibition of the piece. This would remove every fear, and secure to me the fruits of my dramatic labours. To a person of my finances, the loss of such a sum as might be gained by a successful comic opera, is a very serious affair. I hope, therefore, my good friend Mr. Garrick will not take amiss my earnest request for the representation of "Tom Jones"* the next season; which favour I would by no means solicit of you, were it not for the reasons hinted at in the enclosed letters.

If, Sir, you will obligingly favour me in this particular, I should be glad to con-

* "Tom Jones." It was acted at the other theatre in the year 1769.—ED.

sult with you on a proper person for compiling the music. At the recommendation of my friend Dr. Sharp, I applied above a fortnight ago to his musical acquaintance Mr. Simpson, of Covent Garden Theatre, for that purpose. Mr. Simpson gave me some hopes of undertaking it; but I find Mr. Beard hath advised him not to meddle with it, for fear of giving offence to the new managers; wherefore I cannot prevail on him to engage in the affair, unless I will give him my promise of offering the piece to the new house, which I have told him I could not agree to, as I was in hopes of your playing it the season after the next. He has, however, very warmly recommended his friend Mr. Toms, (the compiler of the music for "Love in a Village,") with whom I had an interview last week at Vauxhall. After some talk on the opera, I told Mr. Toms I was determined not to take any step in the affair without previously consulting you. In the course of our conversation, Mr. Toms informed me, (which I had no conception of,) that it would be necessary to cast the characters before the songs are adapted to music, as some airs would suit one performer much better than they would suit another in the same character. If I knew when you would be in town, I should do myself the honour of waiting on you. In the mean time, if you will kindly vouchsafe me a line, I shall esteem it an addition to the favours already done to,

Dear Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant,

JOSEPH REED.

MR. GARRICK TO LADY CAMDEN.

MADAM, June 17th, 1767.

I FIND I was mistaken in a few circumstances relating to Mr. Beighton. I sent him a copy of what I had said about him to your Ladyship, and the good man has sent me the inclosed answer. I wish it had not been so long, but age is talkative, and he is willing I should be acquainted with every circumstance of his story, for he would not be guilty of a falsehood for a bishoprick. I should not have been impertinent a second time, had not I made the mistakes I mentioned. I hope your Ladyship will excuse me once more. I should not indeed have been so importunate, had not my friend been so distressed.

Mrs. Garrick presents her respects to your Ladyship.

I am, Madam, your most, &c. &c.

D. G.

I have promised to take Mr. Beighton to the Duchess of Portland next Monday at Bulstrode; she is his friend, but——

LADY CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's-inn-fields, June 22, 1767.

I COMMUNICATED to my Lord the contents of yours and Mr. Beighton's letter, and he begs I would inform you that it would give him infinite pleasure to have it in his power to give any addition to Mr. Beighton's happiness. Though unknown to him, your recommendation would have great weight without the knowledge of the hard fortune Mr. Beighton has met with: he only wishes for a quick opportunity, which must depend on chance; for he concludes that it would be a mortifying thing to Mr. Beighton not to have a living within [a short] distance of his present habitation. I never read a letter better wrote than Mr. Beighton's, and we are all quite anxious for the good old man. I hope it is no sin to wish an unknown person removed to a better place near Egham, for I cannot help it for my life. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I should have answered your letter sooner, but had not any opportunity till yesterday of showing it to my Lord, he having this last week been so much involved in business that I have scarce seen him. I beg you would believe me to be

Your obedient humble servant,

E. CAMDEN.

MR. GARRICK TO LADY CAMDEN.

MADAM, June 27th, 1767.

MR. BEIGHTON and I must once more beg leave to return your Ladyship our most grateful acknowledgments for your humane and gracious offices with my Lord Chancellor.

The good man happened to dine with me at Hampton when I had the honour of receiving your Ladyship's letter. He could not refrain from tears of joy, and desired me to assure your Ladyship that whatever might be his future fortune, he shall never forget the obligations which he is under to your kindness. Mrs. Garrick presents her respects with mine to your Ladyship, my Lord, and the young ladies.

MR. G. GARRICK TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR BROTHER, July 5th, 1767.

IT is with the greatest reluctance that I make this application to you, for nothing gives me so much uneasiness as to think that I am the least troublesome. My allowance from the theatre is 200*l.* out of which I pay for stamps, engrossments, &c. upwards of 50*l.* So that there remains clear 150*l.* which with your kind allowance makes 250*l.* My boys' bare schooling costs me upwards of 120*l.* So that there

remains 130*l.* clear, out of which I pay for the boys more than 40*l.* for clothes, shirts, &c. &c. which reduces the above to 90*l.* This is what remains to maintain myself and the rest of my family, and to find us in clothes and every other necessary. I mention these particulars by way of apology, and that you may in some measure account for this application, and at a time when every thing is so very dear with regard to housekeeping. If you will therefore be so good as to lend me two hundred pounds, I will give you an order upon Mr. Pritchard to receive my salary at the house in the winter, and I hope before next winter to be in such a situation as to repay without any inconvenience; for I am obliged, you see, to think of altering my state, for indeed I cannot subsist in the situation I am in. You will, I hope, forgive my troubling you on this subject, and believe me,

Yours most sincerely and affectionately,

GEORGE GARRICK.

MR. H. KELLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, June 27, 1767.

I HAVE at length got a comedy ready for your perusal, which has at least the negative merit of being entirely inoffensive; as to its value in other respects, I can only say that you will be the best judge, and that whatever alterations you may think proper to advise, I have too just a deference for your knowledge of literature and life, not to make them with the greatest cheerfulness. Do not therefore consider me, Sir, as one of those writers that agonize at every pore, when they are told that an amendment is absolutely necessary in their productions. On the contrary, I beg you will think me one of those who have sense enough to know that their betters by much are not without a number of faults, and that it would be highly to their credit if they were more willing to correct them.

I was just sending the comedy off to you, Sir, when an alteration occurred to me that shortened the first act no less than ten whole sides, and occasioned the pastings which you will find in one or two places of that act; they are, however, legible, and there is no necessity to alter the number of the pages after I have told you of the amputation. As to title, there is time enough for that, should you think the piece any way calculated to succeed. I have indeed thought of a title, but the few friends with whom I consulted, condemned it unanimously. What I thought of was, "Fortune with Eyes."*

I have nothing to add, Sir, unless to request that you will tell me as soon as you can, whether I am, or am not, an incorrigible blockhead in dramatic literature. Till I have your answer, you will easily imagine I shall experience a very anxious interval;

* It assumed the clearer title of "False Delicacy," and was acted the year following at Drury-lane Theatre. It was translated into German, French, and Portuguese, and had the most brilliant success. A punster during the run of it said that it was, like its author, "a *stay*-maker."

but it would give me a still greater degree of anxiety, if I thought you put yourself to any difficulty to gratify the impatience of,

Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

H. KELLY.

THOMAS KING TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Liverpool, July 24, 1767.

I HAVE seen Mr. Gibson since I had the pleasure of receiving your last letter, the necessary parts of which I communicated to him. His answer was, that he was much obliged to you for the civility used on the occasion, but could not give up his opinion as to your intentions, or his resolution in regard to Mrs. Bennet.*

As to the "Invasion," I think that it would be proper that I should keep my part, and Parsons be put into Snip. Should Yates think better of it, and take the Covenant, you will undoubtedly choose to have him reinstated. Parsons has played the Harlequin one night for me: now by this means, should sickness or any accident befall Yates or me, you will be at a certainty; the entertainment need not be stopped, as he will be then ready to supply the place of either of us. Am I right?

We have hitherto gone on very well here. Mattocks and wife are in great repute, and we shall make a good season of it, if electioneering does not put a disagreeable spoke in the wheel. Here is like to be a strong opposition, and most of the inhabitants seem at present on the verge of lunacy. I have been so long this afternoon obliged to attend to every argument *pro* and *con*, that I have hardly time enough before the curtain goes up to assure you that I am,

Your most affectionate, obliged humble servant,

THOMAS KING.

I beg, Sir, you will present my best respects to Mrs. Garrick.

REV. T. FRANCKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, London, July, 1767.

I HAVE been informed by some persons who are, or pretend to be, well acquainted with the gentleman you are now with, that he has, by the most uncommon chance, so contrived as to unite certain qualities that seldom meet together, and to join great parts, wit, and understanding, to an equal fund of generosity and benevolence: if it be really so, and from your intimacy with him I am inclined to believe it, he is

* Mrs. Bennet, an actress, who died in the year 1791.

certainly a very extraordinary character. Now as I love to make every body happy as far as lies in my power, I have just now thought on a method, and I expect you will thank me for it, of promoting your friend's felicity by giving him an opportunity of doing a good-natured action, in providing for a poor person of your acquaintance with a wife and almost five children, now grazing on a pitiful college living at Thundridge.

It is pretty certain, which I hope you will not deny, that "The E. of W."* is an excellent tragedy: there are, however, two things which I am much more certain of, even than this, as I have it from the best authority, viz. first, that his Grace the Duke of Bedford will not refuse Mr. Rigby any thing which he may ask of him; and secondly, that Mr. Rigby will not refuse any thing which Mr. Garrick shall think proper to ask of *him*; the only doubt, therefore, remaining is, whether Mr. G. will ask Mr. Rigby to serve Mr. F. and whether in that case Mr. Rigby will ask the D. of B. the same question: to these two important queries you will be so kind as to send me an answer the first opportunity.

I have not the honour of any personal acquaintance with Mr. Rigby; but remember, which I believe I mentioned to you, that some time ago he was casually a hearer, and condescended to profess himself an admirer of mine in the pulpit, (where, by the by, admiration was all I ever got yet,) so that I have no right to apply to *him*, but shall rely on a much better advocate than myself, having flattered myself that you will plead my cause with him.

I need not add how good a tragedy you may then expect from me,—such a one, I assure you, as shall beat "W."† as the jockeys say, all hollow; but of this when we meet: in the mean time, wishing you and Mrs. G. all health and pleasure in the remainder of your summer tour,

I am, Sir,
Your obliged friend and humble servant,
THO. FRANCKLIN.

P. S. His Grace of B. knows me well by name, and is, I believe, inclined to serve me, so that a word from your friend in due season might be of infinite service to me: I shall expect the favour of a line from you on this head as soon as is convenient.

MR. BICKERSTAFF TO MR GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Battersea, July 27th, 1767.

I HAVE put into your brother's hand with this letter the alteration of "The Nonjuror," and I flatter myself it is not ill done, because I have adhered as strictly as possible to your idea of what it should be; and with the assistance of Moliere, I

* "Earl of Warwick." † Whitehead, the author of "The Roman Father."

think I have made it a clean, laughable, and (what in my opinion is no small excellence in one) not too long a comedy; though I must observe to you, that you will find many faults from my amanuensis, but I chose to let them remain rather than deface the copy.

I was very much hurt by a report which your brother mentioned to me, that Mr. Colman offered me my articles, and that I refused to accept them; I assure you, it is diametrically opposite to truth. When we met, he talked to me as supposing them valid and in full force, and in consequence of it, desired to know what I would give them next winter. I told him that I had been with you, having determined with myself to get rid of the articles, but that you had absolutely refused to hear of any thing of mine, or the music of a piece which I had ready and desired your opinion of, while I was under contract with them; and that at the same time you told me you did not think it would be just or honourable in me to break my articles with them, though they might not be strictly binding. I said this, because I found Mr. Colman entertained some little jealousies of you, which I know to be totally groundless, if I may judge by the manner in which I have always heard you talk of him; but I dare swear you will be able to judge of this matter yourself. I dare say I shall be able to give you "Inkle and Yarico," if you think proper to accept it, and "The Hypocrite" out of dispute, if I have done it to your mind. I shall not hesitate to give it under my hand, that of all mankind, my inclination leads me to be employed by Mr. Garrick, while any trifles of mine can merit his attention; and I shall always think of him with that respect and affection, which, in my opinion, his talents and his goodness entitle him to from all the world, and from none more than

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged and grateful servant,

Is. BICKERSTAFF.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. COLMAN.

DEAR COLMAN, August 17, 1767.

MRS. LESSINGHAM did not attend Mr. Lacy's summons at our meeting last week; she sent an excuse that her business at Richmond prevented her. I do not believe that he has made her an offer of four pounds a week; she has demanded that sum, though she was engaged to us for less. I am resolved not to agree to her proposals; the matter is left to Chamberlain, who is now in Oxfordshire, and is much her friend. I am quite tired of this trouble about nothing.

I must desire to see you as soon as you come to town, upon a matter that has given me some uneasiness, but you can set all right again.

I am, dear Colman, most truly your friend and servant,

D. GARRICK.

MR. H. KELLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Middle Temple, Sept. 1, 1767.

My worthy friend Bickerstaff having informed me on Saturday, that you thought I had agreed to let you see the plan of my thing before I got it transcribed, I sat down immediately to write it, which indeed I would have done long before this, but that I was fearful of teazing you with the concerns of a stranger, at a time when I knew you found it difficult enough to mind the interest of your friends. Your own generosity has drawn this trouble on you, and your own good sense will lead you to be as kindly candid with the present sketch, as you were formerly with the despicable stuff which you took so much trouble to inspect. I have in this plan begun at the second act, supposing that by this time you may have cast your eyes over the first. Submitting it entirely to your opinion, which I know to be the best in England, and resolving to be guided by that opinion implicitly, I now take the liberty of thanking you most heartily for the politeness and good nature which I have received at your hands; and let the fate of this production be what it may, whether you totally reject, or warmly encourage it, the author will always with the utmost sincerity and gratitude acknowledge that he is,

Dear Sir, your very great admirer, and very humble servant,

HUGH KELLY.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Hyde-street, Sept. 7th, 1767.

I RECEIVED *your favour* at Hartingfordbury on Friday last, and am sorry to tell you, that a hint contained in *it* soon rendered me a very unfit companion for my lively and agreeable hostess.

I really, Sir, cannot express the concern I felt at your seeming intention of postponing the "Père de Famille" till another season. I am perfectly convinced of the great advantages it would receive from the masterly strokes of your judicious hand: but alas, Sir! my situation will not admit of delay. Adversity does still neglect that caution to which prosperity is bound; we are not ourselves when pressed by deep distress—both mind and body suffer. This may be a bad parody,* but it is too certainly matter of fact. I must therefore entreat you, by the regard

* The reader shall at least be in a state to judge—a passage of Shakspeare's finest tragedy can never burthen any page.—

"Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we 're not ourselves,
When Nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body."—*King Lear.*

you have been so good as to profess for me, that you will consent to bring out the "Père de Famille" this next winter.

What I said to you in my letter to Litchfield was, that "if we could not fix upon some plan, I must give up all thoughts of the comic muse for this year, and return to Madame Melpomene," by which I meant that I should set about finishing my tragedy: this, Sir, I have neglected, and in short every thing else, and am in truth most unhappily circumstanced, if that extreme good nature, which I have already experienced, does not incline you to comply with my request.

An accidental complaint in my left eye has prevented my writing while I was in the country, but neither that nor any thing else shall interfere with my finishing the comedy, if you are so good as to indulge my suit.

Mrs. Cholmondely by me presents her compliments, and would have joined in my request, but her thorough knowledge of your heart made her think her application unnecessary. I most earnestly entreat the favour of a line from you as soon as possible, and that you will believe me, with the sincerest esteem,

Sir,

Your much obliged and most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. GRIFFITH.

MADAM, London, Sept. 10th, 1767.

YOUR letter found me at Hampton, and indeed has a little surprised me. I am truly sorry that what I meant most kindly should make you *unfit* to enjoy any pleasure in your power.

I am sure Mrs. Griffith would not wish, for her own sake as well as mine, to produce a performance too hastily upon Drury-lane Theatre. I will beg leave to say, that Mrs. Griffith is bound to be careful, and very careful, of her next theatrical production. It may be convenient in one sense to hurry on a play, but I am sure it will be most imprudent to think of giving the "Père de Famille" without the greatest assurance of success; and if you will please to finish the play in question as soon as you can, I will bring it out the moment it is in my power, with credit to the author and the managers. I cannot say more; I would not, for her sake, promise more. You may depend upon its being acted in this season or the next, and you may also depend upon selling the copy of it directly, upon my assuring the bookseller that I had received it; nay, I will find the bookseller if necessary. Indeed, Madam, this is the utmost in my power, and you would not consider your own interest to wish to exact more from me. I hope you will very seriously consider this, and not imagine that I have any vanity in thinking that *the strokes of my hand* are of much consequence; but I flatter myself that my long experience in

these matters, may, in a friendly manner, be of some little service to your interest and reputation.

I am, most truly, Madam,

Your sincere well-wisher and humble servant,

D. G.

Pray present my respects to the lady and gentleman of the house.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, Oct. 27, 1767.

I BEGIN not to be satisfied with the dribblets of *thin potations* that Keate affords me now and then of your health and Madam's. There is more comfort in honest Richard Warner, than in him; who saw you *last* the last year, and *first* this season with the true original spirit of *Ranger* upon you. It will comfort the old *Stage-monger* to have a line from your original self upon you and your doings, and your future doings. An old hunter *commodities* up his ears, (as the old spinster worded it,) if he but hears a single hound lifting up his throat; and enjoys the *old stuff*, though he has never a leg to his body.

"Old John again halloos the hare,
And turns her in his wicker chair."

Now you talk of a leg, I have two wooden ones, as long almost as my body, which I clap on occasionally to my shoulders, *and feague it away, i' faith!* You would tremble, if you saw me, at the thoughts of what might have happened when *I peppered your peeper* at Bath. I think I am improved in my style, since we met last.

To return therefore—I have gotten a nomination of our poor widow's son into Christ Church Hospital next Easter, from no less a man than his Grace of Bedford —supposing she tells me truly, (which I still scarce believe,) that Clergy-orphans are actually preferred to freemen's sons of the city. If so, the hospital would be filled with none else by this time. I forget whether I told you the fate of all your letters to her father. I mentioned gently your desire, that proper care might be taken that they might not get into other hands, and a bad use be made of them: and the next time I saw her, she told me she had burned them all—*a fate they did not deserve*, as she added—a foolish woman!—Now a *qu.* arises whether your mind is more distressed, or more at ease? Be comforted: though they were your own children, they had better be dead than a disgrace to you. Rest their souls! The lady is gone to live at Salisbury, where, it seems, lodging is more reasonable, *i. e.* where she has yet no *duns*.

Talk to me of plays, and players, and theatres and *things*. What say *you* of Mrs. Dancer? A *gemman*, who is (I think) no *great* judge, a *correspondent*, the first letter of whose name is *Warner*, says she is *nulli secunda* in Mrs. *Sigismunda*.

Doctors differ, and in nothing so much as acting. Keate says *nay*. New plays you have: now I, who was ever the support of your stage, will recommend some old ones—first, the droppings of Shakspeare's tap. What is become of "Timothy Atkins or the Man Eater?"* A good drip, master Gar. "Julius Cæsar"—Barry a tolerable Cassius;† Holland a good haranguing Anthony; Love an excellent Casca, (but not spliced with Titinius, as it used to be acted); and the philosophical Brutus, the Garrick—but you must pare your nails on a Monday morning fasting, without thinking upon a white fox's tail, *i.e.* you must never turn a thought upon Ragandjaw, in "The Parson's Theatrical Garret." What think you of playing Iago, to Barry's Othello? where, though you may see faults, he is generally admired. The town has for years sighed to see Volpone at Drury-lane. "The Voluptuary Magnifico" would afford good acting, and in a style you have not been seen in, especially varied with "The Mountebank," for in Mosca you do not like the *business*, any more than in Truewit, as I have heard you say. "Bessus" I cannot say I have much hopes of, though you once resolved to revive it, the other parts are so *outrée*. *Dixi*.

Now you must know, that we and our royal court move next week to St. Cross, near Winchester, for the winter. And now pray, Sir, and Madam, how came you not to come near my *pudden* at Southampton as you promised? I hope your rib is in better plight than mine, whose soul and spirit, that used to aspire to the regions of mirth and joy, are now *even in her shoes*. Where must my heart be then?

Her good wishes attend her and you, with those of, dear David,

Your affectionate Fubzy,

J. HOADLY.

MR. W. WHITEHEAD TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Middleton Park, Nov. 1st, 1767.

I CONFESS that I have behaved abominably, but I have had a thousand interruptions during the summer, besides my general disinclination to do any thing in the poetical way. The farce, however, such as it is, is finished, and I will let you have it as soon as I can write it over; but, if you make use of it, it must not be declared as mine. An hour or two will complete my alterations of "The Roman Father," and those two you shall have. But I beg nothing of mine may at all interrupt your other schemes for the public. The first four acts of "The R. F." will stand as they did, with only the change of a few lines or words in particular places. The lady will be entirely left out of the fifth act, any more than as a handsome corpse.

I know of no alterations in your part in the first four acts, but the trifling one

* Slang for *Timon of Athens the Man-hater*.

† Surely he could not be serious in proposing the *towering* Barry for Cassius—the philosophy of Brutus himself could not have made Garrick endure such a contrast. I should have assigned Antony to the pathetic Barry.—ED.

of changing *woes* to *sorrows*, in the last line of the second act, to avoid the rhime; and I should be glad to have your concluding speech of the third act run thus:

—"Tell not me,
What's Rome to me? Rome may excuse her traitor;—
But I, the guardian of *my* house's honour,
Will judge, *will* punish. Pray you lead me forth;
I would have air—But grant me strength, kind Gods,
To do this act of justice, and I'll own,
Whate'er 'gainst Rome your awful wills determine,
To *me* ye still are just—are merciful!"

It will probably not be a great while now before I am in town. I beg my best compliments may be made acceptable to Mrs. Garrick, and am,

Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
W. WHITEHEAD.

P. S. A line sent to Lord Jersey's, in Grosvenor Square, will always find me.

LORD POMFRET TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Sunbury, Nov. 8th, 1767.

YOUR letter informs me that you have been many times at Sunbury, amongst which I should have been glad to have had the good fortune to have seen you at my house. I once called at yours, in return to a visit you made me, because I wished to know if any part of the estate would have been agreeable to you, as your brother, when he delivered me Lord Monson's writings, never mentioned a word about it, and I would not grant a lease of it to Blanchard till I heard you were gone abroad, in expectation of your desires. This estate has proved a very dear bargain to me; however (a very few acres excepted which border my land at Hampton), I shall have a great pleasure in accommodating you, and if your intention is to extend your property in that parish, I have more land there, of which you shall have the first refusal. I shall come soon to town, and whenever it suits your conveniency, shall be glad to show you with how much sincerity I subscribe myself,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
POMFRET.

MR. WILKES TO MR. GARRICK.

Le Samedi, 9 Novembre, 1767.

J'AI connu à Paris l'aimable, le charmant Garrick, j'ai vu à Londres le grand, le sublime Garrick. Je remercie Mr. Kitely de me l'avoir fait connaitre. Si Mylord

Maire ne s'emparoit pas de nous pour toute la journée, si nous n'allions pas diner et danser à Guildhall, j'aurai volé dans les bras de Mr. Kitely, et je lui aurois demandé des nouvelles de sa nuit, et comment il se trouve de son raccommodement avec sa femme. Je n'oublierai jamais cette journée qui m'a appris que l'art le plus profond, la metaphysique la plus subtile, peut s'allier avec le naturel le plus sublime.*

DR. WARNER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Barnet, Nov. 11th, 1767.

I TAKE the liberty to send you the enclosed papers, and to inform you that I was happy enough, after great pains and application, to establish a Society for the purpose intended by the letter, on the plan with which it is accompanied. Because, to oblige some of the great Dons, the majority, though six to one, admitted a charitable fund also, in hopes to bring them in. But as they could not carry the whole scheme in their own way, they have been so far from concurring in the great design, that, one of them only excepted, they have never contributed a shilling to the support of the fund they had contended for. As I had the honour to be the founder of this Society, you will not wonder that I am particularly solicitous for its success; and as I am much too lame to go to town to wait on you, I hope you will excuse this application for your assistance in its infancy, by giving the Society a benefit play some time before Christmas, in which you will act yourself. I shall not assume the preacher to Mr. Garrick to induce him to an act of charity, nor shall I take the part of a man of the world, in reminding him of the good policy of this particular piece of respect to such a body of men as the clergy of the metropolis. You know every thing that I can suggest as well as I do; and as I have no sort of claim to any favour from you, it would be impertinent in me to add—though it is very true—that your compliance with this application would greatly oblige,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

FERD. WARNER.

MR. J. BICKERSTAFF TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Somerset-yard, Nov. 11th, 1767.

I DID myself the pleasure to wait upon you three times within these few days, but could not be so happy as to see you. You remember that you and I had some discourse, about a fortnight ago, concerning Mr. Murphy; and there was so much of that worth and good-nature, which to me has ever marked your character, in what you then said of that gentleman, that I cannot help letting you know that he thinks

* This card was from Wilkes, who had come over to embarrass the Government. He had seen Garrick in *Kitely*, in Ben Jonson's delightful comedy of "Every Man in his Humour."—ED.

and talks with the same kindness of you; and that I am authorized by himself to say, that he wishes for a handsome opportunity to put an end to all little quarrels that may have happened between you.

I should be extremely glad to be an humble instrument in bringing two such men again together; and as you have promised to honour my hovel one night or other after play, I should be very glad to have you, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Johnson there together, some night next week, by which time I shall have his bust set up in my room, who, like Shakspeare to you, is the God of my idolatry. A line in answer will much oblige,

My dear Sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

J. BICKERSTAFF.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. BICKERSTAFF.

DEAR BICKERSTAFF, Nov. 11, 1767.

You are a good Christian—I shall with the greatest pleasure meet the company you mention at your house. As I am almost upon my theatrical death-bed, I wish to die in charity and good-will with all men of merit, and with none more so (as *he* wishes it too) than with Mr. Murphy. I am, dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

D. GARRICK.

P. S. Pray let us meet as if we had never thought unkindly of each other.

REV. T. FRANCKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

Russel-street, Covent-garden, Saturday, Nov. 13, 1767.

REV. MR. FRANCKLIN'S compliments to Mr. Garrick. Mr. Derrick having informed Mr. Francklin that Mr. Garrick had made mention of him as the supposed author of an article in "The Critical Review" for April last, containing "Remarks on an Essay on the Writings of Pope," Mr. Francklin begs leave to inform Mr. Garrick that he is not the author of that article in the Review. Mr. F. had already desired Mr. D. to acquaint Mr. G. with this particular, but thought proper to signify it under his own hand, to prevent *mistake* and *misrepresentation*, to which alone Mr. F. can attribute Mr. G.'s late conduct and behaviour to him; as he is satisfied that if Mr. G.'s ears had not been open to the suggestions of malice and the whispers of ill-nature, Mr. F. would rather have been esteemed by him as a real friend, than suspected as a concealed enemy; which, whenever Mr. G. shall condescend to an explanatory interview, he may be fully convinced of: in the mean time Mr. F. desires that Mr. G. will do him the justice to suppose him incapable of uttering a

falsehood, or giving a secret wound to the character and reputation of any man, and hopes that he may expect from Mr. G. the same honour and the same sincerity. Mr. F. takes this opportunity of lamenting the loss of Mr. G.'s friendship, as he should always have been glad of connexion with men of distinguished abilities; and as he is not conscious to himself of any injury done or affront given to Mr. G. except by a few unguarded words dropped long since in regard to "Barbarossa," and which he had hoped were long since forgotten, he cannot but acknowledge himself both sorry and surprised at the continuance of Mr. G.'s ill-placed and ill-deserved resentment.

MR. J. BICKERSTAFF TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Somerset-yard, Nov. 13, 1767.

IT is just as I supposed it would be;—but you know mankind, and I dare swear you think with me, that at this moment the writer of the enclosed letter would say as much in your praise, as his indiscretion made him ever say the contrary. I wish I could say that he receives your forgiveness with as good a grace as you let him have it. Did I want any thing to make me think better of you, or love you better, your charming behaviour in this affair would make me do it. I will do myself the honour to drink tea with you, if you think proper, this evening, or come to you any time after dinner, and am, till then, and ever after,

Your most obliged and grateful servant,

J. BICKERSTAFF.

LORD POMFRET TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Sunbury, Nov. 15, 1767.

YESTERDAY I looked over my land in Hampton, and desire to retain for myself only eight acres, which stand upon the extremity of the shot called, as I am informed, Up and Down, close adjoining to Kempton Manor and Kempton Park, and one acre and one yard land, the former late Monson's, the latter late Osborn's, they being of the greatest consequence to me as brick earth, as I am going to add much building to my house and premises. The remaining land belonging to me amounts to five-and-twenty acres, more or less, and are at your service, lying in the meadow, and the best shots of the field.

I shall not detain you with a tedious account of the exorbitant prices I have been made to pay for them: a man of judgment informs me the acres, throughout the whole field, are twice as large as those in Kempton and Sunbury; that they are worth a pound an acre, and thirty years' purchase. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

POMFRET.

DR. WARNER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Barnet, Nov. 19th, 1767.

I COULD not acknowledge the favour of your letter sooner; because, as it was not directed to *Dr.* Warner, but to *Mr.* Warner, which describes my son, who commonly lives with me, and he not returning home till last night, the mistake was not found out before.

I did not know that you had left off performing for any benefit, or I should not have made such a request. The Charity, of which I sent you the account, has not yet had a benefit at Drury-lane; neither did I mean to ask for more than one, to assist it whilst it was in its infancy. I should hope that the *nature* of it would recommend it to the managers as a charity; and I imagine that such a piece of respect to the clergy of the metropolis, without any other application than what I, who was the founder of the society, make to Mr. Garrick, would not be thrown away, considered in another view. I mentioned before Christmas, because that is our annual audit; but benefactions may be made to it at any time; and if you will be so good as to communicate this application to the other managers, and you will grant us a benefit, we will thankfully accept it at your own time, and shall think ourselves much obliged to you.

In the mean time, I beg leave to assure you, that I am with great respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

FERD. WARNER.

MR. G. S. CAREY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Nov. 20th, 1767.

I SHOULD not have troubled you with this, but I think it a duty incumbent on me to prevent your having a worse opinion of me than I really deserve. I have been more than once accused of being the author of the "Theatrical Monitor," and I have reason to think that the report is believed by many. I have taken this opportunity to assure you, Sir, that I neither am, nor do I know, the author; but have as great a contempt for him, be he who he will, as you can have; and had rather they had laid the history of Tom Hickathrift to my charge, than to say I was the author of "The Theatrical Monitor;" for in my opinion, there was never published any thing more puerile, invidious, and exceptionable: nor did I ever write any thing in my life against any performer or theatre, but that of the Haymarket. I would not have you think, Sir, I want to ask any favours by this declaration, for I am not so much in need of them as I have been; but give me leave to make this one acknowledgment, that I never repented me of any thing so much as losing your regard and

friendship; and must confess I stand convicted of the greatest piece of ingratitude, when I remember the voluntary present that you made me about two years ago. I have nothing to say in my own behalf but my being rashly urged to it by a series of disappointments; and to soften the charge of ingratitude, I am not ashamed to beg your pardon, and believe me, so far am I from being inclined to abuse you, Sir, that I shall think it my duty to employ my poor pen as an advocate whenever I see your character attacked.

I am, Sir, your most obliged and humble servant,

GEO. SAVILLE CAREY.*

P. S. Sir, as you are going to decline your theatrical connections, you cannot think this acknowledgment precedes some other application, as I shall never more think myself entitled to your future favour or regard.

MR. BICKERSTAFF TO MR. GARRICK

DEAR SIR, Somerset Yard, 20th Nov. 1767.

MR. Murphy left this tragedy with me last night, with a desire that it should be laid before you. I do not know whether I shall be able to convey to you the strength of his expressions, but I will endeavour to set down his own words. This play was proposed to be read by the managers of Covent Garden, but he rejected it: he has long and ardently wished for a reconciliation with you, and your consenting to it, has given him as good an opinion of your heart as he always had of your judgment, which in theatrical matters he thinks infallible; therefore he gladly submits his tragedy to your perusal, to be acted or rejected, as you shall think it deserves.

He is far from wishing to impose on your good-nature a mere nine-night play; and should you not like this, he has another tragedy, which he will submit to your perusal on the same terms; but he thinks from the novelty of this play, which he intends to call "The Conquest of Peru,"—I mean the novelty of the personages—it will be more likely to strike than "Rhadamistus and Zenobia;" and, in my opinion, there are three good characters in it for Mr. Holland, Mrs. Dancer, and Mrs. Pritchard. I was very much disappointed at not seeing your name in the papers this day, but I hope in God you are better. I would come to you, but am afraid of being troublesome; but if you will let me know, should you be confined, when you would at any time have me sit an hour with you, you will always find at your command,

Dear Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

J. BICKERSTAFF.

* Carey took the lead among the mimics, from his being able to give no *faint* idea of even female singers, along with very powerful sketches of our great actors. He lived the usual life of such humble retainers of the theatre—getting up his *hopes* and his *lectures* together occasionally; but having no treasury to resort to on the Saturday like his originals, he existed scurvily, and died in debt.—ED.

MR. H. KELLY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Monday evening, Nov. 24th, 1767. No. 2, Middle-Temple Lane.

You will, I flatter myself, excuse the freedom of this address, when I assure you that it is made to prevent you from suffering a greater share of trouble on some future occasion. Many friends of mine, who think much better of me than I can possibly deserve, have for some time advised me to attempt a theatrical piece, and have so worked upon my vanity, that I should immediately enter upon such an undertaking, if I had any tolerable hope of getting it exhibited when done. But the uncertainty of this circumstance prevents me from proceeding, as the affair must be a work of time, and as I have a provision, besides, to make for my family, which cannot be trusted to eventual contingencies.

I have, therefore, Sir, from a just opinion both of your good sense and your good-nature, presumed to trouble you with this question: whether it will be convenient for you to give a piece of mine a trial next season, if it should be ready in proper time? But though you may naturally think an answer to this question in the affirmative would afford me much satisfaction, yet I beg you will believe that I should be filled with the truest concern if your politeness was to lead you into any promise repugnant in the least to your interest, or opposite to your inclination. Do not, therefore, Sir, through a principle of delicacy, to which generous minds are subject, expose yourself to the minutest difficulty on a stranger's account. I know how you must be teazed with solicitations of this nature, and I can easily guess how it must affect your sensibility to be under so frequent a necessity of rejecting them; consider this letter, then, as a mere matter of business, and be assured that the man who now applies will feel no abatement in his high esteem either for your public or private character, because you wisely prefer your own emolument to his, and decline, in the regular way of trade, to make a purchase of his commodity.

I am, Sir, with great truth and regard, your very humble servant,

H. KELLY.

MR. BARRY TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin, Saturday, Dec. 5th, 1767.

I HAVE been perplexed and hurried almost out of my life, but shall not now trouble you with the particulars of our damned journey—twenty-eight days on our way. I have been here since Monday night last, and I shall have entirely finished my business on Tuesday next, on which day I shall set off in the packet.

I know not what to say for myself, but beg leave to assure you it has been my misfortune, not my fault; what I did was for the best, and being too anxious to be certain of returning soon has been the cause of my long delay. I am fretted

almost to death, not on account of my business, which has been very well settled, but I hear you are displeased with me, which I beg leave to assure you I shall feel much more than all the distresses and disappointments that have happened to me. I return you ten thousand thanks for your goodness to Mrs. Dancer, and am,

Dear Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

SPRANGER BARRY.

The ship that carries the curtain for "King Arthur," I hope will sail to-morrow.

MR. GARRICK TO LORD POMFRET.

MY LORD, London, Dec. 7th, 1767.

I HAVE been detained in town by business and illness, or I should have paid my respects to you long before this time. I really understood from your Lordship's conversation with my brother, when I gave up with great readiness and pleasure the purchase of the Monson land, that I was to have all that part of it which lay in Hampton parish. I did not care to trouble your Lordship with too *many* visits upon the occasion, not doubting but that, the moment it was agreeable to your Lordship, I should have had the honour of waiting upon you. I went to pay my respects at Sunbury several times, but was afraid of being importunate, or appearing impertinently solicitous in the affair. I believe your Lordship will find, upon further inquiry, that the price you have asked for the shots in the common field or meadow cannot be given. I am willing, if your Lordship pleases, to take the land upon a fair valuation, and upon the judgment of two of our well-informed neighbours.

I am, my Lord, &c.

I will do myself the honour to wait upon your Lordship the next time I come to Hampton.

MR. CHARLES YORKE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Saturday, Dec. 12th, 1767.

YOU flatter me very much by treating me as a friend, and not only in asking my advice, but *en badinant*. I had your letter *two nights* ago, and have read your papers. The answer is in *three* words: neither *Lacy* is bound nor *you*; not *Holland*, &c. to *Lacy*, nor *Lacy* to *them*; nor you to *Lacy*, nor *Lacy* to *you*. You will, from this answer, suspect me of mixing the schoolman and theologue with the lawyer; because the *answer* will read as quaint as some ancient creeds in the church, which we repeat too often every time we read them. To return to my profession; the whole rested on talk and treaty, and you may deal with it, in my opinion, as you please. Do not *sell*

in a hurry, whilst you are at the best, both as an actor and manager; and if you do it for health, *tædium*, or any other reason, why, see your purchase-money well secured and paid with certainty.

Mrs. Y. joins with me in many compliments to you and Mrs. Garrick, whom she wishes to know better. You are very kind in your *notices* of her by your box-keeper: and as she profits always when her health allows, I hope to profit sometimes when my leisure admits. But for some of *your* parts *so* performed as I have seen them lately, I will *force* leisure.

I shall be glad to see you in the *beginning* of the *week* before Christmas-day, and will then send to you again, or call upon you. At present, my time is *uncertain*, but my regards *uniform*, and always,

Dear Sir, yours, &c.

CHARLES YORKE.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GEORGE GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's-inn, Dec. 30, 1767.

As I imagine your brother is out of town, you will give me leave to open myself to you: what I have to observe shall be said with the utmost frankness, as I take that to be the surest way to prevent every possibility of future misunderstandings.

You will, perhaps, think it odd (but so the fact is,) that I have been much dissatisfied with myself ever since I took up the 100*l.* upon my accountable receipt. To that mode of dealing there was, it is true, no objection formerly; but at present it is not only disagreeable, but inconsistent with the plan of life I am pursuing. This circumstance has thrown the theatrical matter, in agitation between your brother and me, into a channel I never intended. It seemed to me sufficiently understood that the pieces I had by me (such as they are) were put up to sale *by an author leaving off trade.* It was proposed that Mr. Lacy should be consulted, and I imagined I should soon know the determination of the managers. But so it has happened, I am now in the light of pawning the plays, and borrowing money upon them, which is to work itself clear the Lord knows when. This is the old tract of business, and I much wish to avoid it: I must, therefore, beg to pay back the money, and then to hope that the affair may be brought, as soon as convenient, to a final conclusion.

It is the infirmity of my temper to hate a state of suspense, and your extricating me out of it will oblige, Sir,

Your most obedient very humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 30, 1767.

MY brother showed me a letter from you which not a little surprised me. You have desired him to get your note from me, (by the by, he knew nothing of the business,) and, if I mistake not, you seem to make my sending back the play partly the reason for desiring your note. What can be the meaning that your natural good-humour and good sense will now and then fail you when you are to judge of me? The plain matter is this: after we had settled at Hatfield that "Alzuma" had better not appear this season, I thought (sorry I am I did not think with you) that it would be indelicate to lock up the play from you till it was acted;—you might choose to read it over yourself, or lend it to a friend, or make some alterations, &c.—but if you could imagine that I sent it to you by way of an unfriendly hint to you, you have, indeed, much wronged me; I meant it just the reverse. I think it a very small favour to lend money to a friend; but to lend it with *his silver spoons in my drawer*, seems to me the very spirit of pawn-broking without the three blue balls. You are acquainted with no man who would have more pleasure in serving you in every manner he could than myself. That you are able to pay money or lend money I have no doubt of, because what we very warmly wish we can readily believe: but if you send for my note merely upon suspicions which your own sensibility has created, you do me and yourself great injustice.

I am most truly yours, &c.

D. GARRICK.

You mention in a second letter the affair of a former note; it is all settled, as you may see in the last account, and given up.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GEORGE GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's-inn, Jan. 25, 1768.

I AM by no means a competent judge in this matter. It is above six years since I wrote a single line on my own account, and of the state of the houses since that time I am almost totally ignorant.

The managers know what new plays in general do, and they can form their conjecture what "Zenobia" is likely to do. In my opinion they are the proper persons to set the value; and as to myself, I can only say that I should be very sorry to take a shilling more than I ought.

If we are to be delicate on both sides, I will leave it to the decision of any third person acquainted with playhouses. A general question may be put, without referring to any play in particular.

I am very much obliged to your brother, if he has conceived it would be in any degree agreeable to me to produce one of the pieces this season; but I do assure you I always spoke my real sentiments when I said it would be totally a matter of indifference to me. In fact, my passion for the stage is in a great measure over, and I have only now to wish to get rid of what I wrote or planned when my thoughts were turned very much that way.

An expedient this moment occurs to me: to remove the difficulty that both sides seem to labour under, let there be a "We hear that the managers of Drury-lane have purchased the tragedy of 'Zenobia' at a considerable price, &c." and let that secret be kept from every person whatever, and I shall be very well content. Any thing rather than set any sort of value upon the play myself. This is no affected modesty.

I wish there was no such thing in the world as money, or that I had enough of it, without ever making a bargain for it. I could sell a house if I had one, and ask the price, for that would be the work of the builder. I could demand a price for a horse, for that would be one of my fellow-creatures; but for my own performance, I may think well of it, but nobody shall know how well. This is perhaps but an *external modesty*, but if it is a veil for the want of it *inwardly*, there is at least some prudence in wearing the veil.

> "Nothing in nature is so lewd as Peg,
> Yet, for the world, she would not show her leg."

This is the state of my mind. I have laid myself very open; I am not so much a *man of business* yet, as to have surmounted all my feelings. When an attorney comes to me with a brief, I am heartily glad to see the brief; and though, if his fee be a good one, I have no objection to it, yet I hate the moment when he puts his hand in his pocket, draws on his wise face, and considers what he shall give me. False delicacy all this! but so it is, and I cannot help it. When your brother sees the comedy, I shall, if he likes it, have the same work over again. I wish I was half as rich as he, and *damn* me if I would not part with it for nothing.

You see how much of a man of business I am, who now write for nothing, what no lawyer in Lincoln's-inn would do for less than two guineas.

I will release you, with adding, that I have thrown myself entirely open, and, for God's sake! now please yourselves.

I am, dear Sir, your's very sincerely,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GEORGE GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Jan. 25th, 1768.

I WAS lying down when your letter was sent, having been much indisposed with a sore throat. I am not able to go to Westminster, nor is it possible for me to go to the playhouse. I must add that it seems to be rather premature to put the play into rehearsal, as nothing is as yet agreed upon between the managers and me. It was from the beginning, and is still, my fixed resolution, never to bring out any thing upon the usual terms of taking authors' nights.

I have considered the matter, but it is perhaps a *false delicacy* that hinders me from setting the value upon my own works.

If the play is read this morning, I beg my compliments to all the gentlemen and ladies concerned, and I hope they will impute to illness the non-attendance of,

Dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

MR. GEORGE GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 25th, 1768.

I WAS very sorry to hear of your illness, and on that account, as well as of your letter, shall put off the reading of your play. Though you must be very sensible that we have no time to lose, and indeed we have laboured hard to bring it out at all this season, and my brother made a point of it, as it seemed to be very agreeable to you. When I came to consult with you with regard to the gentlemen and ladies that were to perform in your play, you did not then hint that it was in the least premature; but when I asked you whether you had thought of a mode of purchase for the managers, you replied that it was *time enough*. For God's sake, as you are a man of business, let us come to business; and for once lay aside your *false delicacy*. And as you say you have considered of the matter, be so good as to let me know your sentiments, which I will immediately communicate to the managers, that we may know what we have to do. It may be a *false delicacy* in you not to fix a value upon your own works, but it is a *real* delicacy in the managers which hinders *them* from doing it.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

GEORGE GARRICK.*

P. S. My brother is very ill in bed, and every thing is stopped till I hear from you.

* I more than suspect this letter to have been *dictated* from the pillow by brother David. It has his point and turn so exactly:—besides, Murphy was a card that he loved to play—a *difficult* one at times.—ED.

MR. RICHARD CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, Jan. 26th, 1768.

I BEG leave to enclose an altered copy of Shakspeare's "Timon," with the addition of a new character, which I dare say you will be polite enough to read. This act of civility I am confident you will not refuse; though I must inform you that the copy has been a long time in Mr. Colman's hands, who, after having flattered it more than it deserves, and, as I was told, cast the parts, has at length rejected it. I have little doubt but that your opinion will agree with Mr. Colman's; however, as I am totally disinterested with respect to profit in the offer, and as I hope the perusal will not involve you in any extraordinary trouble, I take the liberty of submitting it to your judgment, and am,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

You will be good enough to return it to me according to the above direction.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

SIR, Feb. 5th, 1768.

I HAVE read "Timon" over very carefully, and think that the alterations have great merit in the writing part, but as they do not add greatly to the pathos of the play, and break into its simplicity, I really believe that the lovers of Shakspeare would condemn us for not giving them "Timon" as it stands in the original. I think that excellent rule for writing as it is laid down by Horace, *simplex et unum*, was never more verified than in Shakspeare's "Timon." I could have wished that the same hand which has altered "Timon" had been employed upon a less meritorious play.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
DAVID GARRICK.

MR. RICHARD CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Queen Anne Street, Feb. 7th, 1768.

I GIVE you many thanks for the trouble you have taken in the perusal of "Timon," and your speedy return of it: had it met with your approbation, it would have been entirely at your service without any reserve. It was the unreasonable time Mr. Colman detained it, not his refusal, gave me offence. In the latter particular he did justice to himself, in the former he neglected what I thought was

justly due to me, and to every one who makes a disinterested offer of his performance. Your conduct, Sir, has indeed confirmed my opinion of Mr. Colman's judgment, but convinced me that it would have been no impeachment to his *management* if he had had a little more politeness.

I shall be glad to see *the time when simplicity is* a recommendation to any dramatic piece.* It was in conformity to the depravity of modern taste that I altered Shakspeare; and conceived that, when I robbed him of the beauties of his native simplicity, I made him less venerable indeed, but more suitably equipped for the company he was to keep.

I hope your ideas are better founded than mine.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

MR. SPRANGER BARRY TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Feb. 26th, 1768.

MRS. BARRY desires me to assure you that she fears, if she undertakes what you desire, it probably will make her incapable of going through the business of the season. She is really ill, and fatigued to death with this and last night's performance.

It is very disagreeable to her to refuse to do any thing you think proper to desire; but the truth is, her spirits are weak, and I have often experienced that when she has been sunk with too much fatigue, she has been a long time after quite incapable of her business.

I have not played Hamlet for some years, but shall be ready in it any day you please in the next week.

If you are of opinion any part of mine can be done with propriety without Mrs. Barry on Saturday, I shall be ready to do it.

As to our credit, I cannot be anxious about it at the expense of Mrs. Barry's constitution.

I am, dear Sir, very sincerely your obedient humble servant,
SPRANGER BARRY.

LORD PEMBROKE TO MR. GARRICK.

Paris, March 1, 1768.

I WAS in hopes, my dear Sir, to have been able to have sent you a new edition, with alterations and additions, of the "Honnête Criminel" with this, but it is not yet

* Fairly retorted upon a man, who, rejecting the female interest worked into "Timon" by Cumberland, yet continued the drivel of Tate whenever he acted Lear.—ED.

come out, though Madem. Clairon assured me it would be so some days ago. Mons. Fenouillot de Falbaire is much flattered with what you say. I cannot help thinking, however, that the noise his piece has made is full as much owing to the subject as the manner of treating it.* Religion, and a thousand other *prejugés*, have certainly cramped the genius of the author very much. In England a writer might fully let himself loose, and I should hope that such a man as André, of any country, would do on an English stage. I wish you may think so, and show us Andrew at Drury-lane. By the time you receive this, I shall probably be setting out for London, where I hope to have the pleasure of finding you quite recovered. I cannot say I have the least business in England just now, but my uncle Mr. Robert Herbert has taken it into his head that I have, and I shall set out accordingly, though to stay but a very short time; as Lady Pembroke, who, with me, desires our compliments to Mrs. Garrick and you, waits for me here to take her to Spain, where she wishes to pass two months before the great heats set in. I hope "False Delicacy" will not be over before I get to town. What you say of it makes me wish very much to see it, though I cannot say the name of Kelly, especially if it has an *O* before it, raises my expectations very high. Lord and Lady Rochford are both very well, and desire their compliments; the latter, has so papered up every air-hole in her house, that she lives absolutely like a dormouse in cotton. They hope to have the pleasure of seeing you here, when you are driven out of London by emptiness and dust.

I am, dear Sir,

With great truth and regard, your most obedient humble servant,

PEMBROKE.

REV. T. BEIGHTON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAREST MR. GARRICK, Egham, March 7th, 1768.

EVERY one is proud and glad of any opportunity to show their great esteem and regard for you. I have more reason than any person to do it, and, therefore, was overjoyed to receive the favour of your commands. Though I had not been abroad of a great while, confined to my bed by the gout, I went immediately to Sunbury, hoping, as it was Saturday, I might meet Sir Edward Hawke at his country-house; but he was in town, and I not being able to go thither, sent what you receive a copy of. If it meet with a favourable reception, attended with success, it will give the greatest pleasure to, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant,

THOMAS BEIGHTON.

If I might have had the whole world, and had I it, I would frankly give it to serve you. It was not possible for me to write yesterday. The whole morning taken

* The piece had one good effect: it obtained for the hero of it, the younger *Fabre*, a restoration to his rights as a citizen, of which his *filial piety* had deprived him.—ED.

up in the duty of Egham; immediately from thence went to Wraysbury, where I was detained by an unlooked-for funeral till seven o'clock; on my return home another burial, besides the great weakness and slowness of my hand: no pen like you of a ready writer. Pray let me know when you will be at Hampton—I want to talk with Mrs. Garrick about planting some choice, not very large, evergreens, here and there one, upon the grass before your grand portico, which will have a good effect. The beginning of next month is the time

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REV. T. BEIGHTON TO SIR EDWARD HAWKE.

MOST HONOURED AND GOOD SIR, Egham, March 7, 1768.

I MUST make a great apology for the freedom of this epistle; or, otherwise, you will be apt to think there will be no end of my application: pardon me but this once, and I promise on my word and honour never to teaze you any more. I write at the solicitation of the best friend I have in all the world, and that dear friend is Mr. Garrick, at whose request my Lord Chancellor has lately given me a very pretty living in our neighbourhood, which has made me extremely happy, and without it I must have been most miserable, as the help, on account of my frequent infirmities I am obliged to have, would run away with most of my former income. How happy shall I be should I succeed in my negociation, as it will give me an opportunity of showing my gratitude to my patron and benefactor for the vast debt I owe him! and, at the same time, I shall have the most grateful sense of your great favour and kindness. This letter I trouble you with, is in behalf of Lieutenant Edward Thompson, Commander of the Tartuffe, now at Stranrhaer, in North Britain. He is the first E. T. upon the naval list, there being two of the same name. By my dear friend's recommendation, he is a good and a brave officer; and he hopes, from his long service, deserving the rank he is petitioning for: which is to be raised to Master and Commander, either to be upon half-pay, or preferred to a sloop of war. If, upon inquiry, he answers that character, no more I need to say to you, with whom merit is all in all; only be pleased to excuse me that I add, you will make me the happiest person that can be by granting me this request. He flatters himself he may meet with a Lord or two in the Admiralty desirous of his promotion. I humbly ask your pardon for the length of this letter. I shall be very glad to hear of Mr. Hawke's health; I make no manner of doubt of his great improvement; if I could tell where to address him, I would write. My compliments, if you please, to Miss Hawke and Mrs. Birt, and I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and most obedient very humble servant,

THOMAS BEIGHTON.

MRS. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, March 14th, 1768.

I HOPE you will not think me either impatient or unreasonable, for taking the liberty to remind you, that twelve months are now past since you were so kind to assure me of your friendship, and to promise me your assistance in bringing on some performance of mine, upon the theatre. The thorough acquiescence I had both in your power and inclination to serve me, made the last summer pass quietly away in undetermined and vague experiments, which have none of them answered either your expectations or mine; and the complicated duties of your station during the winter, made me think it improper and even cruel to attempt distressing you with my affairs. But as I find myself now at as great a distance from any reasonable expectation of success as I was a year ago, I cannot help telling you, that I begin to feel "that sickness of the heart, which arises from hope deferred."

The two French plays which you were so obliging to send me, can neither of them, in my opinion, be rendered fit for the English stage; nor do I think the "Père de Famille," without much alteration, will answer your purpose or mine: there is, however, a much better foundation to go on upon in that, than any of those I have yet seen; and I shall be much obliged to you, if you will look over my translation, and point out the deficiencies that occur to you, and the improvements that may be made. This, Sir, I know will require some leisure, which you may not at present be able to spare; I will therefore wait your time with pleasure, and receive whatever hints you are so good to give me, upon that, or any other subject, as a real obligation.

I have not seen "Eugenie" yet: if it is in your possession, I shall be obliged to you for it.* I also request you to lend me Massinger's works, which I will take the utmost care of.

I am, Sir, with sincere esteem,

Your much obliged and most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

MRS. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, March 17th, 1768.

I CERTAINLY did not mean to accuse you of remissness, or of any other fault towards me, though I wished gently to remind you, that there was such a person in the world, which the multiplicity of your affairs might very possibly make you

* "Eugenie" was a piece of Beaumarchais'. She drew from it her comedy called "A School for Rakes," acted in 1769.—ED.

forget. Believe me, Sir, I have the highest sense of your kindness to me, and I dare flatter myself that I shall never forfeit it by the meanest of all vices, ingratitude. I have not read over the "Père de Famille," nor do I think it necessary that I should, as I am determined to be entirely guided by your opinion with regard to it.

I know this letter is no farther necessary than to relieve my own mind, which must be hurt by your entertaining any suspicion of my entire reliance upon your friendship; I will not therefore trespass farther on your leisure, than while I subscribe myself with unfeigned regard,

Your much obliged and most obedient servant

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. WALKER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Dublin, March, 1768.

THOUGH your letter requires no answer, and I am too sensible how troublesome I have already been, yet I cannot persuade myself from thinking that I am under a sort of an obligation not to let a letter of yours pass without an acknowledgment, if it is only to let you know I have received it, and how much I think myself obliged for this last, as well as all former favours.

I wish other managers would copy your steady, generous manner in your dealings, as much as they affect to copy another part of your theatrical conduct. Your partiality, if it may be called so, to those who have long served you, must endear you even to those who are disappointed by it: for my part, I shall always admire, though I cannot help regretting, the occasion that forbids so desirable a situation as an engagement in a theatre under your direction; however, if I am still so happy as to preserve your good opinion, or can return the obligations I am under by any trifling services within my narrow sphere, it will indulge the desire I feel to be grateful, and cherish the vanity I have in being thought not unworthy your notice—a vanity that has given me the most solid pleasure, from the first moment I entertained it.

Our affairs here wear a much better face than they did some time ago, and I make no doubt but our chaos will in a little time jumble into form. We want nothing but a principal comedian to make our receipts double what they are. We have given the town no variety—nothing but the same dull tragedies they have seen a hundred times over. "The English Merchant" is the only new thing we have done; it was done twice to about sixty or seventy pound houses. We are getting up "False Delicacy," in which Mr. Mossop is to do Cecil, and Mrs. Fitz-Henry, Lady Betty Lambton. We have a Parson to appear in Scrub, with Mr. Mossop's Archer: such an extraordinary metamorphosis will no doubt excite curiosity. The town cannot now complain that they have had no novelty; this is perhaps the greatest the stage ever knew—though it is thought the canonical gentlemen will be so scandalized as to influence a party against him; but, however it happens, it will bring one great

house at least, perhaps several; and if we can but escape civil, we do not much mind ecclesiastical censure. Excommunication is not half so terrible to our state as an execution.

Our manager seems determined to keep possession of Crow-street now he has got it, for I hear he has already paid 960*l.* to Mr. Barry's agent here, though by the best enquiry I can make I find we have not taken 4000*l.* by a good many pounds. The Lord Lieutenant's not coming once a week, as was the custom, has been a drawback of near a thousand pounds on the takings.

As I am much employed, and it is a difficult matter to see the London papers in Dublin, I am vastly at a loss about the transactions of the theatre. I hear every body loud in the praises of your epilogue to "Zenobia," but have not yet had an opportunity of reading it myself: I believe I may justly adopt a common saying on the occasion, and be pretty sure that I have a great pleasure to come. Mrs. Pritchard, I hear, is taken notice of in it much to her advantage. The public, no doubt, suffer a great loss in such an actress leaving the stage; but, I fear, the loss of her is but a prologue to a much greater loss—a loss that will be irreparable: and when that happens, we may, without the imputation of pedantry, pronounce it the grand climacteric of the stage.

I regret my absence from London more particularly at this time, as I may never have another opportunity of seeing Hamlet, Macbeth, and a long &c. of heroes, and cannot help crying out with Cibber, in his "Apology,"—"Oh, what a pity it is that the strong and beautiful strokes of a great actor should not be as lasting as the strokes of the pencil or chisel of inferior artists!" But I am so lost in my subject as to forget I have already made too great a trial of your patience, so will take up no more of your time than just to conclude with begging many pardons for my impertinence, and taking the liberty to assure you I shall ever remain, with the greatest gratitude and profound respect, Sir,

Your much obliged and obedient humble servant,

J. WALKER.

P. S. My best respects and wishes attend Mrs. Garrick. By a mistake of the postman, your letter did not reach me so soon as it ought to have done, or I should have troubled you with this sooner.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Northampton, March 14, 1768.

I HAVE been in town about business for two days, and on my return to Northampton found your obliging letter. "Zenobia," I find, was at that time going on tolerably well: what is to become of her now? I think I am well rewarded by Mrs. Dancer: if any body had offered me a bet that she would treat the play in the manner she has done, I should have laid considerable odds that no such thing would

happen. Had the bills said that the play was deferred on account of her indisposition, and she had not appeared, I should have concluded that the excuse was founded in truth, from a persuasion that, after I had endeavoured to serve her fame, she would not lightly run the risk of overturning mine. I always thought that performers held themselves bound in honour not to stop the run of a new play, but in cases of the utmost necessity; and I should farther have been convinced that hers was a case that made it impossible for her to play, if she had not herself taken care to convince me of the contrary by appearing on the very night. In what light must this appear to the world? A new tragedy is stopped all of a sudden, the reason for it is Mrs. Dancer's indisposition; and then the public sees her performing in another new piece which has succeeded. Is it not reasonable to conclude that "Zenobia" did not answer, and that a genteel way was taken to let it down as easily as possible? How Mrs. Dancer could be inattentive to all this, I cannot conceive; and it is equally odd how it could escape a person of Mr. Garrick's experience in theatrical matters Had I been the manager, I am very sure that, when she sent word that she was willing to appear, I should have sent her notice, that I then perceived she could perform, and therefore should insert her name in the bills, leaving to her to answer to the public if, after such a message, she absented herself from the business. This, I am clear, I should have done; or at least, if I believed her excuse, I would have taken care that the town should have no reason to disbelieve it from the circumstance of her appearing in another play. As the matter now stands, "Zenobia" is, in my opinion, fallen to the ground. Adieu to her with all my heart! I thank God, I have not leisure, if I had inclination, to fret about the matter. I am very much tempted to write to town to cancel the dedication:* how I can let it go abroad after such treatment I do not see; but I shall do nothing rashly. When this election is over, I shall be in town, and then will take my measures as silently and as coolly as possible. I can at present form no resolutions, but I think I can venture to say that I shall never put myself in that lady's power again.

Mr. Barry called upon me in Lincoln's Inn last Saturday: I was then determined to expostulate as little as possible, but I could not help telling him that Mrs. Yates would have died on the boards sooner than have served me in that manner. I told him, the only fault was that her name was in the bills. The ill-treatment would not have been so glaring, had she not appeared, and then the excuse of indisposition might have been believed. I think I may say that I behaved as genteelly as an author could well do to Mrs. Dancer; but it is a fatality in all my theatrical dealings, that I never attempted to show my friendship to any body but I was ill-requited for it.

I have tired your patience upon this disagreeable subject. I thank you for sending to Griffin about the word "mettle;" it was written *metal*. But as my ill-luck would have it, I corrected the sheet in the bookseller's shop, and there consulted "Warbur-

* Which was to Mrs. Dancer—

"Which prais'd her for *imputed charms*,
And *feign'd*, or *felt* a flame."—Ed.

ton," who writes "mettle," a word which I do not understand, but had a mind that he should think me *orthodox*, and so gave up my *reason* to my *faith*.

I believe you are right about *Tiberius*, but I own I do not remember it. *Rome* will fit the niche as well as *Greece*, and I am obliged to you for your care Care, however, is superfluous, nay it is *posthumous* at present, for the burial is gone by.

I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

The election is fixed for next Thursday; Lord Spencer offers fifty and sixty pounds a vote. At present the two other lords have the majority, but how matters may fluctuate between this and the poll it is impossible to say. I wish my Lord Spencer does not entertain us with a riot.

I shall go to town as soon as it is over, but I believe the poll will last two or three days. Adieu once more! I am in as much good-humour as it is possible for a defeated general to possess.

MR. JOSEPH BARETTI TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen Anne-street, Portland Chapel, Saturday, March 15th, 1768.

I WANT fifty pounds, and I promised to apply to you whenever that should be the case. Please, therefore, to send them me at Mr. Wilson's, who lives opposite to me, and the letter with the bill enclosed will be forwarded to me by his people to Snaresborough, where I intend to go for a few days this afternoon, that I may end a little bit of a work at a distance from the temptations of this town.

I am yours,

JOSEPH BARETTI.

MR. JOSEPH BARETTI TO MR. GARRICK.

Queen Anne-street, Portland Chapel, March 16th, 1768.

I BEGGED your lady's acceptance of my book, and not yours; so you had no reason to thank me for it, my good master. As to your criticism, I say that it is noble to compassionate those who praise us, and every thing round us. But the man whom you look upon as an old friend,* I look upon as a calumniator; and whatever mercy he might expect from an Englishman, he was to wait for nothing but justice from an Italian. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

JOSEPH BARETTI.

* Samuel Sharp, the very ingenious author of "Letters upon Italy." But see his satisfactory notice of the wasp Baretti, from Bath, 1st April, 1768. *post.*—ED.

MR. RICHARD CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Queen Anne-street, March 21st, 1768.

I HAVE a comedy in my possession which has never been in any hands but my own, and is, both in plot and execution, entirely new and original. If your engagements for the ensuing season admit, and the offer of this piece will be agreeable to you, it shall be submitted to your refusal, upon presumption that, in case of acceptance, it will be brought out between the periods of Christmas and Lent next. The characters are numerous, and some new decorations will be necessary.

If these proposals are acceptable, it shall be got ready for your perusal as soon as a correct copy can be made out; but as this must fall singly upon myself, it will be some little time before I can send it to you; in the mean while you will favour me with your answer.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

LORD PEMBROKE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Wilton-house, Thursday, March 24, 1768.

I MUST be troublesome, and rely on you for myself and friends for the 25th of next month, or I shall lose all my credit of being well with you. They left this yesterday morning, and are to meet me next Sunday at Bath, from whence I shall carry them to Blenheim, Windsor, &c. in the road to town. They seem charmed at the *Brown*-like gardens of England; notwithstanding which I plainly see that a cascade, a fountain, or an *allined* walk charms them more than *la belle nature peignée*. They are up at five, and are indefatigable; so much so, that I do not doubt of their executing, between yesterday morning and Sunday, their plan of seeing Messrs. Beckford's, Hoare's, Lord Weymouth's, Messrs. Morris's, near Chepstow, Mr. Southwell, and Bristol. Pray put my name down as a subscriber to Dr. Hawkesworth's "Telemachus," and be so good as to pay the guinea for me, providing you will ask me for it when I have the pleasure of seeing you, for mine is a miserable forgetful noddle. My compliments, if you please, to Mrs. Garrick. I am, dear Sir, with great truth and regard,

Your most obedient humble servant,
PEMBROKE.

MR. GARRICK TO LORD MANSFIELD.

MY LORD, March 21, 1768.

I DO not mean to trouble your Lordship with any impertinent solicitation in favour of my brother, but to make my grateful acknowledgments for the kind reception which your Lordship lately gave him. This was much more than he had

the least right to expect; and indeed, though he was urged by some of his friends to apply to your Lordship's goodness in case of Mr. Ashton's death, yet I was so conscious that he had not the smallest claim to your bounty, and I was so much afraid that your Lordship would think it presumption in him, and folly in me to suffer it, that I have been very unhappy with the consciousness of our being guilty of both. I should have done myself the honour of paying my respects again to Lord Mansfield, had not too great a sensibility hindered me from making use of the permission that was given me.

I will not presume to detain your Lordship any longer upon this subject, and I am confident as you have so generously pardoned my brother's address to you, that you will give me leave to assure your Lordship, that if, as our Shakspeare says, a brother may commend a brother, I do not know a man of more probity and humanity, nor (except in his late application) of more modesty.

I am, my Lord, &c. &c.

LORD MANSFIELD TO MR. GARRICK.

[In the clear and masterly preface with which Mr. Pope graced the works of Shakspeare, there is the following *notandum*. "Some of the most shining passages are distinguished by commas in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars, but the whole, a star is prefixed." In relation to the following letter of the great Lord MANSFIELD, I doubted the course to be pursued; for the beauty, whether of principle or expression, alike distinguishes both, and the whole is only the more valuable because it is the *total* of the particulars. The reader will be pleased therefore to take this preliminary as the star that points to the beauty of the whole, and insert the commas in the margin at his pleasure, where he is most impressed by either the *wisdom*, the *purity*, or the *fine taste* of the noble and learned writer.—ED.]

SIR, March 23, 1768.

I HAVE just received the favour of your letter. I very well know that your brother, from his universal character, is worthy of the relation he bears to you. The office of Marshal I believe to be lucrative, but the conditions are irksome to a liberal mind, and dangerous. He must live in the prison, or within the Rules. He must execute it by himself, and he is liable for all escapes, so that he must live in the worst company, and often risk his fortune upon the trust he is obliged to put in bad men. I found your brother's course of business had not led him to any connection with, or experience in, the work of that office.

There are some in near relation of service to me, of whom I have a very good opinion, and to whom I wish well, and yet for that very reason have thought them not made to be happy in such an office, and to discharge it as they ought. I would not throw the temptation of gain in their way to put them out of their element. No objection could lie to your brother but of this kind, which I mean to his honour. I thought very seriously whom I should recommend, and I destined for some time in my own mind, in case he would accept it, a man whom I continued in an office which he held under two of my predecessors. It has given him great insight into the business of the Marshal's office. He has behaved very well, is diligent, know-

ing, and a man of substance, and his course of life and genius do not put him in a light, or give him a turn of mind, above the drudgery of the charge. I thought he had a preferable claim from the relation of service in which he stood. I wished too to be able to say I personally knew the man I recommended. The Marshal died yesterday: I mentioned it to this man, who was ready to accept. I spoke to the King to-day, who has been graciously pleased to grant it upon my recommendation. Though I had many applications, I do assure you, if I had been under the necessity of giving it upon application, and not upon my own knowledge, none would have had so much weight with me as your brother's. I shall always be extremely glad of the pleasure of seeing you: our friend Dr. Turton has promised me to prevail upon you to do me the favour to dine with me, when you have a little leisure. I am with much esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,
MANSFIELD.

TO CAPTAIN THOMAS RIDDELL, OF POCOCK.

SIR, Calcutta, 26th March, 1768.

THE theatre of Calcutta being in want of scenery, we shall esteem ourselves obliged to you, if upon your arrival in England you will request, on our behalf, one of the Captains bound to this port, to get a set of new scenes of the following dimensions painted upon canvass, and bring them out in his privilege, we agreeing to allow him fifty per cent on the prime cost, viz.

2 Scenes 29 feet broad, 16 feet high.
3 do. 26 do. do. 16 do. do.
2 do. 24 do. do. 16 do. do.

As also five copies of all the acting plays and farces half-bound, with the words "Calcutta Theatre" stamped on the back of each, together with a book of copper-plates representing the different habits of the theatre, if such a work is to be had.

We desire that one of the scenes twenty-nine feet broad, may represent a street, and the other a bed-chamber; one of the scenes of twenty-six feet a street, another a parlour, and the third a hall; one of the scenes of twenty-four feet a park with trees, and the other a garden.

If the time will permit for painting the full-length figures of Tragedy and Comedy, we request they may be added to the above commissions.

We heartily wish you a good voyage, and are with great regard, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servants,

(Signed) T. MOTTE,
THOS. PEARSON,
EDW. BABER,
JAS. ELLIS.

(A true Copy.)

CALCUTTA ACCOUNT.

London, 3rd of December, 1768.

BOUGHT FOR THE CALCUTTA COMPANY,

		£	s.	d.
No. 1.	Mr. Griffin, bookseller and stationer's bill	60	17	0
2.	Mr. Johnston's bill for music	4	4	0
3.	Boxes and cords	0	16	0
	Porterage, &c.	0	3	0
		66	0	0
3.	Mr. French's bill for painting scenes	138	12	0
4.	Mr. Sanderson's bill for carpenter's work	44	0	0
		248	12	0
	To the Prompter, Mr. Hopkins, of Drury-lane Theatre, for his cutting and care of books	12	12	0
	To 2 vols. of dresses	4	4	0
	Total	265	8	0
	Given to Hopkins three guineas more	3	3	0
	Total	£268	11	0

MR. SHARP RELATIVE TO BARETTI.

SIR, Bath, April 1st, 1768.

I HAD the pleasure of yours by yesterday's post; and though I find you have been greatly provoked by Sig. B. yet my advice is, that you should not take notice of it in print; for as you must write in English, in order to be read in this country, the disadvantages you will lie under in that particular are unspeakable. Mr. Baretti's proficiency in our tongue is astonishing; and were he as capable of speaking truth, and making sensible observations, as he is of the language, his book would have been a most agreeable entertainment. But he does not appear to have made one quotation from the letters without misrepresenting it, and the direct lie he gives to the author of them, in a great number of pages, upon mere matters of fact, renders the performance so despicable, that it certainly does not deserve any answer. Besides, Mr. Baretti says you are a clever fellow; and the only falsehood he reports of you is (if I remember rightly) that you wrote the letters, and boasted of it to your friends; whereas he charges me with a thousand, and instead of com-

plimenting me with the epithet *clever*, says, I am ignorant, drunk, stupid, impertinent, &c. &c. Now if I can laugh, why should not you laugh also?

I do not believe that he contradicts fairly more than three assertions in the letters, which are, that the State of Venice receives informations privately by the lions' mouths; that young ladies of family are educated in convents; and that Cicisbeos in general are not supposed to live innocently with the ladies they gallant. These three suppositions, he says, are false; but I do not meet with any gentleman, who has lived many years in Italy, who does not grant that they are notoriously true.

He is much ruder to me than he is to you, when he charges me with only the pretension of being intimate with the Resident at Venice, whom he is sure I did not visit often; when he affirms I never was in the company of fashionable people at Naples, though I declare we spent so many evenings at Mr. Hamilton's, where there was a great resort of the nobility; that I did not travel post on the Loretto road, though I declare I did; and a thousand other such like affronts. I fancy, by the by, that he never travelled through Savoy, and he owns he never went to Naples; for he does not seem to know that people of the first rank use voiturins on these roads, and mentions it as a reflection on my method of travelling. He has been ill-informed that I kept my bed two months; for you may remember I dined with the Consul on Christmas-day, and saw two of the Cocagna's in January. Somebody told him we knew no lady at Rome but the Marchioness of Ceva, and I think I never saw her in my life, so that his instructor has misled him in every article. But what I have most reason to resent, is the character he represents me to have drawn of the Italian nobility, whom I have often praised, but never once spoken ill of, except upon the subject of Cicisbeos: and amongst other things he makes me affirm that Italy is an unpeopled, uncultivated country; whereas I say that the towns swarm with inhabitants, and excepting the barren mountains, it is the most fertile kingdom in the world. I have laid before you these instances, to show you that I have perused his account, though I do not think it worth animadversion, and I hope this letter will convince you, that he is as much below your attention as mine. Dr. Smollett is too ill, and too much engaged, to revise your pamphlet; and besides, he would have answered him himself, had Baretti been worthy of his pen. Mr. Clutterbuck, I dare say, is too much engaged to undertake it; however, I shall send him your letter. If you wish to expose Baretti to your Italian friends, borrow of Mr. Garrick his *Frusta Letteraria*, where he has treated his countrymen and countrywomen with such outrageous satire and insolence, as is not to be paralleled in any other book. Vide pp. 191, 253, 290, 329, 381, 168, 377, 255, 342, 343, 344, 134, 311, 9, 374. Vol. II. 9. Vol. I. 154, 316, 354.

I am, your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

SAMUEL SHARP.

MR. M. FRAMPTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bath, April 7th, 1768.

I HAVE just received your present from the hands of Mr. Clutterbuck. A mark of *your* obliging remembrance is much too flattering to my ambition to merit it, not to claim my instant acknowledgment. But I have not heard your name mentioned of late without an almost equal mixture of mortification and pleasure. The first has arisen from my disappointment hitherto of seeing you here. The second, from the reports which I have heard so repeatedly echoed of your continuing so totally your very self in the honour which you do the age, and the delight which you give the town. Believe me, no one of the vast numbers who have longer enjoyed, and more deserved your acquaintance, is more sincerely interested in the permanence of your health, and that happy proof of it, your public exertion.

The great Wilkes, you know, is here; but how changed the scene! No Io!s resound! No glaziers, no tallow-chandlers rejoice. He is not now "thundering on the hustings, with all the mouths of Middlesex to second him." All, or very, very near all, is silence, shyness, and a strong stare. Sir John Sebright gave yesterday (as Member) a great entertainment and ball to both sexes, at the Town-hall. Every body of fashion (I believe) was invited; but the hero was not. You know the entrances and the exits of heroism, the vicissitudes and the catastrophes.

I am not too impertinent (am I?) in asking you when the recollection pops upon you, *à propos*, to mention my most affectionately respectful compliments to Mr. Burke. If I could tell how, I would add them to Mrs. Garrick.

I am with strong sentiments of true esteem and attachment,

Dear Sir, your most obedient,

And most faithful servant,

M. FRAMPTON.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. CHARLES YORKE.

SIR, April 8th, 1768.

GIVE me leave to return you my warmest respects for your kind readiness in relieving my partner Mr. Lacy, and myself, from a disagreeable suspense. I was in the country when my brother took the liberty of returning a very small tribute for the best advice in England. I rely upon your usual goodness to me, to excuse my brother. He meant well to the managers, and was willing not to deprive them of the benefit of having recourse to Mr. Yorke, whenever they might want him; which they could not dare to do, were they not put upon a footing with other clients: besides, my brother well knew the great pride and pleasure I had in your very generous and friendly behaviour in my particular concerns, and was desirous that I should have

that honour alone; and, indeed, however he might be wrong in his manner, he spoke the feelings of my heart.

I may be selfish in the declaration, but I must confess my weakness that I wish not to have a partner in your favour.*

I am, Sir, your most obliged obedient and humble servant,

D. G.

MR. W. MASON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen-street, April 29th, 1768.

I AM very sorry that you have so serious an impediment from visiting your friends; but I am sure, on my part, that I ought to excuse you without any apology; and I am certain that Mr. Stonehewer (if he was at home) would join in saying the same thing, though for a different reason, for his business abroad makes him very difficult to be found at his own house, and my want of business ought to prompt me to call at the doors of such of my friends as cannot call at mine, without expecting a return. I shall, therefore, certainly pay my respects to you in Southampton-street the first opportunity.

I am, dear Sir, your much obliged and obedient servant.

W. MASON.†

I beg my best respects to Mrs. Garrick.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, May 14th, 1768.

THOUGH I have given up my whole thoughts and attention to "Eugenie,"‡ ever since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I cannot yet make out a plan adequate to *my own ideas* of the alteration I wish to make, or render *them* sufficiently clear to you. I must therefore entreat that you will permit me to proceed in this work, without calling upon me to explain my intention till I have executed my own scheme, which shall then, with the greatest humility and gratitude, be submitted to your superior judgment. I flatter myself you are convinced that no person breathing can have a higher opinion of your abilities than I have; and I hope you also know, that though a woman, and an author, I am neither self-conceited nor obstinate. I write rapidly, perhaps too rapidly; be that as it may, I will promise to put my "Eugenie" into

* Very neatly put; that *Lacy*, by Mr. Yorke's refusing the fee for the opinion, had become a *partner* with Garrick in the favour done him.—ED.

† Mason the poet, author of "Elfrida and Caractacus."

‡ A comedy by Beaumarchais, which was worked up into her "School for Rakes," and acted at Drury-lane Theatre the year following with considerable effect.—ED.

your hands by the beginning of July; there will certainly be time enough to make any alterations which you may think necessary, after that era.

In a few days I purpose going to Windsor for a month or six weeks; I shall there have leisure, and I hope, health and spirits, all of which I mean to devote to "Eugenie." It will be impossible for me to proceed without the original; I will take the utmost care of it, and promise to restore it perfectly safe to you. Notwithstanding my desire to cover my skeleton, before I venture to produce it to you, I shall very readily do myself the pleasure of waiting on you to receive any instruction or commands you may think proper to give, if you desire it.

I am, Sir, with the sincerest regard,

Your much obliged and most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. KEAN O'HARA TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Molesworth-street, Dublin, May 28th, 1768.

IT is not solely the partiality of an author towards his own productions that obtrudes upon you the trouble of perusing the enclosed sheets,* but, in truth, many of my friends here, who boast the honour of your acquaintance, and are allowed to be more than commonly versed in theatrical affairs, urge me incessantly to offer them to the public under your patronage.

Though entirely sensible of the just and extensive influence of that valuable patronage, I dare not indulge any sanguine hopes of being favoured with it, knowing that it never is, and indeed never ought to be, granted, except to intrinsic merit; which no vanity can mislead me to think any work of mine possessed of. Yet I yield to the importunities of these Savii, and humbly take the liberty (which I request your benevolence to pardon) of addressing this trifle to your protection.

It was originally written and partly set to excellent music by Signore Giordani for the entertainment and performance of the ladies and gentlemen of our musical academy; but the sudden dissolution of that elegant society prevented the exhibition of it, and doomed it, as I thought, and as you perhaps will judge it deserves, to perpetual oblivion.

But its fate is now implicitly submitted to your candid decision: if it cannot plead for itself at your tribunal, I shall not impertinently presume to solicit you, against yourself, on its behalf. I only offer it to fill upon occasion, as my "Midas' sometimes does, the place of a farce. As the subject of my drama was new here, the long previous tale became in some sort necessary; but of this you are absolute master to reject or retain so much only as to your consummate judgment seems

* I should think this "The Golden Pippin," which was not brought out till 1773. O'Hara, like O'Keeffe, was blind in his latter days.—ED.

proper: and to deal in the same manner with the prologues and epilogue which accompany it; in short, if you condescend to accept me, "*Me tibi totum dedo.*"

Upon any encouragement from you, the music score shall be completed, and sent over before the 10th of next August: but if you find the piece, as I fear, not worthy of your attention, or of the scenes, habits, and machinery, that its appearing with decency on so accurate a stage as yours may require, you will be pleased to return it, and humanely to grant the luckless author your forgiveness of this bold intrusion.

I am, with unfeigned respect and esteem,

Sir, your very obedient humble servant,

KEAN O'HARA.

LORD AND LADY MANSFIELD TO DOCTOR TURTON.

Thursday, May 19th, 1768.

LORD and Lady Mansfield send their compliments to Doctor Turton, and desire that he would engage Mr. and Mrs. Garrick to name some day next week to do them the favour to dine with them at Kenwood; Lady Mansfield would have called upon Mrs. Garrick to have asked her herself, but not being sure of finding her, thought this the more certain way.

MR. SPRANGER BARRY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, About May, 1768.

I AM extremely sorry your business is again interrupted by a heavy misfortune fallen upon me, the death of my son, of which I received no information till yesterday in the evening. Though he had been dangerously ill for some time, yet I had last week very favourable accounts of him, his physicians thinking him in a very fair way of doing well; judge then how great my distress upon receiving so unexpectedly the account of his death.

Circumstanced as I am, and incapable of determining for myself, I would request the favour of your advice, whether I shall defer my benefit to some future night that you can spare, or take another play on Wednesday, as I am really incapable of performing, even if decency did not prevent my appearing.

I am, with great respect, your most obedient humble servant,

SPRANGER BARRY.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's-inn, June 2, 1768.

YOU will now allow that I have waited with great calmness to see whether it was possible to play "Zenobia" eight times in the course of three months. It was acted on the 27th of February for the first time, and from that night to the end of May, all that could be done was to perform the piece six times, in all amounting to the mighty number of *seven nights!**

By what fatality this has so fallen out, I have never paused one moment to enquire; but I know it is without a precedent in the annals of the theatre. I am afraid, that while the government of the state has been relaxed, that of the theatre has grown languid also; otherwise the *flints* or the *dungs*, which to call them I do not know, must before now have been forced to *work for their wages*. To speak plain, Mr. Barry and Mrs. Dancer have behaved in such a manner that it would be the extreme of folly in me ever to trust either of them again. What, therefore, must be done with "Alzuma?" I value† that play much more than "Zenobia," and I am heartily glad it has not been strangled in its birth, as I suppose would have been the case if it had not been postponed to "Zenobia." The discouragement I have met with on this occasion has made me now desirous to withdraw it. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. By this step you will be freed from the burthen of another play, and I shall have the satisfaction of being independent of people who, to say no more, have used me very ill. I am sorry this transaction has proved so unlucky and disagreeable.

All the pride and feelings of an author I have suppressed, those of a man I cannot forget: "Alzuma" must, therefore, return to his prison-house. I think Mr. Hopkins mentioned to me that he was making a copy of it; if he has, I must beg that you will direct him to send it to me with the original. *Valeat res ludicra.*

It is fit, before I conclude, that I should say what I really think, namely, that the managers would, in my opinion, have done me all due justice if it had been practicable. In that conviction I remain, dear Sir,

Yours, with every good wish,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

* Such was the great and deserved success of a tragedy which originated with Tacitus, was given by Crebillon to the French stage, and adapted to the English taste by the dramatic skill of Murphy. It was ludicrous enough, to be sure, that a dedication to the actress should have delivered the author up as a helpless victim to her caprice. He could not retract the obligations which he had deliberately written.—ED.

† If this was the author's real opinion, he had it to himself;—it was really unworthy of his talents.—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampton, June 3, 1768.

I WAS considering your tragedy when I received your letter to take it home. I have obeyed your commands very unwillingly: my brother will take care to send both the copies to you; by mistake they were sent here yesterday. Indeed, you will do me but justice if you think that I have done every thing in my power to show my sentiments of the performance, and my great regard for the author. I have been most sincerely vexed that a play, so justly applauded, could not have been oftener performed, for your credit and our certain profit: Mr. Barry has certainly been ill, and we have all suffered for it. I hope that I shall yet prevail with you to change your mind; be assured, whatever may be your determination, that I shall always be ready to obey your commands as a manager, and convince you of my regard for you as a man. If it is in my power, or ever should be in my power, I shall be happy to know it, and proud to serve you on any occasion, for I am, most truly,

Your very humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

MR. SPRANGER BARRY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Broad Street, June 3, 1768.

THE treasurer has charged me with 48*l.* for the death of the Princess Louisa, which I apprehend ought not to affect my agreement, as my time ended the 15th of May, and as from the Princess's death, which was only two days before, to that time, benefits were appointed in which I had no concern (and which has been since performed). I hope, therefore, and believe, this deduction is made in my account without the order or privity of the managers, who would not, I am convinced, (if the case were otherwise) attempt to affect me so severely by an event which has not in any degree lessened the income of any other performer, if (as I apprehend) the houses have not on this occasion played one night less than they would otherwise have done.

I am very sorry, Sir, to perceive that I am distinguished from every other performer by a N. B. at the foot of my account, signifying, that since the close of it "the prompter has made a return to the office of four nights that Mr. Barry was not able to perform, amounting to 12*l.* 4*s.*" not to mention that these four days of Mr. Barry's illness were during the run of the new comedy, when, if he could have played, it would have been rather a detriment than an advantage to the managers.

I must beg leave just to observe to you, that what with the expense of 500*l.* for clothes, and the deductions of near 200*l.*, we have served the managers this season for a very moderate consideration, our real salary amounting to no more than 350*l.* each, though we figure it so much nominally.

I go out of town this day, and therefore beg leave to know what hour I may have the pleasure of waiting on you this morning.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

SPRANGER BARRY.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. SPRANGER BARRY.

SIR, Hampton, June 3rd, 1768.

IF there has been any mistake in your account, you may depend upon its being rectified. I have sent to my brother, that it may be done directly. The four days you mention are such a trifle, that I am sure the managers will agree to take it off. I must own that I did not understand that the season with you ended the 15th of May. The managers had no objection to your going to Ireland on that day, as you thought it would be of so much consequence to you: but surely they ought not to lose the small deduction which is allowed them by your articles, when they are obliged to give up the great advantage of your playing for them; besides, I thought, when you sent to us, that you gave up all thought of Ireland, and were ready to act for the remainder of the season; that you understood the agreement as I did. But these matters are very easily settled, as I am sure all parties mean fairly and justly, and I hope amicably to each other.

I must own that I am a very negligent attender to the accounts of the theatre, and depend upon the accuracy and justice of other people to do that business for me: I must, therefore, repeat what I said before, that the managers will immediately set to rights any articles of your account that may be wrong, and my brother will be ready to meet any body for that purpose, whenever you please to appoint him.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

I beg my best compliments to the lady.

MR. RICHARD RIGBY TO MR. GARRICK.

Monday, June 13th, 1768.

Do you imagine, my David, that any paltry consideration of office or business shall deprive me of the pleasure of our Mistley party?—I should be worth but half* the Pay-office indeed, if I could sacrifice the rites of Mistley to any earthly consideration: no, they begin the 25th at dinner—and you and your Cara Sposa are expected by,

Her and your faithful humble servant,

RICHARD RIGBY.

* The paymastership of the forces is a pure *sinecure*, yet so considerable as to afford provision to *two* dependents upon the State; though this heavy burthen is sometimes *cheerfully* borne by one pair of shoulders.—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR, Hampton, June 15th, Wednesday.

I SHOULD have answered your somewhat extraordinary letter immediately, had not the subject of it obliged me to see Mr. Lacy first: had you been at your lodgings in London when we sent my brother to you, (which by the by is not so long as you say,) your affair had been fixed before this, or at least we had been better prepared for our determination on both sides last Tuesday,—so that your putting the delay upon us is unjust.

Though you are ingenuously pleased to say that we were mysterious at our meeting, I must tell you, as ingenuously, that our darkness proceeded from your want of light; for if *you* had been more explicit and intelligible, we should have been as plain and determinate: but perhaps you did not find me so open, as you did at our first engagement? Indeed I was not, and I am very sorry that you yourself have been the occasion of it: the complaints you made at different times to different persons, of your doing this part and not doing that, with other disagreeable givings out, at a time when I thought that I was not only acting towards you with justice but with friendship—this, I say, determined me to behave more cautiously for the future, and to resolve that the basis of any subsequent engagement should come from yourself, and that what you was to do should be settled and agreed upon before common friends, that no more mistakes may be made for the future. But what do you mean by stage politics, and driving you into a toil? These, sure, are strange words to one who has served you last season to the best of his ability, and who is now well inclined to serve you as much as is in his power.

I cannot answer your paragraph about Mr. Clutterbuck, because you say that you are in joke; but whatever you may feel, I must assure you, that he is most sincerely your well-wisher. But to the point:—you seem to be sensible as well as ourselves, of the necessity of having Mr. Mossop, and said, were you in our places, that you would engage him. We intend to join him to our company if we can, for notwithstanding the whispers of Mr. Davies, or the reports of this or that person, the managers of Drury-lane have not had the least correspondence with him about engaging till lately; and could you have supplied the characters which he is fit for with credit to yourself and us, we had fully intended to look no farther. If therefore you think it not incompatible with your ease and reputation to be in our company, (which from your conversation we had reason to suspect,) and will be contented with a cast of characters (of the kind which I mentioned to you), Mr. Lacy and I are well inclined to enter into another engagement with you.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

Pray send me a line the first opportunity, and be as plain as I am.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

[FRAGMENT.]

18th June, 1768.

——BUT you are to say what terms you desire and expect for the next season, which we will either approve or offer you others: this is the common and natural way of doing business between managers and actors, and the only one to bring this affair to a speedy conclusion.

P. S. If there is not a great difference in our ways of thinking, I imagine some engagement might be made with you both as actor and dramatic author, that might be creditable and profitable to you and serviceable to us.

MR. A. DOW TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, July 16, 1768.

I THINK it very unnecessary to submit the tragedy to any man's judgment but yours.* Take it with you to the country; make your objections: if they can with facility be removed, I shall request the favour of you to bring it on; if not, it is far from being my intention to urge the point any farther. As I intend to leave town in a few days, I wish to have your answer as soon as convenient. I know not in what manner Dr. Goldsmith came to a knowledge of this transaction, but it is certain that he mentioned it publicly last night at Ranelagh to a gentleman, who asked me in a jeering manner, "What sentence the committee of critics had passed on my play?" In this situation of affairs I am reduced to a disagreeable dilemma, as I risk as much from your rejection as from the judgment of the public: had not this been the case, I intended never to have troubled you upon this head. Your opinion of the piece being, at the same time, known to be unfavourable, will subject it to many disadvantages, and creates a risk in the representation, of which I had no idea before. You may be assured it is with reluctance that I have given you so much trouble in this affair, and now wish it had never been agitated. I wrote from no view but amusement: if I had any reputation in letters to lose, I was willing to have risked it upon the opinion of my friends; and as I have always considered you in that number, I thought myself no less obliged to you for your objections than to them for their approbation: but in a matter of such delicacy, I hoped it would have been confined to ourselves. In this case, my resolution would not have been difficult to take; but as I am unwilling to subject myself to invidious surmises, I think it now in some measure necessary to bestow some attention upon it, should I find your objections can easily be removed. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ALEX. DOW.

* This was the tragedy of "Zingis," performed the year following.—ED.

THE EARL OF BUTE TO MR. GARRICK.

Wednesday.

LORD BUTE's compliments attend Mr. Garrick: he receives with great pleasure the present sent him, and he assures him that it is much more agreeable by being the produce of his own pen; and yet he is too jealous for his country's honour not to wish in silence that it had been the first composition, as well as the writing of Mr. Garrick, whose talents are not only equal but much superior to such a work. Lord Bute desires Mr. Garrick would excuse his freedom as to the purport of his letter; he is persuaded his silence can never be taken ill: were it possible, he would take care to prevent it.*

MRS. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Windsor Castle, July 18, 1768.

I HAVE just finished, would I could say accomplished, the translation of "Eugenie:" nothing but my reliance upon your good-nature, and the generous promise of your assistance, could make me venture to lay it before you in its present weak state; but we must not conceal our maladies from our physician, if we wish to be cured. To your humane and powerful protection I now commit it, without descanting either on the merits or defects of the original or copy, and submit the latter to be moulded by your masterly hand into whatever form you please. An ill state of health, and a very dissipated situation, have, perhaps, prevented my attending to the minute faults of a first copy; but you are too good a critic to lay any stress upon them. You will find that I have not deviated from the original story, which I am happy to know that you approve, and those characters which I have introduced to lengthen, will, I hope, also strengthen the performance; but it is solely on the pleas-

* The letters of great statesmen are apt to partake of a certain *cabinet* air, by which they are rendered mysterious and unintelligible. It would, I imagine, be very difficult, as an exercise, to write to your friend a card so completely obscure, as this is, to every other being. I can only *conjecture* the subject of the note.

Perhaps the *present* to his Lordship might be Mr. Garrick's farce newly printed, called "A Peep behind the Curtain, or the New Rehearsal." This was the "produce of his own pen," but not his as to the "*first composition*" of such a piece, that merit belonging to the author of the *original* "Rehearsal;" to the production of which original his Lordship thought Mr. Garrick's talents fully competent, and even to greater matters still. One is not surprised that *silence* should continue the obscurity in his Lordship's note to the very close of it.

The "Peep behind the Curtain" may discover a little more, namely, that its success was unbounded, being acted a hundred and eight times in one year; and that when Garrick settled with Barthelemon for the music of the burletta of "Orpheus," in the second act, he struck off ten guineas from the fifty, which he had promised, saying, that "the *dancing cows* had cost him so much money he could not really afford to give the composer *more*."—ED.

ing dependence of your inclinations to serve me that I rest my hopes of its success; and with the sincerest gratitude for them, I am, Sir,

Your much obliged and most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

I shall return to London next week, and remain there till I receive your commands: as soon as I have the pleasure of seeing or hearing from you I shall go into Hertfordshire.

MRS. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Windsor Castle, July 20, 1768.

I AM extremely sorry that the diffidence I expressed, in regard to the work I sent you by my son, should alarm or prepossess you against it. There are few people in the world who have a humbler opinion of themselves or their writings than I, but I must be vain indeed, if I did not suppose that any dramatic performance might receive the highest improvement from your hand: and as you have been so good to promise me your assistance, I did not even wait to give the work in question the little advantages of correcting or finishing which it may yet receive from me, but submitted it in the weak state of a first copy, or rough draft, to your inspection. I flatter myself, however, that you will find it not unworthy your attention, as the few persons I have shown it to pronounce it to be more interesting than any thing they have seen for a long time. From the circumstances of the story, the last act does not abound with incident as much as the preceding ones; I have therefore made it short, as all conversations which follow the *denouement* are generally tiresome to the audience. There is no part of the performance that I am not ready to alter at your desire, and I intreat you to consider it as the work of one whose highest ambition will be satisfied by your approbation, and whose sincerest gratitude will ever follow your kind attention to her, and who is, with unfeigned regard,

Your much obliged and obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

My son forgot "Eugenie" when he went to wait upon you; it shall be sent to your house in London by the first opportunity. *He* begs leave to present his best respects to Mrs. Garrick and you.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bath, July 27, 1768.

I, AS well as the rest of the world, acknowledge your riches, and know your princely spirit; but all will not do, for, as I told you before, I am already overpaid for that shabby performance; and if you have a mind to make me happier than all the presents London can afford, you must do it by never thinking yourself at all in my debt. I wished many years for the happiness of Mr. Garrick's acquaintance, and pray, dear Sir, let me now enjoy it quietly; for sincerely and truly, I shall not be easy if

you give way to any of your romantic whimsies: besides, d—n it, I thought you knew me too well, you who can read hearts and faces both at a view, and that at first sight too. Come, if you will not plague me any more upon this frightful subject, I will tell you a story about *first sight*. You must know, Sir, whilst I lived at Ipswich, there was a benefit concert in which a new song was to be introduced, and I being steward, went to the honest cabinet-maker who was our singer instead of a better, and asked him if he could sing at sight, for that I had a new song with all the parts wrote out. "Yes, Sir," said he, "I can." Upon which I ordered Mr. Giardini of Ipswich to begin the symphony, and gave my signal for the attention of the company; but behold, a dead silence followed the symphony instead of the song; upon which I jumped up to the fellow: "D—n you, why don't you sing? did not you tell me you could sing at *sight?*" "Yes, please your honour, I did say I could sing at sight, but not *first* sight."

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.*

P. S. I beg, Sir, you will leave the affair of Gossett to me. I shall give him a bill payable at first sight, I assure you.

MRS. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Windsor Castle, Friday Morning.

WITH this you will receive my first act, which is all I have been able to get through since I had the pleasure of seeing you. I hope you will find it much improved, and your objections entirely removed.

My dear Sir, how shall I tell you? You will hang me! And I confess I deserve to be hanged; but the truth must out. I have by some unfortunate accident lost the paper of memorandums, which I made in consequence of our last conversation: this has fretted me considerably, and almost addled my poor brains. I am afraid to proceed, and yet unwilling to stop. I remember your plan for the fourth and fifth acts, but the second and third have quite escaped me. May I hope you will be so good as to recollect your own observations, and enclose them to me as soon as it is convenient? Indeed, Sir, I blush while I make this request, though I have no reason to doubt your goodness to me.

I am to thank you for your letter from Gregorie's, and most sincerely wish I may be able to answer your expectations, as my highest ambition would be gratified by your approbation. I beg you, Sir, to present my respects to Mr. Beighton, and to believe me with the truest esteem,

Your much obliged, and most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

I send the former first act as far as relates to the latter; the second act is to open with the interview between Harriet and Lord Eustace.

* The great painter, who excelled in portrait as well as landscape. The best estimate of his talents is in the lecture which Sir Joshua Reynolds devoted to him.—ED.

MRS. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Windsor Castle, August 19th, 1768.

As your hurry is over, I hope your anger is so too, and that I may now venture to tell you that your letter gave me very great concern: it would have vexed me still more, if I had been conscious of deserving your resentment; but let that matter rest.

I should be very glad to know your opinion of the first act, which I sent you; and by what means I can best convey the second act to you?

I perfectly agree with you, that our present plan is a very good one, and I must beg leave to assure you that I was never more seriously engaged in any pursuit than in endeavouring to execute it to your satisfaction. There is a difficulty which has arisen with regard to the unity of time, by changing the first interview between Lord Eustace and Harriet into the second act; but this may be easily settled when we meet. I flatter myself that the characters are much strengthened by the re-writing, and that the improbabilities are removed, as far as the original plan will admit; but I most willingly submit my opinion to your's: as I have the strongest dependence both on your judgment and good-nature, I shall always be grateful for your kind exertion of them in my favour, and ever acknowledge myself,

Your sincerely obliged, and most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. PATERSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, New Burlington-street, 20th August, 1768.

CALLING at the house for places the other day, I inquired after your health of your brother George, when, from some oracular answers to some of my inquiries, I had reason to suspect that all is not well in Denmark. Some dark hints of your being disgusted, and resolved to quit the stage, have alarmed me. It was an additional mortification to me to find that I am no longer in your confidence; since you decline imparting your complaints to me, who so heartily (and I may say successfully) laboured to remove them two years ago. If this is so, you will think me impertinent in wishing to know what you do not care to tell me. If, on the contrary, I still retain your good opinion, you will at once open your mind to

Your sincere friend and faithful humble servant,

JOHN PATERSON.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. PATERSON.

DEAR SIR, Hampton, Sunday 21st, 1768.

I WAS very glad to have it in my power to procure you such good places. I have been well in my health, and will endeavour to continue so, in spite of some disagreeable circumstances which have lately happened between my partner and me. And that they may have no effect upon my spirits, I am resolved to close our theatrical connection as soon as possible. I have (and I believe you know it) withstood very great temptations to be easy at Drury-lane, and to end my theatrical life there; but fate, and Mr. Lacy, who seems to be alone insensible of my merit and services, will drive me away, and they shall have their ends. I would not trouble you any more, because I know it is in vain to settle us as we ought to be. Mr. Lacy thinks and speaks very injuriously and unjustly of my brother, and has lately done some things which I think shows a spirit contrary to that of our articles, and the terms of our reconciliation settled before you; therefore I will immediately prepare for my brother's retreat, and will most assuredly follow him. I will have no more altercations with Mr. Lacy; I now see the depth of his good-will to me and mine, and shall act accordingly.

When you and Mrs. Paterson will make us happy at Hampton, you shall know more. Mrs. Garrick begs that you will fix some day in the next week, Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday.

I am ever, and most truly your affectionate

D. GARRICK.

Do not imagine that I have slighted your advice by not communicating my sentiments. I have really avoided it from mere regard to you.

T. G. TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bath, 22nd Aug. 1768.

I DOUBT I stand accused (if not accursed) all this time for my neglect of not going to Stratford, and giving you a line from thence as I promised; but, Lord! what can one do such weather as this—continual rains? My genius is so damped by it, that I can do nothing to please me. I have been several days rubbing in and rubbing out my design for Shakspeare,* and d—n me if I think I shall let it go or let you see it at last. I was willing, like an ass as I am, to expose myself a little out of the simple

* It is a pity that such a genius as Gainsborough should have dishonoured himself, and sullied pure white paper by such profane filth! I would have letters written colloquially, and conversation be guardedly innocent and decent. How could Pope's immortal couplet be lost upon such men as were Hoadly and Gainsborough?—ED.

portrait way, and had a notion of showing where that inimitable poet had his ideas from, by an immediate ray darting down upon his eye turned up for the purpose; but G—d d—n it, I can make nothing of my ideas, there has been such a fall of rain from the same quarter. You shall not see it, for I will cut it before you can come. Tell me, dear Sir, when you purpose coming to Bath, that I may be quick enough in my motions. Shakspeare's bust is a silly smiling thing,* and I have not sense enough to make him more sensible in the picture, and so I tell ye, you shall not see it.

I must make a plain picture of him standing erect, and give it an old look, as if it had been painted at the time he lived; and there we shall fling 'em, dam' me.

Poor Mrs. Pritchard died here on Saturday night at eleven o'clock; so now her performances being no longer present to those who must see and hear before they can believe, will, you know, my dear Sir,—But I beg pardon, I forgot—Time puts all into his fob, as I do my time-keeper—*watch* that, my dear.

Who am I but the same, think you?

T. G.

"Impudent scoundrel!" says Mr. G——k. "Blackguard!"

MR. PATERSON TO MR. G. GARRICK.

DEAR GEORGE, New Burlington-street, Aug. 24, 1768.

I HAVE taken the liberty to alter your brother's letter to me by marking the part I would have left out, as a complaint which in my opinion cannot be supported. And yet upon reflection I think it may perhaps be good policy to let it stand,† that, by deciding it against him, I may have more weight in my determination of those points in which Lacy is undoubtedly wrong. When fair argument, or the justice of the case, are not likely to prevail, through the adversary's prejudices or stupidity, I

* *Shakspeare's bust is a silly smiling thing.*—Of this, Mr. Gainsborough was a perfect judge, and he speaks the exact truth of it. Of late, we have had a rage for what has been termed the *genuine* Shakspeare, and an attempt was made by *some unthinking* people, to substitute the Stratford *fatuity* for the at least sensible representation in Poet's Corner. The statue there seems to be an improvement of the Chandos picture, which was painted evidently by a very poor artist. What was said of the heroes before Agamemnon—"they had no poet, and they died," is applicable to the *features* of the Poet himself;

"They had no painter, and they died."

It is undoubtedly true, that a rude likeness may be drawn by a dauber; and we can rely so far upon the dismal resemblance; but what can be done with it in a period where *art* is required, to render pictures endurable? If we correct the drawing, we perhaps expunge some absolute peculiarity in the feature; if we allow imagination to infer the Poet's personal character from his mental power, we are calling upon fancy to regulate fact, and every man will draw a Shakspeare for himself. Who that ever looked at the head of Sir Walter Scott of our own day, could believe him to be the Genius of Romance?—ED.

† Admirable, judicious, excellent Paterson!—ED.

think it justifiable to employ a little art for obtaining what ought not to be refused. King William had occasion for a million in the war he was engaged in. The Tories violently opposed every measure of Government. One of them, however, saw the justice and necessity of the demand, and therefore advised the Minister to ask for *two* millions, that by restraining the grant to one, he might appear to thwart the Minister and yet supply the exigencies of the State. I am glad your brother has deferred our meeting at Hampton. Mrs. Jones is so ill, and my wife so good a daughter, that I fear we shall not be in a condition to think of pleasure for some time. We neither of us could have a greater than to enjoy the company of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. Pray assure them both of our affection and esteem, and believe me ever

Your faithful friend,
JOHN PATERSON.

REV. T. FRANCKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Thundridge, Sept. 27, 1768.

I BUT this moment received yours, which was sent me with other letters from London, and have taken this first opportunity of answering it. The *state of my mind*, which you desire to know, is *this:* after the many and great obligations which I have to Mr. Garrick, I should think it highly ungrateful not to prefer *his* advantage and convenience to my *own;* and have, besides, such an opinion of his judgment as will incline me, in most cases, to submit implicitly to it. I desire therefore you would act in the point you mention, as may be most agreeable to your interest and inclination. I should be very sorry to prevent the appearance of any *performance of merit*, as such are not to be met with every day, and therefore beg it may be produced immediately.

With regard to my own tragedy, the state of it (which you will perhaps think but an indifferent one) is fairly, candidly, and exactly as follows. The two *first acts* in a very imperfect condition, and not such as please me at present—the principal scene of the third (and that only) well and carefully written. The two last acts completely, and, I think, highly finished: the part of the Duke (turn to Voltaire and look at it) is amazingly improved,* and such a one as would almost deserve a Garrick to support it, and which, if you were as willing as you are able to perform, would be no disgrace to you. The whole, however, cannot be perfectly fit for your inspection till near Christmas, at which time (and not before) it will and shall, if I have health, be ready.

"Hoc si quid promittere de me
Possum, promitto."†

* I fancy he means the Duke de Foix.—ED.

† HOR. Sat. 4. Book i.

You may then, if any of your engines chance to fail, make use of mine, or defer it till the next season, which will be equally agreeable to, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and obedient servant,

T. FRANCKLIN.

P. S. Whenever I appear on the stage, I propose for many reasons to be *incog.*: I beg therefore that this letter and the subject of it may be so likewise.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Windsor Castle, Aug. 24th, 1768.

TEN thousand thanks to you for your delightful letter: I wish you were to scold me every day, provided you were obliged to make me *such* amends. You say I am not to expect "milk and honey from you;" ay, but I do, and corn, wine, and oil also—for indeed, my dear Sir, if "Eugenie" should ever produce any of them for me, I shall consider myself indebted to you for them.

I hope you will not think I have been idle, as I now send you the second and third acts. I have, as you desired, just sketched out the scene between Wilson and Sir Wm. Evans; you will see how much it wants your aid, and I doubt not but you will give it. The character of Wilson has, I think, been of great use to this drama; but he may, if you please, become an ornament to it also. I have not time to look over the third act, which I have this moment finished, as I take the opportunity of sending it by a young gentleman who waits till I have finished this, with the utmost impatience.

I know not whether I am to rejoice or grieve that you are to play Macbeth before the King of Denmark. Do, my dear Sir, have pity on me; remember I have never seen you play it, and that I would give—I will not say how much, because I should still think it too little—indeed you will extremely oblige me, if you will make Johnson keep me a couple of places anywhere that I can see *you*.

I beg you will present my best respects to Mrs. Garrick: I hope I shall some time or other have the pleasure of hearing her tell me, what I am very ready to believe, that it is rather your good than ill-nature that prompts you at some times to seem angry. I shall be but too happy, if what I now send you, should have the good fortune to please; or if you should think that it wants but little mending, I shall be ready to set about any species of alteration that you think necessary.

I have not left myself room on the other side, and must therefore subscribe myself on this, your truly obliged friend,

And most obedient humble servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. ALEXANDER DOW TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lisle-street, Sept. 1st, 1768.

HAVING now finished the alterations you were pleased to recommend in the tragedy of "Zingis,"* I herewith send the fourth and fifth act for your perusal, that you may be the better able to judge of the performance by having it all at once before you. The alterations I have made in consequence of your very judicious observations, have amounted to little less than five hundred lines, and I flatter myself that the piece is become much less exceptionable than it was before. I hope you will now find the character of Ovisa is supported throughout, and even rising in every scene to the last. Should you think it necessary, I shall lengthen the scene of Aunac in the third act; for, since the day I had the honour of conversing with you upon that subject, a thought has arisen to me that will, I think, mend it. I hope you will do me the favour to excuse the trouble I have given you, and that you will convey to me your opinion as soon as it shall be convenient.

I am, with great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

ALEX. DOW.

MR. ALEXANDER DOW TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lisle-street, Sept. 8th, 1768.

I HAVE with great attention made those alterations in the fourth act which you were so obliging as to point out. I have thrown the scene of Zingis out, lengthened the scene of Ovisa and Timur, and made the latter embark in the conspiracy in the way which I conceived you desired; at any rate, it is the only way which will suit the general plan of the other acts. The fifth act remains as it was, as it naturally rises from the preparations made in the preceding one. I have lengthened the scene of Aunac in the third act, and inserted a speech in the part of Zingis, which displays the political qualities of that hero. I have also altered the form of the first scene of the first act, and, I think, made the story more clear, though I have reduced near forty lines. Upon the whole, after the most critical perusal of the play, I do not think any more alterations in the scenes can be made, consistent with the general plan: as to lines, expressions, or a few sentiments, these may be changed without

* I have never been able to ascertain why the very moderate fame of this author has been disputed with him. He was born in Scotland, and resided long in India. His play exhibits the barbarous names of Hindostan, and the false sublime of Ossian; all this was to be expected from himself:—that he had many friends and countrymen who were clamorous for his success, was to be expected from them; he had obtained military rank, and could return such favours in kind.—ED.

much trouble, if it is necessary. I have to ask your pardon for the trouble I have given you on this occasion, and to beg that you will accept my thanks for the attention you have paid to the amendment of the performance.

I am, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

ALEX. DOW.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Windsor Castle, Sept. 2d, 1768.

I AM extremely happy to hear that you approve of the three acts I have sent you; the fourth goes with this; I hope it will be equally agreeable to you. There are some inconsistencies in it, which I could not avoid, but which may be very easily remedied by trifling insertions in the foregoing acts. The fifth act will, I fear, be very difficult. I think Lord Eustace's intention of not firing upon Sir William Evans should be known to the audience before the duel is prevented. Would you have him then offer his hand to Harriet, or as it was before, go to his father and return, after acquainting him with his situation? Of what use can Frampton be in the last act? I should be very glad to have your opinion upon these matters before I proceed, though I am extremely impatient to get the play finished, as I have business that calls me to London, and only wait at Windsor to receive your commands. The time of this piece is totally unsettled, and will require some attention. There are several other things that I have made memorandums of, in order to mention to you when I have the pleasure of seeing you. I mean to cut out that part where the Colonel offers himself for Lord Eustace's second, as it must lessen the surprise of his being so; but I submit the whole to your direction, Sir, and only plead the merit of being ready to obey.

I am, Sir, with the sincerest esteem,

Your much obliged and most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. ALEXANDER DOW TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, London, Sept. 13th, 1768.

I HAVE the honour of your letter, together with the tragedy of "Zingis." I am sorry that the manner I expressed myself seems to have been understood to preclude any farther criticisms you might be pleased to make. I am very sensible of the favour you did me in your former strictures, and my attention to them had much mended the performance; and I candidly confess it was then my opinion that if these alterations had not rendered the play fit for the stage, I thought myself unequal to the task. You must by this time be in some measure a judge of what I can do; and

if the plan is not fundamentally wrong, I will alter any small part that you may think capable of improvement. But I have no great spirit to proceed farther without some prospect of rendering it, with these amendments, worthy of your acceptance. I have all along professed an uncommon respect for Mr. Garrick's judgment in matters of this kind, and I shall implicitly follow his directions.

I am, with respect, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ALEX. DOW.

MR. ALEXANDER DOW TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Saturday Night.

ACCORDING to your proposal, I shall be glad to be honoured with your company at a *petit* dinner on Monday, and shall endeavour to get our friends to convene at two o'clock. Mr. McPherson went out of town this morning, and I have not yet seen Mr. Cumberland; but I make no doubt but we shall be able to get them together, and should it happen otherwise, we must settle the matter between ourselves. I hope nothing but friendship will have place amongst us; for upon full conviction that no private views exist, we ought certainly to hear every objection with candour, since it is well known the opinions of the first men in every walk of life seldom coincide in every particular. I had written three sheets about your objections and explanations of particular passages where I think you have misunderstood me, which must certainly be my fault, as you have read the play so often; but upon reflection I found that an hour's conversation would do more than a whole day could produce upon paper. I am much obliged to you for your offer of representing Sethona with care and spirit, but rest assured that, without you are convinced that it is worthy of representation, I will by no means impose such a tax upon your friendship.

I am, with esteem, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ALEX. DOW.

ANTONIO CARRARA TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Florence, Oct. 16th, 1768.

YOUR commission at Milan was executed by Mr. Hamilton, as I have not had any opportunity of seeing Capt. Minifie, who was in the country along with the Count Firmian, who has been visited by Sir Watkin and his company twice, and besides that, has been to a party of pleasure over *il Lago di Como* along with them. Mr. Hamilton told me, that Capt. Minifie was very well satisfied with regard to you,

and that Count Firmian showed to have very great regard for you, and was highly pleased with the present you had sent him. Sir Watkin's intention is not altered in the least, as we are to be in England by the latter end of February the farthest: be pleased then, Sir, to prepare yourself to think what commands you will have for me at Paris, as we shall be there in February for a day or two. I am sorry to acquaint you, that the Duke of Devonshire cuts but a poor figure abroad, and is reckoned dull, if not stupid; he sees but little company, and does not show enough, considering his rank and his fortune. Sir Watkin, on the contrary, has a noble spirit, and does every thing very genteel, and generously; he is very much liked, and behaves extremely well with regard to every thing. He is to give one of these days a great dinner to above fifty people; after dinner there is to be a great concert. Manzoli and Guarducci are to sing; and in the night he gives a noble ball: we are in hopes to have the great Duke and Duchess at it: this is to be at Hadfield's country house. Florence has never seen so many English together: there is, besides the Duke and his family, Lord Exeter with six gentlemen, one of the Duke of Northumberland's sons, Lord Fortrose, Lord Tilney, Lord Cupper, Sir John Dick and his Lady, Sir Thomas Tancred, Sir Gregory Turner, besides our family,* and twenty other gentlemen. Sir Horace Mann is to have the order of the Knights of Bath very soon; Sir John Dick brought it from London; and there is to be a great feast upon this occasion. I hope that you will receive thanks from Sir Watkin for having recommended me to him; he repeated that several times to me, and I am sensible he is very glad that I am with him. Nothing almost is done without asking my advice, and my situation is very agreeable to me, as I know that the gentlemen like me and my way of behaving. I expect with great anxiety a letter from you: add this favour to all the rest, I beseech you; if I wish for any thing, it is certainly to hear from you. I hope Mrs. Garrick is well, and I hope the same of you; I have seen in the papers that you acted lately. If you had given me a commission for dancers, I could have procured you some very clever, either men or women. I have seen several very good in different characters. I left Adriani and his wife at Milan, who desired I would mention to you that he should be very glad to be at your theatre next year; but I have seen some superior to him. Mr. Hamilton agrees with me about this article. In about a week we will set off for Rome, where we intend to stay till the first of December: then we will proceed on our journey towards Naples, and coming back we will take Loretto in our way to Venice, from whence we will come by Germany, as you did, to England. If you intend to honour me with your letters, be so obliging as to direct them to Marquis Belloni at Rome, who will forward them to Naples, in case we should be there. As you have not given me a positive order about paying Mr. Hadfield for the wine he had sent to you, I have not done it; but if you will be pleased to order me to do it, I can do it from Rome. I shall expect your answer about this particular. He says that the wine comes to five

* Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's.

pounds and sixteen shillings. Excuse me for the liberty I take in begging from you to give my compliments to Mr. Hart. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

A. CARARA.*

MRS. LENNOX TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Somerset-house, Oct. 25th, 1768.

THE success which has lately attended writers for the stage, and some of them too of my own sex, has encouraged me to write a comedy,† which I beg you will read with your usual candour, and that indulgence you have always shown for my writings. You will find that I have pursued a hint you gave me some years ago, which has furnished me with one of the most interesting incidents in the whole piece. You may depend upon it that every alteration and amendment which you judge necessary, will be readily, and thankfully admitted. I am so fully persuaded of your justice and benevolence, that I do not think you will reject my play unless you find it wholly destitute of merit, and by accepting it you will confer a great obligation upon me, and put it in the power of my friends to serve me, in a way in which they have often wished to serve me, and often recommended to me. But whatever be your determination, Sir, I earnestly entreat you to acquaint me with it soon; suspense is a most uneasy state of mind, and on this occasion delay will be productive of great inconveniences.

I am, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

CHARLOTTE LENNOX.

I have not yet written the concluding lines, but that can be done when the piece has received your corrections.

* This ingenious man is one of a class of useful beings, natives of several European States, but never of our own. They are a compound of valet de place, major domo, courier, compagnon du voyage, humble friend, and connoisseur. They are acquainted with the route, they speak the languages, they measure accurately the expectations of the traveller and the people whom he visits; they weigh in the nicest scales the relative weight of individuals of the same nation, and take care of their master's consequence for their own. That they invariably govern is to be expected—their's is the really useful talent; and by the time the stranger is able abroad to manage for himself, the place has lost its charm, or the visitor becomes too indolent to move; perhaps the prey moreover of some faithless and mercenary woman; and is for years an uncomfortable exile from his native country and his friends, without the compulsory sentence of a court of justice.—ED.

† "The Sister," her own novel of Henrietta dramatized. It was acted one night *only* at Covent Garden Theatre, the year following.—ED.

MR. CHARLES YORKE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sunday Night, Nov. 27th, 1768.

I THANK you very much for your kind note, and shall be much obliged to you, if you can spare time from the important concerns of the theatre, to vote at Brentford, as a Middlesex freeholder, for Sir William Beauchamp.

The appearance of all our friends is desired earnestly. Your interest, I know, is great, where you have exerted it; and if it were as great in Wapping, as it is elsewhere, there could not be the least doubt of success; but I fear that your friend *Langstaffe* (who once offered me a share in three privateers, meeting me upon a full trot) would beat you there, as a canvasser. However, it will be enough for you to have the better end of the *staff* in *chancery*, as I think you have.

Mrs. Y. presents her compliments to you and Mrs. Garrick, and is very sorry that she was not at home when Mrs. G. called upon her; but she was gone with her children to see the King go in state to the House of Lords. She begs a favour for Lady Grey, Lord Hardwick, and herself, that, when "Zenobia" is next acted (for which night they have taken boxes), "The Padlock" may be added to it (if it consists with convenience, rules of the house, &c. &c.); of these things they know nothing, and a word from you will put it out of their heads, in case it is improper.

I am, dear Sir, with true esteem,

Your faithful and obedient humble servant,

C. YORKE.

MRS. CATHERINE CLIVE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Nov. 27th, 1768.

I AM most extremely obliged to you for your very polite letter: how charming you can be when you are good; I believe there is only one person in the world who has never known the difference.*

I shall certainly make use of the favour you offer me; it gives me a double pleasure—the entertainment my friends will receive from your performance, and the being convinced that you have a sort of a sneaking kindness for your Pivy. I suppose I shall have you tapping me on the shoulder, (as you do to Violante,) when I bid you farewell, and desiring one tender look before we part, though perhaps you may recollect and toss the pancake into the cinders. You see I never forget any of your good

* On this very pleasing letter Mr. Garrick wrote with his own hand—

"A love-letter—the first I ever had
from that truly great comedian, Mrs. Clive."

things. Pray make my best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and believe I shall always have sincere pleasure when I can assure you I am

Your obliged and humble servant,

C. CLIVE.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Friday, Dec. 2d, 1768.

As Mr. and Mrs. Barry have now given their absolute refusal, I beg to know how you intend to proceed without them. Holland may, if he pleases, do very well in Sir William, and Jefferson in Frampton. Mrs. Barry will be a loss to us; I know not how to supply her place, unless you put one of the new actresses into the part of Harriet; but I submit all these matters to you, only entreating you to let me know your determination. I will wait on you whenever you please, as I cannot avoid being a little anxious about my poor nameless brat.

I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely.

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. E. GRIFFITH.

MADAM, Dec. 6th, 1768.

You may depend upon my settling the parts to the best of my judgment, for your sake as well as my own. I hope and expect that Mrs. Clive is preparing herself in the Welsh aunt, for she must have time for it. I shall read the play to them before the holidays. I think Miss Younge or Mrs. Baddeley should do Harriet; the figure and beauty of the last would suit it well, and she would act it agreeably; but that I shall not determine upon immediately.

You have, Madam, in most of your letters to me acknowledged your obligations to me in furnishing you with a subject for your play, and often repeating what advantages it has received by my advice, alterations, additions, &c. in the plot, scenes, language, &c. As I have never in the least doubted your sincerity, I have pursued what I thought my good offices, with the greatest alacrity, and let me add, kindness. Now, Madam, all I desire in return for this is to have under your and Mr. Griffith's hand, that you really believe that what I have done to the play has been to its advantage; or, if you do not think so, that you or *he* will be so good to let me know what I may have altered for the worse, (which you may have submitted to, that you might not offend the manager,) that it may be restored directly. I must beg this favour from you as soon as possible, and you shall know some time or other the reason for this my very particular request.

I am, Madam, your most sincere well-wisher and humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, 1768.

THOUGH in the midst of company, I cannot delay giving you the proof you desire of my sincerity, by declaring, as I have ever done, that I think myself extremely obliged to you for your kindness to me in the trouble you have taken with my play, and that I am thoroughly convinced the alterations you have made in it have considerably improved it.

This declaration I owe to justice and myself, and I hope I shall be indebted to you for informing me who could be base enough to insinuate any thing to the contrary, as I am, with all the sincerity you are kind enough to give me credit for,

Your much obliged and most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

I MOST sincerely subscribe to the truth of the above expressions, and am, dear Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

RICHARD GRIFFITH.

MR. WHELER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Brick Court, No. 1, Middle Temple, Dec. 6th, 1768.

THE old Town-hall of Stratford on Avon, where* you very well know Shakspeare was born and lies buried, hath this present year been rebuilt by the Corporation, assisted by a liberal contribution from the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood. The lower part of the building is used as a market-place, and is of great benefit to the poorer sort of people; over it is a handsome assembly room. It would be a reflection on the town of Stratford to have any public building erected there without some ornamental memorial of their immortal townsman; and the Corporation would be happy in receiving from your hands some statue, bust, or picture of him, to be placed within this building. They would be equally pleased to have some picture of yourself; that the memory of both may be perpetuated together in that place which gave him birth, and where he still lives in the mind of every inhabitant.

The Corporation of Stratford, ever desirous of expressing their gratitude to all who do honour and justice to the memory of Shakspeare, and highly sensible that no person in any age hath excelled you therein, would think themselves much honoured if you would become one of their body. Though this borough doth not now send members to parliament, perhaps the inhabitants may not be the less virtuous; and to render the freedom of such a place the more agreeable to you, the

* Carelessly expressed; "in which town," instead of *where*, would relieve the town-*hall* from the nativity and interment of the Poet.—ED.

Corporation propose to send it in a box made of that very mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare's own hand. The story of that valuable relic is too long to be here inserted; but Mr. Keab, who is so obliging as to convey this to you, will acquaint you therewith, and the writer hereof flatters himself it will afford you some entertainment, and at the same time convince you that the inhabitants of Stratford are worthy of your notice.

I am your obedient humble servant,

FRAN°. WHELER.

A COPY OF THE FREEDOM OF A BURGESS GIVEN TO DAVID GARRICK.

Stratford upon Avon Borough. At a Common Council held this 11th day of October 1768, present

Samuel Jarvis, Mayor.

ALDERMEN.

William Lees,	William Bolton,
John Halford,	Richard Lord,
Nathaniel Cooks,	John Baylis,
Richard Allen,	John Hitchcocks,
William Evetts,	John Meachum.

BURGESSES.

William Eaves,	Isaac Gardner,
Thomas Nut,	Charles Ingram.
Richard Stevens,	

David Garrick, Esq. the great theatrical genius of the age, and who has done the highest honours to the memory of the immortal Shakspeare (a native of this place), was unanimously elected an honorary burgess of this Corporation, and his freedom was directed to be presented to him in a box to be made of the Mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare's own hands.

Given under the common seal of said borough the day and year above mentioned.

UMBRA TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, 10th Dec. 1768.

AT the time that I entertain the highest opinion of your judgment, I have no less a one of your good-nature, and should therefore be equally easy in trusting to your view not only my wisdoms but my follies; satisfied that where you could not approve, you would be gentle in censure.

In this persuasion I should be inclined to entreat the favour of your perusal of a

play which I have had lying neglected in my study now some years. It was begun as an amusement in the country; continued because what was begun pleased me; and now submitted to you, partly out of a foolish sort of vanity, and partly because I think it may entertain his R. H. the Prince of Wales, who will probably be often your visitor. I have only to insist on your granting me two demands: first, that as I seek no emolument, I be not put upon a common footing; but that you will read me *à tête posée* patiently, and if you can, twice. Secondly, that you make no enquiry who I am, but be content to converse with a voice; or be it a shadow, it will be the more romantic.

I enclose you the argument and a few specimens; if you approve of them, your signification thereof directed to A. B. in a cover to Mr. Powell, at Chace-side, Enfield, will determine me to send you the manuscript.

Whatever be your decision, I shall ever honour the man whom the world present honours, and whom the future must hear of with admiration.

I am with the greatest esteem and respect, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

UMBRA

Endorsed.

"Letter about a play, the author of which could not be found from his own direction."

MR. T. KING TO MR. GARRICK.

Russell-street, Dec. 19, 1768.

I HOPE, my dear Sir, to be believed when I declare to you, that circumstanced as I now am, the whole receipts of Covent-garden or any other theatre, could not tempt me to leave the patentees of Drury-lane:—so much for the present.

You desire to know if it will be agreeable to me to enter into a future article; I cheerfully answer *yes*. The time and salary I* rather wish should be proposed by the managers than myself: I hate to have many words about money matters, particularly when I think I am dealing with friends; therefore, that your offer may as near as possible accord at once with my expectations, I shall open myself with great frankness. My present income is a very genteel one; but it is natural for the man on foot to look up at the man on horseback, and for the man on horseback to envy the lazy fellow lolling in his chariot;—so it is with me. The favour of the managers, and the partiality of the public, forwarded not a little by my own industry, have put me a cock-horse, but I want to be in the theatrical carriage; not for the sake of ease (for you know I can bear a tolerable deal of dramatic jolting), but for my profit. When I look round both theatres, I see several performers whose stipends are much larger than mine,—vanity whispers, "Thus it ought not to be:" of this, however, paymasters must be, nay, ought to be the judges.

* Bad regimen.

I now consider that my fortune in the theatre is to be made or marred in the ensuing ten years; and as I may not always have a Mr. Garrick or a Mr. Lacy to treat with, I must proceed with a caution which I am sure you will rather approve than condemn.

The grand affair is this. My word is a bond which I will not break; Mr. Lacy and you, Sir, may choose to have what you may think better security, an *article*:—with all my heart, provided you will endorse on the back of the article a memorandum empowering me, if the patent should be transferred into other hands, to demand and receive my liberty, giving two months' notice. My attachment, which, on my word, is a hearty one, is not to the patent, but the owners of it: therefore, should they part with it, I should not be willing to be turned over as a part of the stock of live cattle grazing on the farm of old Drury. In short, I am desirous of spending the whole of my theatrical life with my present employers; but they, some time hence, may choose to retire, and I, in such a case, stand a chance of being involved in a lasting contention with some blockhead, whose sole merit may be a power of purchasing a precedence.

Your polite behaviour to me while you were treating with Mr. Macklin, deserved and had my warmest thanks: what you said to me on the occasion I can never forget. I flatter myself you think (and if you think it, I am sure you have generosity enough to say it) no one *comedian now* on either of the stages can have a right, unless you please to compliment him with it, to precede me in any one particular at Drury-lane. The rank I at present possess, I have fought long and hardly for, and hope I shall never have the mortification to find that the commanders under whom I have served, incline to put any one over my head. I am no stranger to the situation of the theatres and their interests, and it is my honesty that now assures you, Sir, that while I am, by Mr. Lacy and yourself, treated as a person you like and dare trust, my *inclination* ties me most firmly to you, and you might, on that security only, be certain of my doing my utmost to oblige. But the moment any part of that countenance and confidence is withdrawn, an article of adamant will not be strong enough to hold me. About money, I hope we shall have very few words. As to the number of years, let Mr. Lacy and you, Sir, please yourselves. When this matter is concluded, I dare say you will still kindly endeavour rather to increase than diminish my consequence in the theatre; and I, in return, will devote to the use of the managers that consequence and every effort in the power of

Your much obliged friend and very humble servant,

THOMAS KING.

MR. T. KING TO MR. GARRICK.

Russell-street, December 19th, 1768.

To the person by far the most dear to me in the small circle of my friends, let me declare there is not any thing so disagreeable to me as bargain-making, even with a stranger. How then am I now embarrassed! I was much pleased on your saying in your letter, you desired to have the settling my articles; for I thought I should by that be relieved from every part of so displeasing a transaction; but you afterwards request me to mention time and terms. I have not in the enclosed been very particular about *them*, but have dwelt on something more essential to *me* than either, or both.

Was the whole of the theatre and its appurtenances in your hand, I would not, on any account, take five minutes to make an agreement. I have too great a reliance on you to think it necessary; but you may not always be inclined to keep the power you now have, therefore I am obliged, for the sake of future quiet, to be very explicit. To the *manager*, I say, I do not care how *short* a time I contract for. That declaration is made from pride. To *my dear friend Mr. Garrick*, I say I don't care how long I bind myself; by so doing I shall avoid a repetition of this kind of business, so disagreeable to both of us. I sincerely hope you will find it convenient to preside at the theatre while I am obliged to continue on it. If you should not, I am determined to have it in my power either to retire from the field, or fight my way through it, as I shall find most agreeable. Mr. Lacy has ever to *me* (one particular excepted) behaved uniformly well; that and his situation, entitle him to respect; but should I say I am attached to him and his interest as I am to you and your's, my heart would immediately give me the lie. This, I hope, will not appear like flattery—should it do so, I shall be much misunderstood. I am vain enough to suppose my abilities as an actor will be a sufficient passport to the favour of the manager; but I would wish to have something more intrinsic to secure to me the opinion and good wishes of my friend. That I may, as far as I am able, separate the titles, I trouble you with two letters, that you may, if necessary, produce the *enclosed* to Mr. Lacy, whenever you choose to bring the business on the carpet. My conduct in this affair will, I hope, have your approbation. Should it not, I know your good-nature will make proper allowances, and oblige me with hints for amendment.

I am, dear Sir, with the utmost respect,

Your warmest well wisher, and much obliged humble servant,

THOMAS KING.

Pray, Sir, be kind enough to present my best respects to Mrs. Garrick.

CHARLES MACKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, December 24, 1768.

By the Monitor which is enclosed in this note, you may see what strange and malignant falsehoods are published by theatrical mercenaries in defiance of all decency, and without even the shadow of probability or common sense to give a colour to the malevolence. For my own part, I think it my duty as a parent to use my endeavours to prove the innocence of Miss Macklin, and the propriety of her conduct respecting the managers of Covent-garden, and of Mr. Hoole and his tragedy, and, if I can, to trace out the authors, or at least the notorious fomenters and abettors of the slander; and as a circumstance towards this end, I shall esteem it as a favour, and an act of justice, if you will answer me the following questions. Whether or no you sent for Miss Macklin to your house on the Wednesday morning after she had read the part of Aspasia in Mr. Hoole's tragedy of "Cyrus," which was the 7th instant; or whether she was at your house at all on that or any other day since "Cyrus" has been acted? Whether she has been in treaty, or is engaged at your theatre for next year? And if it be not a breach of private conversation, what passed between you and Mr. Hoole on Tuesday morning, the 6th instant, when he waited on you to inform you of his not having any person to act Aspasia that night, and to ask you for your advice?

I am sure your good sense and humanity will excuse this liberty, as it is in the cause of innocence and truth. You know Miss Macklin well, nobody better: she is of a peaceable timid nature, unused to the shafts of slander, and with grief I tell it you, she is severely hurt by this treatment; nor is it strange that she should, for this is the first dart she ever felt of reproach or accusation. And you, Sir, who are so intimate with the feelings of human nature, must know that the novelty of accusation gives a degree of sharpness to the first wound of innocence more intense than a charge of the blackest crime can give to the guilty, or perhaps than innocence can ever experience after.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

CHARLES MACKLIN.

P. S. I shall be obliged to you if you will return the Monitor, as I have a farther use for it, and cannot get another.

DR. J. DELAP TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Charles-street, St. James's, 1768.

I AM very far from being offended at your free and open behaviour; I must ever esteem those most who have most of it: and to convince you that I am in earnest, I will deal as freely and as openly with you. I will tell you, that however civilly you

may have offered me your services in the concluding part of your letter, yet I cannot bring myself to accept them after what went before. I am sensible that I could not now write for you with a proper spirit; I could not help feeling, throughout the work, that every scene must be in a manner prejudged: with your leave, therefore, I will not give you any farther trouble, or send you the plan that I have just sketched out. My present intention is to offer it to Mr. Colman, and, if he should have more confidence in me, to write for him to the best of my abilities: but let me entreat you not to imagine that I speak this in a splenetic humour; nothing, I assure you, is farther from my heart. I must always think of Mr. Garrick as highly as he deserves; and shall hope this will not prove the least interruption to an acquaintance that I must ever esteem, with the rest of the world, a very particular pleasure as well as honour. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. DELAP.*

MR. GAINSBOROUGH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, 1768.

I TAKE particular notice of your friendly anxiety for my recovery, I do assure you, and thank you most kindly for your *sharp* thought; but having had twelve ounces of blood taken immediately away, am perfectly recovered, strong in the back, and *able*—so make your sublime self easy. I suppose your letter to Mr. Sharp was upon no other business, so have enclosed it: but, observe, I thank you sincerely.

Shakspeare shall come forth forthwith, as the lawyer says. Damn the original picture of him, *with your leave;* for I think a stupider face I never beheld except D—k's.

I intend, with your approbation, my dear friend, to take the form from his pictures and statues, just enough to preserve his likeness *past the doubt of all blockheads* at first sight, and supply a *soul* from his works: it is impossible that such a mind and ray of heaven could shine with such a face and pair of eyes as that picture has: so, as I said before, damn *that*.

I am going to dinner, and after I will try a sketch. I shall leave the *price* to you; I do not care whether I have a farthing if you will but let me do it: to be sure, I should never ask more than my portrait price (which is sixty guineas), but perhaps ought to ask less, as there is no confinement of painting from life; but, I say, I leave it to you, promising to be contented *upon honour*. I could wish you to call, *upon any pretence*, any day after next Wednesday at the Duke of Montagu's, because you

* Dr. John Delap did not succeed in his applications to the rival manager. Thirteen years elapsed before his second effort made its appearance. Managers seldom recover the effect of a play that is acted a *third* time only for the benefit of the author.—ED.

would see the Duke and Duchess in my *last* manner; but not as if you thought any thing of mine worth that trouble, only to see his Grace's landscape of Rubens, and the four Vandykes, whole-length, in his Grace's dressing-room.

Endorsed.
"Letter from Gainsborough about
Shakspeare's and my picture, 1768."

ANTONIO CARARA TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Dec. 16.

YOUR faithful Antonio is at last in his native country, and entirely recovered from his late complaint. What I have suffered during my journey, and while at Spa, is out of purpose, having nothing in view but to assure you of my attachment to you, which proceeds from a grateful knowledge of what you have done for me.

I hope that by this time you are entirely satisfied of Mademoiselle Hidoux's behaviour and abilities. Should you think proper to have any good dancers, either men or women, from Venice, there are two couples here, which I think far superior to any one you ever had in England, with respect to their kind of dancing, which is the *mezzo carattere*. Though I never spoke to any of them, I am certain you could have them a great deal cheaper than Mademoiselle Hidoux, or Mr. Slingsby; but remember, that in case you would trust to my taste for them, you must be punctual with your answer, as, when the Carnival is over, they quit Venice immediately. Should you likewise want any thing of what kind soever from hence, you may entirely dispose of me, as you will find me always the same. The articles which we have here that are wanted in your country are, *Cyprus Wine, Maraschino, Rosolio*, and masks. Mrs. Carara begs her best respects to Mrs. Garrick, to whom I wish likewise you would present mine, while I have the honour to be,

Your most humble servant,
ANTONIO CARARA.

P. S. Please to direct to me, "chez Conrade Martens, Banquier, Venice."

ARTHUR MURPHY TO J. BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

DEAR BICKERSTAFF, Lincoln's Inn, Thursday Morning.

I AM going directly to Westminster, and, as I cannot think of rousing you out of your bed at nine in the morning, I take the first opportunity to tell you how much I am obliged to you for your very gentlemanlike manner of interposing between Mr. Garrick and me. The fact is, I am very unfit to act the character of the

Angry Boy,* and I only regret that nobody but yourself has had the Christian benevolence to attempt what you have so handsomely accomplished. I feel as if a mountain was taken off; for I must do myself the justice to say that to live in cheerfulness and good humour is the predominant habit of my temper. Forced resentment is of a corrosive quality, and does not agree with my constitution. In short, I am more pleased than I can tell you. I can now laugh, and can with satisfaction say there is not a man in the world to whom I have even a pretended ill-will.

" Hæc est vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique."†

I beg my compliments to Mr. Garrick. I thank him and you for the graceful ease with which every thing is adjusted. I shall be at your service any night whatever, and shall long for the time. I do not know how J. J. Rousseau would feel if a period were to be put to all his jealousies. To the devil I pitch mine, as we say in Dublin.

I not only think it right that we should *meet as if we had never thought unkindly of each other*, but I am sure it will be so.

I will take my chance at your house as I return from Westminster, and am with a thorough sense of your kind offices,

Dear Sir, ever yours,
ARTHUR MURPHY.

Endorsed,
" Letters from Mr. Bickerstaff and Mr. Murphy, with my answer about a reconciliation with Mr. Murphy."

DR. T. FRANCKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Feb. . . . 1769.

YOUR letter has made me easy; it is a very friendly one, and I thank you for it. Now therefore to my dramatic intentions, which you desire me to be explicit about. I have a tragedy by me unfinished, which has lain at the bottom of my drawers unregarded for these three months, almost drowned by the quantity of cold water which you threw upon it last autumn: I will take it out next week, and try if a little genial warmth from the sun of your favour will not bring it to life again; it is at present but a skeleton, I will put some flesh upon the bones, and as soon as it is fit to appear in company, wait upon you with it. With regard to your *having nobody*

* I see that Murphy had preceded Sheridan in this reference to old Ben's " Angry Boy." It did not suit Sheridan the less; and I remember well the long-continued echo of the term by the fry of small politicians, who, like most of their leaders, had never read the play. The " Angry Boy" was deemed, like Poins's robbery at Gad's-hill, " argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever." Even Mr. Pitt's friends joined in the laugh which it excited in the house.—ED.

† Hor. Satira vi. l. 128.

to act in it, you will please to observe I only alluded to your scald-miserable company of tragedians who exhibited "Zingis;" but, as *that* was a *work of genius* (*secundum doctissimum Garrickium*) it might be able to support *itself*. I make no such pretensions, and shall be very happy if *my* performance can make its way with the help of all the strength which your best actors can afford. I am sure you have too much friendship for me to permit my poor play to be *Zingis'd* for fear of bad consequences. I hope therefore (for I will take this opportunity to tell you my whole mind upon the subject) that Barry and his wife will be with you next winter; that my name may be concealed if possible, till the trial at least is over, and that you will take the trouble to attend the rehearsals of it: if I were to add another wish, it should be that it might not make its appearance till after Christmas, as poor Warwick suffered greatly on that account, and scarce ever showed himself before a full and polite audience.

As you are in earnest, I shall be so too, and set about it immediately, that it may be finished with all expedition: but I must not be hurried, as in that case my Pegasus is apt to fling me, though at the same time (which I beseech you to remember) a little spur now and then is of service.

I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

T. FRANCKLIN.

MR. BURKE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAREST GARRICK, St. Stephen's, Tuesday, 1769.

THE once patentee is worth all the existing patentees in the world. The Duke of Ormond said, that he would not change his dead son for the living sons of half the peerage. Be assured that your former request had all its weight with me; and what is strange, outweighed a very powerful recommendation of some of my own constituents. They have been since so attacked by applications from their connexions in Birmingham, that I have again had such instructions, as in wisdom, and indeed in common decency, I cannot wholly resist. You know that I cannot set my face against those to whom I owe my seat, unless the cause they espouse is indeed a bad one; nor would you in that case advise me to it. I hope to call on you and explain this matter to you very fully. Poor Hercules is fit only for spinning; and his club is not more powerful than Harlequin's sword. But I believe, as far as I can see, Yates is in no great danger. The house seems to be with him; and assuredly I do not mean to be a very mischievous enemy to him. With all cordiality and affection, ever yours,

E. BURKE.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ., WITH A WAX REEL.

As Garrick wrote a *billet-doux*,
(" Bless me! I can't believe that true."
You may believe as you think meet,
But *I* think all his lines are sweet,)
I enter'd at his study door,
And softly tripp'd along the floor.
" Madam," says he, " your most obedient,
Just seal this letter,—what expedient?
I have it,—here 's a bit of paper
Will do as well as any taper."
With pain I saw him twist and light
The fragment, which now blazed so bright.
The melting wax before it run,
Like snow dissolving in the sun.
But for his fingers as I trembled,
Though I my fright full well dissembled,
I then resolved that if third night
Made my purse heavy, my heart light,
This little implement should stand
For ever ready at his hand,
That I might boast it to my betters,
I had some share in Garrick's letters,
And like the sexton, slily tell,
That when he preach'd, I rang the bell.*

MR. BURKE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK,

I SEND you a *rosa sera*, a late turtle, an entertainment at least as good for the palate, as the other for the nose. Your true epicureans are of opinion, you know, that it contains in itself all kinds of flesh, fish, and fowl. It is therefore a dish fit for one who can represent all the solidity of flesh, the volatility of fowl, and the oddity of fish.

As this entertainment can be found no longer anywhere but at your table, or at those tables to which you give conviviality and cheerfulness, let the type and shadow of the master grace his board; a little *pepper* he can add himself; the *wine* likewise he will supply: I do not know whether he still retains any friend who can finish the dressing of his turtle by a gentle squeeze of the lemon. Our best regards to Madam,

Ever, dear Garrick, most faithfully, your obedient
E. BURKE.†

* No doubt from Mrs. Griffith, the dramatic writer.—ED.

† Perhaps Burke, by this pleasantry to his friend Garrick, suggested a comparison to Goldsmith in the poem of " Retaliation," the last effusion of the Doctor's muse. Burke had gaiety of the most sportive kind;

Westminster, Tuesday, one day before the meeting of the session that gives the finishing stroke.

MR. J. SHARP TO MR GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, C. C. C. Feb. . . . 1769.

THOUGH I am keeping Lent like one of the old monks of this old house in days of yore, I cannot help reflecting sometimes on the carnival I passed in town lately, and the pleasure I received from seeing Mr. Garrick in public and private. Nor do I forget the promise I made him of transmitting to him, one time or other, the alterations I have ventured to make in the first tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher. But when or where? Our stage was made for "Cæsar," and "Cato" has no business on it. In serious truth, I could not do greater penance than to submit my crudities to the just examination of the most extensive judge of the drama, and the best commentator on Shakspeare! Nevertheless, in the long vacation, and in some idle hour of the summer, "The Maid's Tragedy" may make you laugh at Hampton as well as any thing else. I could wish indeed you would set me a better task for my leisure, for, after all, *king-killing plays* are not the thing.

The arts and sciences, I find, are at variance, as we prophesied they soon would be. The President Reynolds, I am told, has desired to resign; that the King sent to him and insisted on his continuing; Reynolds returned that he owed his Majesty the duty of a subject, but no more; and that as his Majesty had never sat to him, as he had to many others, he desired to adhere to his resolution. The King then said he *would* sit to him: since that, another of the artists has applied for the like honour.

Our poor friend Arden's fate I begin to think was owing to his marrying a woman whom he did not love, and losing one whom he did love, and might (when too late) have had by the death of her husband, Major Barton; she was formerly Miss Ekins. In a letter written a little before he married, Arden said, "He was not romantically in love; that the lady was rather too young for him, she being twenty-three and he thirty-seven; that she was little and short, and had a cast with one eye, but was not ugly!" This, from a lover on the brink, did not promise much. I forgot to tell you before, that John Fletcher the poet was educated in this old house, as was his father the Bishop: and that Dr. Hoadly, son of the late Bishop of Winchester, and the *reputed* author, you will give me leave to call him, of "The Suspicious Husband," was admitted here in 1730, as was his brother, the present Chancellor of Winchester.

I am told that Mr. Kenrick is one of the principal conductors of the critical memoirs of the times. He is like enough, I think, to have wrote the splenetic account of Covent Garden Theatre in the last number.

and it will be remembered that he now trod in air. Junius also at this time saw the premier tottering from the steps of the throne, and the Whigs secure of power and place and patronage. The session passed away without the anticipated *coup de grace*.—ED.

I beg your pardon, Sir, for taking up so much of your time on these trifling subjects; and have only to add at present, that if your inclination shall lead you this way, when our new Chancellor is installed, or at any other season, I shall be extremely glad to see you, and any of our friends with you at this old house. Some of our dusty libraries may have some curiosities that have escaped you before: we have here a curious manuscript of Chaucer, with a painted frontispiece, or rather coloured group of figures, in which the author is included. The manuscripts of Milton, I suppose you may have seen at Trinity. Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason are both here at present: the former favoured me with his company some time ago, to see the Chaucer I have mentioned. Mrs. Newling, old Colson's niece, will always have a bed at your service; and you may be able to recollect the little girl that used to run about the house and make such a noise, that you in vain used to bid her be quiet. I shall at all times be proud of the honour of your commands, and am, dear Sir,

With great respect and esteem, yours, &c.

J. SHARP.

MR. J. SHARP TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Inner Temple, Thursday noon, 1769.

SINCE I had the pleasure of seeing you at Court, I received the enclosed from my friend Alderman Newling, at Cambridge: he thus apologizes to me for the liberty he took in printing them (the letters.) "It was the universal esteem he had gained, induced me to it; seeing how greedily the people sucked in every anecdote concerning him, I was fully persuaded that such a charming character of him when a youth, which these letters contain, would be highly acceptable to the public; and while I published his merit, I was ambitious the world should know, that the preceptor to this deservedly great man was my worthy friend Mr. Colson."

"Mrs. Newling presents her most respectful compliments to him with these letters, and reflects often with great pleasure upon the happy minutes his vivacity caused, during his abode in Mr. Colson's family."

So much for the worthy Alderman and his wife: I can add nothing to it, but my wish that when Mr. Garrick bequeaths his collection of plays to the Museum, these letters may go along with them. I can anticipate every fine feeling which a man of your genius must be susceptible of at the sight of those old MSS. and such as are inseparable from true conscious merit. If I had called, as I sometimes do, on Dr. Johnson, and showed him one of them where he is mentioned as *one* Johnson, I should have risked perhaps the sneer of one of his ghastly smiles; Mr. Garrick may do it with better success. If, Sir, you have one quarter of an hour's leisure within six days to come, I should be very glad to drink a dish of chocolate with you at my chambers, or at your house, as I have a subject to mention to you beyond the length of a letter, and I would not wish to engage your attention this day from any thing but Majesty. I should be happier to see King Richard than King George, but can-

not mob it, though I am so near as to dine in York-street, Covent Garden, where at Mr. Hewson's, No. 8, a line will find me any day more certainly than at chambers, as I am much abroad.

I saw "Agnes" the other night; I have nothing to say of the play, or of any other modern tragedy; but you will excuse me when I tell you that I thought Mrs. Yates, Mr. Garrick in petticoats, without a compliment, for I sought in vain the maternal tenderness of Mrs. Cibber, and the fine, open, mellow variety of Mrs. Pritchard. As to the rest, I must tell you again, that I think you have spoiled as many actors as Mr. Pope did poets, who studied the jingle of his versification and got that only.

"O imitatores servum pecus, ut mihi sæpe
Bilem, sæpe jocum vestri movère tumultus!" Hor.

I am, dear Sir,
With the greatest respect and esteem, your's, &c.
J. SHARP.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. T. FRANCKLIN.

DEAR SIR, Hampton, Feb. 25th, 1769.

As we have explained ourselves to our mutual content, and as you dislike flattery, and love plain dealing as well as myself, I will give you a specimen in this letter of what you like and practise. What can you possibly mean by my throwing cold water upon your tragedy last autumn? I thought by our seemingly being of one mind, that you were rather animated to go on, than damped in your intentions; and why you did not proceed in your dramatic business, and finish by this time, is more to be attributed, I fear, to your idleness, than your judgment, or your prudence. I wish you may never have a play worse acted than that by the scald-miserable tragedians, as you are pleased to call them; the principal character was performed excellently,* and all of them were decent. But to come a little nearer to the point, for you have made so many conditions with me that I must speak my mind fairly to you: Mr. and Mrs. Barry are not yet engaged with us for another season, and by their last answer I rather think they will not. How can I, therefore, promise that they shall perform in your play? nay, if they were engaged, how can I say whether they will approve of the parts you would wish them to act? They did not like those in "Zingis," or "The School for Rakes," and you know that it is not in the power of a manager to force such performers against their will. And now, dear Sir, let my friendship get the better of my interest, and advise (which I do most

* "*The principal character*," &c. This was *Ovisa*, acted by Miss Younge, afterwards Mrs. Pope. But she was ever *young*; for, five and twenty years after this date, she performed the youthful heroine in a play by the writer of the present note; who is happy in the opportunity of expressing his utter scorn for the taste of the present audiences or the present managers; who seem to think *corresponding age* the only alliance between the actress and the character.—ED.

sincerely) to make sure of *Mrs. Yates* for your principal character; she is obliged to you, and will do you all the service in her power. The manager of Covent Garden will most gladly receive your play if you offer it in time, and that of Drury-lane will be well pleased if you are served in any way.

I am, dear Sir, ever yours,

D. GARRICK.

P. S. Think seriously of the above, and write or talk to me about it soon, for soon you must determine.

DR. T. FRANCKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen-street, Feb. 26th, 1769.

How strangely the wind veers about in this inconstant climate of ours! but two or three days ago it was "*dear Ranger, and dear boy,*" and now my throat is to be cut, and my play packed off to the other house, only because I called in question the tragic powers and jested with the sacred and respectable characters of Messrs. Aicken, Jefferson, &c. I pretend to no extraordinary knowledge in theatrical affairs, but whilst I have eyes, and ears, and common understanding, can never persuade myself that "Zingis" was finely acted, and I am sure nineteen in twenty are of *my* opinion. But this is a point of little consequence to either of us; I shall therefore proceed to something more material. You say in your last, how can I promise that B. or his wife will perform in your play? I did not, my dear Sir, desire you to *promise* any such thing; I only *hoped* (that was my expression) that they might be with you, and surely a man may *hope* for good actors in his piece without *offence*. And now for the immediate determination which you desire: I *have* determined long since, and shall abide by the resolution—to bring the play to *you* as soon as finished, and if you approve, to submit the representation of it entirely to yourself, relying upon your friendship and judgment with regard to the execution of it: with this I shall rest perfectly satisfied, and leave the rest to fortune; nor, unless it is absolutely refused and rejected by you, should I ever think of offering it to Covent Garden. Mrs. Yates is in many parts a good actress; perhaps the most popular one now on the stage—on that account I could wish her with *you*, but of the propriety of that you are the best judge. You think she is obliged to *me:* whether she thinks so herself is another question; but be that as it may, she could be of no service to me in the piece I am now writing; nor had I ever the least view towards her, as there is no character in it that would suit her. I am not, however, the less obliged to you for your generous and disinterested proposal with regard to her, which I flatter myself is sincere, and agreeable to the kind regard which you have already shown to

Your obliged friend, &c.

T. FRANCKLIN.

MR. J. SHARP TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Easter Tuesday, March 28, 1769.

I HOPE you are enjoying this holiday this very fine day, as happy on Claverton Downs as any horseman now at Newmarket, or finding the Circus a pleasanter place than I should think the round courses to which all our youth are hastening. I did intend to have sent you an Horatian epistle upon your going down to Bath, but the subject was too serious, and I really felt too much for you.

"Did ever mourner feel poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires."

Take Tickell's authority, which is as good as a Latin or Greek one on such an occasion. Let me tell you, Sir, that I gladly seized the interval between the services on Good Friday to take a ride to my friend Anstey's. I found him sowing and planting, and his wife in the straw; and when I charged him with having had an intrigue with the Muses, he assured me he knew no other than his wife and eight children: however, he soon recollected his Hertfordshire holidays, and before Mrs. Anstey and Miss Calvert read over your prose and poetical correspondence. I will be bold to say, that his poetical thoughts were my prose ones, and the occasion was very similar, though he has turned and closed them very epigrammatically. As to yours, I will say as we now say of Mr. Gray,—no man can write so well when he is bid: he cannot make the Installation Ode for the Duke of Grafton, his friend and patron; Mason must *preach* one on the occasion, for he is

"Ordain'd, you know, and made divine."

I was sorry I could not stay to dine and drink your health, but intend to take the first leisure day, when we will all toast it in a bumper. When I came home I turned to some of my rhymes to Anstey about three years ago, and found them in "The Gentleman's Magazine" for June 1766, p. 285, and was not a little tickled at finding you and myself *cheek by jowl* in the same page. The verses on Mr. P—ces Lilliput at Bath, which I had never seen before, and which really delighted me, stand with mine "To the ingenious Author of the New Bath Guide." They are not worth transcribing, only Anstey wrote two of them, and corrected the rest before they appeared in the Cambridge newspaper. I never admired Buckhorse, and when he sent it me was sorry I could pay him no compliment but thanks: nevertheless, it has its admirers, but is a species of composition and a subject I think much below the author of the Bath Guide.

I take for granted you amuse yourself often at Leake's shop, then at Arthur's. Have you read Ruffhead's new "Life of Pope?" I have taken the liberty to differ from him in some remarks not worth your looking for, in the last page of the Public Advertiser of Saturday last. I will not allow him or you to characterize Pope or

Anstey by the name of "the Nightingale." There is one that deserves the appellation beyond them both, and I trust will *sing* again; though I never desire to hear him again straining his throat to King Lear or King Richard. God forbid that I ever should see him coming up once a year from Bath, like Falstaff,* to whistle a favourite song, for the benefit of some favourite actor. My ardent desires are to see him in re-established health, enjoying himself and his friends, his well-earned fame and his books, in his charming retreat at Hampton, where I shall respect him more than Pope at Twickenham, or Bolingbroke at Battersea. May his last scenes crown all the rest, while as old and as gay as Voltaire, he plays with the management of a theatre. This is from the heart of, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

J. SHARP.

C. C. C. C. not *C. C.* at Cambridge; this is Corpus Christi College, or Bene't; the other Christ's College.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Tom's Coffee-house, March 25, 1769.

I AM just returned from the circuit: before I went, I called at your house, and was in hopes all your danger was over, for your servant told me at the door, "I think my master is a good deal perter to-day!" I walked away contented with this reply, with some idea of congratulating you in the manner I remember you formerly did Mrs. Clive—"I am very glad you are come to your usual spirits," after she writ, as the first essay of her health, a violent scolding letter. On the circuit we were alarmed, but the report I soon perceived took its rise from a paragraph in the papers that ushered Mr. Derrick to Pluto's Assembly Room. While you die by proxy, and appoint such a deputy, you shall have my full consent. The Norfolk Circuit showed their taste; they were all ready to go into mourning, with Serjeant Whitaker at the head of them. How well he played this, that, the other, every thing! Shakspeare would never have been understood, certainly never felt, but for him! They built you a monument in Westminster Abbey in a moment; so that you see whatever envy and malice may say, *Extinctus amabitur idem.* I will not say how much I rejoice that you are still among us, though I owe you, besides 200*l.* upon my note, 100*l.* more, for which *you have no voucher.* As you are now out of danger, I may as well own the fact. I offered your brother my note for the money, that it may appear how the account stands between us, namely, a sum of 300*l.* due to you. Your brother, who is now writing to you, at the other side of the room, says he knows nothing of the matter, will take no note, and tells me, "I have no money to pay you!"

* An allusion to Quin, who had a benevolent habit of this kind. As far as the kindness goes, it is praiseworthy. But an actor owes something to his own fame. To be out of practice is to be inferior to yourself. To return occasionally is to invade other possessors of the town, and perhaps to meet with a taste altered, if not depraved.—ED.

Clutterbuck used to say you did not mind money; I thought he dealt in paradoxes, but I now believe him; and pray tell him so. Mr. Clutterbuck may also add, "I remember when Murphy would not require much pressing to accept of money; how comes he not to catch at it now?" Explain this phenomenon, and tell him, times are a little altered with me. Not as to talking or scribbling, you will say:—the charge is true, and it is unfair to write so much till you are quite established. *Vive valeque.*

I am, dear Sir, ever yours,
ARTHUR MURPHY.

I beg you will make my compliments acceptable to Mrs. Garrick.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Lincoln's-inn, April 10, 1769.

I AM almost tempted to begin with a moral reflection upon procrastination, as Congreve says of business, "it is the rub of life perverts our aim, and quite casts off our bias." I could say much more against this foolish impotence of the mind, which is always deferring what it ought to do, resolving and yet never coming to action. This has been my case ever since your two favours reached me. I certainly will write to-morrow; and so to-morrow, and to-morrow, to this last syllable, has crept on, and yet no letter has been written. I have, however, been too hard upon poor procrastination! It is a beast of burden, to be sure, but ought not to be overloaded. It has been much to blame, no doubt; but yet the whole fault should not be laid at that door. Sometimes an attorney, with overwhelming brow, has broke in between us, and has left me in a brown study for the rest of the day. With spirits jaded, exhausted with law, which you know is a damnable dry study, how could I take a pen in hand to address myself to you, who are boiled in Medea's kettle, and grown as young as ever you were! I hear of nothing from Bath but the wonderful progress you have made in the recovery of your health. The saffron tinge is quite gone, and every body talks of your roses and lilies. Poor Derrick, I find, could not fight such a battle as you have done. He has left, as I understand, a number of competitors, and Bath is now involved in as violent a contest as the county of Middlesex. Next Thursday, it is expected, will be a busy day. Large sums are actually insured upon Lutterell's life; but he is game, and will face the danger boldly.

Tiger Roach* (who used to bully at the Bedford Coffee-house, because his name was Roach) is set up by Wilkes's friends to burlesque Lutterell and his pretensions. I own I do not know a more ridiculous circumstance than to be a joint candidate

* *Tiger Roach*—A very interesting sketch of the Coffee-house bully, so named—who seemed lineally descended from the Mohocks of Addison's day.—ED.

with the Tiger. O'Brien used to take him off very pleasantly, and perhaps you may, from his representation, have some idea of this important wight. He used to sit at a table all alone, with a half-starved look, a black patch upon his cheek, pale with the idea of murder, or with rank cowardice, a quivering lip, and a downcast eye, which, if it was ever raised, was raised only like poor Dido's (I do not mean Reed's Dido, but Virgil's)—

"Quæsivit cœlo lucem, ingemuitque repertâ."

So far for the description of my hero. In that manner he used to sit alone, and his soliloquy, interrupted now and then with faint attempts to throw off a little saliva, was to the following effect: "Hut! hut!—a mercer's prentice with a bag-wig—d—n my s—l, if I would not *skiver* a dozen of them like larks!—Hut! hut! I don't understand such airs!—I'd cudgel him back, breast, and belly for three skips of a louse!—How do you, Pat? Hut! hut! God's blood—Larry, I'm glad to see you—Prentices!—a fine thing indeed!—hut! hut! How do you do, Dominick?—D—n my s—l, what's here to do?" These were the meditations of this agreeable youth. From one of these reveries he started up one night, when I was there, called a Mr. Bagnell out of the room, and most heroically stabbed him in the dark, the other having no weapon to defend himself with. In this career the Tiger persisted, till at length a Mr. Lennard brandished a whip over his head, and stood in a menacing attitude commanding him to ask pardon directly. The Tiger shrank from the danger, and with a faint voice pronounced, "Hut! what signifies it between you and me?—well! well! I ask your pardon!" "Speak louder, Sir; I don't hear a word you say." And indeed he was so very tall, that it seemed as if the sound sent feebly from below could not ascend to such a height.

This is the hero who is to figure at Brentford. Some dreadful consequences, I fear, will happen there. I this moment see an advertisement in the papers requesting votes for my friend the Serjeant; being a person every way qualified to make the Bill of Rights perfectly easy, and let it sleep in its bed, as it has done ever since the Revolution. I do not mean that these are the exact words of the advertisement. I have not seen him, but if he is in earnest, I most heartily join with you in wishing him success. Your letter to the Reverend Elector of Middlesex went by the post the very day I received it.

Shall I tell you a piece of bad news? I was counsel last Saturday at the Old Bailey against a man who stood indicted for publishing a libel, in which it was most virulently said that Lord M———d had long disgraced the public justice of this kingdom. The law and the fact were clear, and yet in three minutes a London Jury came into court, and most deliberately brought in a verdict, Not Guilty. Baron Smith, who tried the fellow, was amazed. "Pray, gentlemen, do you collect from the evidence that he did not publish the pamphlet?" "My Lord," says the Foreman, "we have considered the whole, and that is our verdict." Pleasant times these are! the brightest talents are no security against calumny and malice. My

ambition droops at the thought. I am almost resolved never to be Chief Justice! I shall seize the first plank, and swim safe to shore, if I can. Sink or swim, I am with my best compliments to Mrs. Garrick,

Dear Sir, ever your's,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Revised and corrected,* with best compliments,

JOHN RANBY.

MRS. CLIVE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, London, April 14th, 1769.

I COULD not stay till the 24th to thank you for your very kind letter. I am extremely glad to hear you continue to be so well. I have often enquired after you of your brother George:—now do not say to yourself, ay, for your own sake; for when I heard you was in such great pain, I was most sincerely sorry. In the next place, to be sure, I am *glad* you are well for the sake of my audience, who will have the pleasure to see their own Don Felix. What signifies fifty-two? they had rather see *the* Garrick and *the* Clive at a hundred and four, than any of the moderns;—the ancients, you know, have always been admired. I do assure you, I am at present in such health and such spirits, that when I recollect I am an old woman, I am astonished. My dear town are giving me such applause every time they see me, that I am in great fear for myself on my benefit night; I shall be overcome with kindness. Indeed, I have every day fresh instances of the public affection for me. Lord Clive has behaved in a noble manner; he sent me the most polite note, and fifty pounds for his box. I am greatly obliged to Sir William Stanhope: if he should be at Bath when you receive this, I beg you would do me the favour to return my thanks to him; I hope I shall have the pleasure of doing it at Twickenham.

You are very much mistaken if you imagine I shall be sorry to hear Mr. Clive is well; I thank God I have no malice or hatred to any body: besides, it is so long ago since I thought he used me ill, that I have quite forgot it. I am very glad he is well and happy: I can say no more, for Mr. Jefferson is just gone; he came to let me know that Mr. Barry has sent word he cannot play, and unless I will, he can have no benefit.

Pray make my best respects to Mrs. Garrick, who I hope is so well as not to want the waters.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most sincere friend and humble servant,

C. CLIVE.

* How much the letter may owe to the care of Mr. Ranby, I cannot say; but it is the best ever written by Murphy, and highly entertaining.—ED.

DR. SCROPE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Kingston, April 19th, 1769.

I TAKE the liberty of writing to you upon a particular subject. The gentlemen of *Oxford* are going to print a second edition of their *Shakspear*, the care of which, I mean with regard to the first, was formerly committed to me. At the end of this second edition, is to be a collection of various readings. Many years ago, I had the great pleasure of seeing you perform Macbeth, when your strong and clear pronunciation conveyed to my ear as happy a restoration of a passage as any one in the many late editions of the poet. It was towards the end of the tragedy, and to the best of my remembrance, the speech begins,

" I have lived long enough—my *May* of life
Is worn into the sear, the yellow leaf."*

Your judicious emphasis on the word *May* struck me, and upon reflection I was convinced this must be the right reading. It is Shakspeare's way of saying, my Spring is declined to Autumn; and it is confirmed beyond dispute by another passage of the same author. For in " Much ado about Nothing," one of the old men tells Claudio he is resolved to be revenged on him, notwithstanding his " *May* of youth and bloom of lustihood." Theobald and his critical assistant pretend to illustrate the common reading, *way* of life, by quoting the same expression from " Sophocles" or " Euripides." For you know, Sir, when it will serve one turn, Shakspeare must be represented as utterly destitute of learning; and when it will serve another, that is, show the critic's own learning, he must be represented as deep in the *Greek* tragedians. But assuredly the best way of interpreting any author is from himself:

" Still with itself compared his text peruse."

I beg pardon, as I am unknown to you, for taking up so much of your valuable time at this rate; but I must own I am not sorry for this opportunity of writing to a gentleman, who has reformed the taste of the town, and the exhibitions of the theatre, to such a degree, that a person of the greatest modesty, or of a profession that must some time ago have excluded him from thence, may now attend without blushing or being offended. I hope, Sir, on the recovery of your health, the public will still enjoy the advantage of your management of its most rational entertainment.

* *May* of life.—One is really ashamed to read the impotent trash of learned men upon Shakspeare's use of his mother tongue. Dr. Scrope, who was an editor of the Poet's works, knew nothing of his text:—the passage really is—

" I have liv'd long enough—my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,"—

The course, the progress of existence has at length fallen into the autumnal season—And, in the name of good sense, where is the difficulty?—ED.

I am acquainted with your friend Mr. Clutterbuck, and we never meet but we do ourselves the pleasure of talking of you.

But I must not forget that one end, the very pretence indeed that I laid hold of, in writing to you, was to desire that the above emendation may be inserted among the various readings; for not having met with it in print, (though indeed I have not seen Johnson's edition) I look upon it as your private property. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your obedient humble servant,

T. SCROPE.

P. S. Please to direct to the Rev. Dr. Scrope, at Kingston, near Chippenham, Wilts.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. KING.

Saturday, April 29th, 1769.

MR. GARRICK'S compliments to Mr. King: though he is seldom surprised at what may happen in a theatre, yet he should be obliged to Mr. King, if he would let him know by a note what he was pleased to say about him, and the farce of "The Invasion," to Mr. Hopkins. Mr. Garrick assures Mr. King that he will not send his answer to the prompter, but to himself.*

MR. T. KING TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Russell-street, April 30th, 1769.

As to what passed between Mr. Hopkins and me concerning "The Invasion," as I have a better opinion of his integrity than my own memory, I should have referred you to him for the account, had you not desired to have it under my hand. I have committed it to paper, I hope with a proper regard to truth, and as minutely as I am able.

You are, I find, displeased with my conduct: no one thing on earth can make me more unhappy. I have offended by giving my sentiments *to*, and sending a message *by* the prompter. Let me, if I can, justify myself. When Mr. Lacy and you are on the spot, if I have any thing that I think necessary to communicate to both, I always trouble Mr. G. Garrick, who kindly in such cases becomes a middle man, and acts for all parties. When you retire for a time, I look on Mr. G. Garrick as

* I suppose the farce of that title, printed in 1759, but never acted. Garrick, it will be remembered, wrote the dialogue of "Harlequin's Invasion," originally for Bartholomew Fair; from one or both of these Invasions some mischief had been contrived, and was industriously reported.—ED.

your representative; if I have any thing in the way of business to settle with the *managers*, I think it necessary to search for some other person to act for me. Who so likely to find the managers together as the prompter? Nay, I believe in every theatre where they are not happy enough to have a person of so useful and friendly a turn as Mr. G. Garrick, messages relative to the business of the stage are sent or given to the prompter, and I have ever thought it a part of his office to receive and deliver them. You desire I would let you know what I was *pleased* to say about *you* and the farce. I declare on my honour, I do not recollect that your name was mentioned, nor do I remember that there was any thing particular said about the farce; but as I said before, I must refer you to Mr. Hopkins; some part of the conversation may have slipped my memory, and I have not the least apprehension of his doing me injustice. I shall only say, that it was out of my power, either on this or any other occasion, whenever your name could be mentioned, to treat it otherwise than with a warmth of respect, little short of enthusiasm; and I defy the world, replete as it is with rascals, to produce one base enough to contradict me.

I have, since your departure for Bath, been most indelicately treated in many particulars, which I now shall never trouble you with a mention of. I flattered myself for some days past, that on your return to town I should again have the pleasure of taking you by the hand, and, as usual, trusted you with every thing that had made or could make me happy; on the contrary, your desiring an explanation in a *note*, seemed to forbid my waiting on you. Depend upon it, dear Sir, I shall not become a trespasser. I *know*—I *feel* myself unworthily treated. I must and will assert, though that assertion shall never be made but to yourself, that your suspecting any part of the warmth of my attachment to you is uncandid, and your *severity* (for I shall never call *coolness* from *you* by any other name) unwarrantable. I have for some time rejoiced in supposing myself an object of your esteem. While you seemed to think me deserving of it, I could have died to convince you it was not improperly placed; but you have suspected me, and I shall say but little more. Had I been a prince, I should have prided myself in having Mr. Garrick for my friend; but were I this moment shirtless, I would not wholly give up the duty I owe myself, merely because he is my employer.

I am, and ever shall be, dear Sir,

Your most ardent well-wisher, and very humble servant,

THOMAS KING.

You were some time ago anxious lest some of your letters should fall into improper hands; I take the liberty to enclose your last for your re-perusal, and beg you will indulge me by burning it. Such a note found after my decease, would go near to convince some friends whose good opinion I covet, that I had most basely forfeited the favour of a man, whose friendly attachment to me was for some time my greatest, nay almost my only boast.

THE MAYOR, ALDERMEN, AND BURGESSES OF THE TOWN OF STRATFORD-UPON-AVON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Stratford-upon-Avon, May 3, 1769.

THE Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the ancient Borough of Stratford-upon-Avon—a town that glories in giving birth to the immortal Shakspeare, whose memory you have so highly honoured, and whose conceptions you have ever so happily expressed—rejoice in an opportunity of adding their mite to that universal applause your inimitable powers have most justly merited; and as a mark of their esteem and gratitude have respectfully transmitted to you the Freedom of their Borough in a box made from a mulberry-tree undoubtedly planted by Shakspeare's own hand, which they hope you will do them the honour of accepting.

By order of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses in Common Council,
(Signed by) WM. HUNT, Town Clerk.

"Stratford, a Copy of
The Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses,
Letter to David Garrick with his Freedom."

MR. GARRICK TO THE MAYOR, ALDERMEN, AND BURGESSES OF THE TOWN OF STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

GENTLEMEN, London, Southampton-street, May 8, 1769.

I CANNOT sufficiently express my acknowledgments for the honour you have done me in electing me a Burgess of Stratford-upon-Avon; a town which will be ever distinguished and reverenced as the birth-place of Shakspeare.

There are many circumstances which have greatly added to the obligation you have conferred upon me. The freedom of your town given to me unanimously, sent to me in such an elegant, and *inestimable* box, and delivered to me in so flattering a manner, merit my warmest gratitude. It will be impossible for me ever to forget those who have honoured me so much as to mention my unworthy name with that of their immortal townsman.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your most obliged and obedient humble servant,
D. GARRICK

"A copy of my letter to
The Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgeses
Of the Town of Stratford upon Avon, May 8th, 1769."

MR. STURTZ TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAREST FRIEND, Copenhagen, May 5th, 1769.

MR. CLEMENT, the bearer of this, is a good-natured young gentleman, who is over fond of England, not uninformed of your literature and your language, and who, in his trip to the fortunate island, longs for nothing more than to see Mr. Garrick *face to face*. I do not presume to cause you any trouble on his account whatever, only some indulgent audiences and some friendly diversions is all that I entreat you to grant him.

Receive my warmest thanks for your spirited, never enough to be praised, epistle. I peruse it over and over with a new satisfaction; there is wit, humour, and heart to be found in every line, and more true, more masterly remarks on your art than in all the —— and the ——. Some touches are poignant with new and uncommon truth. I reserve for some other letter several interesting queries which you will not deny me to answer, and meanwhile I apply closely to the task I am bold enough to take upon me. I, the moderator of Mr. Garrick? What a figure I shall make in the annals of Thalia! You shall have the account I give to myself and to my country of the many pleasures you have procured me. I relate rather my feelings: I follow the play in every situation of the different characters, and pointing out what Nature required, I tell what Mr. Garrick did, even when there was no original in Nature, (as certainly, for the honour of humanity, there is no such tyrant as Richard;) how like a new Prometheus he fetched fire from heaven when it was not to be found upon earth. Now that I am going to the country, I shall retire sometimes to the pleasant shade of a neighbouring grove, and there I shall recall to my memory every scene of what I saw and admired: then I may often shudder at the ghastly appearance of unhappy Macbeth, and feel horror at the sight of him I long so much to embrace.

Pray let me have that *Wonder* wherein you performed the young lover! I do not doubt of your excellence in it. Nature would be at a loss to form a character beyond your reach.

When, my dear friend, may I hope for the publication of your work? I would be very glad also to get every print which represents you; and if you could procure me them, I would gladly and gratefully refund the expense. Tell me something, I beseech you, of Dow's tragedy of "Zingis." I have seen some extracts, which, I think, declare the author a poet; but I wanted to find therein some true Oriental beauties, so much the more as Mr. Dow is acquainted with that country and its writers: I was somewhat disappointed in meeting rather with imitations of Ossian. My best respects and acknowledgments to Mistress Garrick; any commands of hers would be very welcome to me in return for her procuring me the hats; but I doubt whether, in this *Septentrional* country, the English ladies might find any thing

for the toilette, unless it were whalebones. I hope Baron Diede has paid for the hats.

Count Holk is exceedingly rejoiced at your remembrance, and bids you be assured of his: he had a mind to write some lines in this letter, but he went this morning out with the King to some neighbouring place in the country: he is on the eve of being married to a young lady of the first quality, thirteen years old, and a great fortune.

Your love stories, your ——, as well as the *faits et gestes* of your supporters and addressers, have reached us: what will this animosity end in? Was I to form from these offsprings of licence an idea of the blessings of your freedom, I should be somewhat puzzled at the choice; but happily you have radiant and glorious days of liberty undarkened by these gloomy clouds of faction.

I embrace you, my best friend,

STURTZ.

AN ACCOUNT OF "ZENOBIA."

1768.		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
March 5.	Author's first night .	240	18	6		Charges . . .	73	10	0
10.	——— second ditto .	241	18	6		Ditto . . .	73	10	0
6.	186 16 0								
12.	223 3 0								
	£409 19 0								
The half of the above ninth and tenth nights for the Author's third night		204	19	6		Ditto . . .	73	10	0
					1764. March 4	. . .	100	0	0
					1767. Dec. 16	. . .	100	0	0
					1768. March 3	Draft for . .	50	0	0
						Balance . .	217	6	6
		£687	16	6			£687	16	6

London, May 18, 1769.

RECEIVED the above balance of two hundred and seventeen pounds, six shillings, and sixpence for the tragedy of "Zenobia," and in full of all demands; I say received of David Garrick, Esq.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

MRS. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

Hyde-street, May 19, 1769.

SHALL I flatter myself, my dear Sir, that in the multiplicity of affairs in which you are necessarily engaged, you have at some time or other bestowed a single thought

on me?—Say yes, and that will repay me for the real anxiety I suffered for your illness. You are now, thank God, restored to health; may it be as permanent as my good wishes for you, and it will then last at least my life.

As I hope and believe that the hurry and fatigue of your winter campaign are pretty near over, I take the liberty of reminding you of a promise you were so good to make me last summer of looking over the "Père de Famille," and some other attempts of mine in the dramatic way: your taking this trouble I shall certainly esteem as a favour, but I shall be infinitely more obliged if you will point out any other plan you may think more likely to succeed. You have not, perhaps, forgotten, and indeed I never shall forget, the great pains which "The School for Rakes" cost you; but do not, my dear Sir, let that deter you from a second trial: you have allowed that I am pliable and docile, and I will boast that I am grateful also. I know that without your aid I can do nothing, and with it I may hope for every thing: will you then withdraw your assistance from one who has frankness enough to avow her total dependence on you? I hope you will not. If you have got an old play of Thomas Heywood's, called "The Travellers,"* I shall be obliged to you if you will lend it me; and if you can find the four acts of my first play, on the plan of "Eugenie," I shall be glad to have them.

I have made many efforts to have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Garrick and you, but have been so unfortunate to miss you both: my best compliments wait upon her, and I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. J. SHARP TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, C. C. C. C. May 26, 1769.

SINCE my return to this place I have looked in vain for your verses to the late Duke of Devonshire in the Collections for 1752 and 1753: you must give me a farther clue. I am more fortunate in searching my Martial than yours. The epigram I recommended to you is in book iii. [vii.] and begins, "Doctorum Licini," &c. The following lines in it might be well turned to you:—

"Redderis, heu quanto fatorum munere nobis,
Gustata Lethes pene remissus aqua!
Vive velut rapto, fugitivaque gaudia carpe:
Perdiderit nullum vita reversa diem."—Lib. vii. ep. 46.

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* I conclude her to mean Heywood's tragi-comedy called "The English Traveller," which was acted at the Cock-pit, in Drury-lane, and was printed in 1633. It was in the preface to this piece that he told the world the astonishing fact, that he was concerned, either alone or in company, in the production of *two hundred and twenty* plays; nor were these his only writings. And to swell the wonder to an extravagance of

EPITAPHIUM LATINI.

"Dulce decus scenæ, ludorum fama, Latinus
Ille ego sum, plausus, deliciæque tuæ:
Qui spectatorem potui facisse Catonem,
Solvere qui Curios, Fabriciosque graves," &c.—Lib. ix. ep. 29.

It is well for you that you have not yet to adopt this. Give me leave to apply to you what Cicero (our Mansfield) says of your namesake Roscius, now I am upon Latin quotations. "Quis nostrûm tam animo agresti ac duro fuit, ut Roscii morte non commoveretur? Qui cum esset senex mortuus, tamen propter excellentem artem ac venustatem, videtur omnino mori non debuisse!"* I could epigrammatise this, but, happily, there is no occasion but for you to pay such honours yourself to Quin and Shakspeare. I hope you will furnish something better to the memory of the latter at his jubilee, than Mr. Martyn's and Mr. Noel's prologue and epilogue at his benefit in the year 1738, for the erecting his monument in Westminster Abbey. I hope to be at Stratford, and shall be much obliged to you to know the exact time of the celebration, that I may provide a deputy here. I could wish to see you first at our Encænia, the installation of our Chancellor, on the first of July. I can tell you that Mr. Gray makes the Ode at last, and our professor has already got a part of it to set to music. I met Mr. G. here at dinner last Sunday; he spoke handsomely of your happy knack at epilogues, a gentleman in company giving an account of the additional lines to that at the actor's benefit: but he calls the Stratford Jubilee, Vanity Fair. I hope to see such doings there that the soul of Shakspeare might exult and say, as he did formerly,

"This is a most majestic vision and harmonious charming lays."†—*Masque in Tempest.*

We have just set out our seal to an instrument, finely illuminated by Mr. Charles Rickaby, to be delivered to the Danish minister and sent to Copenhagen. It is the diploma or grace of the Senate, presenting the degree of LL.D. to the King of Denmark, as done in October last. It is drawn on vellum with curious emblematic paintings, in water colours, of the Arts and Sciences. The whole is enclosed in a gold frame, at the top of which is a regal crown of his present Majesty, and at the bottom is the University seal under a double crystal. This will be a handsome ornament for the King's Museum, whereas the diploma of the University of Oxford, being on parchment and in a gold box, must be deposited in a drawer. You will probably see a fuller account of it in the public papers. These intelligencers tell us you are going to Germany, with what truth I shall hope to be in-

labour, Heywood was at the same time an actor, with the studies of other plays to encumber his mind, and the daily devotion of many hours to the stage, which must have detained him from composition.—Ed.

* Oratio pro Archia Poetâ.

† This sophisticated trash the reader will now reject for the poet's own expression, "harmonious charmingly;" or, if his verse had allowed him so to place the two words, charmingly harmonious.—Ed.

formed soon. I shall stay here till after the installation, and then make a little voyage from London into Kent. But the knowledge of the exact time of Shakspeare's jubilee will determine many of my motions. I am with best wishes for your health and enjoyment of a pleasant summer,

Dear Sir, your faithful servant,

J. SHARP.

MR. WEST TO MR. GARRICK.

Alcot, May 27th, 1769.

MR. WEST presents his best compliments to Mr. Garrick, returns him thanks for his generous invitation of the public to Stratford jubilee in so obliging a manner, which is most gratefully applauded by this county. Mr. West showed them to Mr. Hunt, and they have since been universally approved on appearing in the papers. Mr. Wilson tells Mr. West, Mr. Garrick proposes us the honour of a visit soon, which Mr. West begs he may know the time of, that nothing may call him from home, when Mr. and Mrs. West will thankfully acknowledge the very great honour done them.

MR. T. DAVIES TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Birmingham, July 30th, 1769.

ON the 16th of this month I did myself the honour of sending you the sketch of the medal and the gold work; on the 19th I received a letter from Mr. G. Garrick, which mentioned your getting the gold done in London, and I imagine your intention is to put a glass before it. In Birmingham we have a varnish that has all the qualities of it; it is transparent and colourless, and will keep the medal from less injuries, and if you approve of it, a line from you of your approbation, shall be immediately put into execution by,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

T. DAVIES.

I imagine, if I send by the coach directed for you, it will come safe; if you think otherwise, I shall be greatly honoured with your advice.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, O. Alresford, May 28th, 1769.

I AM such a self-flatterer as to think that an account of my safe arrival in these parts will not be indifferent. If so, you have thrown away a vast deal of civility,

you and your wife, to no manner of purpose. With a *great nosegay* of Stephen's provision I set out, just as if I was going to be hanged; after having taken good care of one, and that in such a manner as not to offend my good landlady. I did not know but she might have a liking and a prejudice to one canister, and so I drank *twist*, made of both—and ate *brown and white* bread and butter in abundance—all for fear of giving offence.

I spent the evening with Dr. Butler, who was then going to take the fourth dose of his medicine. I examined him pretty closely, and all I could find was, that he was easier after great pain, but I could not understand that he was certain of the effect of the medicine. He certainly is better, and can walk more and more without making bloody water. I shall have farther account of his state of health from time to time, and I will certainly let you know what is his opinion of his medicine after more experience. He was very easy and cheerful on Friday evening, and great hopes he had of continuing so.

You may be surprised to see this dated at Alresford, but we found ourselves so happy here in cleanliness and beauty, that in hopes of a dry day for Madam to stroll about the garden, and not ambitious of honour or coveting riches, but having a tolerable constitution, a competency, and a S—— and W——s *by me*, I took my *stand* here, and resolved to go no farther a-field.

Madam is downright thankful for the care you and your Eve have taken of me, and will give it under her hand, if required, that she received me safe and sound. It is doing as you would be done by, and shows you may be trusted upon another occasion. Our reports here are, that you will not have above four hundred people at your masquerade; that there is some folly, but no politics in it, as your friend Cox chose to insinuate. Our loves wait upon you and your's with all good wishes; and

I am, &c.

J. HOADLY.

MR. W. HAVARD TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Tavistock-street, May 30th, 1769.

THOUGH I had the pleasure of personally thanking you the night of my epilogue for your many favours and indulgencies (particularly your last of friendship) during your direction of Drury-lane Theatre, yet now the season is quite finished, I cannot help putting something more upon paper, as I am sure what I then said was inadequate to my feelings upon that occasion.

Believe me, Sir, they are wrote upon my heart, and must continue as long as the frail tenement that contains it.

I know, grateful acknowledgments are supposed to carry with themselves a receipt for past obligations, yet I can by no means think of getting out of debt in that manner; nor can an act of grace from his Majesty (or even from you, who are most concerned) make me believe that I can be released, at least *in foro conscientiæ*.

May your health and Mrs. Garrick's continue perfect, at least with so small a difference that it may only add a relish to the future enjoyment of it; as the absence of friends the more endears their next meeting. May every circumstance of your lives be easy, and every wish completed. And now my heart is somewhat lighter.

I give you joy, Sir, of your approaching Shakspearian Jubilee. The people of Stratford could not err in their choice of a President.—They had, properly, no other.

May I not be permitted, Sir, to be a walker in the cavalcade, and hold up the train of part of the ceremony? I have already written an Ode in honour of our great master, which you have formerly thought well of. Dr. Boyce has set it excellently to music; and voices, I should think, will not be wanting upon this occasion; but you will determine all this yourself. You see the ruling passion—the love of fame will pant, while the heart beats.

I am, dear Sir, your very obliged,
Grateful and obedient humble servant,
WILLIAM HAVARD.*

P. S. As I purpose going out of town† next week, if you can spare the horse you kindly offered to me, I shall be obliged by an order for his delivery to me.

Endorsed,
"Havard's letter of thanks to me."

MR. J. WARD TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Leominster, May, 31st, 1769.

ON reading the newspapers, I find you are preparing a grand Jubilee, to be kept at Stratford upon Avon, to the memory of the Immortal Shakspeare. I have sent you a pair of gloves which have often covered his hands: they were made me a present by a descendant of the family, when myself and company went over there from War-

* One of the race once noticeable in theatres, and respected from habit as much as merit. Men of no great ambition, but of infinite steadiness and attachment. They did not desire to quit their humble stations, and were never discharged by the manager. Mr. Havard had powers as a writer greatly beyond mediocrity, and his "Charles the First" would have secured to any man but an actor both permanent popularity and emolument. He could not keep his *own secret*, and his audiences once apprised that an actor had presumed to interest them by language of his *own*, withdrew from the theatre, as though ashamed of having been so easily pleased. Packer seems to have succeeded to his vacant cast of the *tyrant* and the *friend* of the stage, and perhaps even more than Havard reconciled these opposite extremes, by the native softness of his personal character. I have seen Packer in the King of Denmark, and totally overlooked the murderer and usurper. Indeed, only the *hired* assassin of the stage ever exhibits any external signs of ferocity.—ED.

† Havard "was not of the fashion of these times" (1829). He tried to retire as far as Islington, but made sad work of it: so, to be nearer his friends, he returned to his old lodgings in Tavistock-street, where he died, the 20th of February, 1778; and both his old master and Whitehead wrote epitaphs for his tomb, as innocent at least as his life.—ED.

wick, in the year 1746, to perform the play of "Othello," as a benefit, for repairing his monument in the great church, which we did gratis, the whole of the receipts being expended upon that alone.

The person who gave them to me, William Shakspeare by name, assured me his father had often declared to him, they were the identical gloves of our great poet; and when he delivered them to me, said, "Sir, these are the only property that remains of our famous relation; my father possessed, and sold the estate he left behind him, and these are all the recompense I can make you for this night's performance."

The donor was a glazier by trade, very old, and, to the best of my memory, lived in the street leading from the Town-hall down to the river. On my coming to play in Stratford about three years after, he was dead. The father of him and our poet were brother's children.

The veneration I bear to the memory of our great author and player, makes me wish to have these relics preserved to his immortal memory; and I am led to think I cannot deposit them, for that purpose, in the hands of any person so proper as our modern Roscius.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN WARD.*

P. S. I shall be glad to hear you receive them safe, by a line directed for me in the Bargate, Leominster, Herefordshire.

MR. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Wednesday morning, 1769.

THOUGH I am aware that an offer of my services may now seem to come with an ill grace, yet I beg leave to say, if I can be of any use in the Jubilee, you may command, Sir,

Your sincere servant,

W. SMITH.

Endorsed,
"Smith offers himself for the Jubilee."

MR. BURKE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Charles-street, June 15th, 1769.

I MAKE no apology for asking a favour from you, because you need make none to me for refusing it. I wish then, that you could let me have a thousand pounds

* Mrs. Siddons's maternal grandfather. For the *gloves* and the *story*, I leave them upon the conscience of the *glazier*; hereby declaring myself ready to prove the utter falsehood of the whole narrative.—ED.

upon my bond until this time twelvemonth. I shall at that time, possibly before, be able to discharge it, and will not fail to do so.

I am with great truth and affection, dear Garrick,

Most sincerely yours,

EDM. BURKE.*

MRS. CELESIA TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Genoa, June 4th, 1769.

THE acquaintance and friendship that subsisted between my father and you, and the knowledge I have of your personal character, are the motives which encourage me to address myself to you on the present occasion.

I employed great part of last summer, chiefly in order to pass less heavily my leisure hours, in translating Voltaire's "Tancred."† People who write, are apt, like Pygmalion, to grow in love with their own works, and hardly ever finish without wishing, as he did, to obtain for their favourite productions life and immortality.

I know so well how difficult it is to judge rightly of whatever is our own, that I will not venture to form any opinion of my translation. I submit it entirely to your decision, and though I may be mistaken in my notions about it, I am certainly right in my choice of the judge before whom I lay it; no literary heretic being, I believe, bold enough to appeal from an authority so well-founded and so universally acknowledged as yours is, with regard to performances of this nature.

"Tancred" is far from being one of Voltaire's best pieces with respect to the versification: in those places where the expression was the weakest, I have endeavoured to strengthen it as well as I was able. I was led to translate this play rather than any other, because I remember it struck me strongly at the representation. I saw it here some years ago, by very indifferent French actors, yet I think there was not a dry eye in the whole house during the last scene. If it should be fortunate enough to deserve your approbation, I should think it a very great favour, if you would introduce it to the public at the time, and in the manner, you think most fit. It may from your protection hope that success I am conscious it has no title to from its own merit; and let what will be the event of this letter, there is one agreeable circumstance certainly attending it,—I mean the opportunity it gives me of assuring you, Sir, that I am with the highest esteem and regard,

Your most obedient humble servant,

DOROTHEA CELESIA.

P. S. My best compliments attend your lady.

Endorsed by Mr. Garrick,
"Mrs. Ce. daughter of Mallet."

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* Mr. Garrick seems to have kept no copy of his reply to this application.—ED.

† In 1771, a modification of this play, under the title of "Almida," was brought out at Drury-lane theatre, and the powerful talent of Mrs. Barry rendered it successful beyond the career of modern tragedy.

MR. WARTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Trinity College, Oxford, June 23, 1769.

I WISH I could have had the pleasure of a longer conversation with you at Oxford. I wanted to talk with you about a work which I have now in hand. I am writing the History of English Poetry, upon a plan which I once mentioned to you; and you were so kind as to encourage me to proceed. Among your old plays you have some metrical romances, viz. in vol. k. 10, and vol. k. 9. Will you be so good as to send them to me at Trinity College, Oxford, as soon as convenient? I see you have these by Percy's references. If you have any other pieces of that sort, you will much oblige me by adding them to the packet. The utmost care shall be taken of them. I have large materials by me for this design, and I hope to finish soon. Gray had once an intention of this sort,* but he dropped it; as you may see by an advertisement to his Norway Odes. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Garrick,

And am, dear Sir, your very sincere friend and servant,

THOMAS WARTON.

IN MR. GARRICK'S HAND-WRITING.

N. B. I SENT the books which Mr. Warton of Oxford desired on the other side, viz. k. 9 and 10, which contain metrical romances,—to wit:—

9. Sr. Guy, imperfect.
   Sr. Bevis of Hampton.
   Sr. Degore.
   The Squire of low degree.
10. Sr. Eglamore of Artois.
   Sr. Triamère.
   A Merry Jest of R. Hood.
   Adam Bell, Clim of the Clowgh, William of Cloudesley, Howleglass.
   The Knight of the Swan.
   Vergilius, imperfect.

Yet am I far from ascribing the whole of that success, ungratefully, to the actress. In spite of the decided difference between French and English tragedy, I willingly admit the taste and skill of Voltaire; and there is enough of both in his "Tancrede," to secure any decent transfusion of his materials from contempt, upon the stage of any civilized people. At the dreadful period of the French Revolution [1790,] I knew a *preux chevalier*, who could repeat that tragedy, and that alone.—ED.

* He had, in conjunction with his friend the poet Mason; and without meaning to undervalue the mass of information brought together by Warton, I regret exceedingly that they did not execute their design. Gray had that *accuracy* which Warton so obviously wanted, with an equal love and veneration for antiquity. Their work would have been popular, because of general entertainment; this is apparent from the noble and beautiful *imitations* executed for this work by Mr. Gray. They would have delighted, by clothing the *spirit* of the ancient writers in language perfectly intelligible to every reader; instead of heaping together sheets of barbarous and obsolete composition, suited only to the digestion of the philologist.—ED.

MR. STURTZ TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAREST FRIEND, Copenhagen, 1769.

I HOPE Dr. Verdon has delivered my letter, and made a proper apology for my long silence. There was indeed no possibility to write; pushed and hurried through a numberless variety of things, I could scarce throw a glance on some: these appearances are over, and all is a dream, a coloured shadow, as the French invasion in your pantomime: now at the altar of the *Dii penates* I devote you anew my most sincere affection for ever.

Well, my dear friend, France should not keep me for life: a couple of months run very pleasantly away among these giddy, over-varnished beings; but, as by and by the plastering would crack, I should not care for the natural complexion.

Politesse without cordiality cannot affect a sensible mind, and phrase without meaning may keep up the *bon ton* for a while, but at the last it grows tedious and fades. And then those manners all alike, those faces all alike, those wigs and those characters all curled and dressed alike,—is, as our friend Wilson would exclaim, but a poor show for a philosopher! In such a representing nation, I had a great opinion of their stage, and yet I was disappointed. It seems, the quality has forestalled the best parts for them alone, for I saw but an indifferent medley of players.

There is indeed Madame Clairon, standing alone, as it were, amidst the ruins of the Republic, shooting forth the last rays of a departing star. I have gazed on her when she trod the stage as Queen of Carthage, worthy that rank, and above the mob of queens; she inspired every sentiment, she displays every passion, and, I dare say, she felt none; all the storm was on the surface, waves ran high, and the bottom was calm; her despair and her grief rose and died at the end of her tongue.

You know that tragedy Dido, that frame of Pompignan stuff; it is rather below her abilities. Eternally cries the poor maid "My swain, would'st thou leave me?" and alas! away he goes:—the whole will not move forward; there is neither plot nor action. In Virgil, Æneas cuts a mean figure; here it is uncertain whether he deserves more to be hated or despised;—high-soaring, frothy declamation instead of Nature.

Des vers à l'aune et des sentimens à la queue, of those rough unyielding treacherous verses, which in the way of even the best actors are foot-traps, so that he cannot get over without being maimed. Every body curses that cold pedantic chief; and it is but a poor expedient to gather on a sudden a foreign array, in order to make him win a battle; *sic fata voluere*. Æneas must be the foil-*fool* to make "Dido" shine the more.

Indeed her part fills up two thirds of the whole; she goes through a number of opposite feelings, soft melancholy, despair, languid tenderness, raving fury, scorn and melting love; there is not one passion absent. She is wonderful in those transitions, when an inferior actress, from an intense grief, would, at some lucky event, jump on

a sudden to a giddy wanton joy. Madame Clairon, though exulting at her new-born hopes Æneas might stay, keeps always the dark colour of sorrow; when her eye brightens through her tears, she looks as Ossian expresses it, "like the moon through a watery cloud." Her characteristical perfection is the scornful, the commanding part; then is nobility spread about her as a glory around the head of a saint; and yet she never puts off the woman; in the midst of violent rage she is always the tender female, and a *nuance* of love softens the harsh colours into harmony.

Mistress Yates should have attempted this part of her acting, rather than to throw her arms akimbo;—she who indeed was designed for a great actress, who is noble, decent, and when in distress affecting; but has too much of the virago, is never tender, never in love, sometimes of no sex, and if any, not of the fair one. Nature has done a great deal in favour of Madame Clairon; her voice is melody, of a vast extent, and capable of numberless inflexions; however, I was sometimes unwillingly disturbed by a disagreeable shrill cry, rather expressing physical pain. As to her figure, it is not a very elegant one, her head being rather too big, and her whole person too little; and yet she is great, towering amongst the crowd in the height of action: so as you see by the enchantment of art a colossal head of Jupiter in a cameo not exceeding the size of sixpence. Were I in a temper to find fault with her, I might mention her too articulate declamation, the *cadence* of every motion; but then I might as well charge Raphael with having too carefully marked his contours, which are the admiration and the models of every age. True it is, that compound of excellence is a mere compound of art; were it possible to note action, as music, then she would show you a fortnight before, every mien, the measure of every tone, the tension of every march on paper. She is else quite free from that disagreeable tragical hiccup so epidemical in France, and so awkwardly returning at the end of every verse: she never shakes so affectedly her head as some others, in what you call the graceful style forsooth; and she alone may venture some bold strokes which would never do else with so well bred, so elegant an audience.

So when she heard that all was lost, that Æneas was gone, then in the rage of despair, with her two hands across, she beat her forehead with such a gloomy death-threatening look, that we stood all aghast, and her cry raised horror in every breast.* I cannot say she killed herself well though, but she died well; her weakening voice was not a childish whining tone, but imminent dissolution altered it, convulsion raised it, broke it, and so it vanished into the air as a vapour. There, then, I

* I suppose every reader of this fine description, which is a little injured by the writer's being a foreigner, will be of opinion that M. Startz could judge very accurately upon the subject. For my own part, he convinces me, that the *Clairon* was the most perfect artist that imperial tragedy, as Dr. Johnson styles it, has ever known. He sketches the agony of Dido in a very masterly manner; and as to the inflexions of her voice, when dying, has left us both a record and a lesson. Perhaps all English actresses are more intent, in stage deaths, to give a graceful termination to their dramatic sorrows, than exhibit the changes of expiring nature.—Ed.

have brought her to the highest pitch of glory of your tribe, *self-murder*; may she now quietly repose.

I am sure you will smile at my grave and solemn criticisms; but what would you say if I told you that I have wrote a great deal more on the action of Mr. Garrick, that I have even a mind to publish it, happily not in English, and so I may be safe.

I do not tell you any thing about Mr. Lekain: he is truly a great actor in the sense of Mr. Partridge; the very man who has a mind to look like an Emperor, but never any Emperor attempted to look as he does. Preville is excellent, but do not you think, he wants rather internal gaiety? I am nice in that point, since I have seen Ranger. Caillot did astonish me in Tom Jones; why, I never saw a more Squire-like Frenchman: wherever did he fetch that?

Little Madam Aroued is enchanting; a figure of Boucher's,—a graceful, innocent, and a soft sentimental voice.

Now I think I have chattered a great deal: pray enlarge a little, my very good friend, on these matters; the very hints you drop about your art are precious to this and the coming age: tell me something about your new performances; there have been tragedies and comedies, I find. Is there some hopeful actor or actress rising? How does Mr. Murphy and Mr. Bickerstaff? My best compliments to them; I will write to them as soon as I get at a *quiet* moment again, when my head is clear of politics, and all those tricks in *icks*. Count Holk remembers you every day, and kindly; he bids me to present you his compliments, and he will even write. Since our return the English language—the English fashions, have a great run.

Now I will leave you and speak one word more to Mrs. Garrick; do not be too curious, you have seen in your life love letters enough. Answer me as soon as possible, my dear friend, and believe me for ever,

Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

And most affectionate friend,

STURTZ.

Give your letter to Baron Diede, and embrace Mr. Erust and Mrs. Wilson in my name.

Endorsed,

"An ingenious letter from my friend Startz at Copenhagen: with a part of my answer about the *Clairon*."

MR. GARRICK, AS TO MADAME CLAIRON.

August, (probably.)

YOUR idea of France exactly agrees with mine: their *politesse* has reduced their character to such a sameness, and their humours and passions are so curbed by habit, that, when you have seen half a dozen French men and women, you have seen the

whole. In England (and I suppose in Denmark) every man is a distinct being, and requires a distinct study to investigate him; it is from this great variety, that our comedies are less uniform than the French, and our characters more strong and dramatic.

What shall I say to you, my dear friend, about the "Clairon?" Your dissection of her is as accurate as if you had opened her alive; she has every thing that art and a good understanding, with great natural spirit, can give her. But then I fear (and I only tell you my fears, and open my soul to you) the heart has none of those instantaneous feelings, that life-blood, that keen sensibility, that bursts at once from genius, and, like electrical fire, shoots through the veins, marrow, bones and all, of every spectator. Madame *Clairon* is so conscious and certain of what she can do, that she never, I believe, had the feelings of the instant come upon her unexpectedly: but I pronounce that the greatest strokes of genius have been unknown to the actor himself, till circumstances, and the warmth of the scene has sprung the mine as it were, as much to his own surprise, as that of the audience. Thus I make a great difference between a great genius and a good actor. The first will always realize the feelings of his character, and be transported beyond himself; while the other, with great powers, and good sense, will give great pleasure to an audience, but never

> ——— "Pectus inaniter angit,
> Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
> Ut magus."

I have with great freedom communicated my ideas of acting, but you must not betray me, my good friend; the Clairon would never forgive me, though I called her an excellent actress, if I did not swear by all the Gods that she was the greatest genius too. I never liked "Dido," though it bears a good character upon the French stage: there are good lines, and some little pathos; but what is that?—I am spoiled by Shakspeare, and I hope you are very near spoiled too. I am wonderfully curious (and you must indulge my curiosity) to see your account of me and my performance; and yet you are so strictly just in your observations, so very accurate in your disquisitions of the several parts of "Dido," that I am almost afraid of you:—but let me conjure you, by the love you bear to England, and to me in particular, that you will send me the account you have written of my action, &c.; it will give me infinite pleasure, I assure you; and I promise you I will kiss the rod with an unruffled mind and great humility. Pray let me have it, I beseech you.

MR. H. STURTZ TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Copenhagen, August 5, 1769.

As I hope that at Shakspeare's Jubilee, you will grant some indulgences in his name, I would even go on pilgrimage to obtain a free pardon for my long silence,

were it in my power; but as I cannot get rid of my fetters, I must entreat you to send the holy licence over.

Pray give me some account of that grateful and highly becoming measure in a nation ever sensible of real merit. Were I to give my advice, I would have on that place near the river, where the trees are removed, a temple erected to Fame: an awful majesty should grace the building, and therein should be seen the statues of Shakspeare and Garrick; Fame spreading her wide wings over their heads with a magic laurel crown in her hand, uncertain to which of them both it might be just to bestow it. Were I to join another figure, it should be that of Nature, whispering confidently her secrets in their ears. Indeed, if that genius has, as you so properly express it, *sprung the mine as it were*, he is not less indebted for his glory to your unparalleled talents. He was almost forgotten in a period when false wit began to prevail; his language was offensive to an audience entertained by Durfey, or accustomed to the weak and shallow style of French conversation; the animating obelisk lay buried in the sand: you have raised him. Now there he stands, towering his head to the skies, a striking wonder for ages to come: let the fairest nymphs of the Avon adorn him with ever fragrant garlands!

I beg you, dear Sir, not to imagine I have quite laid aside my intention of giving an imperfect account of your acting; business has been this summer so heavy upon me that I had neither time, nor that quiet undisturbed temper I want for such an undertaking:—for I would not confine myself to barren exclamations, nor to commonplace criticism; I intend to follow you through every situation, through every stroke of the manifold characters I saw you in. I would rather relate my feelings, and tell plainly what you did to raise them, than call in to my aid the cold rules of art, which are not made for you. It would not be a witty, but it might be a sentimental disquisition; the heart alone is the judge of Shakspeare and of you.

We have seen your Duke of Gloucester with an unspeakable pleasure, for there is a number of good Englishmen here: tell me if you hear how he likes this country. Your Princes and great men are very far from being able to enjoy the pleasure of such a journey; solemnity and deference is always in their way; the hardship of what you call *festins* is everywhere about them; they see whole nations in their holiday dresses, and every thing painted, plastered, and by candlelight. Let them ever so much struggle against it, and strive to approach the natural way, tiring, their rank haunts them as a ghost, and puts cordiality and humour to flight before them. The Duke has else been infinitely applauded; he is condescending, sensible, and natural, and by his uncommon application to military knowledge, appears to become a worthy defender of his country, if any future occasion should require it.

I have spent an agreeable evening in a thorough English company, with some gentlemen of his retinue, Mr. West, Mr. Rainsford, and Mr. Cox; we supped together at the Count ———, the chief of our fleet, who is at the eve of being the

father-in-law to Count Holk. The Count is very near being married with a young lady of fourteen: he remembers you, dear Sir, with sincerity and friendship, and often bids me to tell you so.

There has been of late, I find, a strange mortality on the stage; mighty Kings are fallen, and traitors and conspirators have been swept away. Poor Powell! I pity him; he had feelings, and might, had he lived, have arrived to more variety in his expression. I am afraid he has left his widow with little more than nothing. I have been truly concerned at the death of poor little Mrs. Arne;* this composer's wife was so young and so blooming. Have you got some new reinforcements, some promising offspring? All that has some relation to you is equally interesting to me.

Mrs. Ricoboni continues to show me particular kindness. She tells me, to my greatest satisfaction, you mention me sometimes in your letters to her. Goes her translation of English plays on, and are you satisfied with it? I am afraid there is yet something not to be combined, and, though she is sensible of the trifling taste of the nation, she cannot altogether avoid to follow the torrent, and to graft French wit on English humour.

I have begun your drawing long since, but could not find the time to finish it before this reaches England. I will not make any indiscreet pretensions, but then, dear Sir, I must insist upon having your works as soon as they are published, and your own hand-writing in it. There had been spread a report of late, that you had a mind to come over and pay a visit to your Danish friends; the joy was great on the account, and though I had strong reasons not to believe it, I indulged the pleasing illusion as long as it could possibly last. Indeed, my dear friend, such a trip would be a very meritorious thing; Kings and Queens would delight at it, the halls of the northern worthies would resound with your name, and you would for ever be remembered by the bards at the feast of the Shells.

My best respects wait on Mrs. Garrick, and I am with the truest friendship and tenderness for ever,

My dear friend, entirely yours,
H. STURTZ.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. CHARLES MACKLIN.

SIR,

I HAVE this moment received your long letter, and the post going away in half an hour, I would not omit writing to you directly, though I can answer yours only

* She was the wife of Dr. Arne, and, when Miss Cecilia Young, had the honour of being a pupil to Geminiani. She was a most interesting singer.

in part:—I mean those passages that regard myself only. As to the matter of Miss Macklin's agreement, it must be discussed and talked over by yourself, Mr. Lacy, and me; for which purpose I will be in town next week, at a time I hope that will not be inconvenient to you.

Your paragraph relative to Mrs. Macklin is a mistake throughout. I had ever a great regard for her, both as a woman and as an actress: this I believe she knew and felt; but when by an ill-state of health she was incapable of appearing upon the stage, the managers were satisfied with what she could do for them, without ever once making use of such a disagreeable term as *incumbrance*. If Miss Macklin was ever shocked to bursting into tears at what I may have said to her upon this head, I shall most frankly own that I neither know her nor myself, and I am very sorry that I should so ill execute my own intentions as to produce a contrary effect. The other passage in your letter, concerning a conversation with Miss Macklin about salary, &c. &c. I shall leave to herself to answer; and beg to know if the name of Mrs. Cibber was not most particularly and essentially mentioned, which name is omitted in your letter, and is, I think, a full answer to that part of it. I shall now come to the last charge against me: it was reported that you had joined with Mr. Foote, signed and sealed with him, but I did not believe it; to the truth of which I can call some gentlemen of your acquaintance; therefore I now declare that my reporting or sending word to Mr. Foote, with whom I have not had the least correspondence, that I would remonstrate to the Lord C—— upon that account, is a falsehood, and therefore Mr. Macklin should surely have had a better authority for his aspersion before he had given it under his hand. My real intentions are to sign and seal our agreements, which were settled between us, I thought fully and amicably, at our last meeting; and though my brother may have delayed the execution, yet you cannot imagine that the managers would deviate one tittle from what was then settled. I likewise wish and hope, that Miss Macklin will be settled with us for a term of years, the longer the better, and that all agreements between us may be so full and explicit that mean unmanly disputes may be prevented for the future,

I am Sir, your humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

P. S. I was told that you asked for the [abstract] of the [agreement;] it is, for better security, in my possession, but you may demand it whenever you please.

Whatever part of your letter I have omitted to answer, you must attribute to my great haste; however, I shall not let a single circumstance pass unanswered when I see you.

MR. SHARP TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bene't College, Cambridge, Aug. 18th, 1769.

I AM detained on the willowy Camus, where I cannot say I linger with much delight at this season, from visiting the banks of the Thames, and joining in the

choruses at Avon. I must be content with the echoes of Shakspeare's and your fame from thence, which I hope will make amends for the *silly pageants of the day*, which the newspapers at present exhibit to us, and for which I think the authors should be condemned to sing their ballads in the streets of Stratford at the Jubilee season. I saw a gentleman from thence to-day, who compares the new building to Ranelagh, and is loud in the praises of the new Hall, and the preparations for the approaching celebration. If I had been to have sought a scriptural quotation, I had been more lucky by the help of my Concordance, than in searching a motto for the new statue of Shakspeare from his own works. But I doubt not you have been happy enough in selecting something for the purpose, that will hit better than the eulogium of music which he makes in those noble lines of the man "that has not music in his ear," &c. which might be aptly quoted at a musical exhibition, with

"Such harmony is in immortal souls,"—

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,"—

or if it be not too obvious and too blown upon,

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man!"

But "what you do yourself on this occasion, still betters what is done," in the improvement of every hint that can be given, and therefore I need not search farther: unless it be that I remind you of what Ben Jonson says, "I lov'd Shakspeare, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry, as much as any." I submit whether "the God of your idolatry" is not honoured a little more. But I think, dear Sir, you may bid defiance to all the little critics that shall carp at this truly tasteful and classical entertainment of your making, to the honour of our immortal bard. "The motions of such spirits are dull as night, and their affections dark as Erebus. Let no such men be trusted. Mark we the music."

I think to be in town about the twentieth of September, and will do myself the pleasure of calling on you in town, or at Hampton, about that time. Meanwhile with most auspicious omens for all the Ides of September,

I remain yours most sincerely,

J. SHARP.

MR. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Yabley, Aug. 16th, 1769.

YOUR politeness has entirely removed my *awkwardness*, and I am totally at your disposal. The post and dress you allot for me will be most agreeable to me, and all scruples are removed. If I recollect right, the hat I wear in Richard is very shabby;

and the little ornaments I wore in it are locked up in town under a key I have with me. The hat Mr. Powell used in King John is a good one, and I should suppose might be had with the ornaments on it; if not, I should be glad of yours. You will excuse me mentioning these particulars, as the motive is that I may appear to the best advantage in your train. We are much disappointed at Mrs. Blake's declining the Jubilee: it obliges my wife to do the same. I hope your fears of ill-consequences from the fatigues, which must be great, will prove groundless.

"Luctère, multâ proruet integrum
Cum laude victorem geretque
Prælia, &c. &c."—*Hor.* Ode 4, Book 4.

Will your hurry allow you time to tell me where I am to go to at Stratford? and whether you mean to apply to our managers for Richard's dress, or would have me do it? I think they will make less difficulty with you than me. On what day ought I to be at Stratford? I shall take up no more of your time than to assure you, I am with the greatest truth and respect,

Your most sincere and most obliged humble servant,
W. SMITH.

We set out for York Races to-morrow.

MRS. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sept. 11, 1769.

RETURNED as you now are from giving and receiving honour due to the first of dramatic poets, and his best commentator, will you kindly condescend to listen to the last, and I may say the least of the dramatic tribe? I have in vain wished for the pleasure of seeing you the whole summer; you have been much, and better employed; but I now hope that you will afford me so much leisure, as to look over a comedy which I have just written—I will not say finished, till it receives the stamp of your approbation. The characters are new, and the situations interesting; at least, this is the opinion of the few that have seen it.

As I flatter myself that I have the good fortune to stand in a favourable light with the public at present, for which I will ever confess myself much indebted to you, I wish to improve their indulgence to my advantage, and I should think that a comedy of mine, performed under your auspices, might meet with success.

Whatever objections you may think proper to make, shall be received, as they have ever been, as a mark of your friendship, which I have never deservedly forfeited, however I may have been misrepresented to you.

I need not tell you, Sir, that the comedy I send is in its first dress, or rather un-

dress, in which I see many errors that may be mended; but if the stuff be good, it is extremely easy to add flounces and furbelows.

As it is impossible that I should doubt of your candour to the piece, or your kindness to its author, I shall wait for your opinion rather in hope, than fear, and shall on this, and every other occasion, be pleased to subscribe myself,

Your much obliged and most grateful humble servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

My best compliments wait on Mrs. Garrick.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. CLUTTERBUCK.

SIR, Three Angels, Strand, Sept. 14, 1768.

PRAY pay to Dr. Arne or order the sum of sixty-three pounds, for the sole property in his music of the Ode which I wrote upon dedicating a Building to Shakspeare, and place it to the account of, Sir, Your humble servant,

£63 0*s.* 0*d.* D. GARRICK.

W. FINCH TO MESSRS. SNOW, DENNE, AND SANDBY.

GENTLEMEN,

PLEASE to pay the above draft for Mr. Clutterbuck. W. FINCH.

Endorsed,

"Vouchers for money paid by Mr. Clutterbuck for me, for the years 1769 and 1770."

RECEIVED, September 14, 1769, of David Garrick, Esq. the sum of sixty guineas for the sole property of the music composed by me to the Commemoration Ode on Shakspeare, the words by him. I say received by me,

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

Endorsed,

"Dr. Arne's letter and receipt, about the music for my Ode."

MRS. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hyde-street, Sept. 15, 1769.

AT my arrival in town last night I met Mr. Victor, who said he came from you to desire my opinion about postponing the performance of "Eugenia" to another

year. I confess myself to be extremely shocked and surprised at this proposal, as you did not seem to have any thoughts of deferring it when I had the pleasure of seeing you at *Hampton*, and as I flattered myself that your kind attention to it and me had rendered it not unworthy of your own approbation. Oh! my dear Sir, think what a mortifying disappointment it must be to me to have it now delayed. But were only my pride at stake, I would readily sacrifice it to your inclination; but, indeed, Sir, I have better and stronger motives for entreating you to bring it out this year: and though I think myself tolerably free from the vanity of an author, if you will but continue your generous assistance to me, I will venture to flatter myself with hope of its success.

I have now expressed my sentiments upon this subject as clearly as I am capable, and shall leave the decision entirely to your goodness and friendship for me, which I shall ever acknowledge to have been infinitely superior either to my deserts or expectation.

I now send you the fourth act altered, as I hope, to your satisfaction. I find I have not resolution sufficient to wait upon you this evening, unless you desire it, as the apprehension of trespassing upon your leisure would give me real uneasiness; but if you are so good as to comply with my request, I beg you will allow me the pleasure of seeing you before you leave town, as the business of the fifth act remains unsettled.

I am utterly incapable of expressing either my gratitude for your past kindness to me, or my earnest wishes for the continuance of your friendship; "but though my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you," &c.

I beg leave to present my best respects to Mrs. Garrick, and that you will believe me, with the sincerest esteem,

Your much obliged and most obedient,

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. GRIFFITH.

Friday, Sept. 15, 1769.

MR. GARRICK presents his compliments to Mrs. Griffith: his servant in town sent her first note without the play, which he received when he was in London yesterday. He was so much out of order that he was not able to attend the theatre, but obliged to return directly into the country, where he continues very unfit for any kind of business. However, had not Mrs. Griffith sent her last note, he should, as soon as he was able (and he cannot think Mrs. G. would desire it before) have read her play, as she seems so anxious about it: yet lest she should have an opportunity of bringing it upon the stage this season, he has obeyed her commands and sent it by Mr. Becket. If that should not be the case, and Mrs. Griffith will return it, Mr. G. will consider the play as soon as he possibly can, to do justice to the author and himself.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Tuesday morning, Oct. 3rd, 1769.

I FIND it will be absolutely impossible to finish "The Grecian Daughter" this year. I am now on the point of setting out for the country on very sudden business, and at the end of this week I am called away again for a fortnight. By that time the term will be at hand, and then judge whether the conversation of attorneys will dispose the mind to any degree of poetry or pathos? I must give up all thoughts of that play for the present; and indeed I am not sorry, as I am sure I can at more leisure make it very superior to what it *is* at present. If Mr. and Mrs. Barry will read "Alzuma," and be of opinion that they can bear the fatigue of two such long characters, I shall have no objection to its being performed: in fact, if they are to play it at all, they never can do it younger than now.

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

REV. R. JAGO TO MR. GEORGE GARRICK.

SIR, Snitterfield, Oct. 6th, 1769.

THOUGH I do not expect to pacify your resentment on account of the charge which you alleged against me yesterday, relating to your brother, yet you must allow me to do myself justice in stating the grounds of that charge more truly than has yet been done. I must therefore, in the first place, absolutely deny that I have been in any sense the author of a report that your brother was the writer of those verses commonly ascribed to him, reflecting on L. W., or the propagator of that report any otherwise than in common with every gentleman in the county by whom I have heard them mentioned. And more particularly with regard to any information which you might receive from that gentleman who was pleased to report what passed at my house, I must inform you that this subject made no part of that conversation, and that his friend then present, and from whom I thought it probable he might learn somewhat that did pass between him and myself at a different time, assures me, in a letter written to-day, in answer to one from me, that he never mentioned my name in connexion with those verses; and indeed it would have been very strange if he had, in the sense you intend, considering that he had an opportunity of knowing his friend Mr. Andrew's sentiments on the subject at his own house, at the very time that it was fresh and warm upon his mind. It would, therefore, perhaps be better for you not to be quite so liberal of those scurrilous names which you make use of upon this occasion, for more reasons than those which I mentioned to you at Stratford. But, Sir, I look upon this as only a pretence for your anger,

and that the true ground of it was the report which the above gentleman made of my reflections on your brother's recital,* and other particulars at the Jubilee. And this, I own, was of itself a sufficient foundation for your indignation. But, not to enquire whether this account was exaggerated, as it is very probable it might be, you may be pleased to consider that its being in any degree public was owing more to this gentleman's officiousness, than to any design in me. But, Sir, whether you will allow this to be any justification or not, reserving to myself the liberty of speaking my own sentiments in private, I expect you will do me the justice to believe, that neither before, nor since the Jubilee, have I written a syllable on the subject, nor intend doing it, unless any public provocation should oblige me to alter my resolution. Indeed, previous to the Jubilee, I took every occasion to condemn the many severe and ungenerous things that were said against it; and what I have really said since would admit of some mitigation, if it were worth while to enlarge. But I say no more at this time. If you think proper to call upon me for an explanation of any thing in the preceding pages, you shall receive farther satisfaction from

Your humble servant,

RICHARD JAGO.

REV. DR. WARTON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Oct. 8, 1769.

I OUGHT not to have delayed a moment to thank you for the very agreeable present of your Ode, which I greatly like, as admirably adapted to the subject and occasion, and as containing a great many strokes of poetry. I hear from various quarters, that in the speaking it you were never more forcibly felt by an audience: and your idea of substituting the *speaking* some parts instead of *recitative*, is, I really think, excellent.

I leave my brother to express to you his thanks also as he thinks proper. He has shut up himself this vacation, and stuck so closely to his favourite work, "The History of English Poetry," that he has made a very considerable progress, which he was farther enabled to do by having been a long while collecting materials.

I hope to get an evening with you at Christmas, and am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and obedient servant,

JOSEPH WARTON.

My wife joins in compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

* Let never man in future endeavour to honour either prophet or poet in the place of his nativity. The Stratford Jubilee was considered as *sacrilege* by the ignorant clowns about the Avon, and the rain from heaven as a testimony of its displeasure rather than its bounty. Mr. Steevens in every form of sarcasm attacked the design, and all engaged in it; and Shenstone's friend Jago, as we find, amused himself with "reflections on Mr. Garrick's recitation." Yet surely there was an obvious propriety in the great actor's taking the lead in such a celebration; and it would be a curious scepticism that should question such a man's ability to give effect to what he had written himself.—ED.

MR. THOMAS WARTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Winton, Oct. 10, 1769.

You have my most hearty thanks for the very kind present of your Ode; I have read it with the greatest pleasure, for it contains many strokes of true poetry. I lament much that it was not in my power to be present at the Jubilee. To tell the real truth, I am deep in "The History of English Poetry:" but yesterday I could not forbear making an elopement to Spithead, when I went on board one of the Russian ships, and had the pleasure of being surrounded with a thousand whiskered sailors and soldiers fresh from Archangel. I take great care of your books, which are of much service.

I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

THOMAS WARTON.

MR. HOPKINS TO MR. BARRY.

SIR, Friday, Oct. 27, 1769.

I AM ordered by the managers to express their surprise at your note to me, and to tell you they are at a loss what you mean by threats; they have sent no messages but by me, and they are equally ignorant with me of the ground of your unpolite behaviour: however, they bid me to assure you that they disregard threats of any kind as much as you possibly can do, but that they must, and will, on all occasions, do justice to themselves and their company. They imagined from their behaviour to Mr. Barry last year that they should have had civility from him at least, and they should think themselves deserving of any treatment if they could bear to be injured and insulted at the same time. They farther add, that they are never so unreasonable as to call on any person to do more than their duty: and if Mr. and Mrs. Barry say that they have done their duty, *they* deserve no answer. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Endorsed,
"Copy of a letter sent to Mr. Barry on Friday, Oct. 27, 1769, delivered to his man by James."

MR. SPRANGER BARRY TO MR. GARRICK.

GENTLEMEN, Oct. 27, 1769.

THE many misunderstandings that have happened in consequence of messages that have passed between us, have determined me to take the liberty of giving you this trouble rather than send an answer to Mr. Hopkins.

What I meant with regard to threats, was the message brought from the managers by Mr. Hopkins to Mrs. Barry, which was, that they expected she would continue to go on in the pageant as long as she was able; though they were at the same time informed by Mr. Hopkins that she was not able, having got a dangerous cold by her attending the procession; and that she could not venture to continue it any longer without hazard of her life. Mr. Garrick also desired Mr. Hopkins to tell Mrs. Barry that he would never ask her to do any thing on his account as long as he lived; which was a very disagreeable circumstance, as it might be understood to affect her very much in her business, and she has now the mortification to observe that one of her parts in comedy, though appointed for her last March, is given to another person. However, Gentlemen, give me leave to assure you that I say this in apology and not in justification of the too warm and unguarded expressions in my note to Hopkins, and which I should not have been betrayed into but for certain information which I received just before I wrote the note, and which I am not at liberty to mention. This vexed me not a little, though I believe it was intended well, and to answer a different purpose.

I have not forgot the obligations I am under to the managers, but shall always retain a very grateful sense of them; and as I think no man should be ashamed of acknowledging an error as soon as he is conscious he has fallen into one, I must therefore beg pardon for any uncivil or unpolite expression in my letter, and am, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient humble servant,
SPRANGER BARRY.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. SPRANGER BARRY.

SIR, Oct. 28, 1769.

As there is one paragraph in your last letter which relates to me alone, I must beg leave to answer it. I most certainly did send word by Mr. Hopkins that I would never ask Mrs. Barry *to do any thing on my account only*, by which you could not but know that I meant *to play on any night which I might have as an author, unconnected with the manager*.

Mrs. Barry was pleased to refuse playing the part of Almeria for me, on Monday last, though she knew (for she was told it) that it was the author's night for the Jubilee. Mrs. Barry had the choice of two parts: she first chose Lady Townley, then Almeria, and would do neither. I know that after I was gone to Hampton she sent to know what play was given out, but I had left orders that the play I had fixed upon should not be altered.

I believe no person in my situation ever met with such a refusal; and as no favour could be granted by the compliance, the refusal appeared the more extraordinary. I can lay my hand upon my heart and say, when I acted in common I never refused the

favour in all my life; and, indeed, this is the first time, and shall be the last, that ever I will run the risk of having it refused to me. I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

The terms which Mrs. Barry sent me of her playing on *Monday* were, that she *would* not, or *could* not appear in the pageant on *Saturday*. I shall say no more.

Endorsed, "Not sent."*

MR. N. RAMUS TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Richmond Lodge, Thursday, Nov. 2, 1769.

IN obedience to his Majesty's commands, I am to acquaint you that he will not go to the play next Thursday, but on the Thursday after. Their Majesties intend to honour you with their commands; therefore his Majesty would be glad to know what you can perform yourself; either a tragedy or a comedy, which will be the most easy to yourself, will be agreeable. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

NL. RAMUS.

MR. J. REED TO MR. GARRICK.

Mr. Garrick is desired to read the following letter in private.

SIR, Nov. 15, 1769.

As my connections with the theatre at Covent Garden have not, since the death of Mr. Powell, been altogether agreeable, if a reconciliation with Mr. Garrick could be effected, I have a desire of returning to my late master, to fight my dramatic battles under the banner of David, King of Drury, a man after the public's own heart.

I should, many months ago, have endeavoured to make my peace with you if several oblique hints had not been given me, that there would be no possibility of a reconciliation, as you were so inveterately prepossessed against me. After the maturest consideration, I have a better opinion of your disposition and good sense, than to entertain any longer such uncharitable thought. The greatest mind may for a while *resent;* but for ever to continue an inflexible resentment is the infallible sign of a rancorous heart. But I am well assured that a person of your delicate feelings cannot be without a very considerable share of humanity and good nature.

I shall not make any servile professions of sorrow for what has passed; you

* Although Mr. Garrick withheld this letter from Barry, I shall not do so from the reader: because it preserves some of the features of scenes seldom exhibited to the audience, who little suspect the trouble and difficulty found by managers to prevail upon the public servants to appear before them.—ED.

would either despise me for so mean a submission, or suspect my sincerity. I can, however, very honestly assure you, that no incident in my life could give me greater pleasure, than to be on a friendly footing with you. This acknowledgment is all the submission I can make, or an ingenuous mind can require. If a total oblivion of past animosities between us should take place, you will render me the happiest being in the world. But more immediately to the purpose. I have lately finished a comedy, which can be more happily cast at your house, than at any other theatre; as, in writing it, I had my eye on several of your performers. There is a character in which Mr. King would probably acquire not less reputation than he did (no offence to Messrs. Garrick and Colman) in Lord Ogleby. Mrs. Abington would likewise have an opportunity of displaying her great vivacity, in the part of a volatile young lady. There are other characters in the piece, that will be no disgrace to the comic performers at Drury-lane. If therefore you will play it this season—now do not throw my letter into the fire—the comedy is at your service.

I have laid down my pen to indulge a short reverie.—Methinks I see you in one of your soliloquizing attitudes, with which you have so often delighted the town, crying out, "What the devil does this impudent fellow mean?—write to me with this freedom after such usage as I have met with from him! threaten to publish his case!—file a bill in Chancery against me!—make the devil and all of a hubbub about me!—and yet after this, without asking my pardon, desire me to play him a comedy!—a very modest request indeed!—d—n his comedy! why does the blockhead teaze me about it!—why does not he get it played at the other house?—I will lay fifty guineas that he and Colman have quarrelled!"—Upon my honour, you are mistaken. I have had no quarrel with Mr. Colman; but as my piece can be better played at Drury-lane, and as I must be connected with a manager, while my *cacoethes scribendi* continues, my fame (not to mention my pride and interest) naturally prompt me to wish such connexion to be with the ablest manager that ever presided over a theatre.

You have it now in your power to secure my friendship, if you think the friendship of one who prides himself in the character of an honest man, worthy your regard. I could give you particular reasons for my desire to be re-connected with you; but as such premature explanation might be of disservice to me *elsewhere*, prudence requires my silence on that occasion. If you are inclinable to read the comedy, I will send you, by way of sample, the first four acts: these will sufficiently enable you to judge of the merits of the piece. If these should meet your approbation, (as I have scarce a doubt but they will,) I shall immediately send you the fifth. My reason for withholding the last act is, that I may be able *(not unjustly)** to declare the comedy has not been read by you, in case I should be hereafter interrogated on that head.

I have now only to desire that no mention may be made of this application, and

* The hand also has *five* fingers; if Mr. Reed withheld the last of them when he saluted a friend, would he think himself justified in saying that "he never shook hands with him?"—Ed.

rely on your generosity for keeping the secret. Should the affair get wind, it may be of great prejudice to me; and I am sure that Mr. Garrick is a gentleman of more honour than to do any thing that would be of injury to one who reposes such confidence in him.

If you cannot, or will not serve me in this point, I desire you will return me this letter. Whatever you think fit to say by way of answer, shall likewise be returned.

Before I conclude, let me enter the following caveat.—You may possibly imagine the letter I wrote you about two months ago, was intended as a preparative to this application; I solemnly declare I did not send you that intelligence on such interested intent. I had no farther view in writing than to render you service.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JOS. REED.

MR. A. DOW TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Bombay, Dec. 3rd, 1769.

As every man who has been honoured with your friendship, must be desirous of preserving it, I have taken the liberty of addressing you from this distant part of the world, that I may live in your remembrance, though I should be dead to the rest of mankind.

After a voyage of five months, which time I employed on a continuation of the History of Hindostan, I was safely landed on this barren rock. Since that time, my ears have been rent with the noise of drums and trumpets, whilst the air of this place, so remarkable for blunting the intellect, has rendered me unfit for any thing, unless the Directors, in pity of my misfortune, should make me a counsellor at Bombay. Instead of invoking the Tragic Muse, and calling the heroes of ancient times from the dust, I am employed in teaching puppets to dance, (sad falling off!) *to the tune of Nancy Dawson.* Why should I disgrace the revered names of antiquity? Catos and Cæsars may be painted, but they can only be animated by you.

Does "Zingis" live, or like a Christian visitor, did he take leave on the twelfth night? Does Mrs. Barry breathe the spirit of Ovisa, and display more than her beauties to the town? If you answer in the affirmative, perhaps I may be your humble petitioner to accept of another play. If not, the world has seen enough of my folly, silence will be the best cloak for it, and I may pass through life in a crowd.

As all but madmen give over writing when once they have got rich, the Directors, too partial to my genius, have determined to keep me poor. I have indeed the command of four thousand men, but so circumscribed in every thing, that instead of acquiring a fortune, I am spending the little I have got. I have solicited a removal to Bengal; but as I never had any friends but such as the little merit I had procured me, I am very doubtful about success. Few men can be generous

without motives of interest; and however capable I may be of serving the public, I have few voices in the India Courts. Disappointment shall not, however, damp me; in the world there is much room for hope.

When I can procure any thing worthy of Mr. Garrick's acceptance, I shall take the liberty of insinuating the greatness of my respect and esteem: in the mean time I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ALEX. DOW.

FRANK AICKIN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, December 6th, 1769.

I AM in great hopes this letter will reach your hand at a time when a leisure moment will permit you to favour it with a reading; the extensive business of the theatre immediately under your direction, as well as an apparent coolness in your deportment, have prevented me from making this a personal address. I have observed with the greatest concern that latterly I have fallen in your esteem, and that you now seem to have almost totally withdrawn that protection I was once honoured with. Was I conscious that I had ever intentionally acted any part that deserved so severe a reprimand, I should despise myself for the most ungrateful and unthinking of mankind: to offer the least mark of disrespect to a gentleman from whose hand I received the most magnificent acts of friendship, would picture a character I would not wish to exist with; and viewing it with an interested eye, it would be the most unpardonable act of folly.

If the circumstance of my omitting the rehearsal, for which I was lately forfeited, occasioned this change of deportment, receive this as my most sincere assurance,—it arose from accident; but if from the whispers of any latent enemy, honoured for a moment with your private ear, Mr. Garrick will surely, on every principle of justice, give me an opportunity to acquit myself, like a man of feeling, as he ought, from such a treatment. I dwell on the feeling of a grateful heart: be assured the recollection of your disinterested behaviour, when obliged to call upon your assistance, weighs more in my breast than the certainty of rising in my profession, if favoured with your instruction and protection. Give me leave, therefore, my dear Sir, to request a continuation of your former countenance, without which a man appears but in an awkward point of view, among the crowd every moment traversing the windings of artifice to recommend themselves to your attention: as much as I revere the character I now address, on that foundation I shall never wish to rise in his estimation; by every open, honest means, I wish to recommend myself to him, and, of course, to the public; when I lose sight of these principles, then let Mr. Garrick forget he ever had in his service a

FRANK AICKIN.

Endorsed,
"A penitential letter."

MR. STURTZ TO MR. GARRICK.

Copenhagen, Dec. 23, 1769.

No, you have not forgot me, my very worthy friend, but the bustle of the Jubilee, and your public life, which of late has been very busy, I hear, have taken up your time much better than you would have employed it in writing letters to me: however, now, I long for some lines of yours, were it only to become assured of your being well and happy, and still my friend. I have read a vast deal of nonsense about the Jubilee, and a great many pretty things also; pray be so kind as to let me have some authentical account of that national solemnity: there being a collection of pamphlets published on that subject, I should be very glad to peruse it. When, my dear friend, may we hope for your works? it were a pity if you would not collect as soon as possible the *disjecti membra poetæ*, the many humorous entertaining little epigrams, prologues, &c. which might be lost by and by, if proper care is not taken; and a loss indeed it would be:—for your plays and larger pieces, they are preserved, and consecrated to eternity.*

We are here entirely engrossed by French players; but if out of necessity we frequent them, we have seen too much of your performance not to be disgusted with every other sort of theatrical entertainment. There is some of our retinue who, not understanding a word of your language, mimic your gesture and your action: so great an impression did it make upon their minds, the scene of daggers has been repeated in dumb show a hundred times, and those most ignorant of the English idiom can cry out with rapture, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" I am the most happy of them all; for in silent contemplation, and my Shakspeare in hand, I follow you close through every masterly stroke of your action, and feel its magic powers a hundred times again. I must absolutely see you and Old England again; and if ever, in the school of politics, I have been able to find out ways and means, I must bring it about.

Has Master Capell fulfilled his promise in giving the additional volumes to his Shakspeare, wherein he intended to treat the historical part of his plays?† Has there any dramatical piece of ——— made its appearance since I left England?

Pray be so kind as to let me know some of your literary events, for I do not care for your political ones, your petitions, your North Britons, &c. One would not judge you to be so happy a nation by the writings of your Juniuses, your Vindexes, and so forth.

* Something may fairly be allowed to Mr. Sturtz on the head of the fulsome style which usually distinguished foreign praise, particularly *friendly* praise; and it will also be remembered, that though he was amazingly well acquainted with the words of our language, his selection of the terms is not always idiomatical, and frequently his phrase is too sounding for his matter. "Consecrated to eternity" truly! Eternity for trifles like *altered plays* (for Garrick is the author of no entire comedy), even *our* love for his memory must remark to be too bold an assignment for his literary merits.—Ed.

† They were published after Garrick's death and his own.

I present my best respects to Mrs. Garrick, and am, with undaunted sincerity, most devoutly, entirely

Yours,

N. B. He was here and a favourite of —— STURTZ.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, [No date.]

OF a thousand supplicants for a box to-morrow night you will be happy to be rid of one; but, as all happiness in this world is of short duration, the next time "Lear" appears, low on my bended knee I shall beg some corner. By a strange *étourderie*, I neglected an invitation from my old friend Lady Sandys, neither went to her nor sent excuse: she was very good and did not pout, but sent me another for to-morrow night, to which I consider myself as inviolably bound; and indeed I have not spirits for such an assault as you make on the heart. Real woe has visited those I tenderly love. My poor Dolly Gregory has lost the best of fathers, and the best of men. On Tuesday night he went to bed in perfect health and spirits, as usual rejoicing in the gay circle of his fine children; on Wednesday morn she called him to come to breakfast, but, alas! his feast of life was done. Physicians, &c. were assembled, but some great vital principle had failed at once, it is supposed; he died without a pang. He was the most amiable philosopher I ever knew; and though skilled in all worldly wisdom, rejected not Him who only has the words of eternal life: he, therefore, is happy; but his family are greatly afflicted, and mankind has lost a friend, the poor a generous and tender benefactor. Best respects attend Mrs. Garrick. I am going to see my father, who is indisposed. I have not had Mrs. Garrick's answer, but hope it will be gracious.

I am, dear Sir, always yours,

E. MONTAGU.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Thursday Morning.

I SHALL be very happy to have the honour and pleasure, or more properly speaking, the *felicity* of your's and Mrs. Garrick's company on Sunday evening if you can bestow it on me: you will find here some friends, and all you meet must be your admirers, for I never invite idiots to my house. I shall certainly be at your's and Mrs. Capel's commands, and if you wish me to subscribe for more than one set, please to put my name down accordingly. Take care of your health this sickly season, or rather let Mrs. Garrick take care of your health; she has the attributes of Hebe and one more, she is happiness as well as health and youth:—but to get out of my heathenish phrase, God bless you both, and believe me,

Your most grateful, affectionate and faithful humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

REV. S. NOTT TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,

THE *testimonies* of wise and judicious men have been received in every age of polite learning with pleasure and respect. It is an incense due to merit; a sacrifice in which even modesty may delight without censure. Antiquity has left us many noble monuments of praise; and it is not more to the credit of the times in which they lived, that they produced a Homer, a Cicero, or a Virgil, than that there were contemporary, as well as succeeding writers, who did justice to their great accomplishments, and who recommended their golden labours without any fear of lessening the value of their own. To compare the present state of literature with the past, is to take a melancholy view indeed. Criticism, ancient, candid criticism, hath at length "closed its long glories with a sigh." The dark shades of prejudice extend daily, and the pains which the philosopher bestowed in finding an honest man, would be now as fruitlessly employed in searching for a generous and impartial author.

> "Mov'd by some hidden spring in wond'rous fate,
> Sound, living worth, they stamp with endless hate;
> Shake from the tree of Fame, while at its root
> The reptile Envy lurks, her infant fruit,
> And think, that when another's faults are shown,
> It gives a kind of sanction to their own."

Ever at variance amongst themselves, I know but one opinion in which they seem all of them to have united with a mutual good-will and cheerfulness, and to which you must attribute, perhaps, the tedious perusal of this epistle; for if we look into the best modern productions, whether they are intended either for the improvement of our taste, for the information of our knowledge, or for the easy relaxation of our softer and more domestic endearments, we shall perceive that no graceful opportunity of mentioning *your name* with honour has been omitted by any writer of any sect, class, or party whatever: and whether they speak of nature, or nature's laws, of powers inconceivable, of eloquence irresistible, of action inimitable, that they shelter, and that they justify their opinion, under the example of *your great* and masterly abilities. But as the reading of many books does not quite fall in with the manners of the present age, and as it would be presumption to answer for posterity, I could wish that such extracts were made, properly to be published, as should remain a lasting and a beauteous pillar of Mr. Garrick's merit, and of his country's gratitude and discernment. Macbeth's comparison of life to

> ——"A poor player,
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more,"

pronounced by the softest voice that ever drew pity from the heart of man, I well remember to have affected me beyond expression. Busy fancy represented the

pathetic speaker as retired to the divine poet, with whom he had been so long cultivating an acquaintance; and I wept at the unequal dispensation of human glory: that you who could bestow immortality on others, and whose passions, the only good comment on Shakspeare's meaning, did first favourably introduce him to public notice (for till then, his virgin blossoms once faded, he was but little sought after,—"'twas caviare to the general,") might yourself perhaps in a few years be totally forgotten. To prevent this misfortune, and to tempt with these rude outlines some abler hand to complete the picture, is the sole motive of subscribing myself, what I truly am,

Dear Sir, your unknown, but very cordial admirer,

A GENTLEMAN.

Endorsed,
"Letter of compliment from a clergyman, whose name is Nott."*

MR. GREY COOPER TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Tuesday Morning.

I GIVE you my most cordial thanks for the delight I received last night; and Lord North commands me to express his obligation to you in the strongest manner. I cannot go in comfort to my wife and children at Windsor, till I am assured that you have not suffered for this inimitable exertion of your powers. I never remember to have seen or heard you greater, *tam in concitatis quam in remissis affectibus*, which Quintilian says of Cicero in one of his finest orations. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I saw her stooping from her cloud and gazing at you; I thought the spirit of Shakspeare was probably doing the same, and with equal pleasure. By the by, why should not those fine lines in the Essay on Man be applied to your demigod as well as Newton?

"Superior beings when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law," &c.

I am, my dear Sir, very affectionately yours,

GREY COOPER.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Grey Cooper, upon my acting."

REV. C. JENNER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Jan. 11th, 1770.

AFTER the fruitless trouble I have before given you with two attempts in the dramatic way, I am afraid you will think me impertinent in taking the liberty once more to beg leave to offer you a piece. But as I am greatly encouraged by such of my literary friends as have perused a comedy I have lately finished with much

* He was the translator of Secundus's "Basia."—ED.

care and pains, to hope for its proving worthy of your notice, I could not resist the temptation of begging your indulgence so far as to give me leave to submit it to your perusal. It will be unnecessary for me to apprize a person so well acquainted with the dramatic writers of all nations as you are, of the hints I have borrowed from Diderot, the most eminent amongst the modern French writers, from whose "Père de Famille" I have taken the original idea of the fable, though I have found it necessary to make very considerable deviations from it, and by throwing the foible of family pride into the leading character, I have endeavoured to enliven it a little, without taking off from the intrinsic merit of it: from which idea I have taken the title of "The Man of Family," and have endeavoured, by softening the extreme seriousness of the original, to render the piece rather more conformable to the English notions of comedy. I have desired a friend of mine to leave the copy at your house; and if it should prove worthy of your notice, I hope you will excuse my taking the liberty to beg the favour of you to introduce it to the public. I am aware that I have not the least claim to your favour: but I rely upon the satisfaction which men of genius and established reputation in the world of letters must find in affording protection to those who labour in the same department.

The favour of a line directed to me at Claybrook, near Lutterworth, Leicestershire, will very greatly oblige, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

CHARLES JENNER.*

MRS. CELESIA TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Genoa, Jan. 21, 1770.

YOUR obliging letter of the 12th of December gives me the utmost satisfaction nor do I know how sufficiently to express the sense I have of the indulgence you have shown to "Tancred." Nothing, I own, could give me equal pleasure with your approbation. As, I must confess, I have the success of this affair greatly at heart, I must beg you to continue your friendly intentions towards me; and I absolutely leave you at liberty to make whatever alterations or retrenchments you think proper.

I observed and felt while I was translating "Tancred," that several of the speeches were too long for our stage; but as I had nobody to consult with, I was at an uncertainty about what to omit: you may therefore strike out what you please, and I leave it to you, whether it may be right to replace those lines when the play is printed.

I am also of your opinion about the title; and to tell you the truth, I am not thoroughly satisfied with the name of Almida; but a ten years' absence begins to wear out many native sounds and ideas from my mind. I think I should like better

* The Rev. Charles Jenner.—He was of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and distinguished as a scholar. He enjoyed some valuable livings in the Church, and died greatly beloved in 1774. Everybody that could aim at the stage had been incited to naturalize the "Père de Famille" of Diderot. Jenner's attempt has been twice printed.—ED.

Athenaïs, or Ethelinda, as names more in character—but how do they strike your ear? I beg you will do me the favour to decide for me.

Your idea about the prologue agrees exactly with mine: but what will seem odd, though it is true, is, that I do not feel myself at present in a disposition to do any thing worth a pin. Perhaps something may arise to my fancy before the year is out: if it does, I will send it to you; else I must entreat you, Sir, to complete my obligations to you, by employing your own elegant pen in my favour.

I write by the same post to Mr. Scot to thank him, and to beg him to take with you any measures that you may think fit with regard to my play.

Mr. Celesia, to whom I showed your letter, desires you will accept his best wishes, and begs you will be assured that he thinks himself highly obliged by your kind remembrance of him, and your friendly behaviour to me. Both our compliments wait upon your lady, and I am, with the truest esteem,

Sir, your obliged and sincere humble servant,

DOROTHEA CELESIA.

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Jan. 25, 1770.

I AM as ready to adopt unfavourable sentiments of my own performances as any man living, and therefore do not allow that we differ in opinion about "Salome." I gave it to you (as I have done every other performance of mine) as the best I could write, but I did not insist upon it that you was to approve of it. I fear now it is not within the bounds of my genius to give you satisfaction. However, as these points are soon settled in conversation, and read very ill upon paper, I hope you will not think it much trouble to indulge me with a few minutes' conversation to-morrow morning; and that I may not interrupt better business, I will call between ten and eleven.

The motives of "Salome,*" if I mistake not, are revenge, ambition, and disappointment. These are strong principles for guilty action: perhaps they are not so forcibly marked in her character as they might be, but a very few touches might finish that part of the piece as highly as you please. Her life twice attempted by Mariamne, her ambition defeated by Antipater, and her revenge frustrated by Alexander: I know no other principle but love that could add to the motives that she has for what she commits. You see I have still a little partiality left, a small feeling for a performance which has been many years under my pen, and which hitherto no friend (not even Mr. Colman himself) has assisted with an objection.

With your leave, I will wait upon you, and I dare say I shall submit my prejudices to your better judgment. I can by no means wish to have any piece put into a

* I have no means of tracing what became of poor "Salome." The materials were, probably, worked up into some future plays. The letter is very characteristic of the author.—ED.

performer's hand which a manager disapproves, and therefore beg it may not be shown to Mrs. Barry, unless it was honoured with your recommendation.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

MRS. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Feb. 14th, 1770.

I HAVE made so many unsuccessful attempts, that I almost begin to despair of ever having the pleasure of seeing you; yet there are a thousand little matters that I have wished to communicate to you—first, my thanks for your letter to Mr. Vansittart, and a number of kind remembrances from Mrs. Cholmondely, which she charged me to deliver to you. She has sent me a *petite* piece of Marivaux, which I should be glad you would look over when your leisure will permit; there is something peculiar in the idea of the plan, which I well know, with *your assistance*, might be improved into a comedy, and I as well know that without *that* I can do nothing.

I will hope that the great and unavoidable expense I have been at in fitting out my young adventurer may not only appear to you a sufficient reason for my wishing to do something, but may also influence your friendly and humane heart to render that something successful.

I have not a wish to engage one moment of your attention at present; but the time will come when you will be more at ease, and then I hope you will remember me. Your much obliged and most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, March 17th, 1770.

I SEND you my tragedy in obedience to your desires. I scarce expected you could find time to give it a hearing, but I was not guided in that proposal by any other motives than extreme solicitude for your judgment, and I am apt to think that many minute observations strike upon a reading which the memory loses when they are to be related.

I am exceedingly anxious to produce such a piece under your protection as shall serve our mutual fame; no labour, therefore, will deter me from giving this every finishing that my pen can give it: I therefore present it to you not as perfect and complete, but as much improved. Your objections bring so much amendment with them, that if you are not tired with making them, I can never be weary of receiving them. In the present copy, the character of *Doris* is not softened in point of *terror*, rather heightened; her tone and language is much raised, but her wickedness is much abated by the strengthening that is given to her motives; the real injuries

she has received, the connexion between her and Antipater, and the non-perpetration of the murder, ameliorate her character exceedingly. If yet the catastrophe is too shocking, by the danger in which Glaphyra is kept, I have a plan for softening that, though I am humbly of opinion it has a very great effect as it is.

The character of *Antipater* I now venture to deliver to you as complete in all parts and principles.

Glaphyra is introduced with much more *éclat*, and is made altogether more reasonable and important.

I flatter myself you will approve the turn I have given to that of *Bethanor*, the use I have put him to, and the great accession he is to the piece. The softenings that his character gives to the play will, I think, be a great relief to the general cast of terror that prevails throughout.

I write this to you, Sir, not to puff my performance, but to explain my meaning. Pray keep it, without troubling yourself about an answer, as long as ever you please, and till you have full leisure; for I should earnestly wish that you did not take it up till you could read it fairly through at one sitting.

I cannot conclude without telling you that my friend in "The Morning Chronicle" has not forgot me: I casually took it up some time ago and found my name at full length, with an assertion directly false as to the department in which I am concerned, and motives ascribed to me for my dedication to the Duke of Grafton, which I utterly disavow. As you saw the letter I wrote on a certain occasion, I mention this to you as being the only return which I have ever received to it. I am with great truth, Dear Sir, your most obedient and faithful servant,

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

If Mr. B.* is not compiler of "The Morning Chronicle," he is no ways responsible for what I refer to; but this is by no means worth your mentioning.

REV. C. JENNER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Claybrook, near Lutterworth, Jan. 23rd, 1770.

I RETURN you many thanks for the favour of yours, which, on account of my being from home, did not reach me till yesterday. Before I received it, I had desired a friend to leave the copy of my comedy at your house, otherwise I would not have troubled you with it before the time you mention; but I beg you would not hurry yourself in regard to it, as I would wish to attend your leisure and convenience. If I should be so fortunate as to find that it in any degree meets with your approbation, I shall with the greatest pleasure wait till another season for its appearance. I hope this will find you entirely recovered from your late indisposition, as it is hardly a compliment to say that your confinement is a general loss. I hope you

* Mr. Burke, it appears, was the person here alluded to by Cumberland.—ED.

will excuse a liberty I have taken in ordering my bookseller to send you a couple of volumes I have lately published, which, as they have some affinity with the drama, I hope you will not think absolutely beneath your notice. If they should afford you an hour's amusement during your retreat from the hurry of business, it will be the highest honour to,

Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

CHARLES JENNER.

REV. C. JENNER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Claybrook, April 20th, 1770.

I RECEIVED the favour of yours yesterday, and am not a little flattered in finding that my play so far meets with your approbation as to merit a farther consideration. With regard to any alterations that you may think necessary in order to its better success on the stage, I am very far from being so partial to my own judgment, as to be averse to making them. I am well aware that as I write merely from reason, and from such helps as reading and a common intercourse with mankind afford, I must very probably be deficient in that kind of experience which teaches how to adapt performances of this kind to the humour of a very capricious audience; and though I should be loth to sacrifice too much to a taste which is not always regulated by good sense, yet I am confident I can run no risk in submitting entirely to your judgment, whose taste as well as experience are so well known. I am extremely sorry that it is not in my power to pay my respects to you just at this time, but a melancholy attendance on a poor wife, almost I fear in the last stage of a consumption, prevents my coming to town. I hope, however, to be able to come up some time in next month, when I will not fail to do myself the honour of waiting on you, either in town or wherever you may happen to be. In the mean time, if it would not be giving you too much trouble, as I have no friend in town proper to be employed on this occasion at present, I should be greatly obliged to you if you would give me by letter any hints with regard to the alterations you would propose; as I have a copy by me, any references to particular scenes would be very easily understood; and I make no doubt but I shall esteem those parts you shall please to correct, the most valuable part of the work, from having had the advantage of your assistance. With regard to the case of conscience you mention, I can only say, if it respects any prior engagement, or any thing of that kind, that I have not the least pretensions to hope that you will put yourself to the least difficulty on my account; but whatever favour it is in your power, consistently with your own convenience, to show me, I shall ever be ready to acknowledge.

I hope this will find your health established, and am with great respect,

Sir, your obliged and very humble servant,

CHARLES JENNER.

REV. C. JENNER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Claybrook, May 5, 1770.

I RETURN you many thanks for your two last favours, and am very happy to find that the little affair I did myself the honour to send you afforded you any amusement. I think myself much obliged to you for your remarks upon it, and only wish I could have been favoured with them time enough to have profited by them. With regard to the title, I am of your opinion, that, according to the general acceptation of the word *placid*, it does not suit the character; but my idea of it was merely a cool, collected, easily pleased man, full of the milk of human kindness, and ever disposed to take every thing by the right handle: I fear the common idea throws a degree of weakness and insensibility into the character that I never meant. With regard to fictitious names, you are most certainly right, and though I never considered the matter before, I am so thoroughly of your opinion, that I shall learn better than to use them again; though, if ever they are excusable, it must be in the burlesque characters just touched upon *en passant*, as in the single instance of *Poundern;* where they are to be long dwelt upon (as in Rupee), they are detestable, I acknowledge. I am sorry you are pleased to think an apology necessary, for remarks which do both me and my work honour; the commendations of a man of genius are the *pleasure*, and his criticisms the *profit*, that one derives from his acquaintance. I hardly know what to say with regard to "The Man of Family." With regard to the want of variety of situation you complain of in the characters of the brothers and the wife, I would only observe that I meant the characters should be rather contrasted to each other, than to themselves, and I introduced nothing that did not immediately relate to the carrying on the main action; and though I was aware the plot was rather too thin, without great assistance from the dialogue, yet I was willing to do any thing rather than substitute an underplot, to which I have many objections. With regard to the *genre*, I am of opinion that an English audience will not relish it so well as a more characteristic kind of comedy; possibly too, as you observe, the stage may be getting too much into the handkerchief strain; but I am a little too much inclined to a certain enthusiasm for nature in her pathetic vein, and now and then forget that the closet and the stage are very different situations. I had once thought of introducing Trimmer, Mr. Solomon's clerk, upon the stage, to make love to Maria; a pert witling, with a Jemmy scratch wig, and a mouth full of vile puns, like Proctor John Littlewit; but I had too much the fear of Diderot before my eyes, in all his sentimental austerity. I do not mean, Sir, to justify any of my errors in judgment: when I have the pleasure of paying my respects to you in town, I shall be extremely glad to alter, or add, or blot out just as you will advise me, and shall be not a little happy if I can at length produce any thing worthy your notice. I yesterday returned from passing a day or two with my friend and neighbour Mr. Cradock, who desires me to present his best compliments to you.

I am, Sir, your most obliged, and obedient humble servant,

CHARLES JENNER.

MR. W. ELSDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lisbon, May 30th, 1770.

I DO not know how to begin so as to prepossess you in favour of what I am going to say; and if I did, perhaps it would not be the best way, as the matter here to be treated of must stand or fall by its own qualities. To be brief, I have attempted a dramatic piece, from the Spanish of Don Quixote. It contains three acts, and begins where the curate and barber fall in with Sancho, near the Brown Mountain, or the Sierra Morena: it contains three acts, wherein are unfolded the stories and discoveries of Cardenio, Dorothea, Don Fernando and Lucinda, of the Judge and his brother the captive, and Don Louis's love for Donna Clara. The time about ten hours. I have endeavoured to make some pieces of vocal music, as well as two dances, necessary parts of the whole piece. I flatter myself with good reason, if this little attempt should be thought worthy a few of your masterly touches, it might please: and could I persuade myself that you would not think me troublesome, I would send it to you through the hands of my friend Arthur Hart, Esq. of London. If it should be approved, I should like to have my name concealed (at least for the present); and if you find it not worth preserving, as I suspect may be the case, to have it burned* by your order would give me more real satisfaction, than the greatest applause that could be given it where your's could not enter.

I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your obedient and obliged servant,

WILLIAM ELSDEN.

P. S. If you should think fit to honour me with a line, direct to William Elsden Esq. Colonel of Engineers and Quarter-master-general of his most faithful Majesty's armies. Fonte Santa, Lisbon.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

Hill-street, May 31st, 1770.

MRS. MONTAGU presents her best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and has taken the liberty to send them a book, no otherwise worthy of their acceptance than as it is written by one who is proud of being known as their admirer and their friend. Mrs. Montagu is a little jealous for poor Shakspeare; for if Mr. Garrick often acts Kitely, Ben Jonson will eclipse his fame. All the labours of the critics

* Whether this work of his most faithful Majesty's Quarter-Master-General was, in consequence of his permission, consigned by Garrick to the flames, does not appear. This conversion of the immense fertility of Cervantes into a *play*, only shows how little the gallant engineer understood his new service. To compress such splendid inventions is to smother them.—ED.

can do nothing by the dead letter of criticism against the living force of Mr. Garrick's representation. King Lear in his madness, or Macbeth led by air-drawn daggers, cannot kill what Mr. Garrick has rendered immortal. Kitely will never sink into oblivion. Fie upon Mr. Garrick! he alone could raise a rival to Shakspeare.*

The epilogue was incomparable, and Mrs. M. tasted it with unmixed delight. She has heard from Lord and Lady Chatham lately, and they are still regretting that they were deprived of the great pleasure they had promised themselves from the incomparable Kitely.

Endorsed,
" Mrs. Montagu's letter, with her book upon Shakspeare."

MRS. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, June 15th, 1770.

THE many obliging and good-natured things you have been pleased to say of me to some of our mutual friends deserve my warmest gratitude; for though I will venture to say that I am as free from vanity as any of my scribbling sisters, I am not insensible to the honour conferred by any portion of your regard or esteem. Accept my thanks, then, my worthy, my humane friend! for having given pleasure to my heart.

Our good and amiable Mrs. Wilmot told me that you were involved in so many engagements to authors, that you regretted it was not in your power to receive any piece from me. Now, my dear Sir, the only favour that I would presume to ask of you is a preference to persons who must be totally indifferent, as they are unknown, to you.

You must take trouble with every piece before they can be brought upon the stage, and why not bestow some of your pains on one that will bless you for your kindness?

When I had first the honour of corresponding with you, I frankly informed you of my motives for writing: your humanity was affected, and you became my friend! Alas! those motives still subsist,—a narrow income, an aged mother, a family to support who have ever lived decently, and debts contracted by providing for a beloved and deserving son! From these painful circumstances it is in your power to relieve me, by saying that you will be kind enough to assist me in bringing on a play, either the next season or the following one. I am content to struggle through a thousand difficulties, rather than lay you under any. I will also pawn my word that I will never solicit you for more than what I have now asked. I most earnestly entreat

* I am sure that I do not want enthusiasm for Shakspeare; but why must every other merit be slighted for his honour? That Kitely was finely acted by Mr. Garrick every body knows; but why should Mrs. Montagu wish them not to be told that it was finely *written* by Ben Jonson? Why, her *own* Shakspeare himself acted in the very play, and as far as comparison will lie between comedy and tragedy, the scene of Kitely and Cash is upon a par with that of King John and Hubert.—ED.

you to consider my situation, and I will not, cannot doubt of your wishing to render it less wretched.

May health and every happiness attend you! is the sincere wish of your ever grateful and affectionate friend,

E. GRIFFITH.

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen Anne-street, July 2d, 1770.

I DO indeed receive your letter and the one enclosed with singular pleasure. I am very glad so unfavourable an impression is effaced from Mr. Burke's mind; I am doubly anxious it should be cleared to Lord Rockingham; and I am happy to owe these kind offices to your friendship.

I have twice the pleasure in following your corrections that I had in composing the piece;* and if your patience does not give out, mine never will. I entirely adopt your observation on the first scene, and have already executed it in a manner that I hope embraces your ideas. I wished to have sent you the new scenes I have put in the place of those where Fulmer is caned and the constable is brought in; it is the greatest amendment that could be made; but they were too long for my time to transcribe. I will get a proper copy of the whole made in Ireland, and transmit it to you. Perhaps I shall be able to recruit the character of O'Flaherty with some natural touches from the county of Galway: I have heightened it very much in the new scenes, and tied him in closer to the plot, as you advised. The money is given to Dudley in a way that satisfies all scruples, and casts a strong light on Belcour's character.

Mrs. Cumberland desires her compliments and respects to Mrs. Garrick and yourself: she joins me in thanking her and you for a most delightful day on Tuesday, and hopes Mrs. Garrick will allow her to renew her acquaintance on her return from Ireland. You see, Sir, you not only protect my fame, as manager, but add to my happiness as a friend.

I could very much wish that, if this comedy comes out next season at your theatre,† it might steal quietly and silently into the world: there are but two men, yourself excepted, that ever heard a word of it, and they only in part. I do not know whether you will think me ridiculous in wishing to conceal the title of it,—"The West Indian," but I think it robs it of its novelty in some degree by announcing it under that character. Farewell, and believe me,

Your most faithful and obliged humble servant,

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

* "The West Indian," by which Cumberland keeps his place upon the British stage.—ED.

† As it did with the greatest possible success.—ED.

AN ANONYMOUS ADVISER.

SIR, July 2, 1770.

THE pleasure of your acquaintance I am a stranger to, but have for a long course of years admired your excellencies as an actor and author.

In the last of these capacities I now address you; and take the liberty to ask, whether a genius fertile and lively as yours, could not form a comedy of three acts at least, upon the story of Joseph Andrews, that would afford high entertainment to the public, and advantage to yourself? The piece might commence at the time Lady Booby makes her grand attack upon Joseph; Parson Adams might be changed into a schoolmaster, and tutor to Lady Booby's sons; and surely the variety of passions in her character, with the ridiculous adventures of Joseph and Adams in consequence of them, would receive such heightenings in the representation from your masterly hand, as poet and manager, that it could not fail of crowning your labours with success. You have also, in the present dearth of good performers, a set that would fill the characters in the piece proposed with propriety: Mr. Cautherley looks Joseph himself; Mr. Love would make a good Adams; and his wife, if she did not speak so fast, a good Slip-slop; Mrs. Hopkins, Lady Booby; Parsons, Lawyer Scout; Mrs. W. Barry, Fanny; and the towering awkwardness of Miss Young would suit the upstart pride of Pamela. Thus have I presumed to dictate to you, as author and manager; but from no other motive, than a strong desire to see a story replete with humour, brought upon the stage by him who alone is qualified to introduce it.

Should you never pay any attention to these hints, I shall be very sorry, but always remain, Sir, Your well wisher and very humble servant,†

* * *

There are some admirable strokes upon tuition in the "Bachelor of Salamanca."

Endorsed,
"Letter of recommendation of Joseph Andrews, &c. for a play to me."

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

[This is one of the most elegant letters in the collection; and if the pedant should feel disposed to insinuate any *male* help in the composition of her convincing "Essay upon Shakspeare," the polite circles who, with Mr. Garrick, esteemed Mrs. Montagu the first of women, may *here* ascertain, that she needed no friendly assistance in literary composition:—there is a dignity of *thought*, and a gracefulness of *expression* in the present letter, which fully sustain, though they cannot heighten her character.—ED.]

DEAR SIR, Denton, July 24, 1770.

THE liberty I am going to take seems to require many apologies; at the same time, I am but too sensible that excuses are but poor alleviations of a fault. There

† This invitation might have been written by Pratt; who certainly tried the subject afterwards *himself*. He made a farce of it for Bensley. The "towering awkwardness" of Miss Young, I remember so well, with a very different feeling, that I most sincerely wish we had any thing at present that but reminded me of her dignity, her grace, her elegant vivacity and sensible pathos.—ED.

is a certain quality called by the Gods simplicity, by men foolishness, which sometimes betrays the owner into transgressions for which good-nature finds an excuse when the invention of the offender cannot frame one. Let my folly therefore find access to your good-nature, and thus gently introduce my story.

A friend of mine, who has not a foot of land anywhere but in Parnassus, and there pretends not to more than a copyhold, showed me a comedy of his writing, which I thought might at least vie with most of the late productions in that way; but I am a very incompetent judge of this matter. All I would beg is, that you would cast your eye over the piece. If you do not approve it, no angry female muse, (such as once assailed you) armed with terrors which belong rather to Tisiphone than Melpomene, will rage and foam. My friend is an honest peaceable man: if his play deserves your approbation, it will be a great piece of good fortune to him to have it under your protection, and will at once realize every good wish I can form for him. Whatever you decide upon the subject, I shall know is right and just. I am not perhaps a judge what should please in comedy, and have not the least guess what will please. The dialogue of this play seemed to me easy and lively, and I thought the poet touched with good-humoured raillery the fashionable follies of the times, which in themselves, though perhaps not in their consequences, appear too frivolous for severe satire. Great physicians have transmitted to posterity remedies for those disorders to which human nature is addicted in all ages and climates of the world; but though an Hippocrates and a Galen may have assumed a perpetual authority in cases of consumption, dropsy, and malignant fevers, the humble under-graduate doctor considers some new epidemical cold as his province; and hastens to publish his cure for the Influenza, or to offer an antidote to Hyson tea; advertises his balsam of honey when the fogs of November affect the lungs; and as the Spring advances, brings out his tincture of sage, to purify those humours that warm weather causes to ferment.

To a Plautus, a Terence, or a Moliere, it belongs to attack the dropsy of pride, the feverish thirst of avarice, or the melancholy madness of misanthropy. The minor poet aims no higher than to remove some incidental malady, some new disorder with which the town is infected. Even if he can take off those freckles which pollute the pure roses and lilies of youthful beauty, or can soften the wrinkles on the brow of old age, he has his merit, and deserves encouragement. I wish you may have reason to think my friend deserves a place in some of these humble classes. It is improper, on some accounts, that his name should be known, and therefore he desired me to send his piece with my petition to you to read it. As I endeavoured to smuggle a certain Essay* through the world, you may perhaps suspect me of having a hand in this comedy; but I do assure you, by all that is most serious, I have not therein either art or part; I have not either invented or corrected, nor knew any thing of it till it was almost finished. The author was to finish it after I came out of town, and I promised to send him a letter to you to send with it, which I did the more readily as he will remain to you mute and invisible; and therefore you will have

* On the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare.—Ed.

merely the trouble of casting your eye over the play, and when you have done so, if you will please to send the play with your opinion of it to my house in Hill-street, I shall be more obliged to you than I can express. Any alterations you should desire will certainly be made. Upon recollection, I will beg of you not to send your letter in the packet with the play, but indeed to put the letter in the post directed to me at Denton, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne; for the person may otherwise delay my having your letter, if he should not call at my house for his play. I should have wrote to you sooner, but I have been very much indisposed. I shall be in great anxiety till I hear you forgive me the liberty I have taken. I was under very uncommon obligations to exert my endeavours to serve the author of this play: I promise you I will never again presume so far. I should be very unhappy if I thought my taking this liberty would lessen that friendship which I flatter myself Mr. and Mrs. Garrick have for one who has the highest esteem for them. I beg my best respects to Mrs. Garrick. I live over again in imagination the charming day I passed at Hampton. May the muses, *les jeux*, and *les ris*, as usual, keep their court there, and health and pleasure never be absent even for an hour. With most perfect regard, I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged most obedient humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

DR. HIFFERNAN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, July 23, 1770.

THUS stands the account between Mr. Foote and Dr. Hiffernan:* For a number of years the latter had, by every means in his power, made constant efforts to serve the former's undertaking and particular claim to representative exhibition, which sometimes were wanting, and produced the desired effect, even by his own confession. Occasionally some economical acknowledgments have been made, always accompanied with most bountiful promises of an essential service to ensue from his theatrical department; but the hour of accomplishment never came, and every method pointed at was unrelentingly slighted.

Upon seeing that all expectation was to be groundless, Hiffernan delivered to his friends proposals, dated September 1769, for a work to be published. To Mr. Foote among the first were some sent, with an implied belief of his being serviceable on the occasion; but so far from answering such expectation, Mr. Foote made both a jest and a ridicule of the author and his proposals, wantonly depreciating his talents and literature, in a most cruel, wicked, and oppressive manner; of which, Sir, you may remember I gave you some hints a little after Christmas (as we met in Long-acre), to your very great astonishment.

* The Doctor's explanation of the subject, which produced the two succeeding letters. Paul Hiffernan was from the sister kingdom, and certainly one of the most scurrilous of her literary adventurers. Again, it is amusing to observe Foote's sensibility under attack.—ED.

Upon certain information of the same reiterated abuse, and quite unprovoked, I sent, by way of sounding him, (having for some time declined paying visits,) a second letter, with proposals, desiring to know for what number of his friends I should order copies; but that application, like the former, was disregarded, and no answer sent; but the illiberal detraction of author and proposal was still continued. That he might have no room for pleading a remissness on my side, and a multitude of business on his, for the neglect of serving me, I sent a third letter notifying the book's being printed: the same uncomplimentary silence was observed.

About a fortnight or so after the opening of his theatre, I had two short interviews with him in his dressing-room, where, from the cold confused reception of a visibly unwelcome guest, no room was left for a doubt of his having conceived a determined enmity against me. Not a word was mentioned by either of the work or proposals, and a cold adieu was bid on both sides at parting.

A criticism on his prologue appeared, which, from a quick sense of his foregone maltreatment of me, he thought he was entitled to from no hand so much as from mine.

This terrible menace was immediately promulgated—"he would write my life." The humble answer thereto was, "I would write his," and in order not to prove ungrateful, I should embrace every opportunity of inducing him to set a higher value on my talents and literature than he had lately done; since what ought to mortify a writer more than to be low in Mr. Foote's estimation?

The last sentence denounced was, that "the door-keepers were to refuse me admission;" I replied, so they may, when I present myself a gratis object; but my intention is to pay, and if I go at the latter account time, shall certainly give but established prices at Drury-lane and Covent-garden: which resolution may in all probability have given rise to a letter, about which it seems a great noise has been made. The best way to come to a certainty of the author would be to publish it. He will be soon known by the purport and style. Hand-writing may be counterfeited, and there is a veteran adept in that practice frequents Mr. Foote.

This is all I have to say concerning a subject about which I am sorry any gentleman has been troubled, nor can I see upon what foundation, or with what propriety.

I am with respect, Sir, yours, &c.

P. HIFFERNAN.

MR. FOOTE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, July, 1770.

LAST night a letter written by Doctor Hiffernan was brought me by a director of one of the newspapers, containing in express words, an invitation to the public to come and pull down my playhouse for not taking after-money. Whilst the Doctor confined himself to mere personal abuse, I thought myself (upon the old principle of

ab illis non laudari maxima laus est)* rather obliged to his pen than not; but this attempt is of so black, so malignant, so criminal a nature, that I could not help communicating it to you as a sort of lesson what you must expect when your subscriptions fall off, or you find yourself obliged to reject some unreasonable request of the Doctor's. It will, Sir, be difficult for you to be more kind to this writer of incendiary letters than I have been. Last season, indeed, I found myself obliged, as a servant of the crown, to resent Hiffernan's vomiting out a volume of treason behind the scenes before the whole company, for which he might and ought to have been hanged, in consequence of a supposed slight shown him by the Duke of Cumberland. Upon the whole, it is, I think, worthy of consideration whether there is not something immoral, as well as impolitic, in encouraging a fellow, who, without parts, principles, property, or profession, has subsisted for these twenty years by raising contributions under false pretences, and finding how necessary the public good opinion is to every subject of the stage, has, with all the qualities of a footpad but the courage, extorted money from every individual by presenting, instead of a pistol, a pen to his breast. I have the honour to be,

My dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

Sowden, Macklin, &c. &c. have seen the letter, and can swear to the Doctor's hand-writing.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. FOOTE.

MY DEAR SIR, July, 1770.

You do me great justice in supposing that I should think of the attack you mention in your letter as your friend and well-wisher; it is, indeed, a most wicked and alarming one, and should be put an end to directly. I have written to Dr. Morris, for whom I have a very great regard, and who knows the culprit, and I doubt not but it will have a proper effect. I have done some service to Dr. Hiffernan from a representation of his circumstances by our friend Hamilton, who showed me a particular letter from him at the same time. I hope to see you soon at Hampton with the family of your friends at Greenwich, when we will talk over the matter at large.

I am, dear Sir, most sincerely your friend and humble servant,

D. G.

* Foote seems to confuse two distinct quotations in his anger or alarm,

"Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est." And

"Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis."

REV. S. NOTT TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Worcester, August 1st, 1770.

YOUR very obliging letter of the 26th of last month has found me just setting out from this place for Ludlow. It will take me up about three weeks to run over my estates there, and in Staffordshire, with that caution which a man must use who stares but one peep at his honest tenants in a year. I shall then return to Kew; and will honour myself, without fail, by calling on you as soon as possible.

Cordelia still wears no charms for me in the 3d act scene; but you have started an objection that I was not aware of, and a material one it is, I can assure you. For having watched my favourite Mrs. B. with some attention, I can pronounce that I never saw the lady whose merit in her character did so much and so apparently depend on the humour in which she plays. But I will defer what I have to add to this subject till we meet; in the mean while, reckon largely upon my grateful esteem, and enjoy as much health, and as much happiness as you deserve—more cannot be wished you by

Your very faithful servant,
SAM. NOTT.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. GEORGE GARRICK.

DEAR GEORGE, August 30th, 1770.

I HAVE told my wife you cannot meet us on Saturday; and she says very well.

Did not you tell Mrs. B——y* of the Case her sweet husband is preparing? Will *she* testify the truth against his falsehoods, and will *Snew* do the same? I could wish to know what he wants with Mrs. Gillio: *her* testimony may be of consequence: for we must show him in his proper colours if necessary. I cannot believe that Mr. St. John has any more concerns with him; for he told me at the Opera, he would have no more to say to Leavey, and that he told him so. I am obliged to Admiral Hawke, but will take no powders till I am well satisfied of their goodness.

We cannot engage *Armoir*, so pray tell them so: they were dancing pigmies, particularly the girl. I have received a letter from Lambert at Paris—absurdity and madness! I shall send over his papers to Mr. Kennedy, who recommended him.

I am glad to hear that Barry will do his best in my absence; I hope he will be as good as his word.

The children, with the great child (my wife) at their head, are all dancing and making such a noise, I can no more.

Yours ever and affectionately,
D. GARRICK.

* Mrs. Baddeley the actress.

I could wish you would see Murphy, and hear what he says to the Case.

Have you spoke to Realinds about Adcock the trumpet, who begs to be restored?

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Denton, Aug. 31st, 1770.

IF I had known how to have directed my thanks for your first letter, I should not have waited for the double obligation of your second, before I returned my sincere acknowledgments. You told me you were going to take wing, but did not say at what place you should alight. I could not overtake your flight, for Venus's pigeon letter-carriers deign only to speed the soft intercourse from lover to lover; letters of gratitude, esteem, and friendship, they do not consider as any part of their mistress's business. Had I, like my ingenious predecessor in criticism, the great Warburton,* substituted a *widgeon*† or *silly fellow* in their room, he would have required to be informed at what place you intended to stop, and of that I was totally ignorant. My grateful thoughts, more rapid than pigeon or widgeon, however, followed you constantly. Three days ago, I had the favour of your second letter. I acquiesce in your sentiments of the comedy, as they are just, and I glory in your sentiments of me, because they are partial; and, as long as you neither insist on a marked character, the *vis-comica*, or any thing very interesting in your humble servant, depend upon it I will not pout that you require them in a play. I am not a little delighted to find the great desire you had to serve my friend for my sake; and as you have as good an interest in all the Muses, as I, or any one can have in you, or any mortal friend, I desire of you to order the Comic Muse to attend my poor author the next time he sits down to write. I assure you, the play I offered to you did not answer my ideas of a comedy; but I thought it approached nearer to them than some I have seen on the stage;—but I knew you would be a judge, whether it was such as would be relished by the town, and I am much obliged to you for not

* See Warburton's notes on the "Jew [Merchant] of Venice."

† *A widgeon*—This is so very absurd, that it should at least be attended with all the reason Warburton assigned for such an invasion upon the established letter-carriers of Venus. "The joke," he tells us, "consists in the ambiguity of the signification: and to call the votaries of love *Venus's widgeons*, has, I think, something very pretty. Butler has made the same joke upon the Presbyterians. Canto 1st, part 1, v. 231.—

"Th'apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon."

And now, I suppose, every reader will hurry to his Shakspeare, and correct the speech of Salanio waiting for Lorenzo in the second act,

"O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made."

For pigeons read *widgeons!!!*—See Theob. Shakspeare, vol. ii, p. 30. ed. 1733.—ED.

encouraging my friend to an attempt which would have ended in his great mortification. A poet must be in terrible purgatory while his play is d——g. I dare say my friend has sense enough to think himself as much obliged to you as possible for saving him from such an humiliating event. For my own part, I really have not words to express how sensible I am to the kindness of your whole behaviour upon this and every occasion; and beg you will be assured, that every mark of Mr. Garrick's esteem is matter of great joy and pride to me. I wish I had powers for writing a comedy, because I know it would produce an excellent prologue.

I was so engaged with business and company, that I was obliged to let three days elapse before I answered your letters. I have been in a very delicate state of health of late, but to-morrow I shall undertake a journey to Edinburgh. Dr. Gregory, a very ingenious physician, and a friend of mine, is come to conduct me thither, and will see me safe home again. I hope this little journey will be of service. I shall stay only a week in Scotland, and then return hither. I shall endeavour to send you a grouse pie, which in Northumberland is reckoned a good dish: on the more elegant banks of the Thames, it may not perhaps be so much approved; however, if a sufficient number of grouse can be got, I will hazard my pie; it will give me the air of a good housewife; and if you should be asked if I can make a good pudding, you will at least bear testimony that I can make a good pie, which is the next merit for a woman. My best respects attend Mrs. Garrick. I am with perfect regard, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GEORGE GARRICK.

Lincoln's Inn, 3rd Sept. 1770.

MR. MURPHY presents his compliments to Mr. G. Garrick, who, he finds, has called two or three times at chambers, when Mr. M. was at Chelsea. He wishes he had been in the way, as he had a favour to beg of Mr. G. Garrick, namely, that he would be so kind as to get Mr. Murphy's note to his brother into his care, to the end that it may be immediately discharged. While the tragedy of "Alzuma" was in Mr. Garrick's hands, it was considered as a tolerable security for the money due on the note, which, indeed, was taken up with a view to that play. But since it is now returned, and the transaction seems to be at an end, Mr. Murphy wishes to repay the money.

He will be much obliged to Mr. G. Garrick, if he will take this trouble; and proposes to call upon him the first time he comes to town (which will be about the end of this week, or the beginning of next) in order to do the needful.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GEORGE GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Chelsea, 5th Sept. 1770.

HAVING occasion to send to town, I take the opportunity of troubling you with a line. In our conversation last night at the College-gate, I must either have misunderstood you, or you were under a mistake.

You seemed (as I conceived) to think my billet to you the other day related to a note for 100*l.* given by me some time since to Mr. Lacy. That note was discharged in the account of "Zenobia," which was settled between your brother and me in Southampton-street, as you will see by my receipt at the foot of it. He had not the note in his possession, but said you had, or would take it out of the office in order to give it up. Forgetfulness on my part hindered me from applying to you for that purpose.

What I entreated you to get for me is my note to your brother, which it is convenient to me to take up. Pray be so good as to give Mr. Garrick my compliments, and tell him I shall take it as a favour if he will put the note in your hands, that I may call some morning to put myself in the agreeable situation of being out of debt,—a point I have much at heart, and have laboured hard for.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. GEORGE GARRICK.

DEAR GEORGE, Sept. 7th, 1770.

I AM told that Baddeley makes great noise that he does not know what was agreed upon by Mr. St. John and Mr. Murphy at their meeting before our good friend Mr. Wallace. As Mr. Murphy may be thought too partial to us, if you think it would not be troubling Mr. Wallace too much with our nonsensical affairs, I could wish that you knew from him, if he can recollect it, what was the result of our meeting, and what we on our parts, and Baddeley on his, were enjoined to do. When you see him, if you think it right so to do upon this business, pray present my best respects to him, and let him know I was flattered that he and his lady would like to see Hampton. I shall be always proud to wait upon him and his lady whenever they will make me happy by their commands.

Yours in great haste.

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hill-street, Sept. 17, 1770.

DR. and MRS. BEATTIE brought me the kind and agreeable favour of your letter, but would hardly give me time to read it without interruption, from the grateful overflowings of their hearts for the delightful morning they had passed at Hampton. Mrs. Beattie appeared not less sensible of the charms of yours and Mrs. Garrick's conversation than the bard; by which I guess sweet minstrelsy has improved her ear. I am much pleased with the little Scotchwoman; she seems to have great sensibility, and I would have you and your proud sex to know, that as Providence designed us only for spectators and auditors, when we see and hear with judgment we deserve that respect from you all, which the ingenious artist gives to the judicious connoisseur. To be a judge of merit, to love and esteem it, is female perfection. I am always out of patience when I see a woman who is married to a man of distinguished merit, insensible to his singular perfections, and thinking she has acquitted herself well if she has not failed in any of the ordinary domestic duties, and has lived with him as enjoined by the holy church. Mrs. Beattie seems to have a proper enthusiasm for the Doctor; he is to her, Apollo and the nine Muses. You are very good in your kind wishes towards my nephews: as it has pleased Heaven to give me nephews, I ought to love them; but I do not know whether they will not cause me many palpitations of the heart, for they seem as if they would bring a great deal of vivacity with them into an age of levity and dissipation; so that perhaps my slumbers in the easy chair or cradle of old age would have been more quiet if I had not had any. Mr. Montagu assures me the little man is well again. I have returned Mrs. Garrick's smelling-bottle at last, and ask pardon for not having done it sooner, but I forgot it: I will own that if it had in other hands conveyed the vivifying spirit I found in it when applied by hers, I believe I should not have restored it: my best respects attend her. Lord Lyttelton makes great lamentation about your illness, and says his anxiety will not be at an end till he hears you are quite well. I propose to return to Sundleford on Saturday. I long to catch the last gale of summer playing among the falling leaves of the grove. I am, dear Sir, with the most sincere regard, attachment, and esteem,

Your affectionate, faithful, and obliged humble servant,

ELIZ. MONTAGU.

I had so bad a fit of the head-ache yesterday I could not write a word. The Minstrel and his consort are to come to Sundleford on Tuesday next.

Endorsed by Mr. Garrick,
"Mrs. Montagu, first of women."

MRS. MONTAGU TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Wednesday Morn.

I HAVE set all things right with the Veseys, first, because you ordered, secondly, because I am determined no one shall be angry with you but myself. Are you not a sad deceiver, to give out a comedy and then put on Melpomene's best buskins, instead of sending forth the Muse in vulgar pattens, singing ballads? Deceived by your treachery, I asked a gentleman who lives at Newington to dine with me to-day, and he desired me to ask Mr. Earles. Mrs. Boscawen, hearing good and wise folks were to be here, desired to be of the party; and so I am fixed down to Hill-street, and shall wish myself in Denmark. If you design to appear on the stage next Friday se'nnight, the 19th, pray give me a hint, for if you do not forbid the banns, I shall ask some great personages to dine here whom I cannot put off; and if I lose seeing you again, I shall be in rage and despair, and as soon as Lord Bellamont's bullet is extracted I will get it to shoot you. Best compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I am at once your very angry and very affectionate, poor deluded,

But faithful humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's-inn, Sept. 20, 1770.

I HAVE postponed answering your very polite letter, in order to balance with myself whether there was any thing in either of my notes to your brother that could justly give you any surprise. After watching every motion of my mind, I can most truly say, that I have not departed in the least from that natural good-humour which you ascribe to me, and which, I thank God, I feel within myself.

When I addressed myself to your brother, I did not consider the play's being returned as a hint with regard to the account between us, nor did any sensibility on my part create the smallest suspicion of that sort. I am convinced that you look upon the loan of two or three hundred pounds to a friend as a small favour, and I am farther persuaded that I am welcome to be in your debt as long as I please. Having said thus much, and said it from conviction, I hope I may without offence explain the motives upon which I acted.

I did once flatter myself that the play of "Alzuma" would some time or other create the fund out of which I should repay the sum I owe to Mr. Garrick. At Hatfield I was of opinion, as I am now, that, in this present temper of the times, it would not be right to put myself in the way of that unaccountable malevolence, which seems always ready to discharge itself on me. I call it unaccountable, because since the year 1763 I have not written one syllable of politics, nor was I ever in my

life the author of one clandestine letter, advertisement, or paragraph in any newspaper whatever; and yet there is no man who has more enemies. Perhaps I made myself of too much consequence, when I thought at Hatfield that the Bill of Rights* would oppose any play of mine; but, thinking as I did, I judged it prudent not to run the hazard of involving either your theatre or myself in a dispute of that kind. Thus far we both agreed. In three weeks after, I find the play at my chambers without a line of any sort to accompany it. I fell into reflection:—"Alzuma is now upon my hands, and what prospect is there that it will ever be disposed of to advantage? None. What is to be done? By good luck I have saved money in my profession: had I not better put myself out of debt at once?"—To this end I writ to your brother, and told him that the transaction seemed to be at an end. Having the prompter's copy in my drawer for above two years past (a copy sent by Mr. Garrick), I could not suppose that the play was returned, either that I might read it myself, or lend it to a friend, or make alterations. I felt some pleasure in the thought of being at last safe ashore; and I believe I shall not easily be tempted to venture out to sea again. *Suave mari magno*, &c. will, I fancy, be my motto for the future.

I have opened myself without reserve; and now may I not, without being thought hasty, suspicious, or ill-humoured, beg to discharge my debts at a time when it is most thoroughly convenient, and when I do it with the most perfect serenity? I am going upon a visit for eight or ten days, and have only to entreat that you will give me leave at my return to finish the business with your brother George, and that you will believe me in the most perfect good-humour,

Dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

MRS. CELESIA TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Genoa, Sept. 29th, 1770.

I HAVE desired my friend Mr. Scott to read, or to send you that part of my letter to him which regards the prologue to my play. I once or twice attempted something, but I could by no means please myself. The kindness you have shown me on this occasion has been so great, that I flatter myself you will put the finishing stroke to it, and write it for me. You know so well what will please the public, and are so excellent a judge of the *fitness* of every thing of this nature, that if you would be at this trouble, it will be of great advantage to "Tancred," for a prologue wrote by you is a passport to success.

Mr. Baretti, who arrived here a fortnight ago, gave me great satisfaction by assuring me that both you and Mrs. Garrick were in perfect health. He confirmed to me in the most obliging manner your friendly intention towards my play, and

* The political society assembled under that title, embalmed in the letters of Junius—such is the magic of style.—ED.

your kind mention of Mr. Celesia. I assure you, Sir, it is not possible to have a livelier sense of your kindness than I have. No one can feel better than yourself, that the *manner* of doing a favour is what gives it its value; and the pleasure I should receive from the success of my play, was it even to surpass my greatest hopes, would be less than that you have given me, by so cordially taking it into your protection.

Mr. Celesia is very sensible to your kind remembrance of him. You have not a sincerer admirer in the world than he is. There is a kind of magnet attraction, that draws and assimilates the minds of men of genius and virtue. They taste and love each other as soon as this attraction is felt; the narrow boundaries of countries or interests vanish before it; they are all of one nation, or rather of one species, and form a chain of beings superior to the vulgar of their respective climates.

I think I told you in a former letter, that I was quite of your opinion as to changing the title of my tragedy. I am not at all satisfied with the name of "Almida," yet I am at a loss what to put in its room. Methinks some of these would be more in character—Ethelinda, Eumenida, Euthalia, Athenais, Ahelia, &c.; but I beg you will decide for me.

Mr. Baretti desires I will let him add a few lines. So I beg you will accept the kindest wishes from my husband and self, and believe me with the utmost esteem,

Your much obliged humble servant,

DOROTHEA CELESIA.

MY best Garrick, by the above you may see that I have not forgot the long and friendly discourse you made me in your delightful garden relative to Mr. and Mrs. Celesia. You and your lady have already been the favourite topic of our frequent chatterations, and we have not yet exhausted both subjects. I have been here near a fortnight, and am not yet resolved to quit the friends I have here, especially as I have a notion that it will be long before I visit them again, if I get once more amongst my English folks. My constant love waits on Mrs. Garrick, Johnson, the Burkes, the Reynoldses, *et cetera, et cetera.*

Fare you well a million of times!

For ever yours,

J. BARETTI.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. GEORGE GARRICK.

DEAR GEORGE, Thursday, Oct. 2nd, 1770.

WE shall be at home in Southampton-street this evening, and bring the children with us: and they may go the next day, Friday, in our coach to Acton, so pray let Mr. Covington know if you can. I wish you would look for that memorandum of Murphy's, when we lent him the money, and only let me know what are the contents

of it: if you can find, too, the list of his subjects for plays, that nobody else was to make use of—I think it is in the office.

Yours ever and truly,
DAVID GARRICK.

MR. R. BURKE TO MR. GARRICK.

Grenada, October 3rd, 1770.

Do not start; a letter from another world may be, and yet not be, a letter from the dead. From this world, then, I send, my dear Sir, a letter, and what ought to be more acceptable to you, a turtle. The devil is in it if after this you cannot guess that you have a West Indian correspondent. Do not now fall into the vulgar mode, and consider all America as the West Indies; if you should, a correspondence from thence with you would be by no means wonderful, a tolerable number of your acquaintance having been from time to time transported. You may add, if you please, that I was the last, but remember that it was, though a forced, yet not a transportation to avoid the gallows; that was the condition of the obligation with most of your friends; and were I now in America, it is not a turtle, but a turbot that I should send you. May what I do send you go safe; and yet I despair of it, when I consider the rigour of your rascally climate, and the *mildness* of that in which this poor creature was born and bred. Well, if he dies, you may write an epitaph on him; if he lives, an epigram,—or indeed, even so, an epitaph, and I would recommend you to lay your hand on your stomach after you have had him for dinner, and begin *hic jacet*, if they should charge you with stealing the thought from Pope or Gay.* Now, Mr. David, do you know that you are, or at least ought to be, very much obliged to me for writing to you? and why? Thus it is. If I do not write now, I fear I cannot write by this ship; she sails early to-morrow morning, and it is now very late at night, that is, ten o'clock, which, believe me, is very late, and an hour at which I am oftener in than out of bed; besides, I am horribly fatigued, and in spite of all doors and windows open, and being in my waistcoat, I am sweating most abominably, (I bar consequences,) and that not without *suspicion* of the cause. You shall be more obliged to me; I will lay the foundation for another epigram. The ship which carried me from you, carries the turtle to you. If you cannot make any thing of this, you are as dull as myself, and upon my soul you need not be duller to please the Magazine critics, or your own flatterers, for I am two-thirds asleep; no wonder, I have been writing a long letter about jack-asses. Would it not be witty to say that from writing about them, it was a natural transition to write to you? Suppose it said, and let Goldsmith, when he comes from France, be the judge. I hope that he will not leave his poetry there: let him bring home as many French airs as he pleases,

* "Striking their pensive *bosoms*—here lies Gay."—ED.

I would have his song continue to be plain English. His poetry is all I can now have a concern in; half the convex world intrudes between me and his old or new acquired accomplishments of any other kind. I wish that I was not asleep, and I wish this was the last letter I had to write to-night; but I have as yet hardly wrote a word to Fludyer-street, and the folks there will not take it kindly if I do not say "How do ye?" to them. What shall I send besides compliments to Mrs. Garrick? Very seriously, I wish that I knew which of our curiosities would be agreeable to her. I can send her parrots or monkeys, and hang me if I know of any thing else that could be pleasing to her from hence. Let her command me in either of these articles. Pray, however, make *(en attendant,* I speak French) my very best compliments to her. Do not forget to remember me to my very excellent friend George, who has got rid, without losing his own, of one petitioner for places: more than any minister can say. Farewell, my dear Sir; I am now wholly asleep, but I can still say the only thing worth saying were I awake, that

I am indeed, very much, and very truly yours,

RICHARD BURKE.

Ship's name, Redhead Galley, Captain Neale; he will send the turtle if it survives the passage.

SIR E. HAWKE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Bloomsbury-square, October 10th, 1770.

I RECEIVED your letter in favour of Captain Thompson, and shall be very glad to oblige you, when it shall be in my power.

I cannot take upon me to make a promotion of officers myself; but when his Majesty shall please to order a promotion to be made, you may be assured that I shall not be unmindful of your friend.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

EDWARD HAWKE.

P. S. My Amanuensis—should have said Lieutenant Thompson, whom you may be assured I will not forget, when I shall have it in my power to serve him.

MR. GARRICK TO SIR E. HAWKE.

October 15th, 1770.

OLD Montaigne asserts, that "generous minds will forgive extravagances in warm friends and lovers." If that author is not mistaken, I may hope that Sir Edward Hawke will pardon my late almost inexcusable impertinence: let me assure him that

I shall never dare to trouble again the very great goodness and indulgence which I have experienced. All I can say is, that I shall be as proud and happy to receive his commands, as I am in gratitude bound to obey them.

I am, Sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

DR. BURNEY TO MR. GARRICK.

Naples, Oct. 17th, 1770.

"THUS far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment," except such as every traveller must encounter who has to deal with Italian innkeepers, Camerieri, Vetorini, Postiglioni, &c. &c.; but for the honour of Italy, as well as for my own honours, I must say that my reception and treatment among these men of learning and genius throughout my journey have been to the last degree flattering. After the accounts I had read and heard of this country, I expected to meet with a people shy of strangers and difficult of access; but *au contraire*, in every great town where I have stopped, I have not only met with politeness and civility, but even with kindness and friendship. I am almost ashamed to tell you how many men of eminence, both in the literary and musical world, have interested themselves in my enterprise; but as you, who rank so high among the former class in our own country, have kindly manifested your good wishes in an effectual manner by your hearty recommendations to your friends at Paris, I shall continue to tell you, without fear of incurring the character of a puffer, what reason I have to be satisfied with the success of my journey.

When I left England, I had two objects in view: the one was to get, from the libraries to the *viva voce* conversation of the learned, what information I could relative to the music of the ancients; and the other was to judge with my own eyes of the *present state* of modern music in the places through which I should pass, from the performance and conversation of the first musicians in Italy. I shall here only mention the most remarkable of both sorts. As my general history must be a work of time, I intend publishing, as soon as I get home, in a pamphlet, or small volume, an account of the present state of music in France and Italy, in which I shall describe, according to my judgment and feelings, the merits of the several compositions and performers I have heard in travelling through those countries. At Turin I often saw and conversed with the famous Padre Beccaria; and the two Bezozzis not only performed to me for two hours, but were friendly all the time I was there. I found some things I wanted, too, in the King's Library. At Milan, Padre Boscovidi, Padre Frision, Signor Oltrochi, Ambrosian librarian, D. Triulzi, the Abate Bonitti, Padre Sacchi, Conte Po, &c.; and on the side of practical music, the famous San Martini, Lampugnani, il Padre Maestro Florione, of the Duomo, &c. At Brescia I

stopped but two days, and only one at Verona and Vicenza; but at Padua I was six or eight days, and there I found your friend Dr. Marsiti, Cav. Valcinicis, Padre Colombo, Padre Vallotti, Maestro di Capella at *Santo*, one of the greatest composers for the church now alive; and on the side of practice, Signor Guglietti, poor Tartini's scholar and successor at St. Anthony's Church, from whom I got the *last drop of his pen*, or, in other words, the last solo he composed. At Venice, I had high entertainment of all sorts for learning and theory. I conversed with Dr. Reghellini, the Abate Martini, the librarian of St. Marc's, il Conte Tassis; and for modern music with the famous Galuppi, Latilla, and Sacchini. At Bologna I almost lived in the houses of the celebrated theorist and historian, Padre Martini, whose library of books relative to music amounts to 16,000 or 17,000 volumes; he was very communicative, and we compared *notes*, and have already opened a correspondence. I had great civilities from Farinelli, with whom I spent two whole days. I visited here the famous Dottoressa Laura Bassa, upon the merits of a recommendation from her friend Padre Beccaria. At Florence, il Prefetto Fossi, Dr. Guadagni, Signor Bandini, the Grand Duke's librarian, il Canonico Dominico Cavalue, and Dr. Perelli, were all open and friendly. I was almost every night at an *academia*. The first-rate practical musicians I found here, were Mansoli, Nardini, Campioni, Detel Figlio, &c. By the time I got to Rome my Italian acquaintance and letters were much accumulated; I stayed there near a month. Several friends and first-rate artists are on the hunt for me, and on making original drawings of musical instruments from bassi rilievi, and ancient sculpture of the first class. As to the music of the Pope's Chapel, I shall be enabled to speak of it from the best authority my own eyes and ears can afford. Signor Santarelli, the Pope's Maestro di Capella, who has loaded me with civility and friendly offices, is now getting made out for me copies of the best compositions that are in constant use in the Pope's Chapel. I have found out the music of the first *opera* and first *oratorio* that were set to music. The Duke of Dorset had a very good concert every night, and took a great deal of pains to get curious and clever performers together often on my account. I was presented to Cardinal Alissandro Albani, the principal librarian at the Vatican, who gave me permission to go into it, and to have whatever would be of use to my work copied. I spent most of my mornings in this library, and the Abate Elie, one of the Custode, was very obliging and serviceable to me in my researches after *Canto Fermo*, *Contra Punto*, Provincial songs, &c. and I have been pretty fortunate. The Cardinal Albani is likewise prefetto of the Pope's Chapel, and gave me leave to ransack the archives there. But though this is sport and special fun to me, I forget that by the time this arrives both your hands and your head will be too full to admit flutes and fiddles. However, this I am sure of, that you have a heart which glows with friendship, and will excuse my breaking in upon you at an unseasonable time, when it is to pay an old debt from hence of several years standing. I remember you sent me an excellent letter from Naples, which was never answered, and this is more an acknowledgment of the debt than a payment of it. But d—n your speeches, you will say; and so I have done, first begging my best respects to

Mrs. Garrick. I shall stay here till after the 4th of November, St. Charles's Day, which you know is that on which the serious opera begins, when the great theatre is doubly illuminated. I would not take 100*l.* not to be here then; indeed, it will cost me more, but Jomelli is here, and is the composer; Deamicis and Apribeau, principals. The Gabriele is still in banishment at Palermo. I was with Piccini all the morning; there is a pretty comic opera of his now in run, as to music, but the libretto is terrible stuff. I have been here but three days. Mr. Hamilton is at his villeggiatura. I dine with our little Consul to-morrow, and with Mr. Hamilton in the country on Sunday. Vesuvius begins to throw up fire finely, and an eruption is hourly expected. Adieu, my dear Sir. Believe me yours most affectionately,

CHARLES BURNEY.*

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 14, 1770.

I WROTE to you on Monday morning last upon the subject of Mr. Newton's letter; but I afterwards recalled my packet, as the contents were only to inform you that I never was concerned in any affair relative to Mr. Newton. I had a mind to make some enquiry how my name came to be made use of, and I have attained my point. There is a gentleman of the same name in the Temple. He has been a chamber-counsel upwards of thirty years, and is well known in the world. I find he knows a great deal relating to Mr. Newton and a Miss *Solfigure* (I believe I do not spell her name right). Mr. Murphy of the Temple was a kind of guardian to that lady: he knows her and all her family affairs. I find he also knows something about Mr. Newton's intended marriage in Ireland, and how it happened to break off.

He is the person to whom Mr. Newton must address himself; and by what I understand, Mr. Murphy, who lives in Pump-court, will be very open as to all he knows and thinks upon the subject.

I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Endorsed,

"A letter about my friend Mr. Newton."

A. B. TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Turk's Head, Dec. 7th, 1770.

I RECEIVED your letter too late to wait upon you at the time you appointed. I concluded, when I saw by the bills you were engaged at the theatre, that you would not think any other notice necessary; indeed I did not expect it, but think myself much obliged to you for it. Many acknowledgments, Sir, are due to you for the

* Dr. Charles Burney, the celebrated author of the "History of Music."

trouble you have already had on my account; and if my wishes *cannot* be answered, I shall still retain a grateful sense of your behaviour to me. From what you have said to me, I fear I must not indulge the thoughts of appearing this season; and however desirous I may be to have it accomplished, I should be very unwilling to put you to inconvenience; indeed, I have no right either to expect or desire it.

As you suppressed all inquiry into the nature of my present situation, I never thought it materially necessary to inform you of it. That it is, and has long been, very disagreeable to me, is a sufficient reason for my desiring to change it.

The stage, however unqualified I may be for acting in that sphere of life, has for many years been the object of my admiration. The opinions of friends, which might perhaps be injudiciously given, and that self-opinion, which often leads a man astray, but is generally inseparable with the intent for an undertaking of this nature, were the motives that have induced me. To mention what have been my hopes and fears since I was first introduced to you, or to say how my mind has since been agitated, will answer little or no purpose now, and would only be an intrusion upon your time, which I have great reason to believe is seldom a moment unemployed. I will, however, beg leave to say a word or two, in answer to your observations on the resolution I have taken, and the difficulties which you tell me I shall have to encounter, and must consequently be the effects of it. As to my resolution, it is, and has been for some time fixed; a pressing inclination, and a disagreeable situation drove me to it; and as to the difficulties which are likely to attend it, I have fully considered, and am aware of them. Difficulties must be expected in whatever state I hereafter engage in, and prudence suggests to me, that I should endeavour to avoid those which are likely to be the greatest; but how much more easy, Sir, are they to be surmounted in a pursuit that is agreeable to one's inclinations, for as the bard of all bards says—

"The labour we delight in physics pain."

Your theatre, I allow, is crowded, and it might be difficult to find a place for me; happy are they who have your countenance: but pray give me your pardon, Sir, if I appear too presuming in supposing that my own abilities, with assiduity and cultivation, might be made at least equal, if not superior to some who now fill your principal parts. My pride, however, and the spirit of emulation, I am sensible would never suffer me to appear in a contemptible or low degree; but you are certainly the best judge, and your opinion, if contrary to my own, will have so much weight with me that it will soon efface the wrong impression I may have received in my own favour.

Some apology I think is necessary for taking up so much of your time; but before I conclude I must tell you, that my friend and I would be glad to have some conversation with you on the subject, when you are at leisure. By some means or other, the secret, or what I intended should be so, has transpired, and come to the knowledge of two or three gentlemen of rank and fashion to whom I am known, and I believe wish me well. I shall not be surprised to hear you have been waited

upon to have your opinion of me; and as *you* are inclined, so will *they* encourage or disapprove. At the same time, let me beg of you, Sir, to have in remembrance the disagreeable circumstances I have mentioned to you, the force of my own inclination, and the pressing occasions which call upon me to change my situation; that without *they* can do something for me that is likely to be more advantageous, *much* more so, there is no other employment will coincide so well with my own desires.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

LADY SPENCER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Dec. 30th, 1770.

I SINCERELY wish it was in my power to find expressions that would convince you beyond the possibility of a doubt, that what I am going to say is not a mere excuse, but a reality that gives both Lord Spencer and myself pain, as it prevents his complying with a request of yours. It is very true that there is a strong connexion, as far as friendship goes, between Lord Spencer and the Bishop of St. Asaph; but, from an idea that the Bishop owed his promotion to Lord Spencer, which is entirely without foundation, he has been so pressed to make applications to him for small livings and prebends in his gift, that he cannot with any degree of delicacy request any thing farther of him.

I make no doubt if the Bishop was acquainted with Mr. Lloyd's character, and had no pre-engagement, he would be glad to serve him; and if you are very anxious about him, perhaps you might convey some account of him to the Bishop through the Wilmots, who live in great intimacy with him, and whom he loves and honours as they deserve. It is an age since I have seen you or Mrs. Garrick. I hope I shall have that pleasure when I come to town; and remember that you have long promised me a dinner, and a *Paoli* at Hampton, of which I expect you should acquit yourself some fine day next summer. Assure Mrs. Garrick of my Lord's compliments and mine, and believe me, Sir, with great regard,

Your faithful humble servant,

G. SPENCER.

As I am in an old house, in an old park, in the country, I flatter myself it is allowable to send you and Mrs. Garrick all the old-fashioned good wishes of the season.†

* Who this candidate was, does not appear—few who have been *driven* upon the stage, have not also been driven *off*. It must not be taken as a *pis aller*, when other trades fail; it should be a *passion*, before which poverty and contempt, and persecution and even prejudice are as nothing; then, yes and then, *one* in perhaps one hundred candidates, may be respectable as an actor and respected as a man.—ED.

† This letter is a beautiful specimen of the charm that attended the Countess Spencer in every relation of life. Like Mr. Garrick, Gibbon the historian used to preserve such letters as the proudest testimonials to his fame, and compensating much of the unavoidable evils of existence.—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO * * * * * *

I HAVE not only read, but considered your tragedy with a particular attention. You must therefore excuse me for not returning it before, as I did not choose to give you my opinion of it too lightly or too hastily. I think there is but one capital situation in the whole play, and that is the discovery of the armed men to Lavagna's† guests; which indeed was the only thing that struck me as a dramatic circumstance, when I read the story in De Retz: the rest of the play seems to me to be too like all the other conspiracies we have had upon the stage, with fewer situations; indeed, Sir, I fear there is a languor through the whole that will ever make its success precarious. I am of opinion, too, that this evil is not to be remedied, for it lies in the story itself, which has not afforded dramatic circumstances sufficient to give that particular interest without which no play, in my opinion, can be supported upon the stage.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

I should have waited upon you, but I am obliged to go to town.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, 1771.

YOUR brother, whom I had the honour of seeing this morning at Camden-place, made so short a visit, that I had not time to write, and did not care to detain him longer, because his business required him to return immediately to London. I am very much affected with the news of poor Beighton's death, who, as far as I could judge, was one of the best men that ever Christianity produced, whom we must never hope to see again, unless we go to heaven. My Lady is extremely grieved at his loss, and we are both the more hurt, because the blow was unexpected; for notwithstanding his age and infirmities, we thought he would have held out some years longer. I am very much flattered by his kind remembrance of me in his will, which is much more than my poor living deserved; and yet I believe that, besides his good will to me, and his friendship for you, he had another view in making us two of his executors, which was to prevent his collection of books from being dissipated by a sale. I remember when I once told him, his dear books would probably come under

† John Louis Fiesco, Count of Lavagna. See the History of this conspiracy at the end of the Cardinal de Retz's Memoirs, referred to by Mr. Garrick. It will be seen moreover that at one time it was thought essential to the manager of a theatre to be profoundly conversant with history and poetry; and to cultivate all the lighter graces of composition, from a personal acquaintance with the literature and literary characters of polished Europe. Such a person at least was David Garrick; such a man too was George Colman.—ED.

the auctioneer's hands after his death, he answered, that was not his intention, for he would take care to make such a provision, as should prevent their being broke or separated: probably you may have heard him express himself to the like effect. If you should happen to think with me upon this subject, we shall contrive between us, if it is possible, to carry the good man's intention towards his beloved books into execution. Our colleague, the bookseller, will probably be contented with the value of his share in money, and Mr. Willis, (whom I do not know) if he has not curiosity or taste that way, may permit us to be the purchasers; or if he has, may deserve to retain his share in kind. I could wish to have the name of the collector, and the bequest, printed on a small piece of paper, and pasted in the cover of each book, to preserve the memory of the man, and of his kindness to his friends. I mentioned this proposal to your brother this morning; but I thought proper to repeat it again, because, the more I think upon this business, the more I am convinced that this was the secret wish of our friend. I understand you have given the proper orders for his funeral, and ordered Baker to take the catalogue. You will be so good to get the will proved in Doctors' Commons, and direct his debts to be called in. As your business will not permit you and Mrs. Garrick to come to us, we will come to you; and propose to be in town next Thursday, and shall wait on you, or see you at Lincoln's Inn-fields, as it is most convenient to you.

I am, dear Sir, with more meaning than passes with the usual subscription of a letter,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

CAMDEN.

My wife desires her compliments may not be forgot to you and Mrs. Garrick, to whom you will be so good to present my respects.

We hope to be supplied with three good places in the front box, to see the "Installation," Thursday or Friday next.

Endorsed,
"Lord Camden about our
Executorship for poor Beighton."

REV. E. A. LOYD TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, 14th Jan. 1771.

THIS same dame Preferment (like other ladies that know they are wooed merely *for their fortune)* gives herself many unnecessary airs, short turns upon the heel, the eclipse of the fan, the negative shrug of the shoulder, and fifty tricks beside, whenever I make my advances. Indeed, I almost think there is somewhat too much indifference in my manner: I make love a little like Harry the Fifth, "Dost thou love me, Kate?—Can any one of thy neighbours tell," &c. &c. This offends *Madam's* delicacy, so off she goes to some opulent rival, who, though he does not want her, will keep her *to himself*—which is more, I confess, than I would promise. Egad, perhaps it is written in my face, that I should divide her favours among my poorest

neighbours, and suffer myself to be cuckolded by Charity; and what care I, if I were such a contented wittol? This I can venture to say, that if nobody was to be the better for the match but myself, I would willingly be the *Benedick* of the *first act* throughout the comedy of Life. Well, *if one won't, another will*, they say; but there are no *maiden churches* to be had; however, one comfort is, there is, or will be, many a *widowed church*, genteel, well portioned, well dressed, with a glittering weathercock for a pompoon, which may be willing to have me, ere her last husband is cold in the grave; at least, I am sure I have no reason to despair, since I have been lucky enough to find an advocate in *Lady Wilmot** (the Chief Justice's Lady, is it not?) By all that is grateful in the human heart, I can scarce refrain from an apostrophe of thanks to that lady, for the heartiness and warmth with which she patronized me. I must, at least, beg of you to make her one of your most sentimental bows (and I have seen you make very good ones) for me when you see her next. When another comfortable vacancy happens in the diocese of St. Asaph, I shall beg of you to trouble her ladyship to publish the bans between the bell-rope and me, to the Bishop, who is the only person that has a right to forbid them. I am extremely obliged to her ladyship for the offer of *Monmouthshire mutton;* that overture is far beyond the neutral civilities of court friendship; but *Merionethshire* connexions put a *veto* on it, though "*there is a river in Monmouth, and a river in Bala, and salmon in both.*" The Bishop was very obliging in expressing any approbation of the trifling letters of mine which fell into his hands. If I had thought they would have been laid before him, probably I should have scratched my head, bit my nails, looked wise, blotted out, began again, &c. &c. &c.; but hang it, this would have spoiled the matter, and produced a piece as dull, formal, prim, and precise, as a Quaker—one of *Pope's letters* for all the world! You see how frankly I speak my opinion of great authors. An easy flowing *dishabille* for a letter, I say; a night-gown and slippers are the only dress to write one in. I believe one might almost guess from the style of a letter, how the writer was dressed, though I think it would require very uncommon penetration to discover my drapery from the above scribble, for you must know that at present I am a perfect *hospital figure:* a patch over my right eye, which is *violently inflamed*, a bandage over the orifice of a venesection in my right arm, a blister under my right ear, and another on my back. I flatter myself this letter carries with it no such *exacerbation (Johnson*, for that) of style, as to mark out my present *habit of body in either sense* of the phrase; on the contrary, I think my soul contrives to keep herself at ease, (though *her case* is at present out of repair a little,) and feels comfortably in having lately received an additional reason for subscribing herself, Mr. Garrick's

Obliged humble servant,

Witness her Secretary, E. A. Loyd.

Compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I have returned your letters—thanks for the perusal of them.

* Here we see the effect of Lady Spencer's suggestion, of which the ever kind Garrick had availed himself to serve his pleasant friend Loyd.—Ed.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. GEORGE GARRICK.*

DEAR BROTHER, Jan. 25th, 1771.

I SIT down at this time to do a most disagreeable thing to me, which is to tax you with neglect, unkindness, and I will not add injustice to me. I have suffered much of late, I have hid my uneasiness as well as I could, I have had moments of good spirits, but my mind has still returned to you, and your behaviour to me. Some late circumstances have brought this letter somewhat forwarder than I intended it, and a weight upon my thoughts has pressed me to disclose them to you. I shall not accuse you of being always uneasy when you are with me, and your excuse of business to get away as soon as possible; I think that would be weakness in me, and the only way not to remedy it; but as, I imagine, such seeming unkindness proceeds from your unwillingness to hear my complaints, your visits of hurry are not unnatural. But to the business,—Did I ever keep any concern of any kind from you? Have I not always opened my heart and designs to you? Have you not had permission to open my letters, and know every thing about me and my affairs? Have you returned this kindness? Have you not been possessed some time of a country house, of horses, chariot, &c. without so much as in the least hinting it to me? Had you been possessed of the fortune of Lord Clive, such a brother as I think I have been to you, should have been in common civility at least acquainted with it. I have never heard of it but from your neighbours, to whom I have always expressed my ignorance: an old clergyman attacked me at Court on the Birth-day, as your neighbour in the country. What is this mystery? If I was not *kindly* to be admitted into the secret, surely I had a *right* to be a partaker of it:—but let that be passed over; I can have my separate secrets, if I please, and at least balance that account with you. I have likewise no right, perhaps I have not, to ask how your circumstances can bear this load of expense; and whether it is not strange, with your family, and complaints of hard times, hard relations, &c. that you have voluntarily taken a load upon you, which, I fear, you are not able to bear. If it is said, for that has been dropped, (for I hear more than I could wish,) that Mr. Cap—n insisted upon your having it, or taking it; this mends not the matter with me—I am still unkindly treated. I must tell you too, that you did not please me by sending the receipt to Mr. Hoare to get the money from my tenant G——f. How could you know in what manner I intended to act by him? And your not telling me of it, till I had exposed myself, was a most disagreeable circumstance: I must for the future insist that no monies of mine, upon any account,

* The reader has seen much of the zeal, intelligence, and affection exhibited by Mr. George Garrick in his brother's concerns. It is quite obvious that these gentlemen were no common brothers. The following letter, however, shows that their harmony had been somewhat interrupted. Mr. Garrick, in a very manly and delicate way, presses for explanation on subjects, that, if they can have a divided interest, threaten his brother's welfare even more than his own. I am sorry that the reply has escaped us; but its nature will be sufficiently unfolded in some other communications from Mr. George Garrick.—ED.

are taken up without my receipt, from any one person whatsoever. I come now to my request,—which is, that you make me acquainted with the state of Fermingnac's account. You know that I had resolved not to pay a shilling of the Jubilee business, but by the money owing to me then. I now calmly assure you, that I will not. I had (I think generously) determined to pay the debts of the adventurers of the Jubilee. I told you I would pay them with the legacy money: I told you to make a partition of it, and that I was ready to give any security for paying my portion of any after-debts, if they should come in. If you had consulted the spirit of the deed, it should not have been dragged on to this time, to make, what would have been a piece of generosity quickly done, a flat tame action so laggingly performed. I must entreat you to lay the account before me, that I may act accordingly. I can have no pleasure in knowing more of your secrets than what immediately concern me; but these I have a right to, and my affairs demand that I be instructed immediately. You have known my wishes, my uneasiness upon the matter, and I wish you had done it before and openly from yourself.

I am, dear brother, in expectation of your compliance with my request,

Yours sincerely,

D. GARRICK.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Grosvenor-square, Feb. 18th, 1771.

I THANK you for the favour of a sight of the enclosed to you. The writer appears to be a very worthy man. I have enclosed too in this packet a pamphlet, which if you have not seen, (which I suppose you have not, as you was out of England when it was published) will afford you much entertainment, as it is on a subject you so well know the force of, namely, *eloquence*. You will not be at a loss for the author,* there being so few who are capable of treating it in so masterly a manner. You will find it to be a kind of *subsidium podagræ*, whenever you are attacked by that disorder.

Speaking of *eloquence*, I am naturally put in mind of you and Shakspeare. It may be a question who is most dishonoured; you by the idle boys called *spouters*; or Shakspeare by the idler men called critics and editors? Both of you are answerable for them. Your several excellencies have produced them; as weeds spring up and are ready to choke the richest gifts of Ceres. Editions on editions of our immortal favourite are daily springing up—I was ready, very improperly, to say, and showing their *heads*. But of all these idiots, the greatest sure is one Capell.† While others

* It was a pamphlet by Hurd.—ED.

† *The greatest is one Capell.*—The lofty confidence of Warburton was astonished at the presumption that *followed* him over the ground of Shakspeare. But when he has laughed at the simplicity of Capell, who avoided to embalm himself, because he thought only of preserving the genuine Shakspeare, and sees him

have procured for themselves the advantage of being embalmed alive in the liquid amber of the poet, this man seems to have been only able to gibbet himself above ground over his grave.

Dear Sir, believe me to be your truly affectionate and faithful friend,

And obedient servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Grosvenor-square, Feb. 25, 1771.

I HAVE your favour of yesterday, and am glad to understand you have had so kindly a fit of the gout, which I make no doubt will be of use to your general health. Never let an unthinking public, that is, thinking only for themselves, induce you to hinder the free course of this natural and beneficial discharge of what is critical.

I will, as you desire, attend my duty in the House to-morrow. As the affair of the Liverpool playhouse is circumstanced, with the approbation of the town and corporation, I see no reasonable objection to it. I fancy the petitioner must be misinformed concerning the Archbishop's opposition; for, I think, in that case he must have mentioned it to the bench.

I think the petitioner might have given a better reason for the approbation of the inhabitants. The youth of so busy and populous a place must have their intervals of relaxation; and the only question is, whether these shall be passed in an innocent and elegant amusement, or in those turbulent gratifications that unwary youth are apt to fall into: so that my sentiments perfectly coincide with what you seem to wish. I am, dear Sir, with the most perfect esteem,

Your very affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dartmouth-street, Feb. 23, 1771.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter yesterday when I was in company, and I shall certainly be glad to befriend Mr. Gibson upon your recommendation, if I go to the House of Lords; but the truth is, that I have been but twice there, and was forced to quit it after an hour, as my head turned dizzy, by the gout in my stomach affecting my nerves, ever since I saw you at St. James's. I am sorry that you are so

" gibbeted above ground over his grave," it is *curious that he should forget* Mr. Garrick's intimacy with Capell, and the present of the " Antony and Cleopatra." This modest man's notes will be mentioned hereafter.—ED.

afflicted with it; I can pass in the world without head and nerves, but it is more material that you should be sound and stout.

I have sent you the receipt for the ginger-cakes, which I have found do me good in a morning by letting a piece (as big as sixpence) melt in my mouth; and it helps the stomach as to wind, and wateriness, and phlegm. They can be easily made at home. I am, with true regard,

Your most obedient humble servant,

R. EBOR.*

MR. W. EAVES TO MR. WHELER.

DEAR SIR, Stratford, Feb. 26, 1771.

As we have sufficient reason to think you have at heart the *interest* and *reputation* of the town of Stratford as much as any of the gentlemen here, and as we can at present think of no method so likely to promote both as (that which is, indeed, most suitable to our inclination) an annual Jubilee, in which we would do what honour we could to the memory of our townsman Shakspeare, and at the same time show our high esteem for Mr. Garrick his faithful and unequalled representative; we therefore take this, perhaps the only favourable opportunity that may occur, to entreat you, before you return to us, to prefer in your own and our names our joint request to David Garrick, Esq. that he would be pleased in due time to communicate to us some scheme for our next as well as each succeeding jubilean anniversary. We are the more induced to ask this favour at his hands, as we are fully sensible no one can form a plan for such a laudable purpose with so much propriety, or give so great a sanction and support to it when it is once established. We are not a little encouraged to expect this favour at his hands, as he has for some time been a very worthy member of our community, and, when with us last (besides the generous instances of his regard already shown), thought fit to express, with seeming ardour, an undeviating esteem for Stratford and its vicinity. We submit the above hints to you, and leave them to your own judgment (previous to your application to Mr. Garrick,) for alteration, addition, or contraction.

We hope, Sir, you will not fail to execute this commission for us; much will be due to you for it, besides your unquestionably receiving the thanks and applause of this town and neighbourhood.

With my best compliments, in the name of, and jointly with our other gentlemen, I have the pleasure to be, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM EAVES.

Endorsed,

"About an annual Stratford Jubilee."

* This was Dr. Robert Drummond, translated from Salisbury in 1761.—ED.

LORD SUFFOLK TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Duke-street, Westminster, Feb. 26, 1771.

I WILL certainly attend the Liverpool Playhouse Bill, with every good disposition towards it that your recommendation and patronage of the measure ought to inspire. My Lords the Bishops, I understand, are, to a man, in different sentiments.

I am very sorry to hear of your indisposition, and will take an early opportunity of making my personal inquiries after you: in the mean time, believe me, Sir, with great esteem,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

SUFFOLK.

LORD SUFFOLK TO MR. GARRICK.

Duke-street, Westminster, half-past four, Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1771.

LORD SUFFOLK has the pleasure to inform Mr. Garrick that the Liverpool Playhouse Bill is committed; it stands for Tuesday next, when Lord Suffolk hopes there is some reason to think it will not be farther opposed.

For committing the Bill	. . .	22	27
	Proxies .	5	
Against committing it	. . .	21	23
	Proxies .	2	

MRS. CELESIA TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Genoa, Feb. 28th, 1771.

I HAVE received with the utmost satisfaction, from Mr. Scott and others, an account of the favourable reception "Almida" has met with from the public. No gratitude is so pleasing as that we owe to those whom we esteem; and therefore I cannot forbear writing to tell you how much you are entitled to mine, upon an occasion where you have acted so friendly and so obliging a part towards me; and I do assure you, I shall ever retain the warmest sense of your kindness.

As I wished to express my thanks to Mr. Whitehead, and to Mrs. Barry, whose performance in "Almida," I am told, was inimitable, I have wrote a line to them both, which I take the liberty to enclose, and I beg you will be so good as to forward them to their directions.

The encouragement I have met with in my first essay may, perhaps, induce me in a future leisure hour to attempt something again in the same way. I am well apprized of the many disadvantages I lie under, by being at such a distance from those whose assistance and advice would be so necessary, in an undertaking of this nature. Inaccuracy, and many foreign idioms, must inevitably glide into my style and language, after a ten years' absence from my native country; yet experience teaches me that nothing is impossible to those who are assisted by diligence, and befriended by kindness.

I think Voltaire's tragedy of "Semiramis," if it was well translated, would succeed on our stage. I should consider it as an additional favour to those I already owe you, if you would inform me by a line, whether it has been already attempted, and whether you would advise me to undertake it.

Mr. Baretti desires me to present his respects to you. He is about to leave us. He intends a trip to Bologna and Florence, and then to return to England, which he considers, and with reason, as his mother country.

I see by the papers, which I constantly read, how high the stream of faction, under the name of patriotism, has run. Foreigners are apt to imagine that it must be bad living in such a turbulent scene; but I tell them the contrary, for after an Englishman's gall has run from his heart to his paper, he is as humane and sociable a being as a Frenchman or an Italian can be.

Mr. Celesia sends his kindest compliments, to which I beg leave to join my best wishes, both to you and to Mrs. Garrick; and I am, Sir, with the greatest esteem,

Your obliged and sincere humble servant,

DOROTHEA CELESIA.

LORD PEMBROKE TO MR. GARRICK.

Wilton House, Monday, 4th March, 1771.

I WAS getting into my chaise, my dear Sir, to come hither, when I received your favour. Though business here will prevent my attending personally for Mr. Gibson, I have desired Lady P. to beat up for as many troops for him as she can: and, as it is to oppose an opinion of the Church, I trust she will get a good many to majority the bench, who, far from a voice, should by rights have no seat but a *pew* any where.*

If you have not better weather at Hampton than I find here, I advise you, in spite of the faculty, to return to London immediately. There, or at Hampton, I

* If Lord Pembroke had submitted this opinion as to the Church to his friend Burke, the orator even *then* might have told him—"We have not relegated religion, like something we were ashamed to show, to rustic villages. We will have her to exalt her mitred front in Courts and Parliaments. We will have her mixed throughout the whole mass of life, and blended with all the classes of society."—ED.

hope to have the pleasure of seeing you soon in perfect health again. My best compliments, pray, to Mrs. Garrick.

Ever yours, my dear Sir, most obediently and sincerely,

PEMBROKE.

SIR GREY COOPER TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Parliament-street, March 14th, 1771.

I WILL not fail to use my best endeavours to obtain what you request, and I am well assured that Lord North will receive the application with a favourable impression, as it comes from you. At the same time I must acquaint you, that the same indulgence which Mr. R. Burke desires, was last year refused to Mr. Haliday, the Collector of Antigua, on the ground of his having been only one year attending his duty since his former leave of absence expired. This is the very case of Mr. Richard Burke; but as my heart always inclines me to go beyond the severe rules of my duty in soliciting the petitions of the lowest officers of the Crown when they apply for leave of absence on account of their health, or the urgency of their private affairs, even when the facts do not come so well vouched as they ought to be by the rules of office, I cannot refuse my assistance to the recommendations of a friend whom upon much greater occasions I should be happy to oblige. Lord North is the best-natured man in the world, and I know he will as readily do a favour, or grant a reasonable indulgence, to the brother of Mr. E. Burke, as to any of those who stand in the ranks of his political friends; nothing but public consideration and the tendency of the example can prevent him from granting what is requested.

I am, dear Sir, with the truest regard, your very faithful servant,

GREY COOPER.

Endorsed,
"Sir Grey Cooper, March 17th, 1771.
Richard Burke."

MR. BICKERSTAFF TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, March 16th, 1771.

IT must not only appear a strange affectation in me, but an instance of great folly, was I to endeavour to hide from you any literary design for my advantage; but at the same time give me leave to say, the scheme for publishing my Fables is of such a nature as might sufficiently justify some little artifice, or, let me rather call it, decent caution, before I ventured to mention it to you in a manner to desire your assistance: I have troubled you so often with paltry suits, that I really do it now (though in some sort encouraged to it by yourself) with timidity and reluctance.

I have been my own dupe, and the dupe of others; what I have erred in at the instigation of my own folly, I have corrected. Some little success in subscribing

my Fables would repair all, and I think I shall err no more. I had no thought farther than Ireland, but Mr. Foote offered to serve me unasked: I knew the warmth of his disposition, however, and made allowances for it, that is, built nothing upon the foundation; but he has, contrary to my expectation, served me in the most ample manner, and I am well assured, done it in a way to deserve my thanks. If you think proper to lend me the Fables you mentioned, I shall be greatly obliged to you.

I am, dear Sir, very gratefully yours,

I. BICKERSTAFF.

SIR GREY COOPER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Treasury Chambers, March 18th, 1771.

I HAVE the pleasure (because I know it will give you pleasure) to acquaint you that I have obtained Lord North's permission to order a warrant for granting leave of absence to Mr. Richard Burke* for one year.

By some expressions in your last letter you seem to have misunderstood what I wrote to you: I never conceived that any gentleman should be refused an ordinary and reasonable indulgence on account of his political conduct, much less that of his relations.

I can answer for my noble and excellent friend having the same sentiments.

Mrs. Cooper desires me to convey her compliments with my own to Mrs. Garrick and you, and,

I am, my dear Sir, yours ever most faithfully,

GREY COOPER.

The warrant will, I hope, be signed to morrow.

REV. S. NOTT TO MR. GARRICK.

Worcester, April 6th, 1771.

ALONE—and in a post chaise—it is natural, if a man has but one grain of good-humour in his composition, to think of those things which will afford him the highest entertainment. *I thought of you.* And recollecting *that* part of our last conversation, which informed me that you proposed adding some farewell verses to your inimitable epilogue, for the benefit of decayed actors, my Muse took the

* To Mr. Richard Burke, one writer of his brother Edmund's life, I mean Dr. Bisset, attributed the Letters of Junius—he thought, forsooth! that they exhibited much of the "condensed manner" of that writer. Alas! he never suspected his "unthought of Junius" to be broiling in Grenada while they were in progress; and that pungent replies within a week were not to be obtained from the West Indies, though an occasional turtle, as we have seen, might be sent to enliven the circle of his friends.—ED.

alarm; out she set; and before I had well got to this place, she presented me with a few straggling lines picked up amidst the humbler shrubs of Parnassus. I hardly thanked her for the present. I had no garland to twine them into of my own, and I knew that yours was all too rich to admit of them. But must they die? says Pity. Shall so many dews have cherished, shall so many suns have ripened, them in vain? My heart sunk within me, I called for pen and ink, tied them up together *loosely* as you receive them; and here they are! as poor, but as grateful a tribute, as the lip of friendship ever uttered, or the hand of worth received.

Always your obliged friend and servant,

S. NOTT.

VERSES BY THE REV. S. NOTT.

Thus far with joy my annual debt I pay!
'Tis sweet to help a brother in decay;
To heal his wants;—and, be the truth confest,
In blessing others, I 've myself been blest;
Well have your partial smiles the labour crown'd,
Nor knows this grateful heart an ampler bound.
But oh! their cause obtain'd, oh, who shall plead
My own best hope! and pleading it, succeed?
Can I forget, when first in Shakspeare's bow'r
You found, and took me up, a little flow'r!
Warm'd with your breath, the aspiring trifle grew;
And as your favour shone, I blush'd! I blew! *
To you I offer'd up my purest rays;
My spring's young incense, and my summer's blaze;
And o'er my leaves when sober autumn threw
A dimmer shade, I offer'd still to you;
But now stern winter calls—I feel the blast—
And this, perhaps, this offering, is my last!
Not but some colours yet remain in store;
Not but I wish to live one season more;
One season more, in this fair garden spent,
Grant me one season—and I die content.

* I am afraid that *blew* is not the allowed preterite of the neutral verb *blow* to blossom, which regularly makes blowed in the past tense. In the neutral windy verb to *blow*, we have "*it blew*" impersonally, and "*he blew*" strongly. Perhaps the distinction has no other propriety than the desire of discrimination. The verses are extremely sweet.—ED.

MR. THOMAS WARTON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Trinity College, Oxon, April 26th, 1771.

I HAVE many pardons to beg for the frequent troubles I give you. Mr. Mickle has shown me his tragedy,* almost entirely new written, and the disposition greatly altered, so that I hope you will think it fit for the stage. But this I leave to your judgment. I own, I wish we could contribute to keep him in England, and in the poetical world. Certainly there are great strokes of merit in the play; and I shall be glad to find that none of your former objections remain. I am with best compliments to Mrs. Garrick,

Dear Sir, yours very sincerely,
THOMAS WARTON.

MR. W. MICKLE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Oxford, April 27, 1771.

MR. WARTON has desired to keep my tragedy a week longer. As soon as I receive it from him, and get it transcribed in a fair hand, I will send it to you, which will be in two or three weeks. From Mr. Warton's opinion of it, and from the inclination to be of service to me which you was pleased to express, I would fain flatter myself with the hope of success. Whatever farther alterations you may judge necessary, shall be willingly made.

Sir, your most obedient servant,
WM. MICKLE.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, St. Cross, April 28, 1771.

WE move in a week or ten days to St. Mary's for the summer; for there is none here.

I am sorry to have it confirmed, that you are slower in your recovery after your late attack, than your former. I should be rejoiced to see you give me the lie under your own hand.

You prophesied that the "West Indian" would make my *mouth water* to read. I suppose you meant after your character of it: you might have added, that it would make *my eyes water*, which it did twenty times in the reading. It has been thoroughly canvassed, and few faults of consequence have been found in it. That of

* This was "The Siege of Marseilles," never acted, the work of a descriptive poet, but without the nerve of tragedy. Mr. Garrick was every way interested for the amiable author, who at length made a fortune under Governor Johnstone, married, and enjoyed himself in elegant virtuous retirement.—ED.

a young lady of fashion borrowing money on her jewels of a *great merchant*, might be easily acknowledged by her afterward, to flow from her ignorance of the business of the world: and so it would be fully obviated, and natural. That of the Irish captain's having so many wives, *alive and merry*, may be (and ought to be) left out in the acting, and in print in the next edition. It knocks the whole idea of the character on the head. But I wonder no critic has taken notice, that what would *naturally* be the principal scene in the whole play, for fun, humour, sensibility and spirit, is artfully slurred over by the poet, and made little or nothing of. I mean that of the West Indian's addressing the virtuous girl as a kept mistress. The reason is plain and judicious; that it is directly the subject of Farquhar's principal scene in the "Constant Couple;" and could not be managed so as to appear new, and not an imitation. I remember the only true objection I ever heard to any part of the "Suspicious Husband" was, that Jacyn. had no visible reason to put on the disguise of men's clothes, having full liberty to go and come as she pleased, and being in the park with Clara, &c.: which Ben never thought worth while to obviate—as he might easily have done, by only adding in her letter, that her guardian's suspicions had been raised to such a pitch, that he had actually threatened to confine her. This by the by. My good sister tells me, that when you returned her a former packet, (of the "Contrast," &c. of poor Ben's) you accidentally retained another piece of two acts: one act, as I believe, in the Doctor's hand, and the second in mine, foolishly supplied by me. The "Country Burial" it was, altered by Ben; as he truly thought there would be some real true fun in it, if the taylor's sorrow for his drunken wife were made all hypocritical, and not real as in the original. You will be so kind as to look over your old stores, and if her surmise be true, to return it to her. You may perhaps find things of mine, as the "Beggar's Garland," all in songs, which you took from me at Bath; and the story of the Sea Captain's discourse with the Doctor of Divinity, about giving his black boy *Frank* Christian burial, in a letter; which you promised to return but forgot it again. Madam Charles Street has in many things shown herself so mercenary, that I cannot help thinking she would be glad to pocket a *little* money by any of the Doctor's even *little* things, after I shall be gone—*to Heaven.* I have taken good care that nothing of mine shall ever appear, and nothing where I have been concerned; but she seems to have a mind to claim a property in things of that sort, as the "Contrast," the "Widow of the Mill," the "Country Burial,"—and I think that must be with some such view.—Mum! Budget!

I dare say you will continue to be, as you have truly shown yourself already, an honest guardian of his fame as long as you live. I am amazingly well, considering I have no legs; and madam much better, after a long winter, and a slow fever, and mortal real want of spirits. We sincerely join in all good wishes to you and Mrs. Garrick.

Yours ever,

J. HOADLY.

P. S. Did Keate show you my little compliment to James Harris, sen., for which I received his thanks from London, and his son's from Madrid?

MR. CLUTTERBUCK TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAREST GARRICK, Luckman, May 4, 1771.

It is fit you should know that, the first of this month, I brought in my chaise from Gainsborough's house in the Circus, a copy of his exquisite portrait of you; and if your idea of gratitude be as high as mine, you will never begrudge the friendship you have bestowed upon the painter, who, because he owes you so much, thinks it is not in his power to pay you enough; whereby he proves to a demonstration, that it is impossible for you to lay out your benevolence to such great advantage as in serving of him. So long as that mother of all the virtues will be held in estimation, and that will be as long as one honest heart is left among us, Gainsborough will possess as much superiority and esteem as a man, as he is entitled to as an artist. Thank him and you—thank you and him, for the most valuable present it is worth my while (circumstanced as I am) to accept of, and which affords me more pleasure than the being next taker to Lord Clive's possessions could possibly do. The unbounded liberality he possesses hath inclined him, contrary to my wish and expostulations, to add a frame (price 35s.) to his picture. I can have no merit with him that entitles me to this additional generosity, neither do I know how to thank him properly. Do you, I beseech you, be so friendly as to take the earliest opportunity of doing it, as well on your own as my behalf; and that will answer my purpose with him better, far better than any thing I can possibly do or say. This would have come to you a post sooner, but I have been from home enacting the parts of a Commissioner of the Land Tax, a Commissioner of a Turnpike Act, besides my ordinary roll, as one of the quorum in the county of Gloucester. I thank God, I have already (in my own odd way) expressed the sense I have of Mrs. Garrick's and your additional ornament for my dining-room; but for want of new painting, neither of them can yet be put in their places: however, they are so disposed till that can be done, as to remind us constantly what obligations they have laid us under. I have got a touch of my dejection of spirits again, which makes my writing so diminutive; but I hope this second fit will go off as the first did. Mrs. Clutterbuck's constitution does not mend by her advance in years, although it is a frequent and flattering topic with Sharpe and me, that we *outgrow our* infirmities. I hope the observation will be verified in you too, and that every fresh year will produce vigour and happiness. Both our loves to you.

Ever and ever yours,

JAMES CLUTTERBUCK.

MR. BICKERSTAFF TO MR. GARRICK.

May 21, 1771.

Still, dear Sir, so much good-nature
You have shown to me your creature,
That 'tis now a thing of course,
And you are my first resource.

Fifty times, as I suppose,
I have troubled you in prose;
Let me, if I can, a while
Strive at least to change my style;
Change of style is all my aim,
For my subject is the same;
And in prose or verse a craver,
I must write to beg a favour.

"Well!" cry you with peevish brow,
"What the plague's the matter now?
Teas'd and worried at this rate:
What's inclos'd here—after date?
Promise in six months to pay
Griffin—Ay, this is his way;
Every now and then to send me:
To these Irishmen commend me!
But if in again I'm drawn,
Next he'll send his brogues to pawn;
And expect me at his need:
Fifty pounds!—not I indeed.

"Hark'e, George, come hither, quick
Give this paper back to Bick;
Tell him that I gladly wou'd
Do him any sort of good;
But demand upon demand
Forces me to stop my hand;
And in short—(but don't be rough)—
Say I *can't*, and that's enough."

Thus, dear Sir, however I
Your good-nature mean to try;
'Tis not but I know in fact
How your judgment ought to act;
And whatever my success,
I am not obliged the less;
But while memory endures
Shall remain for ever yours.

I. BICKERSTAFF.

Endorsed,
"Bickerstaff's letter in verse
for 50*l.*, lent directly."

MR. T. KYNASTON TO MR GARRICK.

SIR, Chandos-street, Cavendish-square, July 2nd, 1771.

IT is natural for men eminent in any profession to be inquisitive into the lives and characters of persons who have trod the same path of honour and reputation. I therefore apply to you with great probability of success, and, I hope, without any breach of propriety, in a matter which has lately very much raised my curiosity. In

Mr. Cibber's Apology I find some very remarkable anecdotes of a gentleman of my name, and (as I have reason to suppose) of my family. As he seems to have appeared on the stage with no small degree of credit in the reign of Charles the Second, your literary researches into theatrical history have probably furnished you with a more particular account of him than I have been able to collect from the imperfect information of my relations. If any circumstances of his birth, Christian name, or connexion with the families of my name in Shropshire, have at any time come to your knowledge, either from books or tradition, I should think myself much obliged to you, if you would employ a leisure hour in communicating them to me. The proofs you have given of your inclination to serve me (for which I take this opportunity to repeat my acknowledgment) flatter me that you will excuse the liberty of this application.

I am, Sir, your most obedient and obliged servant,

THOMAS KYNASTON.

Endorsed,
" Letter from a Mr. Kynaston about the old actor Kynaston."

MR. H. COOPER TO MR. GARRICK.

HONOURED SIR, Stratford, June 4th, 1771.

By your leave, I have made bold to send, to your honour, by this man, two small heads of Shakespears, which I have carved from part of the mulberry tree, which Shakespear planted, which I hope your honour will do me the favour of accepting them, as the intent of them are to be set in two rings, under the stone or without, jest as your honour thinks proper. I have add the pleasure of carving things of one sort or another ever since the Jubilee, and have carv'd Shakespears statuer, in the same postuer which he now represents at the Town-hall, here in Stratford, for one Mr. Sharp in Stratford that keeps a toy-shop, which said statuer is apon sale, and his look'd upon by all judges that have saw it, to be very well executed, tho' I never saw any thing carv'd in my life, for I am by trade a shoemaker, and a native of Stratford, tho' have not follo'd that branch for several years, for I am a painter, carver, and engravenor, and in short Jack of all Trades, for through the blessings of God, I never saw nothing yet but what I can do. This your honour may think is my conceitedness; but I have done that which all the great mecannicks at Birmingham could not perform, a hook for a ladies watch, the twenty-four letters in cyper thorrough't in steel, that a shilling covered it. That's not all; but I am sorry to be so trublesom to your honour, concerning the seens of my life, as I shant say much more, tho' I have been allmost in all ceens of life, but never could shine in the world as some men do. All that I ever gained was applaws, and I should take it as a great favour, if your honour would be so good as to give me an order somewhat in the carving way, and if you should be any ways dubeious as it's not the tree, I will come upon oath that it his of the real tree.

P. S. Thes heads I carv'd with my naked eye without the use of a glass, altho' I am at the age of forty-three; I can write the Lord's Prayer without the use of any glass, in the cumpas of a silver penney; and thees small stones which I have sent are to be found on a hill cald Barnhill, within a mild of Stratford, the road that Shakespear whent when he whent to see his Bidford topers; thees stones will swim in a delf-plate amongst viniger. I can send your honour a thousand of them if you will except of them, of vareious sises; the are natural. I have a very hansom remarkable spoted coach-dog, that his spoted like a leper, which I add of one Mr. Shakespear of Coventry, and of Shakespear's famuley, and for that acount I don't set a little store by my dog, for I could have parted with him several times, but I ont without your honour will except of him, he shall be at your service. I hope your honour will excuse my writing, spelling, and inditing, for I add but a very slender education, what learning I ever have add was at the said school where Shakespear went, that his, under the same ruff, and what learning I have, I have tane chefley of my one head.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant at command,

HENRY COOPER.*

I hope that your honour will favour me with a line or two in Swine-street, Stratford.

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Kildare-street, July 4, 1771.

ONE of the first offices following those of duty, is to give myself the importance with you of acquainting you of my safe arrival in this place on the night of the 30th instant, after a calm and pleasant passage of thirty-six hours in a Parkgate ship, which on my arrival at Chester I found with her topsails unbent, and ready to catch the first favourable breeze. My dear woman and the little boys, who had been charming companions on land to me, did not lose their spirits by sea; and as I lashed my chariot on deck, we sate in it with great state and composure, and saved the nauseous smell of human sickliness, which infests the lower regions of a ship full of passengers. We found our friends here almost sinking under repeated family sorrows and losses, and my mother, in particular, suffering infinite pain and illness from a disorder which the faculty have in vain attempted to remove: I much doubt if she is recoverable, but I hope I shall give comfort if not cure.

You will believe I lost no time in obeying your desires, and the second day I delivered your letter into George Falkener's hands. As you had anticipated the very words he saluted me with, I need not repeat them; he rehearsed your epistle with

* One more of those singular instances in which the mere *notion* of learning seems to have kept very clever people all their lives in total ignorance of orthography; and they have given up a spelling-book in *despair*, at a time when the really difficult things of the world were but as pastime to their genius and application.—ED.

great dignity and energy, and we proceeded forthwith to summon parties and witnesses relative to the Jubilee cause before the Alderman, Dean Bayly, and the author of "The West Indian," assisted by a jury of printers, compilers, devils, hawkers, and raps of all sorts, which compose the train of George the Great. I have long known what consequence is to be expected from trying a cause in Ireland: it was verified on this occasion; oaths, depositions, affidavits, and all kinds of evidence, were attested to clear the parties suspected; and as these proofs had been transmitted to you by Mr. Wilks (whom also I have seen), I hope you have formed your opinion on the matter. It is said Mr. Dawson extracted *his* "Jubilee" (for it is not *yours*) from magazines, song-books, papers, &c. and that he compiled it from these publications as well as he could, the Sparkes's being entirely innocent of the plagiary: it seemed probable that they had no hand in it.

The Barrys are here acting to thin theatres, the weather being hot and the town empty: she has played with reputation, and is allowed to be much improved: she is at this moment acting Sir Harry Wildair for her own benefit, and on the same night that Fischar the hautboy has his, which is resented in general.

I am wishing that Barry would get up the part of O'Flaherty, and she that of Miss Rusport; and though I shall not signify my wish to them after what has passed from Mr. Barry on the same subject, yet as Dr. Leland, in particular, and many more are of the same opinion, and they seem likely to ensure several full houses from the experiment, I am privately told they will probably get it up: if they do, I will let you know. Mossop is silent. Miss Young is well spoken of, and, I believe, is a good comedian in upper life. In general I believe our friend Gibson has as good a set at Liverpool as Dublin can show; wretched indeed, and ill-attended. They are very angry with Moody, and never knew his story till I gave them some intimation of it; on the contrary, George and others believed him mad; and indeed, between us, he committed some wanton frolics under the name of O'Flaherty. I have bought your linen, and shall send it over this week.

Adieu, my dear friend, yours,

R. CUMBERLAND.

July 6th, 1771.

AT the Court of Apollo, it was resolved—

That a pilgrimage be made to Hampton, on Monday next, by Messrs. Wilkes and Loyd to pay their Devoirs to the *Prophet Shakspeare and his Priest.*

N. B. Miss Wilkes will pay her compliments to Mrs. Garrick at the same time.

MR. RICHARD RIGBY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, Mistley, July 12th, 1771.

If Lord Somers was in London, he, and he only, would be the proper person to apply to for to get a Sheriff to one's mind; but he is at Trentham, and does not come up till a day or two before the Installation.

To the best of my recollection, I have seen the Monmouthshire election fixed for the 22nd of this month; and nothing can postpone the day, if it is fixed. In case of the death of a sheriff, I apprehend, there is no longer any under-sheriff, and the coroner will become the returning officer for the county, unless a new sheriff is appointed, which there seems hardly time to have done, if the election is ten days hence. But, my dear David, your good friends at Tunbridge, I find, do not know so well as I do, that the Morgans, who are two brothers in parliament, and think themselves sure of a third upon this vacancy, are staunch friends to Government, and particularly to Lord North, to whose administration they have constantly given all their support, which effectually prevents my being at liberty to stir in this business. I rejoice at our royal master's triumph over such a set of scoundrels.

I do not wonder Jack Cade* wanted a dinner at Hampton; it is the place in the world for true taste, good living, and good company. My best compliments to the female portion of it.

I am, dear David, yours sincerely,
RICHARD RIGBY.

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Kildare-street, July 18th, 1771.

It is well that snarlers at home now and then give me a snap, else I should swell like the frog in the fable, not only with Irish hospitality, but with Irish flattery. It is not only individuals of the first rank in this kingdom that have caressed your undeserving friend, but the University of Dublin have, of their own mere motion and bounty, conferred upon me an honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, at the public commencement. I am bound to report all these flattering circumstances to you, who are the friend and father of my fame, and to whom I owe an account of every thing relating to it. It has been a spur in the way of the growing comedy, which comes out purified by your fiery trial, and less drossy than it would otherwise have been: it will be ready in time if it pleases God I have my health, and I flatter myself "Timon" will open the season successfully and brilliantly. I wish to hear that you are at your ease about the Jubilee.

There is a young man here of the name of Lewis, who played *Belcour*: I have

* A whimsical reference to Jack *Wilkes's* pilgrimage to Hampton, *ante*.—Ed.

not yet seen him, as Barry is for ever in the tragic vein: he seems to promise good matters; he has person and spirit, and they tell me is quite at home in the coxcomical and gay walk of comedy: he overacted Belcour, but was liked, and that is a good fault, if any fault can be such. I shall write to you farther particulars when I have seen him, but in the mean time tell me if I shall sound him about engagements, or hold out any overture to him on your behalf. I conceive he would be an accession under your government, as he is very young, handsome, and volatile.

Adieu, my dear Sir; accept mine and Mrs. Cumberland's best wishes, and present them to your amiable wife.

I am ever most faithfully and affectionately yours,

R. CUMBERLAND.

Endorsed,
"Dr. Cumberland's first letter since his taking his degree."

MR. WILMOT TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Bloomsbury-square, 18th July, 1771.

YOUR plague and mine, Mr. Phillips, has been with me this morning, telling me a most damned lie, viz. That Mrs. Garrick and you had sent him to me to be paid, for that you had desired me to settle it with him and pay him. I told him he had omitted the most material part, viz. that he was to be paid if I thought it reasonable that he should be paid any thing; and that I did not think it reasonable that he should be paid one farthing. I read him Lord Halifax's letter, and the other letter; and told him I should believe those and not him, and that I did not think you ought to pay him two-pence. Nothing would satisfy him, and he stayed here making a great noise for the best part of an hour, and then went away, he said, to your house. Since that he has returned again, says your servants tell him that you are come here, and he wants to meet you face to face. He says he will call again in the evening; and if I tell him that you will not pay him, he will arrest you as you go through Kensington. If he should, you may send to me to bail you; though I think I had rather you should go to gaol, and then Mrs. Garrick (to whom I beg my love) may come and live with me, who am,

My dear Sir, ever faithfully and affectionately yours,

HEN. WILMOT.*

My wife returns from Tunbridge on Tuesday. We shall be at Farnborough on Friday, viz. to-morrow se'nnight. Will you come to us there? or when do you go into Devonshire, or to Rome, or the south of France?

* The Chief Justice.—ED.

MR. R. BURKE TO MR. GARRICK.

Grenada, 26th July, 1771—a day of great hurry and confusion with us.

No, it is not my fault, friend Hotspur; whose it is I know not, but somewhere or with some person it rests, perhaps with your bosom friend Captain O'Neale, that I am on the 26th July answering a letter from you dated 28th March. I did not receive it until the 14th of this month. See what it is to correspond with wits! the credit of the correspondence, it is true, is something, but the confusion of it is dreadful. Had not one man of plain sense and cool-headed understanding happily mixed himself with the geniuses David, Edmund, and William, *to wit*, my excellent friend George, your unsuspecting friend Richard might have sweated here till Doomsday, for any direct information which he received, or almost I may say hint given to him, that he had leave of absence. The packet indeed, which arrived here last Sunday, put an end to all doubts, by bringing to me a letter from a set of gentlemen not much noted in their collective capacity for wit—the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs, who in the plainest and most intelligible manner inform me, that the Lords of the Treasury command me to quit this island, and to be absent for twelve months. My dear Garrick, ten thousand thanks, and then ten thousand more: never was any thing so opportune; I had almost worked myself up to the resolution of going without leave. Such are still my hopes in the Caraibe lands,* 'for, though oppressed and fallen, I give not Caraiby for lost,' in the violence and ignorance of their modes I hope to find an antidote against the malice and injustice of their actions. But no more of this until we meet; then perhaps, if you continue to behave well, I may honour your house by presenting to it the most superb pantomime of Harlequin Caraibe, interspersed with the humours of a West Indian Council and Assembly, and fine machinery by Major Sturgeon, who has also set the piece to music.

You shall speak a prologue, which I give you leave to write; but as to the character of Harlequin (though I have a just sense of your abilities) I will positively do justice to that myself. Curse your "West Indian!"—however, as I hope the run of it will be over by the time I get home, and the house just opening, I beg of my very good friend George to get every thing ready for exhibiting my Caraibe, who will put Mother Shipton to flight, and save you the censure of your friend, critic Jack. But rather sham illness than be ill; let me find you well, strong and in spirits; as to fortune and reputation, you have got as much as a wise man would wish of the first, and of the last as much as might make ten wise men fools or madmen: may they increase, however, until I cry enough, and until your enemies hang themselves! On the 1st of August, and in the good ship the Friendship, I shall embark; and about

* ——— "Though opprest and fall'n,
I give not Heaven for lost."
Par. Lost, B. 2. l. 13.—ED.

the middle of September I trust to shake you by the hand, to tell you how much I thank you, and how really I love you. I will not desire my compliments even to Mrs. Garrick, or my thanks to George; in person I will pay them. Adieu, my dear Sir; believe me most truly yours,

RICH. BURKE.

This letter goes by a Friendship, but that is not the other Friendship.

Endorsed,
"My friend Dick Burke's letter to me from the West Indies."

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

Dublin, Aug. 5th, 1771.

I CANNOT leave Dublin, my dear friend, without bidding you farewell; for the solitude I am going into naturally disposes my mind to take leave of those friends which the world's society have bestowed upon me: amongst them my chief accession lies in your breast, and when "The West Indian" gave me your regard, and bestowed all mine upon you, it did more for me than the best production ever did for its author before.

I am going with a resolution not to stir out of the demesne lands of Clonfert, but to court the Muse naked from the bog, and catch a glimpse of unsophisticated Nature. I would fain do something for you that should live; I write with double zeal, because I think I am in some degree serving your fame as well as my own; and I proceed with confidence, because I know my production, if it can pass your scrutiny, must make its way with the public. Let me cast one dart at Prejudice (national prejudice), and I shall call it victory, if it pierces no farther than the stroke which Abdiel gave to Satan.

I am not happy about this *Lewis;* I am leaving him behind, and I am not quite satisfied in so doing: the fellow avoided an interview with me, as I believe, contrivedly; for I understand he is connected, or related to Dawson, and has besides so great a salary, (viz. eight guineas a week) that if his ambition to be made an actor did not operate more forcibly than his avarice, there would be no probability of detaching him; for I suppose you would hardly give him more than a moiety of such pay. I am firmly of opinion, the lad has faculties to make a figure in Comedy; and not in Mr. King's or Dodd's walk only, but as the fine gentleman; as that higher kind of comedy which hardly now exists, which Smith has in the exterior, to which O'Brien might perhaps have attained, if he had not meddled with real, instead of artificial, upper life. He has a strong tone, which breaks occasionally into the humorous with great success, and is capable of variation in his cadences; his eye is

quick, and his modesty does not stand in his way.* I lost the opportunity of seeing him in Mercutio, and Dick the Apprentice, for Dawson's benefit, because Madam Barry chose to be ill-disposed, and so the benefit was laid aside; I believe indeed it would not have lit the candles.

I have written my foolish sentiments about the Barrys with the sincerity that I shall always use to you. As far as my poor judgment goes, it is confirmed by reflection: and when you have once shown them and the world you can do as well without them as with them, they will no longer be tyrants and coquettes. Miss Younge you well know how to husband, and not spend what powers she may have with the profligate waste that the little man of Covent Garden used in Mr. Savigny's instance. I hear her forte is genteel comedy, and am not much edified by the account of her tragical performances. I have not absolutely lost sight of Lewis, if you choose to give me any instructions peremptory about him; for I have left a word or two in a friend's ear which may work upon him, but have not committed you in the business. After all I have said, you would frighten me if you gave me full contracting powers, because I should distrust my judgment from the short trial I have had of him. I need not entreat my friend to equip my offspring "Timon" with all due splendour and magnificence; for if he does not glitter in scenery and dress, the words will come unrecommended to the ear.

Adieu, my dear Sir, and believe me ever most faithfully and truly yours,

R. CUMBERLAND.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Gloucester, Aug. 16th, 1771.

GIVE me leave to return my thanks for the delightful opportunity afforded me just to take my aim at a bevy of flying travellers. But my best thanks are due to Mrs. Garrick for the honour she did me in accompanying you to my superb palace. When I come to town, and can get into your house, my first care shall be to make my warmest acknowledgments to her for this favour.

I have not had (or rather you have not given me) an opportunity to explain my conduct concerning the Liverpool Theatre. I had proposed, according to my promise, to assist the patentee. But when I came into the house, I found the whole Bench had agreed to oppose it; and as my dissenting from them would be of no use, and would much disgust them, some of them desired I would be silent, as it would not hurt the claimants; for it was soon seen how the thing would go.

* A very lively picture of the brilliant success of our favourite William Lewis, when a youth. Cumberland seems to have been a remarkably keen observer, and sound judge of his materials.—ED.

I have only, at present, to wish you and Mrs. Garrick a safe return in full health to Twitenham.

I am, dear Sir, your very affectionate and faithful humble servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

DR. BEATTIE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Well's Street, Oxford Road, Aug. 20th, 1771.

BE pleased to accept of this little poem as a small tribute of respect from one who loves your character and admires your talents. Solicitous as I have been, these many years, to be in some degree known to you, I should hardly have ventured to take this liberty, if I had not heard from Lord Mansfield that you have been pleased to speak favourably of "The Minstrel." The approbation of such a person yields me a pleasure which I cannot express; but which you, Sir, who are so perfectly acquainted with every generous emotion of the human heart, will be at no loss to conceive, when I tell you, that the principal object of my ambition is to deserve the notice of men of genius and worth. I am, with every sentiment of esteem and respect, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

JAMES BEATTIE.

LORD LYTTELTON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Hagley, Aug. 29th, 1771.

I BELIEVE you have passed a very judicious decree concerning the turtle, and only regret that you have given yourself so much trouble about it.

Your borrowed book shall be sent to you by the first safe hand. Mrs. Montagu has it, and will give you joint security that it shall not be lost here. You may do what you please with mine, which is only a broken volume.

The Grenville family is still here; Burzinsky and Paoli have just left us; Belgioioso and the Russians are to come next week; Mrs. Montagu has been indisposed, but is better: we are preparing for another expedition to Arley, but all parties of pleasure without Garrick and Pid-pad appear dull and insipid. This is all our Hagley news. Mrs. Montagu desires me to say fine things from her to you, but I will leave her to say her fine things herself, and only tell you a plain truth, that we both love you dearly. I have given my little grandson the kisses you sent him, and delivered your compliments to Miss Canning, who desires hers to you and Pid-pad, but takes it ill that you sent no kisses to her. Lord and Lady Valentia are much your servants. I am ever, my dear Garrick, and my dear Pid-pad,

Most affectionately and faithfully yours,

LYTTELTON.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, Sept. 1st, 1771.

AFTER your 220 miles twice told, I trust you are returned, and Madam with you, safe and sound, to Hampton, and *dear home*—as every Miss is taught to say, when she has been with Mamma a whole summer a-watering. It has often been in my head to wish you as good a neighbour as you had in Lord Halifax, whom I have heard you talk of with pleasure. I get nothing from my sister by my enquiries, but a word from Tunbridge, (where she is instead of more expensive Spa, to which she is recommended,) "begging her compliments to Mr. Garrick with her great concern for the trouble her enquiries have given him, especially at such a distance of time; begging him to forgive and forget, and let this *Country Burial* be buried in all our thoughts for ever, and all circumstances of it. It was not on any account of her own that enquiries were made, &c. writing not agreeing with her *head*, while she is drinking the waters. She begs it may never be thought of again." Such things, good Madam Hoadly, may rise again when we are gone, or when we do not think of them, to our great uneasiness. So much for that. This old Lady's great fortune is not owing, a farthing of it, to the Mathews's; but comes from a widow sister, and that excellent thing, the admiration of misers, called accumulation. She has returned 10,000*l.* with the interest thereof to them, who, as I hear, were always upon the high ropes with her, and did not use her well. How P. has used her, I know not; but she is a very worthy woman, and sits down in a very worthy fortune. . . . . We are too gay here by half; the maddest of us are tired down. A full, but sad masquerade—poor supper—sad attendance—all confusion, and the great Frere blamed on all hands. The great Dr. Dodd there, in jewels of silver, merely, I *suppose*, to look after his two youths, who are here under his care. I wish somebody had played two or three of his Magdalens upon him. It would have been a good and new character. Colman has been here, but I have not had a sight of him. I should be glad to hear of your winter operations. Is there an *East Indian*, or is it only a bamm of the news? If Mr. C. has any thing on the anvil, that you or he thinks I can be of use in, I am at those worthy gentlemen's service. Our loves. Adieu, remember me.

J. HOADLY.

P. S. Send me the two copies of verses by Lord Lyttelton and yourself, before they are seen and old (like clothes now-a-days) or worn out in your pocket. This after preaching at Old Alresford.† * * * *

We return to St. Maries on Tuesday, and meet R. Warner.

† I have omitted a few passages in this and other letters of Chancellor Hoadly's, because they were calculated for private perusal only. Personal infirmities, and the contrivances to palliate them, are but sorry subjects of jocularity; but we often find that, when they are endured at home by delicacy and duty, the object of them derives confidence from indulgence, and makes a favourite topic of what should be a profound secret.—ED.

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

Clonfert, Sept. 8th, 1771.

I HAVE been watching the posts, my dear Sir, with more than usual impatience, for some time. I wrote to you the day before I quitted Dublin the sum total of my thoughts; and I went out of my province, by following the zeal of my friendship, in talking about matters that respected the internal government and police of your theatre. I mean with regard to the Barrys: I own I wish to hear from you on that among other accounts. My little Major says you have passed your time agreeably amongst the great ones of this world in the paradise of the West, Mount Edgecumbe. I rejoice in your felicity, and I envy them theirs in having you. I have looked for you amongst our bogs, and sometimes in a brighter moment I have seen you. It is then I have pleased myself; it is then my Muse has been my favourite; and at length I have completed my work. You ask, does it please me? I tell you, with a sincerity that does not fear the imputation of vanity, that it does please me, and very highly. I have an internal plaudit that sanctifies my effort, and I am satisfied I shall put into your hands a work more worthy your protection than any I have yet committed to the public. Mortimer has gained upon me in the working up; occasions grew upon my plan that I did not foresee, and the intervention of Aubrey the father comes in with all the higher powers of Comedy, and carries Mortimer and Macleod up along with it. I have kept these two pure and steady to their character; I have not let Mortimer sink into mere good humour, as Dr. Smollet has let Matthew Bramble in Humphrey Clinker. I think, with the assistance of Doctor Druid, a Welsh (instead of Dutch) antiquarian, there is enough of Comedy; and the other parts go much deeper to the heart than our last did. By putting out Lady Caroline and Fairfax, as you advised, I have had elbow-room, and without running the piece into length, have been nowhere cramped or distressed. Enough is said to satisfy morality and the times; and the touches are light and pleasant, though they cut deep. To combat a national prejudice of a pernicious sort, is the avowed design of the play, and is the closing moral. I think the world will be with us in the attempt. Give me pardon for this long digression upon the subject of self; but I really write with your approbation ever in view, and as I now flatter myself I enter into your sentiments, I am always in high spirits when I think I have hit your taste. I write in a house of sickness, for my mother has been, and still is, in a very dangerous state.

I am looking homewards; but if accident or illness either to self, family or friends, clogs my chariot-wheels in my return towards you, father, I beseech you, favour my half-begotten brat, called "Timon;" give him a good coat on his back, and send him into the world like a gentleman's son. Cast the parts entirely to your own taste. But what shall I say about correcting the press? Surely Becket can do that —And then prologue and epilogue—You know my wishes, you see my wants, and

your friendship will provide for both. It shall be then my turn to propose my poor services to you in the way you hinted to me, as an office Chancellor Hoadly was to have engaged in; and if you think me capable of the task, I will hold myself vacant from any other pursuits, and give my thoughts entirely to the undertaking for your sake.* I left word that any turtles, that might come in my absence, should be sent to you, and I understand one has been at your door; I hope you found it on your return, and that it was a good one. Adieu, my dear friend. I am going to "The West Indian," performed by a party of Pagan Irish at Eyre Court. Bessy joins in good wishes and best compliments to you and Mrs. Garrick.

Believe me ever yours,
R. CUMBERLAND.

MR. BOSWELL TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, 18th Sept. 1771.

IT gives me concern to find you complaining of sickness, and talking of putting into port. I must be allowed to pay you the compliment that my father did to a valetudinary friend, "Long may you complain!" You have had more than once the agreeable experience of recovering health; and I hope these last summer months have restored you again to your usual state. You are at least happy enough to enjoy at all times the best of Horace's two requisites; for if the *corpus sanum* fails, you are never without the *mens sana*. You are blessed with a perennial flow of good spirits and vivacity, which makes the soul live as it were in a Southern climate.

Hic ver perpetuum, et alienis mensibus æstas.† I will not allow you to think of your exit, when so much of the play remains, and perhaps some of the best parts of it. I please myself with the prospect of attending you at several more Jubilees at Stratford upon Avon. It is true, we must all look forward to the last scene; and you who have so often felt and made others feel its solemnity must fall, just like others. This puts me in mind of three Essays which I wrote on the profession of a player last year, and which were published in the London Magazine, in which I have some concern. Pray have you read them? Since I am upon the serious subject of death, I cannot help expressing to one who feels as you do, that I am affected with much melancholy on the death of Mr. Gray. His Elegy in a Country Churchyard has been long like a part of myself; and many passages in his other poems glance across my soul with a most enlivening force. I never saw Mr. Gray; but my old and most intimate friend, the Reverend Mr. Temple, Rector of Mainhead in Devonshire, knew him well. He knew his foibles; but admired his genius and esteemed

* He means as a reader of new pieces—a cabinet adviser to the manager; and perhaps, in addition to his own dramatic inventions, as a writer to be called on for any temporary exigence of the theatre.—ED.

† The line in Virgil is somewhat different:—

"Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas."—2 Georg. v. 149.—ED.

his virtues. I know not if you was acquainted with Mr. Gray. He was so abstracted and singular a man, that I can suppose you and him never having met.

Permit me now, my dear Sir, again to recommend to your patronage Mr. Mickle's tragedy, which I rejoice to hear has now passed through the hands of both the Wartons. By encouraging Mickle, you will cherish a very worthy man, and I think a true poetical genius. Let me add, that your goodness to him will be an additional obligation to your humble servant, who will venture to say that you have never had a warmer, a more constant, or a bolder admirer and friend at all times, and in all places, than himself, though you have had multitudes of greater distinction and abilities. All these things considered, I would hope that Mr. Mickle, who has waited long in the anti-chamber, will soon be introduced, and not be shoved back by others, who are more bustling and forward.

I have just been enjoying the very great happiness of a visit from my illustrious friend Pascal Paoli. He was two nights at Auchinleck, and you may figure the joy of my worthy father and me at seeing the Corsican hero in our romantic groves. Count Burgynski, the Polish Ambassador, accompanied him. You know the Count very well, so I need not praise him to you. Why have you not called on General Paoli, since I had the pleasure of presenting you to him in your morning dress, *comme un Roi deguisé*, and he paid you so handsome a compliment, which I dare say you have added to your cabinet of jewels? He will be very glad to see you. I had lately a kind letter from our friend Mr. Samuel Johnson. He still flatters me with seeing him among the rocks of Scotland. I intend being in London next March, and promise myself much happiness with you and my other friends there, now that I am just as you all would wish me to be, as far as I can be while living in Scotland. To be sure, Parliament, or the English bar, are situations devoutly to be wished. We must look about us. Pray is there any thing in the little note of old plays belonging to a Scotch gentleman which I left with you? He would most readily give you any that he has. When you have half an hour, I beg you may bestow it upon me, and be assured that I ever am,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

I find I must transgress the ordinary bounds of a letter, to tell you that Mr. Donaldson, who published the last edition of Shakespeare, is a prodigiously happy man, on your having inscribed him among the freemen of Drury-lane Theatre. He is in the humour of Horace—*Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inseres*, &c. I think I may take a little crop of praise for my dedication of the edition, since it has had such an effect.

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin, Oct. 2, 1771.

YOUR last kind letter reached me on the very day I had wrote to you, and though I am now on the point of taking my departure from hence, I cannot turn my back on Dublin without thanking you in the most affectionate manner for it and all your kindness. I am glad you have passed your time so agreeably, and with such excellent company; I am only afraid of your spirits misleading your constitution a little, and laying in for a gouty winter. Indeed you have a female Mentor at your elbow, but you have a great deal of gaiety at your heart. Well, you are now come, and your campaign commenced; I watch your operations with a friendly eye, and I see my poor "West Indian" receive early honours from your choice, and as I had rather flatter my heart than my head, I tell myself that your friendship to the author leads you to the preference of his works. I now recollect that I never thanked you for the paragraph you sent me from the Public Advertiser, relative to the degree, and I believe I am to thank you, not for the sending it only. I have laboured industriously not to defeat your expectations in the comedy, and the more I weigh it in my mind, the more I am inclined to stake myself upon it: I think in my conscience that it is greatly preferable to the "West Indian." With respect to "Timon," you make me very happy to receive your approbation of it, and I hope it will meet your expectations.

I think you will not want me in the getting it up, in case you shall see proper to bring it on before I can get to you: should that be so, Mr. Roberts, a clerk in the Plantation Office, has a copy of it; his copy probably would do for the prompter, and your copy might be given to Mr. Becket. Pray tell Mr. Becket that my lines are to be printed between hooks [thus] and the original left plain: as he is a sensible man, I am sure he can superintend the correction of the press without any trouble to you, who must have more than enough to do. If your young actor succeeds in *Alcibiades*, it will greatly strengthen the representation, and one glance of your eye at rehearsal will decide upon that. You are busily employed about your *Installation*, I take for granted; may you be as superior in that as you was in the *Jubilee*. I suppose, however, that Covent-garden will put forth all its strength, and hang out all its colours. The wits will abuse you both, but these are sacrifices which must be made, and their success speaks for them. I cannot forego this opportunity of returning by the North of Ireland, and so through Scotland; I mean to take Glasgow and Edinburgh in my way, and I look to reap advantage from reading my "Highlander" to Doctor Robertson and the coterie of wits at Edinburgh. It is that principally which determines me to this long journey. On Friday next I purpose to set out from hence, that is the day after to-morrow, and probably shall kiss your hands the last week in this month. I shall write to you on the road, but it will be to no purpose for you to be at the trouble of an answer. I have done a great deal of family business since my coming, and have at length closed the uneasy transaction of my sister's marriage much to my satisfaction, and to that of all my family.

A vacancy being now made on the bench by the Bishop of Limerick's death, Dr. Averall, my father puts in his plea for a remove: the general report of the town sends him to Elphin or Kilmore, both which would be agreeable exchanges; but I fear this matter will not be decided before I leave Dublin, as Lord Townshend generally keeps those destinations a long time secret. Lord Hillsborough came out of the North with his Lady and family last night, and I have this morning settled office matters with him to my entire satisfaction. My dear woman desires to be affectionately remembered to you and Mrs. Garrick; she says she wishes for a cheerful dinner with you, and the more so as her spirits are greatly struck down at this particular time, and she seems losing the good effects of her country air and exercise a great pace. I trust in God that the journey will bring back her spirits and health, as it seldom or ever fails to be a great specific in her case. I came hither only the day before yesterday, and find the town quite empty. I dined yesterday with the Bishop of Kildare, who met you at my house, and drank your health in a very cheerful company with the Primate and several others. Farewell, my dear friend; continue to believe me, what I shall ever continue to be,

Your most sincere and affectionate friend,

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

MR. F. GENTLEMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Downing-street, Westminster, 1771.

THE influence of a friend, which it would be ungrateful and unpolite to evade, intrudes this on your leisure. Having seen by the papers that you are preparing a masque of three acts "On the Institution of the Garter," it is judged necessary that I should mention a piece upon that very subject laid before you ten years ago, when I was at Manchester. I mentioned then taking my general idea from Mr. West's poem, in Dodsley's Collection; I sent two acts complete, and my plan for the third; you was pleased to return it with some compliments on the design and writing, but urged many previous engagements. Pageantry was not then so much in fashion as at present, yet I thought the subject of importance, and that show might be united with sense. When I reflect that "The Fatal Marriage" was brought out at Drury-lane after I had laid before you a plan of alteration; that "Oronoko" also came forth at the same theatre after a like suggestion, and when I had actually printed one in Edinburgh; I am induced to think my little abilities rather oppressed—abilities, which under Mr. Garrick's patronage and protection, I am taught to believe, might stand an equal chance with some who have been more favourably received. I have with persevering patience borne the chill hand of neglect without entering into a paper war. One favour I acknowledge, which I have wished a thousand times to return, and will the first opportunity; at present I would with all delicacy submit to your consideration the circumstance of the *Masque only;* and am, what I always have

been, not only an admirer of your public merit, but also a warm well-wisher to your success, and, Sir,

Your respectful humble servant,

FRANCIS GENTLEMAN.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Gentleman's extraordinary letter to me about the Masque of 'The Installation.'"

MR. GARRICK TO MR. F. GENTLEMAN.

SIR,

Oct. 9th, 1771.

SINCE I have been a manager, I never received a letter that surprised me so much as yours. You are pleased to compliment me as an actor, and wish me success as a manager, but at the same time, if I do not mistake you, attack my probity as a man. Of all the different characters of authors with whom I have had such various dealings for so many years, you are the first who have insinuated *something*, of which I must desire an immediate explanation. I have not the least idea of your sending me the Masque of "The Garter;" my continual hurry of business, and the numbers of performances I have read since that time, is my excuse for not remembering it. The fact is granted; but what do you infer from that? Do you imagine I have been mean enough to steal your Masque, or the plan of your Masque? or do you think that my rejecting yours ten years ago for reasons you say I have given in my letter, is the least objection to my producing another upon the present occasion? The circumstances of "Oronoko" and "The Innocent Adultery" are wholly forgotten by me, which never could have happened had my conscience any thing to upbraid me upon *your* account; but surely your long silence upon the occasion (as we were unacquainted) is a proof that you thought then I had not injured you. Will it not seem very particular that you should now, when you know the piece is almost at the evening of representation, write me so unaccountable a letter? Why did you not in the summer, when the occasion offered, and you knew we intended to introduce "The Installation,"—why did you not then speak to me about your masque? The same objections you give did not then subsist; I was wholly unprovided, nor did I till very late procure a vehicle for the ceremonies of the festival. I saw you twice at Mr. Foote's, and thought you rather chose to avoid than converse with me. In short, Sir, if you think a paper war either profitable or reputable, I shall not in the least dissuade you from it. All I can say is, that I have given some, but never stole any hints from living authors; and I am ready to convince any gentleman, that the piece I have in my possession, is merely written and compiled upon the present occasion, and that it was impossible a mere alteration of Mr. West's poem could answer the purpose of our theatre.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

D. G.

P. S. I was at the house when your letter was received, and too fatigued to write directly; I am now scribbling this in a great hurry, and attending upon their Majesties.

LORD LYTTELTON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Hagley, Oct. 12th, 1771.

I HEARD some time ago from our friend Mrs. Montagu, that since I had the pleasure of your company here, you had been much indisposed; and, though she told me you were recovered, I cannot be easy about you, without an assurance under your own hand of your continuing well.

I think I love you more than one of my age ought to do; for at a certain time of life the heart should lose something of its sensibility: but you have called back all mine, and I feel for you as I did for the dearest of my friends in the first warmth of my youth.

Lord Valentia has just left us to attend the decision of the House of Lords in Ireland, concerning his Irish honours, which it is presumed will be soon referred to their judgment. My daughter stays at Arley in a very anxious state. I can tell you nothing about my son, but have reason to fear he will take up money by selling reversions of the best parts of my estate (if not of the whole) on the contingency of his surviving me, rather than tie himself up as I had proposed. Resignation and patience are my only remedies for these evils.

I have heard from Mrs. Vesey since she got into Ireland. With a good account of her health, she writes me many *douceurs*, in which you have a great share; so I keep the letter for you, and another which she sent me while she lay at Holyhead, full of *passion* for us both. *Pid-pad* perhaps may be jealous, but no matter for that; for Mrs. Vesey is as jealous of her about me, and I must own with good reason. You will be charmed (as I am) with the lively colouring and fine touches in the epistolary style of our sylph, joined to the most perfect ease.

Mrs. Montagu's letters are superior to her's in nothing, but force and compass of thought. But you must wait for this pleasure till about the middle of November, my affairs in this country and some necessary visits, not permitting me to be in town before that time.

Let me know how you do, and believe me ever,

Most affectionately and faithfully yours,

LYTTELTON.

MR. GARRICK TO R. W. HAWKINS.

SIR, London, Oct. 16th, 1771.

THOUGH I have been very ill, and in the greatest theatrical bustle I have ever known, I shall obey your commands and give you a speedy answer, though I ought to have had the play in the country, to have well considered it. You must excuse the hurry I am in: you desired my confidence, and I must now rely upon *yours*. "Alfred" has given me both pleasure and pain; did you not know that we have a

masque called "Alfred," which is preparing to be revived at our house with new music? The part of his story which is the foundation of the masque, is likewise that of the tragedy; but we will drop this consideration, and come at once to your performance. Your imitation of Shakspeare's manner of writing pleased me greatly, and I think it the best imitation of his language I have seen; but indeed your construction of the fable is in my opinion very faulty, and would endanger the success of the tragedy. I shall not make objections to what I imagine small errors, which are soon amended, but to the foundation of your fable. I think the entrance of Alfred in his first disguise not well prepared, and the good situation of his discovery to Ethelred unartfully brought about: this may be easily mended; but their going into the Danish camp as philosophers, soothsayers, or fortune-tellers, without reasons given, to appear only (particularly Alfred) amusing themselves with the two Danish brothers and Emma, is surely unnatural. The great business of Alfred's mind seems to sleep, at least as it appears to the reader: and though in the fourth act the Danes make an attack, and Alfred kills Hubba, yet in the course of the fable there is no solicitude or interest kept up about the delivery of Britain from her enemies. Guthurns so readily confessing his conversion to Christianity to Alfred, whom he supposes of another religion, is very improbable. Hubba's desire to enjoy his brother's wife, knowing her to be such, though the fact might be supported by examples in barbarous times, is to me rather too savage, and would disgust a modern audience. Emma's feigned madness is well imagined; but surely her revealing her scheme to Alfred without some stronger reason, is not quite in nature. Guthurns's half-madness I think very unartful, so soon after the feigned one of his wife. The play ends with the fourth act, and in my opinion not a single line of the fifth would be attended to. In the first place, I cannot imagine that any scheme for a fifth act would succeed, after the death of Hubba, and Alfred's recovering his country from the Danes. But what is the employment of this great King in the last act? Why, to try by the most unjustifiable means the strength of Emma's virtue, which he had well proved before in a very good scene in the third act: there is something not only wantonly cruel in it, but shocking too; for the concealing the death of Hubba from his brother and Emma, merely from an idle curiosity, deserves the epithet. Will an audience think this a proper employment for the Great Alfred, at the time he has driven the Danes from his kingdom? Will they not rather think that the poet wanted matter, and pieced out the fifth act without proper consideration? I should be glad, now, that you would appeal to our friends the Wartons. Could I see you or any of your friends, I would talk this business over more fully; perhaps you think I have said too much already: what I have said is certainly meant well, and however I may err in my judgment, and differ with you in opinion, I must desire you not to think severely of my intentions, though you may condemn my criticisms.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Had you given me time to consider the tragedy more at my leisure, I should have been better able to have acquitted myself in this very disagreeable undertaking.

SIR GREY COOPER TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Parliament-street, Nov. 8, 1771.

I HAVE received your letter this morning, and sent it Lady North: she and my Lord must be much pleased with the very polite offer you make them of your charming villa, though I should suppose that my Lord's business (which grows upon him every hour we get nearer to Parliament) will not suffer him to avail himself of it. I attended her Ladyship and my wife last night to the play: how I was mortified that I did not see you, and how grieved for the cause of your absence! I beg to know particularly how you do: I would have waited upon you if I had not been still very lame by a sprained ankle. I go to Richmond to dinner, where I shall lay my leg up as much as I can. Mr. R. Burke has called on me, and I have returned his visit. Junius writes again to-day both in the shape of a letter and a card.

With regard to the subject of your former letter, my constant conduct and language has been, that though in reading the letters I was often led to conjecture and to believe that they were written by that person, I as often felt myself restrained and controlled from entertaining such suspicions by the solemn declarations, and the parole of the honour of a gentleman, which I had heard from you he had given, and which every gentleman holds more sacred than his life.*

I am, my dear Sir, ever yours most truly,

GREY COOPER.

REV. S. NOTT TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Winchester, Nov. 17, 1771.

I HAVE read somewhere or other (I forget where), "that it is the part of an ingenuous mind to wish to be more obliged to those to whom we are already much obliged." Now this is so pretty a compliment to my own conduct, in the variety of intrusions which I have made upon your good-nature, that I am not at all disposed to doubt the truth of the assertion; at the same time that I feel myself a little awkward, when I venture to give it any farther countenance or support. But such is your merit, and such my attachment to it, that the distance of many miles can neither make me forget your intentions of obliging the town sometime this winter

* This is a most remarkable paragraph. It is very clear that Sir Grey Cooper, the friend of Lord North, and a man in high official station, had the utmost difficulty to convince himself that the letters of Junius could proceed from any writer but Burke; that he at last yielded only to solemn declarations upon honour, that he was *not* the author—the "parole of honour" which, as he beautifully expresses it, "every gentleman holds more sacred than his life." It appears that Garrick himself conveyed these assurances on the part of Burke to Sir Grey Cooper. Does any man, in fact, think that Burke, who loved Garrick affectionately, could ever have addressed him in the words "Now mark me, vagabond—keep to your pantomimes," &c.? When he wanted a thousand pounds, we see him apply to Garrick, as the friend of all others to whom it was not painful to be obliged. Burke always expressed the highest indignation when the letters were imputed to him: no wonder; had he been the author, in his circumstances, he would have disgraced *human nature*. This opinion, however, must be understood to apply only to Edmund Burke.—ED.

with two admirable characters, nor damp the ardour with which I always burn to be present at such wonderful exertions of wit and laughter, horror and ambition: if, therefore, you can tell me but two days beforehand, when either Bayes or Macbeth shall adorn the stage, I am not afraid to whisper in your ear that I will come and see you; at the same time that I would conceal from my grave brethren of the church this perhaps unpardonable instance of being in love with nature and with you. I am, with my respectful compliments to Mrs. Garrick, dear Sir,

Your very faithful servant and friend,

SAM. NOTT.

Endorsed,
"Rev. Mr. Nott about Macbeth," &c.

JUNIUS TO MR. GARRICK.

[This man could even flatter upon occasion, but he did not *condescend* to do so: there was no true dignity in his mind. Could he gratify *himself* by calling the intimate friend of Lord Chatham, Lord Lyttleton, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Spencer, Lord Camden, Edmund Burke, "a vagabond?" The point of this missive was blunted by the delay of it. The *stage* effect, if he really did know the "next day" that Garrick had written about him, would have been an *instant notice* that he was apprised of it, to have met the PRINCE OF DENMARK as he quitted the scene, and excited real astonishment not inferior to that which he had just dissembled.—ED.]

Nov. 19, 1771.

I AM very exactly informed of your *practices*,* and of the information you so busily sent to Richmond, and with what triumph and exultation it was received. I knew every particular of it the next day.—Now, mark me, vagabond!—Keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it. Meddle no more, thou busy informer!—It is in *my* power to make you curse the hour in which you dared to interfere with

JUNIUS.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. WOODFALL.

[Upon the subject of the foregoing letter.—ED.]

SIR, Nov. 20th, 1771.

I AM obliged to address this letter to you, and to appeal to your probity—in that, and my own, lies my defence against a most unprovoked and illiberal attack made upon me by your celebrated correspondent Junius. Had you not convinced me, that the letter I received last Monday night was really written by that gentleman, I could not have imagined that such talents could have descended to such scurrility. However mighty the power may be with which he is pleased to threaten me, I trust, with truth on my side, and your assistance, to be able to parry the vigour of his arm, and oblige him to drop his point, not for want of force to overcome so feeble an adversary

* *Practices.*—In the original letter it stood *impertinent enquiries.* Changed by direction of the writer to Woodfall, who also transcribed the paper, for Junius would not have Mr. Garrick see his hand-writing. Junius remained convinced that Mr. Garrick had been *busy* in his affairs, and he hints that he knows it through the indiscretion of the GREAT PERSONAGE most concerned, who, he indecorously adds, "makes it a rule to betray every body that confides in him." See G. W.'s edition, vol. 1, p. 240.—ED.

as I am, but from the shame and consciousness of a very bad cause. In *one* particular I will be acknowledged his superior, for, however easy and justifiable such a return may be, I will make use of no foul language: my vindication wants neither violence or abuse to support it; it would be as unmanly to give injurious names to one who *will not*, as to him who *cannot* resent it. Now to the fact, which till you had explained to me, had made no impression upon my mind. I am told in most outrageous terms, and near a month after the supposed crime was committed (for Junius was exactly informed of my practices the day after), that if the vagabond does not keep to his pantomimes, every hour of his life shall be cursed for interfering with Junius. Is not this rather too inquisitorial for the great champion of our liberty? Now let us examine into the dreadful cause of this denunciation—Mr. Woodfall, the first informer, informs me in a letter in no wise relative to the subject, without any previous impertinent enquiries on my part, or the least desire of secrecy on his, that *Junius would write no more*. Two or three days after the receipt of yours, being obliged to write a letter upon the business of the theatre to one at Richmond, and after making my excuses for not being able to obey his Majesty's commands, I mentioned to him that Junius would write no more; but the triumphs that succeeded this intelligence never reached me, till I received Junius's letter; and so far was I from thinking there was a crime in communicating what was sent to me without reserve, that I will freely confess, that I wrote no letter to any of my friends without the mention of so remarkable an event: I will venture to go farther, and affirm, that it would have been insensible and unnatural not to have done it. I beg you will assure Junius that I have as proper an abhorrence of an informer as he can have, that I have been honoured with the confidence of men of all parties, and I defy my greatest enemy to produce a single instance of any one repenting of such confidence. I have always declared that, were I by any accident to discover Junius, no consideration should prevail upon me to reveal a secret productive of so much mischief; nor can his most undeserved treatment of me make me alter my sentiments.

One thing more I must observe, that Junius has given credit to an *informer* in prejudice of him who was never in the least suspected of being a spy before; had any of our judges condemned the lowest culprit upon such evidence, without hearing the person accused, and other witnesses, the nation would have rung with the injustice! I shall say no more, but I beg you will tell all you know of this matter, and be assured, that I am with great regard for Junius's talents, but without the least fear of his threatenings,

Your well-wisher and humble servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

I have hurt my hand, and have sent you a letter you will be scarce able to read.

MR. H. S. WOODFALL TO MR. BECKET.

DEAR BECKET, Nov. 23rd, 1771.

I HAVE just received a general letter from *Junius* upon private subjects, in which he has returned me Mr. G.'s letter, without the satisfactory answer I had wished to

have received with it. I am of opinion some enemy of Mr. G.'s has endeavoured to excite Junius's resentment against Mr. G., and that it does not proceed merely from this little communication, which Mr. G. was not enjoined to keep secret by me. The following passage I have extracted from his letter relating to Mr. G.—"If he attacks me again, I will appeal to the public against him. If not, he may safely set me at defiance."—I wish a more favourable construction of what I sent, would have permitted me to have written to Mr. G. so as to have given him the fullest satisfaction; I am not however without hopes of still accomplishing this matter to his mind, and am,

Sincerely yours,

H. S. WOODFALL.

P. S. My presses are all on the stand-still. You must assist me, if you can, in a little work, and the sooner the better.—*Qui cito dat, bis dat.*

MR. BROOKE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Norton, Nov. 25th, 1771.

I TAKE the earliest opportunity of answering your letter, which I did not meet with till my return from Bath last night.

As to the affair you mention, all I know of it is this, (and I hope Miss Younge so understood me,) that I was at the first performance of the new masque; the singularity of *only one* person hissing, who sat two or three seats above me in the front (center) box, led me to ask a friend, on the same seat with me, if he knew the man; yes, says he, I am *pretty sure* it is one *Younger*, belonging to the other house, and added he must be a very impudent fellow to treat with contempt the opinion of the whole house: however, to be perfectly clear in this matter, I shall by to-night's post write to my friend and hear what he says.

I agree with you in saying such proceedings are infamous, and think they should not be suffered with impunity.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

P. BROOKE.

Endorsed,

"Answer to a letter of mine about hissing at the Installation."

MRS. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 6th, 1771.

I SEND you my translation of the "Père de Famille." I have, as you desired, confined myself entirely to Diderot's plan, except with regard to the *lettre de-cachet*, the place of which I think is very well supplied by the Governor's scheme of sending Sophia to India. I have not copied any part of the play, except the second act, as I am certain that it will require many alterations, and additions. If your leisure, Sir, would but permit your considering this work, and pointing out what you think necessary to its improvement, I should have no doubt of its *success;* but it must be from your judgment with regard to the piece, and your kindness to the author, that

I can hope for it. I flatter myself that I have done justice to the sentiment and language of the original: the story has at least the charm of novelty, and I will not doubt of its meeting a favourable reception from the public, under your auspices.

I have been in a very languid state of health for some time, which with a little hurry, occasioned by Mr. Griffith's going to Ireland, has delayed my finishing the "Père de Famille" longer than I could have wished. I now submit it entirely to you, Sir, and I am, with the sincerest esteem,

Your much obliged and most obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

Endorsed with,

"I see your tears, and hear your sighs,
Which ever female craft supplies,
To move a hard obdurate block."

DR. JOHNSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Streatham, Dec. 12, 1771.

I HAVE thought upon your epitaph, but without much effect: an epitaph is no easy thing.

Of your three stanzas the third is utterly unworthy of you; the first and third together give no discriminative character; if the fifth alone were to stand, Hogarth would not be distinguished from any other man of intellectual eminence. Suppose you settled upon something like this:

"The hand of art here torpid lies
That wav'd th' essential form of grace;
Here death has clos'd the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face.
If genius warm thee, reader, stay;
If merit touch thee, shed a tear;
Be vice and dulness far away!
Great Hogarth's honour'd dust is here."

In your second stanza *pictured morals* is a beautiful expression, which I would wish to retain: but . . . and . . . cannot stand for rhymes; *art and nature* have been seen together too often. In the first stanza is *feeling*, in the second *feel*; *feeling* for *tenderness*, or *sensibility*, is a word merely colloquial, of late introduction, not yet sure enough of its own existence to claim a place upon a stone. *If thou hast neither* is quite prose, and prose of the familiar kind.

Thus easy is it to find faults, but it is hard to make an epitaph.*

When you have reviewed it, let me see it again; you are welcome to any help that I can give or [borrow]. Make my compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

I am, dear Sir, your most, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON.

* This letter is a fine specimen of Johnson's critical acuteness; the reader loses nothing of it from the wear and tear of time but two bad rhymes. "Discriminative character" the first line now exhibits with admirable felicity. The beautiful expression, "pictured morals," was retained by Garrick; "art and nature

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bath, Dec. 25, 1771.

I AM extremely obliged to you for the favour of yours, and object to no part of the epitaph but the compliment in the last line, as not being a sufficient flattery to my vanity for want of the author's name. If D. Garrick was engraved at the end of the verses, posterity would think me to have been somebody; and a discarded Chancellor requires the assistance of some considerable authority to recommend him: every other line is good and worthy of the subject, nor dare I venture to change a letter. As to the prose introduction, I am not sure whether the application of plainness and simplicity in the monument to the like qualities of the good man, in name and sound is not rather too quaint and Ovidian for the modesty of honest prose. You must not be displeased with me for taking this freedom, because you have commanded it; and the remark, such as it is, is referred back to your own judgment, which you ought to exercise as freely as I have done on my part. * * *

To the other part of your letter, I am not surprised at the bookseller's difficulties, which, I confess, I expected from the beginning. If you take the whole, I will take care you shall pay to the utmost farthing and more, and my own man shall be well instructed to raise the value as high as possible. If you propose to separate, I shall hardly consent to that, because it will hurt the *estate;* i. e. my share will not produce so much that way as I can screw it up to by a well-puffed auction. This is Mr. Becket's point, but I shall be glad to know Mr. Willis's opinion: if he should agree with us, the majority ought to bear rule. I have, however, no intention to make any disputes in the conduct of this executorship: I can only say that, if it might be permitted, I should be very desirous to have my share in kind, and should choose to have the books divided rather than the whole sold. If that cannot be complied with, would it be too much to allow me to take some part, at least according to my own choice to myself, to be fairly valued, not by *Mr. Becket's man only?* let me, at least, have a few. I should think it hard to refuse me every thing: however, as I have said, I will have no disputes.

had been seen together much too often," it is true, but it was impossible to speak of HOGARTH without this appropriate allusion: even the prosaic "if thou hast neither" has been lifted from the ground by the ingenious writer. I shall here exhibit the epitaph as it stands on the monument in the church-yard of Chiswick. "Easy as it is to find faults," and "hard as it may be to make an epitaph," I consider this as nearer perfection than any one of Pope's, especially that for Kneller, another great painter.

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature move thee, drop a tear;
If neither touch thee, turn away:
For HOGARTH'S honour'd dust lies here."—ED.

I am happy to hear you are so well recovered, and hope you are returned to wine. These waters have their usual good effect with me, and would have done you as good service this Christmas as Shakspeare's Hamlet. Lady Camden, Fanny, and myself, beg to be remembered to Mrs. Garrick as well as to yourself.

Yours, most sincerely and affectionately,

CAMDEN.

Endorsed,

"Lord Camden about poor Beighton's epitaph."

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, St. Maries, Dec. 29th, 1771.

I REJOICE to hear you are so well from Mr. Stanley, who tells me that you resolve to play your great parts this winter. Hamlet, I hear, was as good as ever you played; and report says you are reviving Bayes, with some additional scene of your own. An hardy undertaking, my good friend! The fooleries of farce in the Rehearsal are now long established by custom; and any thing that may be added, to be of a piece, must be very foolishly farcical indeed; and then will not be received if known, because low—though nothing else at the same time will put with it. This is only my private opinion; yours has been so constantly applauded by the public, that I shall not be surprised at your success. I am sorry that Mr. Cumberland's alteration of "Timon" has not succeeded to your wish. The specimen in my paper, of Lucius, the miserly Senator, is in my mind truly *Shakspearian:* what he does with the lady I am not a judge; but Tate's (with the same name, I think, which I should have avoided) was abominable, making the character of a mistress honourable, and that of a wife professedly contemptible—too much the maxims of those times.

I have lately been looking over, and burning, old papers, rhymes and reasons, poetry and prose; and lighted upon some begun forty years ago and left unfinished, not half completed. They are a laudable attempt to make a pantomime a little more tolerably reasonable. It is partly in Hudibrastic verse, and partly in loose rhymes, like Mrs. Harris's petition in Swift, and so more natural for the humour of country-folk. The story is that of Baucis and Philemon, and of Jupiter and Mercury descending in the disguise of beggars to try good Christians' hospitality. They find such a bad reception at the great house, from the fat Justice and his scolding wife, that Mercury is forced to use his Caduceus, and at the command of Jupiter dumbfounds them all. The Gods go then to Philemon's cottage in a terrible storm of Jupiter's own raising. They are received with good-humour and hospitality, and the poor people rewarded by having their *wish:* Jupiter, to show his power to fulfil their wish, turning himself into Harlequin, and Mercury into his man Scaramouch; and imposes in that shape upon the Justice's pretty daughter Columbine. At the end of the pantomime he discovers himself to be Jupiter; gives Harlequin to Columbine;

brings down a shower of gold into her lap; and then, and not till then, the Justice and his shrew give them their blessing. Baucis and Philemon make their wish, to be the curate and his wife; and the cottage is seen by degrees expanding and changing into a country church, after the manner of Swift's description, or better. This will afford comic fun enough in itself, and be a good foundation for like sport in the dumb show. This is so old, and has been till now so unfinished, that nobody knows of it, and if you think that any good use may be made of it, as I do in reality, you are welcome to it, and I will *say* nothing of it to the nearest friend I have. I shall soon send a parcel to Keate, and will then enclose this *sealed up* to you—without a word of the pudding. Your's and good Mrs. G——s,

J. H

You have a scene of mine of a Beggar and his trull, &c.—all songs.

EPIGRAM.

" Who is this drab, this Goody Hector,
Who makes a *victim* of poor *Victor?*
She is the scold, who does the wrong;
Ben is the *Victor*,—holds his tongue.

MR. GARRICK TO * * * * * *

MY DEAR SIR, Southampton-street, Dec. 31st, 1771.

I HAVE this moment seen our friend Bickerstaff, who has shown me two very extraordinary letters; and I do not know which to admire most, the supreme nonsense of the printed letter, or the apparent ignorant design of the manuscript. I would not, for twice the sum you paid me last night, believe that such ribaldry has in the least affected you. By my word, I have as much forgotten the poem on the theatres as if it had never existed; and upon my honour, I never heard of a word you had said in the boxes the other night, but what expressed your great partiality and regard to me. As to your being angry with one of the company who has been supposed the author of the poem, you ought not in justice to wish me to discharge him; the author is as yet unknown, and you had much better exert your humanity towards a hundred undeserving people than injure one innocent man.

I am most truly, &c.

D. G.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, 1771.

HE who is engaged in the service of Shakspeare is engaged in yours, and therefore I am the less studious to apologise for my neglect in answering your last favour. The truth is, I have spent almost three weeks in a strict examination of the books of

entries at Stationers' Hall. From these I have derived much knowledge relative to dates and first editions of our author's plays, as well as early dramatic pieces on the same subjects as those on which he afterwards undertook to write. As knowledge however sometimes brings its own mortifications with it, I am sorry to let you know that very many tragedies and comedies are entered, the names of which are neither to be found in your catalogue nor any other. I have likewise amassed much collateral information relative to ancient translations, ballads, &c. from the same volumes; and though my journey through this confusion of records has been little less disagreeable than that of Satan through the war of atoms, yet I must confess that I am very amply paid for my labour.

The letter which accompanied your plays contains no other information, but that you had lent Mr. Capell monies. With the addition of a few more plays (which I believe I shall easily find for you) I can add two more quarto volumes to your collection. I have tied up the bundle again with your name on it, so that your property will be secure, even though Dr. Kenrick should break my heart by abusing me at Marybone, or pilloring me in his future commentary, which I am told he means to publish by subscription.

Among your loose plays is a very valuable though imperfect copy of the first part of King Henry IV. From this I have retrieved two readings, which afford a clear sense instead of that very obscure one with which we had been so long contented.

I will trespass no longer on your time, than just to beg your pardon for not having sent for my boxes before, and to assure you that I remain

Your most faithful and obedient,

G. STEEVENS.

TO MR. STEEVENS.

Tuesday, 1771.

MR. GARRICK, with his compliments, desires to have that volume of Voltaire which has the critique upon Shakspeare in it. Mr. Garrick takes this opportunity of thanking Mr. Steevens for his intended expedition and operations in the Temple of Shakspeare: whenever he pleases to think of putting it in execution, Mr. Garrick will take care that the windows are kept open.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, London, July 28th, 1771.

MR. WARNER gives me leave to ask you for his copy of "The Midsummer Night's Dream" with his notes on it, which, when you are at leisure, I should be obliged to you to look out, and leave it at your house in Southampton-street, and I will send for it. I would not have troubled you with this, but almost despair of the pleasure of meeting with you here, as some business in the country will not permit me to remain in London more than a day at a time.

I hear that Dr. Hoadly has received such news from you, as will hereafter incline me to prefer reading plays, wherein I have remembered and seen you, to the attending them at the theatre; and suffer my fancy to revive your action and manner (as far as I am able) to accompany those scenes which I must never expect to see represented again. I cannot but remember such things were—"and were most dear to me:" and yet—he hates you,

> "That would upon the rack of this rough world,
> Stretch you out longer,—"

and I must bid King Lear farewell with the same hopes as old Kent did, of his being happier; which none can more sincerely wish than

Your much obliged
G. STEEVENS.

I have quite done with the remaining 19 vols. of your old plays, and will return them whenever you please, though I wait to have the pleasure of replacing them on your shelves with my own hands.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Saturday Evening, 1771.

I AM much obliged to you for pointing out to me the two harsh words, which shall be dismissed immediately. They were not admitted through choice, but forced on me to avoid repetitions. You have not very clearly explained yourself as to the remaining defective expression, otherwise it should have met with the same treatment.

I expect great pleasure from the perusal of your altered "Hamlet." It is a circumstance in favour of the poet which I have long been wishing for. Dr. Johnson allots to this tragedy the praise of variety; but in my humble opinion, that variety is often impertinent, and always languishing on the stage. In spite of all he has said on the subject, I shall never be thoroughly reconciled to tragi-comedy; for if the farce of theatrical deceptions is but short-lived at best, their slightest success ought not to be interrupted. This play of Shakspeare, in particular, resembles a looking-glass exposed for sale, which reflects alternately the funeral and the puppet-show, the venerable beggar soliciting charity, and the blackguard rascal picking a pocket.

I am sure when you personate the Danish Prince, you wish your task concluded with the third act, after which the genius of Shakspeare retires, or only plays bo-peep through the rest of the piece. I confess I am talking a kind of poetical blasphemy; but I am become less afraid of you, since you have avowed your present design.*

* See, however, the attack upon this alteration by Garrick, written by Isaac Reed, Steevens's "follower," in the Biographia Dramatica.—ED.

I think you need not fear that the better half of your audience, (as Othello says,) *should yawn at alteration.* No performer whatever would be able to recite all that Shakspeare has put into the mouth of his prince with equal energy. You are therefore furnished with a plea for declaring, that performers must either check their powers, or shorten the drama where it grows to an unreasonable length. Every man in his senses must think you had done right in making the latter your choice; for you will then be enabled to do justice to all you retain, and to retain no more than deserves that justice. I cannot answer for our good friends in the gallery. You had better throw what remains of the piece into a farce, to appear immediately afterwards. No foreigner who should happen to be present at the exhibition, would ever believe it was formed out of the loppings and excrescences of the tragedy itself. You may entitle it, "The Grave-Diggers; with the pleasant Humours of Osrick, the Danish Macaroni."

As you intend to stab the usurper, I beg, for your own sake, you will take care that this circumstance is not on his part awkwardly represented. Those who die on the stage either in single combat or by suicide generally meet with applause; but Henry the Sixth, standing still to receive the dagger of Richard, too often excites merriment. Poor Gibson was sure to convulse the audience with laughter whenever he fell in that character: and yet it is no more than justice to his memory to observe, that all who knew him were sincerely sorry when he died a natural death. A stab given to an unarmed or a defenceless man has seldom a very happy effect. An Englishman loves a spirited, but abhors a phlegmatic exit.

Excuse this liberty I have taken with you in your profession; but the idea struck me immediately on reading your intended change in the catastrophe of Hamlet, which I am very impatient to see.

I think myself much obliged to you, both for a letter which is highly flattering to my vanity, and for the entertainment I expect from your promised communication. That I may not appear totally ungrateful, I will cease to trespass on your patience any longer, and once more assure you, that

I am, with great truth, your much obliged

G. STEEVENS.

I had sealed my letter without paying a proper attention to a part of yours. I hope Kenrick will appear in Falstaff. Those who have been present at his lectures, tell me that he hits off the humour of the fat knight very successfully. I have never dared to attend him, and am, therefore, no judge. I shall, however, expect to see a paragraph like the following in the papers, as soon as the theatres open. "All enmity between men of acknowledged talents is destructive to the entertainments of the public. We are happy to acquaint the admirers of Shakspeare, that a reconciliation between Mr. G. and Dr. K. has taken place; in consequence of which the former will soon appear in the character of *Mr. Ford*, and the latter in that of *Sir John Falstaff*. What pleasure is not to be expected from the joint efforts of two such geniuses in so capital a comedy as that of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor?'" I need not add, that I shall suspect the Doctor only of having written it.

MR. STEEVENS'S REMARKS

As to the *text* of Shakspeare's play, and Mr. Garrick's alteration of HAMLET.

As a proof that this play was written before 1597, of which the contrary has been asserted by Mr. Holt, in Dr. Johnson's Appendix, the following passage from Mr. Farmer's pamphlet may be brought. "Shakspeare is said to have been no extraordinary actor, and that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own "Hamlet." Yet this *chef-d'œuvre* did not please. I will give you an original stroke at it. Dr. Lodge published in the year 1596, a pamphlet called *Wits Miserie, or the World's Madness, discovering the incarnate devils of the age*, 4to. One of these devils is *Hate Virtue, or sorrow for another man's success*, who (says the Doctor) *looks as* pale as the vizard of the GHOST, *which cried so miserably at the theatre*, HAMLET, REVENGE!"

It appears from a MS. note of Dr. Gabriel Harvey (a name well known to us who rake over the dunghill of antiquity) that he was well acquainted with the play of "Hamlet," in the year 1598. His words are these:—"The younger sort take much delight in Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*, have it in them to please the wiser sort. 1598."

This is sufficient to prove that "Hamlet" had been performed seven years at least before it was published, as the first known edition is in 1605; the title-page of which declares it to have been much augmented and corrected by the author. I have not the copy by me, so that Mr. Garrick will do well to consult his own for fear of mistakes.

Shakspeare was always adding, without the least consideration whether his additions were consistently made or not. If it were necessary to bring proofs of this, the task would be easily performed. All his amplifications &c. were, I suppose, communicated to the Hopkins of his theatre, who not having the judgment or the caution of our friend in the easy chair, published them indiscriminately; nay, what the poet had rejected as well as what he had added. This may account for the immoderate length of Hamlet; but as no copy of it in its first state is preserved, our conjectures are little better than guess-work.

EDITIONS OF HAMLET.

Hamlet.—	1605.	J. R. for N. L.
———	1611.	For John Swethwicke.
———	no date.	W. S. for do.
———	1637.	R. Young for do.
———	1623.	In the first folio.

In the *Personæ Dramatis* remember to leave out the names of the characters omitted in this alteration of the play.

Page 180. "If you do meet Horatio, and Marcellus
The rivals of my watch."

The true reading is,

" If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The *rival* of my watch."

There is but one person on each watch. Bernardo relieves Francisco, and Francisco waits to be relieved by Marcellus. Horatio watched only through curiosity.

Page 185. " Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere."

All princes alike were out of her sphere. The passage should be printed thus:—

" Lord Hamlet is a prince—out of thy sphere."

197. After " Comedy, history, pastoral," the folio reads, " Tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral." Why should these distinctions be omitted? Many of the plays of our poet's age answer to the description.

198. " The first row of *the Rubrick*."

These two words were added by Rowe, because he did not understand *pont chansons*, which is nonsense, and because he never looked into the 4to. 1611, where *pious chanson* the true reading might have been found.

220. Mr. Garrick speaks—" Miching Malicho," and yet it is scratched out in the copy.

251. " Hide fox and all after." Should not this be omitted?

256. " Rightly to be great," &c. This is not printed as Mr. Garrick spoke it. He delivered it with a variation which obviates the inconsistency of the speech.

Ibid. Why the alteration and omission of

" This army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince."?

268. " Oh he *is* mad, Laertes."

Why not the old speech? [What old speech?*]

227. " For if the King likes not the comedy,
Why then belike—he likes it not perdy."

Is it necessary to retain these lines?

260. " Royal Dane." [Q. ?]

269. " Thanks, Gildenstern," &c. [Q. repetition out?

193. " We *coted* them on the way."
[*Stabs the King.*]
" Nay and *you'll* mouth it, Sir,
I'll rant as well as *thou*."

Endorsed,

" Mr. Steevens of Hampstead,
about 'Hamlet,' &c."

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* Perhaps the tender alarm of the Queen, which follows this in the old copy, *before* the rant of Hamlet.

Queen.—For the love of God forbear him. [*To Laertes.*

I presume this to have been a copy of the play, on which Mr. Garrick had made his alteration of Hamlet, submitted to the revision of Mr. Steevens; who, to my eternal astonishment, concurred with Mr. Garrick in this desperate mutilation.—Ed.

MR. J. PALMER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bath, Sunday night, 1772.

MR. GAINSBOROUGH has been so very indifferent from his attention to and confinement with his daughter in her illness, and I have been so much engaged with one matter or other, that I had no opportunity of delivering your message to him, until the other night at the new rooms. He says you have sent him wine enough to bribe the whole Corporation with. I had called at his house once or twice after his return, and he was too ill to see any one. Miss Gainsborough is now as well as eve she was. He complains very much of Moysey's behaviour; who paid no attention to her, declaring it was a family complaint, and he did not suppose she would ever recover her senses again; so that Gainsborough was obliged to call in Schombergh and Charlton, who called it by its right name, a delirious fever, and soon cured her.—Gainsborough sent home after this the pictures of Moysey and his family, which he had painted gratis for him, and the old doctor offered to pay for the frames. Standing under one of the chandeliers with Gainsborough, admiring the figures which the ingenious Committee had drawn by Garoy, the *landscape* painter, we narrowly escaped having our crowns cracked by a branch falling out of one of the chandeliers: it was taken little notice of by the company; but the Committee met upon it the next morning, and that the public might not be alarmed by it, and to make them easy, put the enclosed curious advertisement in the paper, which had so good an effect, that the next night they had not two hundred people in the room. Upon this, it seems, they have met again and sent Pritchard post to London, to bring the man who made the chandeliers down to Bath, who is himself to re-examine them, and make his report to the public, which it is to be hoped will effectually remove all fears and apprehensions. The Committee go on pretty amicably, considering there are seven or eight of them;—a little of "you lie," and "you lie;" and "damme, I'm a gentleman;" and "damme, I'll tell guineas with you;"—"take care of your nose;" "don't come within reach of my fist;" and such trifles as that: but not a word of gunpowder since their first meeting. The subscription yesterday was—to the Balls 220—Concerts 261—for walking in the rooms, 290 ladies at 5*s.* each, and 237 gentleman at 10*s.* 6*d.* each; so as yet, you see, they go on well, and I suppose always will in some degree; though after their novelty is over, I cannot think they will succeed any way equal to their expectations. They have made an odd regulation, for every person to pay sixpence for their tea at the door; which, I think, must appear strange and mean to a man of fashion at his entering so elegant a room. Would not it have been better, as the room, music, &c. is paid out of the subscription, to have paid for the tea likewise out of it? They have, however, got themselves the title of the Sixpenny Committee from it, and I suppose, ere the season is over, they will have as many as a German prince, each of them. The lower rooms have only 70 to the balls, but about 400 for walking. You will guess by this impudent letter that the theatre goes on

well; I have the pleasure to tell you, better than ever it did, and I am in hopes it will hold. I flatter myself you will be more pleased with this than any other news in my letter, except that of Gainsborough's family being well:—brother, I am afraid, is dropping; he has not played these three weeks; this will be another confirmation to Squire Flint of the prudence of his conduct. I hope you will soon be amongst us. With Mrs. Palmer's and my respects to Mrs. Garrick and self,

I remain your obliged to command,

J. PALMER.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. T. FRANCKLIN.

SIR, 1772.

When I received your last favour, I was so ill as to be denied both reading and writing; now I am better, I cannot pass your last extraordinary epistle without answering it.

Whenever you put a play into my hands, you desire my remarks, seem to express an eagerness for them; but I always found that my criticism was a very ill office. It gives me great pleasure to hear that you intend to show the play to your *friends and approved judges,* and let me request you as the greatest favour you can confer upon me, implicitly to follow their advice; for I should indeed be very unhappy, if *you* or *they* should out of false delicacy regard any observations which I might have made. I may venture to say with you, *whatever* you may think, I have no vanity about me; I therefore repeat it again, that I hope the catastrophe which I suggested will not stand. Sorry I am to hear that mere money is your Muse, and that you would never write again for the stage but for the sake of lucre. Pray what mortifications has Dr. Francklin met with by writing for the stage? I will without vanity be bold to say that he had every advantage with us that an author could have, or his merits demand; if he did not succeed so well when he turned from the Capulets to the Montagues, what can he blame but his own inconstancy?

You are pleased to say, that I *must* remember when you first presented "Warwick," I told you it would not do at all:—did I not add, *without alterations;* and were not those alterations made? If I thought about it as you say, why did I receive it? or suppose it otherwise, have not I a greater merit with you for performing the play which I thought would not do at all? Why will you, Sir, call [up] the past transactions? they will not make matters better between us: let me assure you, that I think now of "Warwick" as I always did. Of *men* and *plays* (for I have known and tried a great many) my guess is tolerably good:—though I will boast to have as little vanity as yourself, yet I will venture to say, that "Warwick" was not the worse for going through my hands.

Whether you think of retreating or not, is *your* affair, but *my* business is to desire you to send me the tragedy completed to your own liking in two months' time, or I

shall imagine that you have again changed your mind. I shall take care to give you a good part of the season, and exhibit the play as well as I can for my own credit.

I am Sir, your humble servant,

D. G.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, St. Maries, Feb. 2, 1772.

I CANNOT help congratulating you on the success of Mr. Cumberland's Comedy. If it be worthy the specimen of his prologue and epilogue, it will do; for we think them very excellent. One thing I am sorry for,—I am told he has in this play fallen into the same great error which was laid to his charge in his last; that is, that his *denouement* depends on *overhearing a soliloquy*. The great secret which Varland is bound of all things to keep to himself, he discovers even to an Irish understanding, by talking *aloud* to himself; which none but a madman is excused doing; except it be characteristic, or that the poet contrives it so artfully as in Maskwell, whose soliloquy is designed to be overheard. You must know, that a soliloquy is esteemed on the stage only as *thinking aloud*, and not supposed possible to be overheard; and I lament you have no more influence over Mr. Cumberland than to let such a fault pass in two comedies. You have forgot the fun made of this in "The Contrast,"* where a *dialogue* is introduced in soliloquy in burlesque of one of Vanbrugh's, by one servant's overhearing another's soliloquy.

If we thus criticise others, we must learn to bear criticism ourselves. You and I are utterly undone by these theatrical reviewers; for it seems "The Old Suspicious Husband" has neither plot, sentiment, nor character, nor diction: it is an harlequinery; it should really be called, what Cutler laughingly advised us to call it, "The Hat and Ladder." What shall we do, my friend? I fancy we had best let it fill houses (even without the *original Ranger*), and be itself the confuter of this hypercritic.

Did you ever think, now you have an excellent woman (at least, as she is generally thought) to succeed Mrs. Cibber, of reviving "The Siege of Damascus," as it was originally written by Hughes in his vigour, when Phocyas, in his distraction, turns Mahometan, the only thing that makes that charming play consistent?

Have you ever seen any thing in the dramatical way by the two novel-writers the Miss Minifies? The mother and they are come to live at Southampton; and the elder brother, though he has a tolerable estate and a large family living in Somersetshire, would be glad of a curacy in this county, to be nearer them and farther off from

* The *fun* made in this burlesque play, written by the Doctor and his brother, might well be forgotten by Mr. Garrick. It was doomed to oblivion by Bishop Hoadly; and Rich, the manager, called in all the written parts of which the performers were in possession. It was a ridicule upon the living poets, and among them a bard so amiable as the author of the *Seasons*.

The wide-mouthed progeny of buffoonery never die; but then, to any desirable fame they *never live*.—ED.

a damnable wife in his own country. I have read two of them, but they are weak and womanish; a good spirit, but nothing artificial. The last I saw, I think, might have done, with a little alteration, had not Murphy professedly drawn the character of an *old maid*;—an old amorous aunt, on whom her niece's fortune and marriage depend, having brought her to Bath away from her *lover*, (whom the old lady, besides, cannot persuade to love *her*,) to show her the world, and *to* the world; and at the same time locks her up out of jealousy, having more a mind to dispose of *herself*, and would fain make her niece's lovers her own. There is no name to either of them, but I would call this "The Aunt." I doubt it is hardly worth your farther inquiring about, after Murphy's farce.

I see in the papers they would not hear the piece of "An Hour before Marriage," at Covent-garden:—so much the better for Drury. I doubt, by the receipt of my packet, and saying no more, there is a coldness at least between you and Keate. Is "Semiramis" at the bottom a-burning? We are much yours and Mrs. Garrick's.

Yours ever,

J. HOADLY.

P.S. If D. G. or his nymph can descend from the gods, and help their neighbours in distress, we should be obliged to them if they could recommend a good upper servant, or butler; or if they would inquire after one.

MR. GARRICK TO LORD CHATHAM.*

MY LORD. Hampton, Feb. 26, 1772.

IT has been said that there is a charm in particular verses to cure many disorders. I was weak and slowly recovering from a fit of the stone when Lord Lyttleton sent me your Lordship's favour; I am now well and in the highest spirits: the only fear at present is, lest, from the peculiar force of the charm, they should rise beyond their proper pitch, and affect me another way. Indeed, my Lord, you have put my wits to a very severe trial, and it is some small compliment to them that my vanity has not *overset* them. The only excuse I can possibly make for not sooner acknowledging the great honour conferred upon me, is, that I did not find my mind sufficiently settled to appear before your Lordship. Though I am thoroughly humbled as a poet, and not a little as an actor; more inquiries being made after the verses

* It could not be said of Garrick, as it was of his own Macbeth, by Banquo,

"New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the help of use."

He is thoroughly accustomed to the various gradations of praise; and in the expression of his sensibility is only more careful of his language, as the person who celebrates him has attained a higher eminence in talent and virtue.—ED.

addressed to me, than after Lear or Macbeth: yet still I think myself more obliged and honoured than I have words to express. Even you, my Lord, cannot exert a greater spirit of disinterestedness and benevolence than you have done in my favour; for it is as impossible for your Lordship to receive any additional fame by writing best verses, as it is for me not to derive from them every honour and importance which my vanity or my ambition could wish for.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble and most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

LORD CHATHAM TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Burton-Pynsent, April 3, 1772.

NOTHING but my hand is guilty in leaving your very obliging letter so long unacknowledged. I now make the earliest use of its returning strength to express how much I feel your flattering sensibility, upon a sincere tribute to genius and universal talents.

As our own age owes more to them for improvement as well as delight than it is able to pay, I might have it upon my conscience were I not to bring my mite of praise towards discharging this favourite branch of the national debt, which, however, must, I foresee, remain to late posterity. Need I say what charms the verses from Mount Edgecumbe have for all here? or, that the sentiment which dictated them makes me justly vain? You have kindly settled upon me a lasting species of property I never dreamed of in that enchanting place: a far more able conveyancer than any in Chancery-land; for instead of laboriously perplexing rights, you, by a few happy lines, at once both create the title and fix the possession. Accept, my dear Sir, many sincere wishes that you may hear no more of that cruel kinsman to the gout, by which you have been so lately visited, and believe me with all esteem and regard,

Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

CHATHAM.

TO MR. GARRICK,

IN ANSWER TO HIS VERSES FROM MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

Leave, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, bright'ning all the bay:
To my plain roof repair, primeval seat!
Yet here no wonders your quick eye can meet:
Save, should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cured, and an un-passion'd mind:
A Statesman without pow'r, and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all;
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
Vot'ry alone to freedom and the laws.
Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
And interspersed, an heart-enliv'ning train

Of sporting children frolick o'er the green ;
Meantime, pure Love looks on, and consecrates the scene.
Come then, Immortal Spirit of the Stage,
Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age,
Come, taste the simple life of patriarchs old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp, or gold.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's Inn, March 1, 1772.

YOUR letter found me with a pen in my hand upon the point of beginning a letter to you. Being to set out upon the circuit to-morrow morning, I could not think of stirring without returning you my sincerest thanks for the zeal you have shown in the cause of "The Grecian Daughter," and the very kind relief you gave me from the fatigue of attending rehearsals. The burthen, I know, fell very heavy upon you, and your undertaking it served me doubly: the piece was most correctly got up, and I was as constantly in my business, as if I had no play upon the anvil. I must add to this, that the decorations have greatly adorned the play. I cannot say that I was *fobbed off with a touched-up palm-tree*. I have seen your Epilogue corrected by your own hand, and I perceive that you do not suffer me to thank you publicly for writing it, when I was in distress for that necessary appendage to a play. I regret but one thing in this business, and that is, though Mr. Barry acts finely, that the play was not in readiness while you appeared in new characters. In that case, I know what Evander would have been ; but at the same time I do protest, that in my judgment Mrs. Cibber would have spoken speeches well, but the announcing a character in the first act, and sustaining it to the last line was not the talent of that great actress, and it is Mrs. Barry's in the most eminent degree.

My connection with you, Sir, is what I never can repent of. I should be ashamed to think any body deserved the preference. I confess indeed to have often had my jealousies, but they were the jealousies of a lover. But after what you have done, *think'st thou I'll lead a life of jealousy?* No! I have demonstration that there is no reason. I do once more return you my sincere thanks, and I go most cheerfully to the business of the law, because I leave "The Grecian Daughter" in your hands and in Mrs. Barry's. I am, dear Sir, ever yours,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Mrs. Garrick's congratulations on the first night had an air of triumph, for which I return her a million of thanks.

DR. BEATTIE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Aberdeen, March 16th, 1772.

You know the heart of man so well, that I am sure I need not tell you what intense pleasure I received from your most kind letter. You were born to give delight wherever you are seen, or heard, or heard of; and I am confident that in the bowers of Hampton many plants might be found of the true *nepenthe** of Homer, after which the critics have so long been enquiring in vain. Like your friend and patron Phœbus, you sometimes cast a glance even to these northern regions: and, though we must ever lament our distance both from the God, and from his favourite pupil and best interpreter, we are, I trust, not ungrateful for their temporary smiles; nay perhaps we are even more grateful than those who are more within the sphere of the enlivening effulgence.

It is with the utmost pleasure and sincerity that I congratulate you, and the public, and myself, on the good health you have enjoyed this winter. Those slight attacks you complain of are, I hope, the last struggles of a disorder which I hear is now on the point of yielding to the power of medicine. What a blessing is this to your friends! what matter of exultation to your country!

I have been told, that a very great temptation has been sometimes admitted as an apology for a fault. Julius Cæsar used to say, that to obtain empire one might even venture upon injustice. I wish not for empire; but ardently do I wish for that which would do honour to any emperor, and which that same Cæsar would have accounted a very great honour: I wish to secure to perpetuity that place in your esteem to which your goodness has granted me admittance: and if I could effect this by a petty larceny in the literary way, do you think there is a poetical conscience on earth that would not acquit me? But I fear that you, who have been *be-rhymed so long*, would not set such value on any verses that I could be supposed to write. I will therefore study to merit the continuance of your kindness by other methods; I will be honest, and fairly and frankly confess, that I am not the author of those verses which you have done me the honour to suppose mine. I wish indeed your supposition had been a true one; however, I thank you for it. It makes me not a little vain; for it is a proof, that you are sometimes kind enough to remember me.

That my muse, such as she is, has not long ere now attempted something in your praise, is indeed not her fault, but the fault of this crazy tabernacle with which she has frequent occasion to grumble that she is so closely connected. On occasion of seeing your temple and statue of Shakspeare at Hampton, I wrote a few lines and

* A poet like Beattie shall have such illustration to his figure as a still greater poet has supplied.

" Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst."—*Comus*, v. 675.—Ed.

framed a little sketch of a poem or epistle, which I intend to finish as soon as I can obtain a short respite from business and vertigo, of both which I have for several months past had more than a sufficiency.

The kind reception my Essay* has met with in England and from you, my dear Sir, in particular, I will ever consider as one of the most fortunate incidents of my life. It was worthy of your generosity, and worthy of the generosity of the English nation, to encourage and patronize a poor disheartened valetudinary stranger; who, for no other crime than attempting to do some service to mankind, had drawn upon himself, in his own country, such an host of formidable enemies, and such a weight of literary persecution.

Those enemies, still as violent as ever, though not quite so clamorous, give me now no manner of concern; thanks to the good-nature and good principles of my southern friends. I hope I shall yet live to give some testimony of my gratitude to you, Sir, and to your noble-minded countrymen; and to approve myself not altogether unworthy of those distinguished honours I have received from you.

I should esteem it a very particular favour to be allowed a copy of the verses addressed to you by Lord Chatham. Every thing that great man does must have something wonderful in it. You could not have given me a piece of more agreeable intelligence than what you mention of Lord Lyttleton. God grant his satisfactions may be permanent! But nothing less than Heaven can ever make him so happy as he deserves to be. To him, and to his amiable and admirable neighbour in Hill-street,† I am so much obliged, that though I had Shakspeare's or even your talents, I should hardly be able to express my gratitude.

Lately received a letter from one who subscribes himself *E. Darwin, Physician in Litchfield*, containing some objections to an argument advanced in my essay against Mr. Hume's doctrine of extended ideas. His manner seems rather captious; however, I know not how it is, my heart warms to the man, either because his hand-writing bears some resemblance to yours, or because he has the honour to live in the town where you and Johnson were born; and therefore I will write to him soon, and I hope to satisfy all his doubts, which indeed seem to arise from his not perfectly understanding either my philosophy or that which he himself defends.

Mrs. Beattie joins me in warmest wishes and most respectful compliments to Mrs. Garrick and you. We talk of you every day; your name is quite familiar to our little boy, who is something more than three years old. He is very fond of Hogarth's print of you in Richard III.; and asked me yesterday, whether it was you who made "Ye medley of mortals who make up this throng," a song which he learned lately and very much admires. I intend soon to teach him "The Warwickshire lad." But I encroach too much on your patience.

Believe me to be with the most perfect esteem and sincerity,

Dear Sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

J. BEATTIE.

* On the Nature and Immutability of Truth.—ED. † Mrs. Montagu.—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. T. FRANCKLIN.

DEAR SIR, March 18, 1772.

YOUR letter, which surprised me much, came in the midst of my hurry in removing to the Adelphi,* and as my brother is mentioned too, and upon a matter which I was ignorant of, I thought proper to see him before I sent you this answer. He assures me that he had no message from you about a play ready for my perusal, nor did he say to me any thing about it. My brother says, he told you I was at home when he met you in Southampton-street, and desired you to call upon me, and that I would then explain the question in my letter; this you declined. But pray, Sir, if the tragedy you speak of *has lain in your drawer ready for my calling it into being*, why did you not send it to me, instead of "Minos?" or why did you not mention it to me, when you talked about that little piece?—Give me leave to call to your mind a circumstance or two, by which I thought myself very unkindly and unjustly treated.

Some years ago you mentioned to me your design of altering a play of Voltaire's, I think, the "Duke de Foix." I told you I should be ready to do you all the service in my power, and desired only to have a long notice when you were ready. Once after this you spoke to me about it, rather coolly, that you had not pleased yourself; and indeed I understood that you had changed your mind about it. That I was not changed, my great zeal in your affair with the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Rigby, when I obtained a promise in your favour, may convince you: and that I could not but suppose some alteration in you, and that you had made some new theatrical connexion, I had the strongest reason to believe. It was likewise last summer reported, that you had an epistolary altercation with Mrs. Yates about a tragedy altered from Voltaire: so many years having passed since our first conversing on this business, and hearing nothing since from you but about "Minos," and knowing your attachment elsewhere, what could I possibly imagine? Do not think me unreasonable enough to wish any gentleman confined to my theatre: I only thought that I had a friendly right to have the business cleared to me. And now after all this, you seem to turn the tables upon me. And as if you were waiting for my sending to you. Can you be serious with me? I can scarcely believe it.

When Dr. Francklin pleases, or any other gentleman, to send me a play, I will read it with great care, and give my sincere opinion of it. I am at this moment engaged to four Five Act Dramas, and three little pieces;—these must be performed, unless withdrawn by their authors, before I can represent any others received from this day. Thus situated, I am ready and willing to consider any theatrical performance

* From his house in Southampton-street, where he resided during the most brilliant period of his theatrical career. The house on the Adelphi-terrace tempted Mr. Garrick by a view of the river, and a little assistance given by the architect; but from sun-rise to sun-set the windows were indebted to blinds for being passable, and the back rooms were gloomy dungeons, that had not light enough to show his pictures. The dining-room only could be called a fine room.—ED.

ance you shall please to send me, but with these engagements it is impossible to say when I can act it; you may depend upon it, if received, that your tragedy shall have all the justice done to it in the power of, Sir, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

I am now writing in the midst of removing, and have scarce a table to write upon, or pen and ink to finish this scrawl.

DR. T. FRANCKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen-street, March 25, 1772.

YOUR answer to my last has given me much concern, which I assure you arose not from your contempt of, or indifference with regard to, my tragedy, but from your appearing to think me guilty of the worst of human vices, ingratitude. If you knew me better, you would know, that once essentially obliged I never forget; your recommendation of me to Mr. Rigby gave me such an opinion of your benevolence, as can never be effaced by any difference of opinion concerning theatrical matters.

With regard to the play, we may perhaps both have been to blame; perhaps myself alone: any casual meeting last year would, I believe, have set the matter right between us.

There is only one point necessary to be cleared up. You seem to have entertained a suspicion that I meant to offer that tragedy for representation at Covent-Garden last year, which I assure you I never had the least thought of; nor did I ever make any proposal of the kind, as it was promised to *you*, and I was in daily expectation of hearing from you concerning it.

The altercation with Mrs. Yates, which I will explain to you when we meet, was on another subject.

The connexion and attachment, which you hint at, took its rise from a particular private circumstance, and had no connexion with theatrical affairs: it lasted but a short time, and ended *in fumo*.

In consequence of your permission given in the latter part of your letter, I shall take the first opportunity to revise my tragedy, get it fairly transcribed, and submit it to your judgment; if it meets with your approbation, you will suit your own convenience in bringing it on the stage, though the sooner you can find a vacancy for it, the more agreeable it will certainly be to, dear Sir,

Your obliged and obedient humble servant,

T. FRANCKLIN.

A SURGEON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Borough, 15th April, 1772.

GIVE me leave to express my mind: to see you act, even ennobles me. No one living can please a judicious person like you. In Don Felix how great art thou!

In Hamlet, O Garrick! thou raisest the human mind above itself! But why should I mention particulars? for thou art great in every thing. To an intelligent person, it must be the most agreeable and noble entertainment to see so masterly a performer. O Garrick! you please the mind beyond any description in all your actions. That you may have health and long life, and oblige the public as often as you can upon the stage, is the hearty wish of numbers, and of none more than the writer of this.

A SURGEON.

Endorsed,
"A strange letter from a Surgeon, 1772."
I add, utterly unworthy of dissection.—ED.

THE MANAGERS OF THE CALCUTTA THEATRE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Calcutta, 21st April, 1772.

THE gentlemen of the old Management having, by an unaccountable omission, neglected to make any acknowledgment for the trouble you have taken to promote our theatrical attempts in this distant quarter, we now, Sir, take the liberty to fulfil their intentions, and as a trifling testimony of the esteem and respect we bear you, we request your acceptance of the two pipes of Madeira wine, Captain Morris has in charge to deliver you.

We are, Sir, your very obedient humble servants,

P. M. DACRES, RICHD. BARWELL,
J. SHAKSPEARE, JAMES CLIVE,
H. COTTRELL, WM. HOSEN.
J. FORTNONY.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, St. Mary's, May 21st, 1772.

BEFORE you quit town for sweet Hampton, or we this place for Alresford, I have just got hand enough to ask you, in the name of Madam and Sir, how you and yours do?

We hope you have had a tolerable winter in all senses,—in health, spirits, and advantages; and a good prospect for the next. I have shed tears more than once over Mr. Cumberland's *comedy*—I cannot say so much of Mr. Murphy's *tragedy*. I could more easily forgive Colin's overhearing Augusta Aubery's complaints, (which he *may* do without hearing her words) and making the whole discovery, depend upon that, than I can "The Grecian Daughter's" being dead as dish-water after the first act: the usual fault of Mons. Murphy.—I hope the nonsense of the reviewers will not

make Mr. C. be silent; we want writers who think and act like gentlemen for the stage. I wish some pen, as good as his, would draw his old fool of a father* with his w——, and a family and wife whom he lives away from, and who are indecent enough to admit him into their company, and sometimes to dinner.

You will be so kind as to send me "The Beggar's Garland," and "Baucis and Philemon," if you make no use of it, as I would not have them appear in my hand after my or your death. Have you ever lighted on a farce of mine, from Moliere's "Marriage Forcé," called "The Lady her own Champion," which I once read to you and Peggy Woffington at breakfast at her lodgings? I have lost it, and fear it is in my hand-writing.

I see you among the Stewards of the Sons of the Clergy; can you conveniently compliment me with binding out a boy or a girl?

The post will not stay, any more than the tide, at Southampton; so adieu, dear Sir and Madam, with both our compliments. Yours, faithfully,

J. HOADLY.

MR. CLELAND TO MR. GARRICK.

Friday, May 22, 1772.

THERE has been hardly any thing that I had more peremptorily determined with myself, than its being wrong for me to pester you, either personally or by writing. This resolution is not, however, proof against my sensation on reading in this morning's paper your indisposition.

Then it was, that, balancing between a visit and a note, I at length preferred this last:—And why?—you are continually beset with attendants on indispensable business. This is nothing more than in course. But you are besides so infested with Lords, Counts, Marquises, Dukes, &c. that I most readily acquiesce in my *no title* to admission among them, and less yet, preferably to them. There was a time when, never less than upon a line with them, I saw them as familiarly as you *now* do. That time was even, though but on that account, the dullest part of my life. The return of that time has been often offered to me, and constantly declined by me, on my being well assured that ignorance, stupidity, avarice, and meanness are actually even more rife in that rank than ever. Peace be with them, and with those that can endure them!

My ideas being, besides, at once more susceptible of order and clearness upon paper than in the *rantum scantum* of conversation, and leaving you more to your own greatest leisure, this forms another reason for choosing this way of paying you my respects.

I am, Mr. Garrick, but too sensible that, unhappily, there is not in you foundation enough of opinion for one to hope from you the attention requisite for my being of

* Mr. Cumberland's father-in-law. See Hoadly's letter of explanation of 28th May, 1772.

service to you in laying my sentiments before you, especially as they are of a nature to need for their reception the preparation of that so rare superiority to established prejudices. It was, however, in a very sincere spirit of grateful regard for you, that, well aware that counsels were, like ladies' favours, never to be offered, I conquered my repugnance to that impertinence: but the last time I had the honour of seeing you I gave up every vain hope. *After* my observing to you the danger, or rather certain detriment, of those deleterious *lixiviums* which act collaterally, much in the nature of pearl-ashes that cleanse the cloth but damage or destroy its texture: *after* assuring you that there were instances of persons accelerating their *death* by the use of them without always obtaining the end proposed, at least, of mitigation of torture, *your* conclusion was that the fact was against me. May you find it so! I have nothing farther to say than to submit, and leave with you the following question for your own solution and practical inference.

While the attainment of the gentle, gradual, though perhaps *slower* dissolution of the calculous concretions by regimen is, on the strongest grounds of reason, presumable, without any the least danger, must it not be a method of cure incomparably preferable to that of a known poisonous, infernal caustic, of which the mischief, at the long run, is not a whit the less certain for the small quantities in which it may be given, and which owes its proposed efficacy against the ill it is meant to remedy, to its uncontrollable power of collateral damage to your tenderest internals, to your unguarded vitals? Or have you any such horrors to dread from warm sippings, parsley, testaceous, or other fish, stock-fish especially, and above all from the ginseng?

Treat, however, all that I have urged to you on this occasion with what slight or contempt you please. It is not for *myself* that I shall be sorry. You will never be importuned with another syllable upon the subject. *Liberavi animam meam.*

But while I am writing to you, a thought strikes into my head, which is of a nature not to be suppressed. It is this. In the true spirit of the times, you have perhaps, most injuriously to me, imagined that under this officiousness there lurks some design, some by-view, some latent hope of service from you in the character of a manager. If so, in the name of all that justice and honour of which you are capable, disdain so false, so mean a refinement of suspicion. By every thing that is sacred, I have early and long renounced any such idea. Nor did I ever once entertain a spark of resentment against you for your rejection of that luckless play,* in which I had aimed at a medium between the frigidity and flightiness of the sonorous jargon of our modern tragedies, and the ridiculously familiar chit-chat of Fontenelle, which is almost as unnatural, since great dramatic situations require greatness of language. But then buskins are not stilts. Besides, you took care to give me ample revenge. You brought on "Boadicea," "Barbarossa," and how many more, only fit to make an ice-house of a summer theatre, if there was such a thing as taste existing.

There was, however, in the tender of that piece of mine to you, a proof of my

* His tragedy of "Titus Vespasian."—Ed.

esteem, which it is not well possible for you to suspect of falsity, even though that sentiment in me should be as indifferent to you, as I believe it. If you remember, hardly not quite a stranger to you, I applied in the character of a gentleman to whose situation your favour on that occasion would have been probably serviceable. Knowing your genius, I presumed in you the heart that always goes with genius. It was in that confidence that I refused recommendations to you, which, after all, might very well have been of no weight. On your refusal, I did you, however, justice. I reflected that I had not precedently enough considered, that if such a plea as mine was receivable, Hogarth's admirable idea of a ruined prodigal's offering in vain his play to Rich, as a resource, would have been less a jest than a cruelty.

I flatter myself, then, that you do me the justice to believe that in my life I never (except once in not an uncurious unpublished letter to Browne) made use of an expression that so much as squinted at disrespect towards you. Not that I suppose you would have cared a pinch of snuff, if I had; in which you would have been perfectly right.

There was another idea that had mixed with my tender of poor "Vespasian" to you, which I hope you will not think or an affected one, or quite out of character for me. Basely, infamously betrayed, and meanly oppressed by the people of power and rank, in these delectable times, I imagined to myself a pleasure in my owing to untitled genius an ease of situation which I would have reluctantly owed to them.

"Quod non dant proceres, dabit Histrio,"—Juv.

was a favourite chimera of mine till I waked out of my dream. But in how just, how noble, how perfectly Greek a light, I understood the word *Histrio*, may be *proved* to you by the enclosed, which at your leisure, at Hampton, I wish, for a particular reason, you would *re-peruse*, for it runs in my head that I have flung it at yours before.

Now, see what it is to be run away with over a field of white paper by a damned hobby-horse. When I began this note, believe it as you may, I had no more thought of this infinite scribble than of writing a panegyric upon Bute. But the truth is, that the Quixotism of my wish to see redressed the perpetual wrongs offered to *one* of your favourites, the Tragic Muse, and my fond partiality for the *Dulcinea* of my imagination, always play me this villainous trick. Your having, however, been the death of my vain hopes, gives me, at least, some title to your forgiveness of the tremendous length of this address. Think of the feelings of a writer that sees his beloved production doomed to death and oblivion, after being refused even the comfortable chance of damnation. Think of the *different* fate of Pygmalion, when on the point of finishing the statue of Venus, upon his plan of ideal beauty, and grown enamoured of the work of his own hands, he with a gaze of rapture, giving it the last stroke of the chisel, cried out, "Live!" And live it did, for so had Love and Fate ordained.

My best respects ever attend Mrs. Garrick: Adieu!

MR. GARRICK TO MR. CLELAND.

SIR, Sunday Night, May 24th, 1772.

THE addition of a cold, to my natural dislike of writing, prevented my answering your letter immediately. There is something so very kind and unkind in it, that I cannot let it pass without some few observations. Let me say once for all, that I think myself much obliged to you for your sensible reasoning upon my disorder; but I should have thought that I paid you a very ill compliment, and returned your sincerity ungratefully, had I not opened my heart as freely to you: it is my manner of acting with every body, and I imagined I was dealing with you as you would wish, by arguing the matter in an open and friendly manner. Your observation upon my Marquises, Counts, &c., and my *indispensable* business, appears to carry an edge with it;—but if you mean that I pretended business when I had it not, or if you suspect me of being fond of worthless titles, you wrong me; I would no more avoid the company of a man because he was a Marquis, than I would keep him company if he was a fool or a scoundrel. I readily believe that you might have kept what company you please, and in return I expect that you will believe me as little inclined to lose my time, or prostitute my understanding, as Mr. Cleland.*

To return to my disorder. Had you ever felt its pangs, you would not be surprised at my risking any thing to get clear of them. I never had any visible effects from any thing but the *lixivium*. Are not you, Sir, guilty of an ill-founded suspicion at the same time that you desire me to disdain it? I call upon every thing sacred, as you do, to witness for me, that I sincerely believed you wished to be of service to the man, without the least regard to the manager. I am sorry that you thought any protestation necessary, as it implies no great compliment to your humble servant.

I do not think this the unkindest part of your letter: why would you again bring to my mind a transaction in which I have been always sorry to differ from you? If you think that I refused "Vespasian" from any mean consideration, you wrong me and yourself; for your contempt of me would have been as justifiable, as your now "hollaing Mortimer" is unkind. If you believe I judged of "Vespasian" ignorantly, with all my heart; but then ignorance is no crime, and once being called fool should satisfy a thinking man like yourself. I never heard of your letter to Browne, or your slight attack upon me; you had a right to justify your performance against my sentence, which I desire you will think proceeded from an error of the head, and not of the heart. May I be permitted to ask you, if you mean any thing more by the mention of that unlucky business than the mere reminding me of my offences? If you do, I could wish, and must desire to know it. Why do you raise the ghosts of Boadicea and Barbarossa to haunt me? If I had not performed the first, I should have been a very shallow politician; and if I had not received the last, I should have suffered

* The true wisdom, keenness, and manly spirit of this paragraph, show that Garrick, had he been fond of writing, would, as a correspondent, have had few equals, and no superior.—ED.

as a manager, for no tragedy had more success. I thank you for the prologue and epilogue: I cannot recollect having seen them before.

I am, Sir, your most obliged and obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

I have hurt my thumb and cannot write legibly: though I had written this last night, and the moment the defluxion from my eyes and nose would suffer me to write, yet it was too late to send it.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, St. Mary's, May 28th, 1772.

I WRITE immediately, that I may put an end to your good and amiable concern for your friend Cumberland and *his father*. You are not acquainted with our Hampshire connexions, or you would immediately have known, that *father* means *father-in-law*, and that old George Ridge keeps a w—— at Waltham, separates from his wife and family, &c. &c. So let my scandal fall upon the right horse, and the good Cumberlands live in peace and reputation, and go on to divert and improve the world. It is so long since you sent me your epitaph on Hogarth, that I had forgotten what I owed to it and you. I have given it a niche in my temple of immortality, *i. e.* inserted it in vol. 14. You have fully revenged yourself upon me in not saying a word of two admirable performances which you returned me. You might at least have said as much as our friend Hogarth makes Rich say to his rake: *I have read your play, and it will not do.* I hope, after this, you will reverse your decree, and send me all the nonsense you can recollect. After what Mr. Murphy has said, I think your wings more in danger of being singed by the fire of your vanity, than clipped by my satire. Murphy, I suppose, is making amends for former times: in which you used to abuse one another very handsomely; and we agreed, there was not a more sorry fellow. I am obliged to you for your compliments about Baron, (who I did not know was a writer,) and a *girl*. Is there a necessity of its being a *girl*, if you can help me to bind out any honest parson's child? The *Wartons* are the men you love, not the *Waltons*; at least, you could love none that I ever knew of the name.

Brother Tom of Oxford has been with his brother; but they had not the grace to come over to their lame friend at St. Mary's. They break up this day, and you are more like to see them than I; for Joe loves holidays as well as any of his boys. We return our loves sincerely, and take for granted that Madam is well, as you would not be *indifferent* if *she* were so. I write finely with a worsted glove on a swelled hand: more another opportunity. Not that I have any thing particular to say; but I am unwilling to let you go, now I am shaking you by the hand. I am, dear Sir, with our best wishes, Your very affectionate,

J. HOADLY.

We think of Old Alresford at the beginning of the next week for the summer.

MR. W. HILLAS TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Dublin, 10th June, 1772.

A LETTER from a person unknown to you requires some apology; and I hope it will be excused, as it arises from a desire of putting a weak production of mine under your protection, where (if it is found to have merit) I well know justice will be rendered to it. A very early attempt cannot be expected to pass the strict ordeal of criticism; but I flatter myself, some few things may be found, in the piece I speak of, to render the perusal at least supportable. It is the product of some few years ago, which in truth was intended to have remained in oblivion, had it not by chance fallen into the hands of a literary friend, in compliance with whose advice I am prevailed upon to submit it for representation; but whatever my wishes may now be, I cannot attempt to give you any trouble without your previous permission, as I am well convinced, should it even in general meet your approbation, it will still require your judicious hand to prune the superfluous branches of a young imagination, before it can have any prospect of coming to maturity in a British soil.

I have been solicited to bring out this comedy here: if it meets your approbation, it will be more likely to succeed under a perfect representation, which is not at present to be expected on the Irish stage; if you disapprove of it, I have too good an opinion of your judgment, and too poor a one of my own abilities, to suppose it would succeed anywhere.

While the Comic Muse has ranged almost the whole extravagancies of character at home, and boldly winged her flight even to the extremities of the empire, I doubt if a genuine South Briton has not escaped her observation: a contrast occurs from this idea, and a comparison from a century ago with the present age, presents itself. This island, too, has furnished some characters, which have been lately drawn with spirit and abilities; but it appears to me that some still remain untouched, which, however weakly they may be executed, claim that great advantage of being original. These subjects judiciously disposed, and elegantly expressed by a Cumberland, would probably afford matter sufficient to feed our utmost avidity in a comedy; but attempted by very slender abilities, require some auxiliaries to support them, and an attentive research for other objects, that, by presenting a group, the figures may escape that nice observation which they would receive if singly disposed. Upon these principles I have proceeded, and hope my mentioning so much of the scheme will not be thought unnecesary.

Mr. Garrick must blame himself for the trouble he receives on these occasions; the assistance he has so liberally afforded to native attempts, induces even the remote to have recourse to him: if you therefore allow me, the piece shall be very speedily delivered to you, and if it shall merit your attention, I hope an opportunity in some part of the ensuing season will be found for it. I could have had the piece presented to you by some gentlemen who have the pleasure of being known to you, but I pre-

fer this method, in order to prevent any unnecessary trouble to either you or them; a trouble which I am really doubtful whether the piece has merit to authorize. You will readily conceive my reasons for hoping for the favour of your answer as soon as is convenient to you; and therefore I hope you will excuse the request.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WYNNE HILLAS.*

Be so good as to address to my house at Broad-stone, Dublin.

Endorsed,

"Letter from Ireland, about a comedy, July 3, 1772." Answered.

MR. GAINSBOROUGH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bath, June 22, 1772.

I ASK pardon for having kept your picture so long from Mrs. Garrick. It has indeed been of great service in keeping me going; but my chief reason for detaining it so long was the hopes of getting one copy *like* to hang in my own parlour, not as a show picture, but for my own enjoyment, to look when I please at a great man, who has thought me worthy of some little notice;—but not one copy can I make which does not as much resemble Mr. Garrick's brother as himself; so I have bestowed a drop of excellent varnish to keep you out, instead of a falling tear at parting, and have only to beg of dear Mrs. Garrick to hang it in the best light she can find out, and to continue puffing for me in the manner Mr. —— informs me she does.

That you may long continue to delight and surprise the world with your original face, whilst I hobble after with my copy, is the sincere wish of, dear Sir,

Your most unaccountable and obedient servant,

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

P. S. The picture is to go to London by the Wiltshire fly-waggon on Wednesday next; and I believe will arrive by Saturday morning.†

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF TO MR. GARRICK.

MONSIEUR, St. Malo, Juin 24, 1772.

SI votre cœur a conservé jusqu'à present la moindre trace de cette prevention que vous avez autrefois avoué pour un homme qui est aujourd'hui le plus malheureux

* This gentleman was, I suppose, properly discouraged by Mr. Garrick, for his name does not enlarge the list of dramatic writers.—ED.

† This portrait is a front view of Garrick in laced clothes, with a book in the right hand. It is more genteel than Sir Joshua's—I mean than that great painter's front view of him. Gainsborough's, though extremely like, gives what is a common fault, the impression of a larger figure than that of the sitter. How either painter could be reconciled to the abominable *wigs* of the time, saddling the forehead in the most expressive part of it, they have not condescended to inform us.—ED.

qui soit sur la terre ; je vous supplie de me le faire connoître par trois ou quatre mots addressés pour M. Burrows, chez M. Vagries fils, Libraire, au coté du Cathedral, à Saint Malo, Bretagne, France.

Pénétré avec un chagrin le plus amer qui peut blesser le cœur, soyez persuadé, Monsieur, que je n'ai rien de demander de votre bonté que la seule licence de vous écrire plus au longue ; si vous n'êtes pas dans le sentiment de me permettre, imaginez que cette lettre vient d'un mort au vivant ; jettez-la dans le feu, et n'en pensez plus. Je n'ai pas la moindre doute, Monsieur, que mon chagrin me portera au tombeau, mais par un chemin peut-être plus long que je ne le souhaiterai, et cette pensée est une grande augmentation de mes peines. Ayant perdu mes amis, mes espérances, tombé, exilé, et livré au desespoir comme je suis, la vie est un fardeau presque insupportable : j'étois loin de soupçonner, que la dernière fois que j'entrois dans votre libraire, serait la dernière fois que j'y entrerais de ma vie, et que je ne reverrais plus le maitre ! Mais celle-ci est une réflexion que je fais le moins souvent que m'est possible.

Je vous supplie, Monsr. de ne dire à personne, que je vous ai écrit, et sur tout de garder silence sur la place de ma retraite, qui est une chose pour moi de la plus grande consequence. Comme je vous ai dit déjà, si vous ne me ferai pas la consolation d'une lettre, brûlez celle-ci, et restez comme si elle n'avoit jamais tombée entré vos mains ; si, au contraire, votre compassion pour un misérable l'emporte, personne ne *saura* que vous avez eu tant de bonté pour lui. Dieu vous garde, mon très cher, et très honoré Monsieur, et comble vous et le votre avec toute la felicité du monde, s'il y vous reste de demander encore. Je voudrais dire beaucoup plus, mais je ne sais pas quoi ; je crains fort, que vous aurez de peine d'expliquer mon mauvais François.*

Endorsed,
" From that poor wretch Bickerstaff.
I could not answer it."

* I persuade myself to give this letter for several reasons. In the first place the writer had a name among us, which he lost, and I fear deserved to lose. The stage is indebted to him for a series of very pure and pleasing productions : " Love in a Village," " The Maid of the Mill," " Lionel and Clarissa," " The Padlock," &c. ; and, under Mr. Garrick's directions, he altered several plays as revivals, and was of real importance to the stage. The reader of this correspondence will find Bickerstaff entertaining at his *own house*, at one time, Dr. Johnson, Arthur Murphy, Samuel Foote, David Garrick, and others, with whom he was permitted to associate upon equal terms, admired and respected. A few pages only are turned over, and we see the same man become a " *poor wretch*," whose miserable letter a very kind heart indeed " *could not*" bring itself to " *answer*," and giving the following description of his degradation. " I have not the smallest doubt that my chagrin will conduct me to my grave ; but by a road of greater length than I could wish it, and this thought adds to my afflictions. Having lost my friends, my hopes ; fallen, banished, devoted to despair as I am, life is a load almost insupportable ! I was far from suspecting that the last time I entered your library, would be the last visit I should ever pay it, and that I had seen its master also for the last time in my life." Surely, surely, such reflections cannot be too widely spread ; and in our abhorrence of the offence we should at least insist strongly upon its agonies, if they can at all contribute to its prevention.—Ed.

MR. GARRICK TO SIR JOHN FIELDING.

DEAR SIR, Hampton, June 28th, 1772.

IF I were sure you would not laugh, I should be very angry with you. What can you possibly mean by telling my brother that you are surprised *at my countenancing Torrè in an illegal act?* Are you really serious, or, what I like much better, joking with me? You cannot sure be misled by newspaper intelligence. The affair between me and Torrè stands thus:—A friend of mine at Paris, from whom I had received in my illness there many favours, recommended Torrè to me, as a great genius in his way, one greatly oppressed, and as worthy as he was ingenious. His story in short is this:—he had obtained a patent for exhibiting his fire-works upon the Boulevards, where he got great profit and reputation: another patent was obtained by some favourite of the favourite of one of the French Ministers, to open a place built at a great expense, called the Colliseum; at the same time they most unjustly stopped Torrè, in hopes that he would exert his genius to support the Colliseum, which without his assistance must fail. The man was so hurt at this act of oppression, that he was resolved not to submit to their tyranny. At this time, the friend before-mentioned recommended him to me, and I to the managers of Ranelagh: they had him over, but could not agree upon terms; upon which, according to promise, they paid him his expenses of coming over, and there finished my commission.

He then engaged himself with Mr. Arnold; but before he signed, I was desired to attend, to see if they well understood each other: this I did, and their agreement was made. His licence from the Office of Ordnance, which I am told is never refused to licensed places of entertainment, and was obtained for the same place before, I got for him:—this is the plain fact; and how they can accuse me of *countenancing Torrè in an illegal act*, by being merely civil and friendly to an ingenious, worthy stranger, recommended to me by one who had been particularly civil and friendly to me, I shall leave to your own judgment. I have consulted no lawyer for him, nor applied to any magistrate, nor have I conversed with any upon the subject but yourself; so, my good friend, pray explain yourself to me. I wish Torrè well, for he has great worth, spirit and genius, in his way. But I would not countenance my *brother* in an illegal act. I honour the laws of my country, and no man, I trust, less offends them than, Dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

My best compliments to your lady.

This scrawl has been written in such a hurry, that I have been obliged to teach Becket, the bearer, to read it, and who will be the interpreter between us.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Goodwood, July 8th, 1772.

I CONFESS I am by no means satisfied with your letter. You say you will call here in your return from the Isle of Wight, but do not say when that will be: and you talk of taking your chance of finding us here, as if it was a matter of indifference to us whether we saw you or not. As this is by no means the case, I must once more trouble you to beg you will say about what time it will be, that you think you shall return from the Isle of Wight.

I beg you would present my best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and believe me, Sir, Your most obedient and very sincere humble servant,

RICHMOND, &c.

LORD HYDE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, The Grove,* July 11th, 1772.

YOU do justice to my esteem by transmitting the enclosed. I wish by my answer I could give as much satisfaction as I receive from your confidence; but the office desired is mentally engaged to one who has previously earned it: was not that the case, I should have endeavoured to have made you fetch it; but I have now no bait to put to an invitation but love of merit, and a strong desire for opportunities to show the just consideration with which I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

HYDE.

Endorsed,
"A letter from Lord Hyde July the 14th, and answer within of the 16th."

MR. GARRICK TO COL. DOW.

DEAR SIR, Wednesday, July 15, 1772.

A HUNDRED people are come in upon me, and prevent my going out. I have read and considered your tragedy twice over at Hampton. As I flatter myself that you are convinced of my sincerity, whatever you may think of my judgment, I shall freely declare that I differ greatly with our friends about "Sethona." I should be glad to meet Mr. Macpherson and Mr. Cumberland, and read over with them the third, fourth, and fifth acts, that they may convince me of my mistakes, or give way to my objections.

* The Grove, near Watford in Hertfordshire, a beautiful seat of the Earl of Clarendon.—ED.

As I think we cannot show our friendship to you more than by such a consultation, I don't care how soon and what pains I take in such a cause.

I am, dear Sir, yours, most truly,

D. GARRICK.

I shall keep the tragedy till I know your determination.

Endorsed,
" A letter to Col. Dow, July 15, 1772,
about a tragedy."

COL. DOW TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, July 16, 1772.

IF you think that with slight alterations " Sethona" may be brought on,* I beg it may be done, as the business, contrary to my inclination, has taken air: if you think otherwise, I desire it may be returned by the bearer. I would not have presented it to you, had it not previously obtained the favourable opinion of two gentlemen, whose judgment in literary matters ought to have weight with the world as well as with, dear Sir,

Your very humble servant,

ALEX. DOW.

MR. J. MOODY TO MR. GEORGE GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sunday, July 26, 1772.

I HAVE to ask your pardon that I did not answer yours yesterday; but I was at Bath, it being a vacant day. Mrs. Hartley is a good figure, with a handsome small face, and very much freckled; her hair red, and her neck and shoulders well-turned. There is not the least harmony in her voice; but when forced (which she never fails to do on every occasion) is loud and strong, but such an inarticulate gabble, that you must be well acquainted with her part to understand her. She is ignorant and stubborn: the latter might be got the better of at Drury-lane, and the former mended; but I despair of either at Covent-garden, where she is engaged: notwithstanding, there is a superficial glare about her that may carry her through a few nights; but, be assured, she cannot last long. She has a husband, a precious fool, that she heartily despises. She talks lusciously, and has a slovenly good-nature about her that renders her prodigiously vulgar. She is to *out-Jane-Shore* all that ever went before her: in that they intend to launch her; but all the last act is a perfect model of Mrs. Kennedy's *Mrs. Honeycomb*. Let me add, she has carefully collected all Mrs.

* Two years after this Garrick yielded to importunity and brought out "Sethona" against his own judgment. The author's countrymen, agreeably to *orders*, supported him warmly; but the treasury of the theatre, seeing little but paper currency at night, soon consigned the *Ossian*-like sublimity of its scenes to oblivion.—ED.

Yates's deformities. This, Sir, is my real opinion of her, and yet I wish we had her; because I am sure she would do that for Mr. Garrick that no other man in the world will ever get her to think of, she is so stubborn.

Indeed, Sir, it wounds me to the heart to think that that execrable fiend K——* should have power to disturb the tranquillity of my most honoured *friend*; and yet, when I think of the horrid attack, I cannot blame him. I hope the law will have sufficient power to punish him as he really deserves, and make him an example for the tribe of scoundrels of his stamp. I hope to God he does not suffer this injury a place in his mind, but lets it go to hell from whence it came. May God Almighty give him health and peace of mind! Amen.

Dear Sir, I am at a loss how to thank you as I ought for your kind enquiries after my health. I am very well, and shall be proud of any occasion that brings the like account of you and your whole family; and if I can be of any service here, pray lay your commands, without reserve, on, Sir,

Your humblest servant,

J. MOODY.†

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, July 29, 1772.

THE many proofs I have had of your friendship and good wishes prevent my making an apology for giving you some account of my present situation, and for requesting that you will say as much as your partiality can dictate of me to my Lord Harcourt, or to any of your friends, should they happen to be in his Lordship's confidence. When his Lordship's having accepted the government of Ireland was made public, I requested the honour of my Lord Townshend's recommendation to have me continued Master of the Horse, but delicacy to his successor prevented his Excellency from doing it; yet I have the satisfaction to think he wishes me well, as he declined doing me this favour in such a manner as left me no room to be discontented, and he is so good to intend settling a seat for me in Parliament before he leaves the Government. To some absent friends I have applied for their good offices, but I can form no conjecture of the event on better grounds than expectation, which is always fallible: thus much, however, is certain, that your expressing any favourable sentiments of me, should it not contribute to my success, will be a very flattering proof of my deserving it, and a salve for the disappointment.

* Kenrick. Alludes to an infamous poem called "Lamentations for the loss of his Nyky;" the poor wretch whose letter we have just read.

† This letter was from that admirable actor Mr. John Moody, whose first appearance at Drury-lane theatre was in the beginning of 1759, and who died, much respected and full of years, in 1813, aged eighty-five. His Irishmen were very fine performances; they had, however, a *solid importance* in their blunders, almost as amusing as the *exhilarating hurry* of Johnstone.—ED.

It gave Mrs. Jephson and me great concern to find by a paragraph in one of the London papers that you were obliged to resort to the law against a libeller. I suppose there was some very infamous provocation; but we know no more than the title of the paper which occasioned the prosecution; and we conjecture from that title that there is some abominable calumny at the bottom of it.

The papers which I enclose from our Government press will, I hope, serve for half an hour's amusement, when you have leisure to peruse them. Except the abstract of Sir E—d N—m's sentiments in the paper on the Finlander's Herb, and the Imitation of *Quem Virum*, (which you will find at the end of the letters signed Mercator,) they are all the production of Mr. Courtney's fertile imagination. As I know your caution on points of this nature, he gives me leave to mention his name to you. He is the same gentleman whom I mentioned to you in a former letter. If chance should make you both personally acquainted, I am certain you will thank me for any predisposition you may conceive in his favour, from my very high opinion of him. He has genius, learning, and honour—three things which, if they do not make a man's fortune, must make him respectable, especially to one who, like your humble servant, has known so many instances of his possessing them all in a very uncommon degree. Lord Townshend has lately given him an office of about 300*l.* a year, which his services in the cause of Goverment have well deserved; and I am certain that a person of his Excellency's discernment must think with regret on some Court favours of greater magnitude which political necessity has obliged him to confer on dunces. You will see in the letters signed Mercator a very satisfactory account of the late tumults in the Northern parts of Ireland.

Your constant friend the P. Serjeant* has gained immortal honours by the exertion of his great talents in the Valencia cause,† which was determined by the Lords here contrary to the judgment of the Lords of England. Next to *yourself*, he has the greatest dominion over the passions of his auditors of any public speaker I ever heard. That complicated cause was w rthy of his great powers, and the best judges agree that his masterly comprehension of the subject, and the solidity of his legal

* John Hely Hutchinson.

† This cause the reader will remember as one of the most singular, on many accounts, that ever occupied the highest tribunal in these kingdoms. It was, in a word, whether the late Lord Viscount Valentia in Ireland, and Earl of Anglesey in England, was married to Juliana Donovan on the 15th of September, 1741? The English House of Peers, on some suspicion that there was a forgery in the marriage certificate, disallowed the claim of the present Lord, as heir of that marriage. The Irish House, after a patient investigation of *one and twenty* successive days, pronounced the marriage valid and the claim incontestable. The singularities were, that the English House should pronounce against *parole* evidence direct, positive, natural and usual; and lean to mere *suspicion*, and a doubtful testimony as to the hand-writing of subscribing witnesses—this, too, in opposition to Lord Mansfield's opinion; and that Elizabeth Elton, alias Smalley, a shoemaker's wife, should swear before the Lords of England, that she *knew* the signatures in question, and in Ireland that she did *not* know them; and, to maintain her credit in her inconsistency, swear also, that the certificate shown to her in the two kingdoms was not the *same*. The rival tribunals retained their respective opinions.—Ed.

arguments, were equal to those parts of his pleading for the excellence of which the heart only is appealed to.

My wife always thinks of you and Mrs. Garrick with sincere friendship; she is by my side, and desires with mine her kindest compliments to you both: her health has been sometimes indifferent, but her worst complaints, a cough and the rheumatism, are, thank God, much better. As to myself, I have had fevers without number, but her kind care, and the skill of her excellent brother Doctor Barry, have set me on my legs. If I can persevere in a course of temperance, I do not despair of possessing the greatest blessing in this life—*mens sana in corpore sano*. I wish you all happiness, and am sincerely,

My dear Sir, your most obliged and faithful servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

MR. STANLEY TO MR. GARRICK.

Paulton's, Aug. 6th, 1772.

MR. STANLEY presents his compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick: he comes over to the Isle of Wight on Saturday, and should be very much concerned if they left that country without his having the pleasure of seeing them at Steeple. He shall be much obliged to them if they will favour him with their company at dinner, any day they choose to appoint; and he has beds at their service if they will pass the night there. Mr. Stanley will order them a yacht, if it is agreeable to them, to make any excursions upon the water.

Endorsed,

" Mr. Stanley, Governor of the Isle of Wight."

MR. J. WALLIS TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Norfolk-street, Aug. 22nd, 1772.

HAVING communicated to Mr. and Mrs. Barry the conversation of the other morning respecting their engagements, and of your offer of an additional 100*l.*; they desire you may be informed of their great obligation to you for so genteel a proposal, the more so as it is contrary to Mr. Lacy's absolute determination.

Mrs. Barry desires me to assure you, that nothing is so disagreeable to her as the finding her own clothes for the stage, and nothing more certain than, by doing so, her salary is 200*l.* less than Mrs. Cibber's was. Yet to convince you how unwilling she is to change her situation, and for the sake of making early preparations for the good of the ensuing season, she agrees to your proposal, and is desirous of entering upon business immediately, that no time may be lost.

Mr. Barry assures me, that (though he was desired by Mr. G. G. to lose no opportunity of engaging elsewhere, as it was determined to make no alteration in the articles) he has made no application to the gentlemen of the other house, directly or indirectly, knowing it would be to no purpose till Mrs. Yates was engaged at Drury-lane, which he had heard was in agitation. Thus much he thought necessary, in answer to what I told him had been mentioned to you.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

J. WALLIS.

There is a secret article to be settled by you and me.

Endorsed,
"My friend Wallis about the Barrys."

MR. T. FITZMAURICE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Isle of Wight, Aug. 22nd, 1772.

IT gave us great pleasure to hear of your safe and timely arrival among your own household gods, who I hope will protect you, without the aid of art, from all farther attacks of that shocking fiend who plagued you and us here. In consequence of my having mentioned your sufferings in a letter to my mother, she sent me the enclosed recipe for you, which I received a day or two after we parted; you are to do as you think proper, but I should not do her justice were I to omit forwarding it to you.

Our Queen's Health was our first, and a bumper toast, every day after dinner, during the solitary remainder of the last week; nor has better health to your Majesty ever been forgotten. Mr. Barwell insists upon it that Mr. Hewson in the prayers last Sunday, at Shanklin, when he came to "Our Gracious Queen Charlotte," laid a strong emphasis upon her Majesty's name, the better to prevent his friends making any mistake as to the Queen whom we were required to pray for. I hope the band-box has arrived safe and unscrutinised, either by public or private hands. I directed it myself, giving very particular directions concerning it, and believe it to have set out from Portsmouth last Thursday se'nnight.

Mr. Barwell and I went to Shanklin on Friday, where we stayed till Wednesday; and on Thursday, here at Knighton, I had the pleasure of giving the Admiral and his commanding officer, Captain Urry, with some others, a turtle for dinner, when we, that is the Admiral, Secretary, and self, were as jolly as our reflections upon the loss of a much more agreeable party would suffer us to be. At Shanklin, Mr. Barwell and I enjoyed our solitude exceedingly, though he, as you may believe, was now and then inclined to temper his solitude by a little gallantry in the afternoon with the young ladies belonging to the farm; whilst I, more savage like, was prowling among my ancient haunts upon the beach. He read and walked in the mornings; I wrote letters, and bathed. These recreations we hope again to resume

for two or three days more; a longer time we shall not be able to afford; for by consulting the almanack I find our decampment must be on Monday fortnight, the seventh, from hence: the day of the Mayor's election, which is to be the last, if possible, of my stay at Wycomb, being the 24th September, previous to which, some days must be allotted to my duties at Twick'nam, when and where I hope to have some laughing with you and the Countess Dow——r. I told her that you and Mrs. G. intended calling upon her; but now *you* will think yourself, I hope, under a necessity of going, if it be only to thank her for this prescription.

Your story about the cook at Midhurst entertained us very much, so that we shall not fail to ask for her own edition of it, if on our return we should pass that way. The Doctor was ingenious and positive enough to lie at Guildford instead of Godalming, where I have the satisfaction to find be met with the exact treatment he deserved, and complains of it almost as much as I could wish.

I have received a letter from our friend the Abbé, who astonishes me by saying that he had not seen you; however, I understand he means to be at Hampton the beginning of September, after his return from the North, whither he is accompanying my brother, on his road to Ireland. I send you his letter, chiefly for Mrs. Garrick's perusal; that if you and she on consultation should think it requisite, there may be no time lost in having his four *pendules* (separated from those which are come from Derby, and which are now lying in Pall Mall) packed up and forwarded to Linsley, his bookseller in the Strand. All the troublesome part of which commission I should imagine Becket might best execute, if Mrs. Garrick would only have the goodness to see the separation made, and to give directions about the safe passage of those which are to go to France, the manner of doing which may possibly be best learned from attending to that in which Mr. Whitehurst has forwarded the whole. Will her Majesty, (for such, when by ourselves, we still call her) have the goodness to excuse my impertinence in troubling her with the execution of such a commission? and will you pardon my prolixity in saying how it is to be executed? It was at my tongue's end to say, that I do all this with the less scruple, since the object is to serve the Abbé more than myself—but my vanity will not suffer me.

I liked the appearance of the housekeeper we saw at Hampstead: the place being to be let, possibly she may be to be let too. I think of writing to Smith upon the subject, and to desire him to procure her for me. Am I right?

The affair which I mentioned to you the night before we parted *is* to take place, at the desire of and upon the handsomest and most sensible grounds stated by the lady herself. So the settlement of it will be put into the channel, which you thought along with me, to be the best, and which I am very happy to find she approves of too. I hope if any thing occurs to you upon this subject, you will mention it to me; when we meet, I will talk to you upon it more fully.

A thousand thanks to you and Mrs. G. for the compliments you pay to Knighton and its tenant; had you and he had fewer complaints, the place and he had possibly better deserved them. The Admiral and Mr. Barwell are now at my elbow, and

would not forgive me if I omitted expressing the sense they entertain of your kind remembrance of them, begging that their respectful homage may be made to the Queen, and their acknowledgments as acceptable as possible to your Majesty.

Forgive the length of this letter, which I have not been able to curtail, though the phæton has been waiting this hour to carry us to make some morning visits among the natives, as I am to leave them so soon.

Together with the compliments which you are to pay in the name of the above gentlemen, you must not forget to add, in the most distinguished manner, those of

My dear Sir, your ever faithful and affectionate

THOS. FITZMAURICE.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Camden Place, Sept. 2, 1772.

I UNDERSTAND from my daughters that you and Mrs. Garrick are returned from the Isle of Wight, and have not forgot your promise to favour us with a day at Camden Place. The beds are aired; the family are in good health and excellent spirits, and long most impatiently to see you both. Any day after next Sunday will be convenient to us, and a line sent any night to this place will give us notice by seven o'clock the next morning. If you give us a day extraordinary, you will have an opportunity of bringing me and Dr. Hawkesworth together. My lady and her children desire to add their compliments to mine, with their best wishes to yourself and Mrs. Garrick.

From your most obedient faithful servant,

CAMDEN.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sept. 1772.

IT is not easy to express how much we are mortified and disappointed by the receipt of your letter this morning; and, as it is usual to inveigh against all the causes of our misfortunes, you may be sure this impertinent Abbé has not escaped our censure: nay, we abused all the French nation, and wished for a moment that you yourself had been a little more churlish; condemning your hospitality at the very time we were inviting you to taste *ours*. The guitar, the harpsichord, and the *viol de gamba*, are all new strung and tuned, and my boy was prepared to greet you with an excellent copy of humorous verses, which you shall now never see. The girls will break their instruments, and sing nothing but psalms for the next month. Will this unseasonable Frenchman keep you confined the whole week?

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, does he hang upon you all these days? I am the more anxious to see you now, because I am myself engaged to make a visit or two next Saturday, and you threaten to lock up yourself shortly in

the theatre, where none of your friends can see you gratis, nor even for money, without Johnson's leave.

Mrs. Garrick is more generous, and therefore I must apply to her to exert a little of her matrimonial authority, to bring you here bare-faced, before you put on your winter's mask. I remain however, till I receive your answer,

Yours very sincerely and affectionately,

CAMDEN.*

The ladies, angry as they are, desire with myself to send their compliments to you, but more particularly to your lady.

Our post comes every day.

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, Sept. 3, 1772.

I THINK myself very happy in the favourable sentiments you are so good to express of me in your last letter, and hope it will give you pleasure to hear that I am to continue in my office of Master of Horse to the successor of my Lord Lieutenant.

Some misinformation in regard to my circumstances since my being in Ireland has, I imagine, occasioned your expressing a disappointment at my not having taken notice of your demand on me of so many years' standing. My principal reason for this omission was my never having been better enabled to cancel it, than at the time you so generously returned my offered bond, when I waited on you in Southampton-street on that subject: yet I have never forgot the manner in which I became subject to it, and other subsequent particulars redounding so much to our mutual satisfaction, and to your credit; and I have often mentioned the whole of your conduct and my own in this affair, to persons in whose opinion I imagined you could lose no esteem by your disinterested and generous friendship to me. I will not trouble you with all the particulars of my situation at present, but hope you will pardon me for assuring you that my income is not better than at my coming to Ireland five years ago, and that I have been obliged to incur many new and heavy debts by my station at the Castle, attended as it has been with unavoidable expenses much beyond the narrow means allowed to furnish them.

Whenever I am able to cancel this great obligation to you, I shall have a pride and pleasure in doing it, and I regret sincerely that the prospect is so remote and uncertain, as I wish to keep alive in your breast the same kind sentiments which I always considered as a most flattering mark of distinction.

My wife desires her kindest compliments to you and Mrs. Garrick, and

I am, dear Sir, your much obliged and affectionate humble servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

* The reader who remembers Camden in the contentious scenes of party politics, will be gratified in these displays of his private character, "fertile alike in every great and amiable quality."—ED.

MR. BURKE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Beconsfield, Sept. 5th, 1772.

As I know with what particular pleasure you receive a new dramatic performance of merit, I send you two of them, "The Female Gamester," and "The Siege of Tamor." You are no stranger to the abilities and reputation of the author, and it will be an abundant recommendation of these pieces to your very serious attention to inform you, that they were written by Mr. George Howard,* of Dublin. This gentleman, after having practised the law with success and eminence for several years, in the decline of his life, but in the full vigour of his genius, has devoted himself to a more pleasing, but not quite so lucrative a pursuit. Indeed to him, in this instance, it is likely to be of but little private emolument; for he has authorized me to tell you, that he consents to give up his share of the profits to be disposed to any charity you think proper. I would thus early take the liberty of suggesting to you, that although Mr. Howard leaves this matter, in the handsomest way, to your own discretion, it is in some sort equitable to let Ireland have the preference, and it would be handsome upon your side to appropriate the benefits, of one night at least, to Swift's Hospital in Dublin; that such an useful charity, hitherto not endowed in a manner suitable to the demands upon it, may owe its chief support to the successive liberality of men of genius; and the rather, as Mr. Howard is a great admirer of Dr. Swift, and in his youth had the pleasure of knowing him: excuse the liberty I take in giving this hint. Your own good sense, coinciding with Mr. Howard's generosity, will, I dare say, induce you to make the best use of the powers he has put into your hands. Your absence on your Sussex and Hampshire tour have prevented me from giving you the pleasure of the perusal of these pieces, of equal merit, though in different styles, some days sooner. I trust I shall have the satisfaction of seeing the British stage decorated from Ireland with two pieces of such an uncommon spirit, in the approaching winter. It will be some gratification to my pride to see the successful exhibition of the performances of a person who honours me with his friendship. I am, with the greatest sincerity and regard, with mine and Mrs. Burke's best compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

Dear Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

Endorsed,
"An ironical letter of Burke's."

* Mr. Burke was mistaken. His friend's names were really "Georges Edmond Howard," special pleader and dramatic poet, author of profound essays on the law and chancery courts, a man of amazing industry and eccentricity, who, though his floors were a warehouse to his unsold books, and his plays the sad burthen of a merry song, contrived in spite of Burke's waggery and Garrick's obduracy, to leave a splendid fortune behind him, from which I hope the Dublin charities derived more available help, than from the two plays here recommended.—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO LORD CAMDEN.

MY LORD, September 7th, 1772.

ROBERT TURBOT, well known at the theatre by the name of Bob Turbot, was a great glutton; the wits of the green-room would entertain themselves with giving a most luxurious account of imaginary dinners they had eaten, to make Robert smack his lips. Why am I tantalized with the young ladies' harpsicord, guitar, *viol de gamba*, &c. &c. &c.? I know the feast to be real and exquisite, and Robert Turbot had not half my longings. I am in a French prison all this week, but when your Lordship is desirous to rest your understanding, the theatre shall be open. We will most certainly make holiday, and repair to the place where I am so happy and so much honoured. I am your Lordship's most devoted,

D. GARRICK.

Mrs. Garrick begs that her respects may be presented with mine to Lady Camden, your Lordship, and the Miss Pratts.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. BARRY.

DEAR SIR, September 8th, 1772.

YOU must imagine how happy Mrs. Barry's and your opinion upon the *farce** made the author. I really think with you that it bids fair for great success, especially as the *heroine of all heroines* has taken so kindly to it: but, my dear Sir, have you well considered "Sethona?" I hope not, and that you will change your opinion upon a second perusal. Sure the character of "Sethona" is a fine one, and the madness must have an effect upon the stage. The author is a most gallant, worthy, noble-minded man, and I understand by him that Dr. Elliott assured him you would perform in it. Pray think a little more of this matter, and read the play attentively, and then let me have your well-digested opinion in writing, or otherwise, that I may consult with the author. I am most truly yours,

D. GARRICK.

Pray my compliments to Mrs. Barry. Our conversation upon the tragedy ha spoiled my night's rest.

Endorsed,

"Letter to Barry about Dow's letter."

* The "Irish Widow," written by Garrick to show off the comic talents of that astonishing creature, Mrs. Barry.—ED.

MR. T. FITZMAURICE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY VERY DEAR SIR, High Wycombe, Sept. 23, 1773.

AT the very moment when I was taking my pen to acquaint you with our intended motions, I am honoured with your obliging packet, the correspondence contained in which calls for my heartiest thanks, and lays me under the strongest obligations to your better part, to whom be pleased to present the enclosed in acknowledgment of her goodness and in full answer to her commands.

The Doctor and myself are both (I thank God, and not without reason) in perfect health and in good *natural* spirits, notwithstanding the great expense we are at of artificial ones: *these* have been dispensed every afternoon in much greater profusion than has been always desirable. The worst of my situation has been the being tied by the leg all the mornings, which agrees but ill with free-living the remainder of the day. I have got to bed, however, hitherto at eleven, which makes very considerable amends. In the riot of Monday, when all the Corporation dined here, my hat was bereaved clandestinely of its proud ornament, the golden band: that band which has so often dazzled your invidious eye, may by this time possibly be reduced to an insignificant atom of solid drop, commonly called gold. The circumstance has alarmed our friend the Doctor not a little, who trembles every moment for the loss of his new button and loop, which was bought in express compliment to the Mayor's election. Many have been the ways thought of for its preservation to-morrow amidst the confusion and uproar that an assembly of two or three hundred people at dinner in the town-hall occasion; but no one seems to merit approbation so much as that of the Doctor's sitting with it between his legs.

A thousand, *thousand* thanks to you for your very kind endeavours of sending us away in good humour by performing yourself on Saturday. Do not, however, let my impertinence seduce you for a moment, even in thought, to do what may carry with it the least degree of inconvenience, or the least appearance of impropriety. Were my pleasure ever so much at stake, be assured it should be made a cheerful sacrifice of in such a case: however, if the thing should be, I *must* get a *box* for my mother, if I am obliged to go down upon my knees to Johnson for it.

On Friday we shall make our escape from hence and shall return to town, where my good Doctor promises to stick by me till the very last moment. I shall expect to find the Admiral on my arrival in Pall-mall, where I hope to get by four o'clock, after kissing both the hand and lips of my dowager.

The Doctor and I will certainly call without loss of time at the Adelphi, there to pay our homage and receive commands upon our way to dinner, which seems to be fixed at the London Tavern.

It is a pleasure to me now, and at all times, to subscribe myself, my dear Sir, for ever and ever, Most affectionately yours, &c.

THOMAS FITZMAURICE.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Camden-place, Sept. 27, 1772.

WE are all again re-assembled at this place, and I take the first opportunity of reminding you of your promise to spend a day here. I do not know whether you have as yet been long enough engaged in business to relish a holiday, but I used to be sick of it in three days.

My girls go into Bedfordshire upon a visit the 7th of next month, and therefore I hope you will find a day before that time. Change the scene and become a private man for twenty-four hours, and we will return the visit at Drury-lane. The family here join with me in compliments to Mrs. Garrick and yourself.

From your most obedient faithful servant,

CAMDEN.

MR. D. W——S TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Oct. 2nd, 1772.

THE following letter will convince you of my friendship. I am so circumstanced that I cannot appear, though it is in this case to do good. Among the many attacks which have been made lately on your character, none has so great effects as a letter to you printed for Bladon. It is elegantly wrote, and the criticisms are plausible where they are not just. It is well spoken of by most people who read it; and to do you irreparable mischief, it only wants to be generally known. I believe it is wrote by a young man, who is making himself known as a first-rate genius. My suspicion is grounded on the great intimacy between such a person and Mossop; and his declaring lately, where I was, that he had seen you in all your characters, but hoped to revise you in the winter; that he was sorry to think you a thorough bad man, and that he thought it the business of every one to prevent your debauching the public taste and manners. There were then the highest compliments paid to him, and the letter to G. mentioned with the highest applause, apparently as his. Since, I have read the letter, and thrown myself in the gentleman's way; and I am more and more convinced that he is the author; and that he intends to pursue his blow. I really think you have been to blame. But you will fall into unmerciful hands; and I who know your merits as well as your faults, would wish you would take some method to undeceive this young man. His ears are always filled with accounts of your villainy. His name is Williams; he is intimate at Captain Pye's. Goldsmith knows him, and I have seen him go into Johnson's, but perhaps it was for music. Rice, the instructor of English, was with him last night in the front box of Drury-lane; and they seemed very intimate.

You may think I have some interest in this matter besides serving you. If I

have, it is from a regard to the young man. He might be better employed, and his, humanity better directed. I am persuaded he acts from the best principles, and I have great obligations to him. If you show this letter, you will repent it. If you act according to it, you will do wisely; and prevent a great deal of mischief to yourself, as well as vexation to your Well-wisher and admirer,

D. W——s.*

MR. THOMAS LINLEY TO MR GARRICK.

SIR, Bath, Oct. 12th, 1772.

I SHOULD have answered your letter sooner, but the unsettled state of my mind in regard to leaving Bath has hindered me:—this winter it appears impracticable; but as I have engaged with Messrs. Smith and Stanley for the Oratorios in the ensuing Lent, if there is any thing you can propose to me, I will treat with you, and if we can agree, when I come to London we may sign and seal.

I must beg leave to observe, that, unless I can be settled myself in London so as to take care of my daughter, or that you yourself may think proper to take her under your immediate protection, I cannot consent to her engaging.

In regard to other matters I have no doubt but that you will give me every encouragement in your power, and I hope I shall never give you reason to doubt the sincerity and esteem with which I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THOS. LINLEY.†

My wife and daughters present their respects, and are much obliged by your kind remembrance of them.

Endorsed,
"Linley of Bath."

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's Inn, 21st Oct. 1772.

I WILL give you my sentiments upon Monsieur de Belloy's letter as well as I am able in the short time I have to think of it.

You that know so well how much a tragedy depends upon the general power of the scenes to interest and affect the passions, must also know that it is impossible,

* Garrick, I suppose, did not condescend to notice these rascals. If a management of the first theatre in the world for *five and twenty* years could not render him impervious to this arrogant boy's attack, it would not be worth a great man's while to be the best actor and the ablest conductor of a theatre that the world ever saw.—ED.

† The daughter here spoken of, became the wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan—a *proud* distinction, but not a *happy* one.—ED.

without reading the piece, to give a definite answer. The short argument which the author has given you, is not enough to determine the question whether such a play will do on the English stage; but if this is the Mons^r. de Belloy who wrote "Zelmira," I think that piece shows that the author has an idea of theatrical business and of incident: without those two, no tragedy is likely to succeed with us. It seems to me that you may well make answer, that you shall be glad to read his piece, and, as he proposes to revenge himself upon his countrymen at Paris by the applause of an English audience, you will to the best of your judgment tell him whether his play is likely to answer that end. Should his piece bid fair for considerable success, if you choose to undertake the translation, and will accept of my poor assistance to lighten your trouble, you may command me; and as you are rich enough, if I understood that you intend the profits for the French author *(to make their nation stare!)* I should go to work with more zeal. Such an event would be unparallcled in the history of the drama! I suppose you will tell him that you have left off the acting of new parts, that he may not be disappointed. If the play has real merit, I think it would be to your honour to give a lift to his reputation.

I have been busy, amidst a thousand dissipations, in making some necessary alterations in the comedy, but I do not *know my own mind.* One day I am charmed, and the next I am tempted to burn the whole. It will have the last hand in a very few days. I am yours, &c.

ARTHUR MURPHY.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, Old Alresford, Nov. 2nd, 1772.

I HAVE had little leisure of late, from my own complaints and those of my good Madam, (which have been a little frightful) and my attention to finishing my present great affair, of the Bishop's Works, to ask you particularly *how you do.* Your appearance so early in the season, and in parts of such consequence as Bayes and Kitely, gives us great hopes of your confirmed state of health: and no news, I hope, is good news with respect to Madam.

How stand the affairs of the banker of the Society of the Sons of the Clergy? If I hit upon any child that wants your help, am I yet at liberty to draw for it? and where?—or is it *desperate?*

I hear your "Irish Widow" was at first too Irish, *i. e.* too impudent; and many defalcations were necessary. I see it goes on; but whether it runs or limps, I cannot judge. By the story of it in the News, the principal scene must be from the "Mariage Forcée" of Moliere; and *the lady* being *her own champion,* must, one would imagine, be from my farce of that name, (the hint at least) which you remember I once read to you, in days of yore, at poor Peg Woffington's lodgings. This farce has been long lost; and if it has been found among the rubbish of play-house papers, I claim it in my hand-writing, that I may have the keeping or the burning of it my-

self. I shall be glad if it has been of any service. I last week burned four acts of a *complete* comedy, and reserved the *first*, to be a memento of the young man's folly and vanity, who could bring it up from Cambridge himself, and send it without a name to John Rich, where by good luck *brother Ben* was, and read it, and found out the ingenious author, and put a stop to his exposing himself. A gentleman told me the other day, that you had said you never saw such good *acting* as Beckford's when he made his speech to the King—at which you was present. Is it true? I have a reason for asking.

I am glad to see in the News your remembrance of an old acquaintance, whom you could not transplant from the Tower Hamlets to the theatre. I retain so much love for dramatics, that, if you can find time, I should be glad to hear what you are doing, and what are your hopes and your views for the winter. I once reduced "The Cheats of Scapin" into two acts, which I think you sometimes act at Drury-lane. As it never was printed, I should like to have a copy of it. Was "The Winter's Tale," as acted, ever printed?* If so, send me one of them.

We think in a week or two of removing to St. Cross for the winter. Our joint compliments attend you and Mrs. Garrick. I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate
J. HOADLY.

MR. T. KING TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Islington, Nov. 3, 1772.

BELIEVE me, the task I am now undertaking is a most disagreeable one: complaining is very irksome to me, and must be little less so to you; but as we seem to misunderstand each other, it is necessary, for our future mutual ease, that I should explain myself. Cause of complaint I think I have—you perhaps think I have not; but I shall proceed, and if my vanity should induce me to urge any thing which Mr. Garrick, the manager, may deem an impropriety, I must beg Mr. Garrick, my friend, will endeavour to excuse it.

A certain person, on Saturday last, told me I was in your opinion firmly engaged to you, as I had promised to give you a twelvemonth's notice whenever I meant to alter my situation. If you really think so, I must, dear Sir, inform you, you have much misunderstood me.

When I paid my respects to you, and acquainted you with my intention of taking Mrs. King from the stage, you politely said, you hoped I did not mean to leave it myself: I readily told you I did not intend so to do for some years to come. You with a friendly cheerfulness, which has often attended your discourse with me, said, "Tom, I hope we shan't part while you *do* continue to play the fool; and when you purpose retiring, I doubt not you will give us proper notice." My answer was, that

* It was printed in 1758 as a dramatic pastoral in three acts, and called "Florizel and Perdita;"—the mutilation was Mr. Garrick's.—ED.

I was greatly attached to the house and to yourself; that I should never think of leaving you during my theatrical life, as I make no doubt I should be at least as well treated at Drury-lane, as I could be any where else. I must confess I should have proceeded a little farther, but you stopped me short by a most grateful reply—"Oh damn it! never fear, I'll take care of you." Among the multiplicity of things in which you engage, you may not perhaps remember these particulars; but they dwell with me, and I believe this is almost a literal state of that part of our discourse which related to business. I fancy, dear Sir, you cannot think that by this declaration I was bound to serve you on your own terms. Should you ask what right I had to expect better than I then enjoyed, I answer thus—

Mr. George Garrick, between three and four years ago, applied to me to enter into articles; after a message or two, the managers agreed to give me the money I required, provided I would article for *four* years. I refused to engage for more than *three*, and instruments were ordered to be drawn accordingly. On my saying to Mr. G. Garrick, I took it for granted Mrs. King was to be continued at her usual salary, he hesitated, and returned a *yes*, but of such a kind as hurt me greatly. My article was soon prepared and executed, without mention being made of hers; and it was at the distance of some weeks, if I remember rightly, and after repeated applications, that this last-mentioned piece of business was concluded. In short, she seemed to be considered by the managers, though she never was by me, or I believe by the town, as an appendage to your humble servant. In her private capacity I allow she received, as her behaviour always merited, marks of attention; but in her public, I think she was in the latter part of her time, very indifferently treated. These motives partly (I cannot say wholly) induced me to take her from the theatre, before the time should come that I expected to treat with you again, that she might not be subjected to another slight, and that I might claim an addition to my own income, after having removed what seemed to be looked on as an incumbrance brought on you by me.

You have often, with a great frankness, told me, there was not a performer on the stage who took the lead of me in the opinion of the public; the encouragement I meet with from that public confirms it. No actor is better received than I am, yourself excepted, (whose merits I hope and believe will never be brought into comparison with any other performer's while the theatre shall be remembered;) why then am I not to be as well paid as any other performer? I, without a murmur, begin at the opening of the theatre, if required, and never repine at playing, if called on, six nights in the week, till every door-keeper is served and the theatre shut up; while those who are better, much better, allow me to say shamefully better paid, never enter the lists till the theatre has been opened some time, are periodically sick, or impertinent about the month of April, and in the very heat of the season are never expected to play two nights running. Some evasion is also found out by them when called on to play on a night immediately subsequent to your performing, their Majesties coming to the theatre, or in short any thing that attracts the public notice,

so as to strengthen one night and weaken another. I am, on most occasions of this sort, thrust into the gap, and seldom grumble, though conscious, by these means, my consequence and that of some other performers must be diminished in proportion as the persons alluded to are aggrandized. I most readily allow you have a right to direct every performance and performer; to that right I have ever submitted; but suffer me to say, as I am about to make, perhaps, my last theatrical engagement, I cannot submit to be but moderately rewarded for a constant exertion of my abilities, while others are immoderately paid for a partial or temporary use of theirs. Mr. and Mrs. Barry, perhaps you will say, are members of the Buskin, and ought, as such, to have the preference to those of the Sock. I own I can see no reason for such a distinction, but if it must be made, let us turn our eyes to Covent-garden.

Mr. Woodward has 500*l.* per annum. If you say Mr. Woodward is a Harlequin, I reply, he never appears as such but in the first run of some new piece of his own, or if otherwise, I could (I think) find in my favour something to counterbalance that matter. Mr. Smith had last year much more than I possessed. Mr. Yates, the salary allotted me, and played about one night to my ten. Mr. Shuter, at my salary nominally, had an hundred guineas given him for signing the article, and some hundreds lent him, which the manager, I believe, never expects to be repaid. Suffer me to say, I never have disputed your authority, never have feigned illness, or troubled you to rescue me from bailiffs or creditors. To this let me add, about three days after I had *made*, and before I had *signed*, my last engagement with the managers of Drury-lane, I dined in company with Mr. Colman and Mr. Powell, managers of Covent-garden, who tempted me to enlist under their banner. After various arguments, I was offered by them five hundred pounds to sign the same sort of article with them, which I had agreed to sign with the managers of Drury-lane. I replied in the negative; but I am sure I could at that time have secured the money then offered, with an addition of forty shillings a week to Mrs. King's salary. By refusing this, I *certainly* gave up *five hundred pounds*, and, as I most firmly *believe*, above seven. I claim no merit from the act, for my heart was at Drury-lane, and the offer of ten thousand pounds would, in such a case, have had no more force than one of ten pence. I repine not at what is past, but I must look to myself on the present occasion. Now then to what I expect, or rather to what I *require*, for I shall not be offended or surprised at a refusal. I require for my performance 500*l.* per season; the term shall be as short or as long as you please, not exceeding five years; nay, you shall have a liberty of cancelling the article at the end of each year, on giving me proper warning, provided I may challenge my liberty if the Patent should fall into any hands but those of the present possessors. If this is not agreeable, I will annually article with you, promising never to encrease my demand. By either of these methods, you will, whenever you find my agreement a burthen, be able to get rid of it. This agreed to, I shall cease to think about good nights, or bad nights, puffs, paragraphs, &c.; for, trust me, the wound given my vanity would be little felt, were my property secure. Give me what I now request, I shall stand very quietly on my own

little hillock, without envying those who may choose to put themselves on a pinnacle. If there are any parts in plays, which I have given up, that you wish I should resume, I will most cheerfully accept them (the Hypocrite excepted) together with any new ones you shall choose to offer. Are there any you wish me to give up in favour of any other performer? command them. There is no one thing you can in reason propose that I will not come into, provided you will give me the money I now ask. If you will not, (let not my declaration of a fixed resolution be construed bluntness or ill-manners,) I will never enter into any farther contract with the managers of Drury-lane. The salary set down for me in the playhouse books I have not touched, nor do I consider myself, at present, bound by any tie but that of inclination. You may, however, rely on an unremitting attention on my part through the present season; during which time, whatever necessity or inclination may lead you to intrust me with, I shall pursue with my usual warmth, and maintain as heretofore, an inviolable secrecy. I lay my intentions thus open to you, that you may not so connect me in the ensuing business of the theatre, as to feel a loss at my departure. All I beg in return for my frankness on the occasion is, that you will not ask me to play any characters that may be thought unfit for me; if you should, I must refuse them; for I cannot consent to appear disadvantageously in the eye of that public, to whom I shall, I doubt not, find frequent opportunities of presenting myself, though rejected by the managers of the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane.

I cannot quit my pen, without acknowledging myself, in my private capacity, under many obligations to you: your playing for Mrs. King's benefit was kind; but I do not place that in the foremost rank. You have often served me, and the manner in which you have generally so done, has greatly enhanced the value of the favour conferred. You have frequently gratified my pride by reposing a confidence in me; I hope you will not think I make an improper return by being peremptory on the present occasion. If my proposal should be accepted, I should esteem myself most happy; it will put an end for my *life* to the most disagreeable business of it—bargain-making. If it should not, let me not, I beseech you, while we are destined to be together, experience a coolness from you, and you shall see nothing but cheerfulness in me. However my performance may be in future devoted, Mr. Garrick will always have the admiration and warmest good wishes of his much, very much

Obliged humble servant,

THOMAS KING.

Do not think, my dear Sir, I wish you to throw away your time in writing a formal answer to this stuff. Two lines will be as good as two thousand. *Talk* to you on the subject, do not let me say I *will* not; I really *cannot*. My reason why, would appear fulsome, I therefore shall not offer it. On two things, my dear Sir, you may depend: the first is, that my resolution in this matter is unalterable; the second, that if you agree to my terms, the utmost secrecy shall be observed on my part. I would not wish to be the means of any other performer increasing his or her demands, by publishing the nature or extent of mine.

This affair will naturally come before Mr. Lacy, I beg you will present him my best compliments. I hope he will not think I violate the respect due to him, by addressing this letter to you. Mr. George Garrick came to me in your name; to you therefore I thought fit to state my conduct, and make known my expectations.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. KING.

SIR, Nov. 6, 1772.

I RECEIVED last Wednesday a long letter from you, charged with much matter; had you fired a long gun at me, it would not have been with more astonishment on my part, and, I will say, with less justice on yours. What concerns me as a private man, and your friend, I shall now only answer, and leave the money matter to be settled by the managers. You have been for years my chief, and shall be my last, theatrical connexion; I am sorry so little pleasure, profit, and credit arose from it, that you have shown so little regard to it. But to particulars:—you accuse your friend (for so you say I have been, and so, indeed, I thought you to be) of many misdemeanours—such as being tardy in coming into your former proposals; neglecting Mrs. King in her agreement, thinking her a mere appendage to you, and in her business of late much neglecting her—(this accusation was the last I should have expected, but it is a strange world, and so I will go on):—you accuse me of not taking proper care of your importance; of making you the hack of the theatre; of giving you improper parts; of raising others beyond their merits, and by various methods lessening yours. These are the allegations of my friend Mr. King in the midst of our friendship, and when he was possessed of my entire confidence;—however, all these hardships do not seem to yourself insufferable, for, with only an exception or two, you are willing to submit to them if the managers of Drury-lane *will give you your price*. If I have been guilty in thought, word, or deed, of all or any of the above sins against you or Mrs. King, I will most willingly declare that Dr. Kenrick is no libeller. Have not you, Mr. King, been conscious of some breaches of friendship to me, and are [you not] producing these allegations as excuses for your own behaviour? Have not you, instead of an open, manly declaration of your thoughts to your friend, whispered about, in hints and ambiguities, your uneasiness? All which by circulation have partly crept into the newspapers;—and though you have disclaimed being privy to their circulation, yet you have certainly been the first cause of it; while to me, even so lately as a fortnight ago, you came to my house at Hampton, showed no signs of displeasure, but rode with me to town with all the cheerfulness of ease, and in the warmest spirit of confidence. Was your friend to be the last to hear of your complaints, or to suspect them? My complaints against you, not only as my friend, but as a gentleman, are these,—that you should keep a secret from me you have told to many; that you were the cause of having our names mentioned in the daily

papers, and at a particular time when my other friends are showing their attachment and zeal to me. Had you last summer, when I talked of the business of the house to you, mentioned your uneasiness; or, if you could not have spoken, had written your thoughts to me, before so much of the season had passed, I should then have had no complaints, had you asked 5000*l.*; but without a hint of your wishes to me, and having your promise to give me a season's notice if ever you quitted the stage, what could I think but that you were fully satisfied? And I should have thought so to this moment had not your very unjustifiable behaviour reached my ears within these few days. That you may not place any loss to the account of my friendship this season, I will most readily pay out of my own pocket what addition you think you ought to have. For the time to come, (I mean after this season,) if Mr. Lacy will agree to it, I shall have no objection to the money part of your letter.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

You have mentioned a most iniquitous offer of Mr. Colman's, when he knew you were engaged—with your leave I will speak my mind to him upon the subject. In return I could tell you what advantageous offers have been made to me upon my own terms, which for your sake I have declined: my attachment to Mr. King seems to be evident to every body but *himself*. To finish this literary correspondence, my brother shall bring you Mr. Lacy's determination when we have met and talked the matter over.

I am, Sir, &c.

DAVID GARRICK.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. KING.

DEAR SIR, Nov. 11th, 1772.

ILL as I am, and scarce able to hold up my head, I write a few lines in answer to your bill in Chancery. What, still upon Mrs. King's grievances! I will not enter into the particulars so long passed, and which you so precisely remember, but answer in a few words, *that if she were ill-treated, I never treated any body well.* Did she, or you, ever make any complaint that I did not relieve if in my power? or to say all in a few words, why could you be so attached to me, if I was neglectful or unjust to you or yours? My conscience cannot upbraid me with one single act of injustice or neglect towards you or your wife: to be be sure, I did mark the words *your price*, that you might reflect upon sending a long list of grievances received from your friend, but to which you are willing to submit for an additional one hundred and some pounds—was not this too particular and had dropped too hastily from your pen, not to be marked a little? Let me revert to your former letter, where you except against performing the Hypocrite, and other parts unfit for you. Have I ever insisted upon your acting any parts (Lord Ogleby excepted) that you have objected to? Pray give me a list of those *unfit* characters, that I may ease you from them as fast as I can. Now to the point, in which I still aver I have been used by you in an un-

friendly manner. Friendship, according to Mr. Addison's definition, is of the most delicate nature. He will not allow of the least hint, wink or nod, against a friend; and why? The silence of friendship is more mischievous than the loudest venomed tongue of enmity and slander; nay, should you be convinced your friend is wrong, you are to hide that conviction from every body but the friend. Have not you done the contrary? You have hinted your uneasiness and dissatisfaction both in and out of the green-room. You have called for bills of other plays to show my partiality in that of "The Gamesters" in your disfavour. This kind of peevishness (as you call it) is point blank against the very spirit and truth of friendship, and contrary to our original compact in every sense. Had I been first acquainted (as I ought to have been) with your griefs, they should have been removed, or your complaints would have been justified; but no more of that. I could have had Mr. Woodward upon my own terms, when he brought great houses to Covent-garden; I was often applied to by Mr. Stephens of Chancery-lane; my answer always was the same. King is attached to me; I will not give him the least uneasiness. I could say more, and will, when you are in a proper mood to receive it.

As to Mr. Barry, he is not paid if he does not play. I will not say any thing about the superior salary given to tragedy-actors, nor will I speak my mind, unless you request it; for it is not my desire to widen the breach between us. To be plain with you, I really think you have demanded too much from the managers. *Woodward*, your senior, (if you will make Covent-garden your standard,) I have heard, has no certainty, and *Smith* has your salary, though (I mean this in a joke) he plays Kitely better than I do.

Now if fifteen pounds a week will not content you, I will with pleasure, rather than lose you, make up the sum you require, for the time we shall be together. I cannot say more, nor show more my inclination to you, as a man, an actor, and the friend of,

Dear Sir, your very humble servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

An aching head, sore throat, and a wretched pen, must be my excuse for this scrawl.

MR. T. KING TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR,—MY VERY DEAR MR. GARRICK, Nov. 13th, 1772.

I did not mean to urge a-fresh Mrs. King's grievances; and shall say with you, they are particulars long past—you, perhaps, at the time, never thought about them; I, at present, do not wish to remember them. I most frankly acknowledge, that I believe, had I at the time mentioned our uneasiness, every thing would have been made agreeable. I will go farther; I cannot recollect that I ever applied to you in vain for any thing. I have been under many obligations to you, and you have con-

tinued to behave to me as if you had never conferred one. So far from being above owning the past, when necessity urges, I shall not shun receiving fresh ones. But I have, as I informed you, been much hurt by insinuations from a certain quarter, that I derived my large salary from your *partiality*; therefore wished to have my demand come on in the common way of business—but that is past; and your offer to me seems to be so much of the conciliating kind, that I am bound to pay particular attention to it; and also to set you right in a mistake or two you have made.

You say I charge you with giving me parts unfit for me, and kindly offer to relieve me of them, one by one, if I will give you a list of them. My dear Sir, I want no such relief, nor did I make such a charge. I do not desire to relinquish any part I *now* have—I wished indeed, that in case we were likely to be together this winter *only*, you would prevent my being employed in any *new* or *revived piece*, in a way that might not be advantageous. As to the bill of "The Gamesters," let me assure you I never accused you of being (or thought you at any time was) partial to any person concerned in that piece, if I may except myself. I asked for a bill of "The Merchant of Venice;" for I *thought* I recollected, that *character*, song, and *name of the performer*, were contained in *one* line. I found it to be true. I should not have made the remark, but as I came to the house, the first name that struck me was that of Reddish, which took up to itself the whole line. I could hardly believe that it was intended to be first in the bill. On examination, I found it was *not* the first; but really, to make room for the lines devoted to him, my character and name were thrust so close under the title of the play, that it required some attention to find them. I made the remark to the *prompter* (thinking him only to blame), and added—"These things have ever been, in my opinion, below notice; but as I find other performers think them of consequence, I shall henceforth endeavour to have my right! As I am a man, I meant not to glance at you.

I do not *recollect* that I have at *improper* times and places betrayed *uneasiness* at my situation; nevertheless, the case *may* have been so,—nay, if it will in this matter give you any triumph, I will say it *has* been so. In short, I have been on the rack for some days, and, like other creatures in such situations, would own almost any thing rather than not be relieved. I will give you leave to call me, if you please, vain, wrong-headed, absurd; in short, any thing, so you shun the words *unfriendly* and *ungrateful*.

I am very sure, from what you say in both your letters about my submitting to undergo what I complained of on certain conditions, I must have expressed myself in a bungling manner, and wide of my meaning. Perhaps I shall not be more clear in my present attempt; a certain point you find I for some time have had in view. I thought that a frequent appearance in characters that any body else could play as well as myself, and some other little things mentioned, lessened me and threw stumbling-blocks in my way: but, the situation I wished once *attained*, I should be less delicate in my choice.

Most sincerely I thank you for your offer, and your manner of making it; but

should I accept the 15*l.* a week merely, I give up the point my vanity has contended for: and as to having the money made up by *you*, I can never consent to it. Were money my sole object, I should be glad, as Lord Foppington says, to take it any way, "*stap* my vitals!" but my wish was and is, to be paid as much as any *comedian* on the stage, yourself excepted. If I cannot bring this about in my *present agreement*, I never can expect to do it; for should you retire, and I want to make a fresh one and enlarge my demand, the reply would naturally be—"Why Mr. Garrick, who was a competent judge of, and, as you have allowed, rather partial to your abilities, would have given it to you if he had thought you deserved it." I do not believe the persons with whom I should then be in treaty, would give me more for my plea of being then so many years older. You know, my dear Sir, Woodward is my senior; so are Bransby and Barrington; yet one has a small salary, and the other is discharged. I rely you will not mention this my folly and impudence to any mortal. I do not mean to put the first on a footing with either of the last; but—you know my opinion, I would not wish to be on a footing with him in any thing but salary.

To conclude,—for indeed it is time to do so,—I cannot think of wholly giving up my favourite point: indeed, I have in the most solemn manner sworn I would never article without its being agreed to; but I think I shall stand acquitted by making one that will give it me in a future year. Indeed you have made so large a stride towards gratifying me, that I wish to settle immediately. You say you are not for widening the breach; I go farther, I am for closing it. My proposal then is this, (for God's sake, my dear Sir, come into it and let us have done,) I will article with you for three years; that is to say, for this and two more. For the two first I will accept the 15*l.* per week; for the last, I will have the favourite agreement 500*l.* certain. At the expiration of that article I will, if it shall be found agreeable to *you*, make another for two years at the last-mentioned sum.

Let me *assure* you that Woodward *has* 500*l.* certain, and receives at the rate of 16*l.* 10*s.* every week at the office; and that he paid (while he belonged to it) in that proportion to the fund.

Smith *had* the same salary I used to have till the beginning of last season, when he demanded one equal to Mr. Woodward: this was refused, but they added to his former one,—how much I cannot *positively* say. I do not contend for money for the sake of itself, for after I have acquired it, I would most willingly part with it in any way that might "give ease to you and grace to me."

I have said my say. Trouble not yourself in writing: let me take for granted what I have urged will set to rights what has been misunderstood, and induce you, where you think I have been wrong, to excuse it. You *must indeed*, my dear Mr. Garrick, give in to my proposals: send me word so by Mr. George Garrick: say you will be glad to see me, and I shall be again in my own element: I am, at present, far from happy. Let us have no more expostulations; receive me as you were wont and I will continually give proof how much I think myself beholden to you. I will

henceforth rather come to you with twenty farthing complaints a week, than wear a frown at the playhouse. In short, I will do any thing that can prove me

Your sincerest well-wisher and obliged humble servant,

THO^{S}. KING.*

Endorsed,
"Mr. King's last letter to me."

MR. J. WICKINS TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Litchfield, Nov. 14, 1772.

I BEG leave to present you with a small pedestal and vase, made from the wood of the mulberry-tree which was planted by the hand of Shakspeare.

An attempt, however weak, to do honour to the memory of that immortal poet, when addressed to you, will ever be supposed to carry its own apology along with it.

I honour you extremely, Sir; and if you will forgive me this liberty, it is the only favour I shall ever have to ask. The knowledge of me, which your friends at this place have had for many years past, will set me above any suspicion of an attempt to deceive you.

The gift is but a trifle: if it has any merit it must be that of becoming a tribute of private gratitude to your public virtues.

I have the honour to be, with the greatest deference and respect,

Sir, your most devoted, and most obliged humble servant,

JAMES WICKINS.

P. S. It is sent by a carrier this week, and I expect will be delivered at your house on Tuesday next.

The finishing stroke was given by Mr. Peter Garrick with *his* varnish.

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, Nov. 30, 1772.

I AM unable to express my astonishment at the absurdity and impertinence of Mr. Sheridan senior's conduct to you. He was, is, and always will be the most superlative of coxcombs: I do not wonder at his son's concern. It may have very serious consequences to the gentleman himself hereafter; and in the mean time my play and the public will suffer if you continue determined not to interfere about it; for well as I think of the tragedy itself, my expectations were greatly raised by the kind assistance you promised me to enable the performers to do it justice. I still

* I cannot say but that honest Tom King appears to get through his work in this correspondence with much credit. To the last bit of him he honoured and loved his great master, to whose excellence he made a nearer approach in his *Ogleby* than any other actor in comedy. I do not mean, in course, that Garrick ever played that part, but that it always seemed to me to attain the point of highest *perfection*.—ED.

flatter myself you will not suffer the absurdity of a man you have long known so well, to prevent your doing me a most essential service; as I have not the smallest doubt how sincerely you wish the "Law of Lombardy" the most brilliant success, and you have often assured me how much you approve of it.

The last copy you received by Lord Inchiquin is the true copy; from that the play must be acted and printed; and I must entreat you will take from Mr. Sheridan that which he received from my friend Mr. Courtney, and let them have yours. It is in several respects different from and better than the first. A good deal of superfluous poetry is omitted in the first act, and there are improvements in all the subsequent acts. Long ago I was offered two hundred pounds for the copy of this play; if your bookseller thinks it worth so much, he shall certainly have the preference. Considering the great profits the booksellers made by the sale of the first, "Braganza," and that the expectation of the public is a good deal raised about the "Law of Lombardy," I think, honestly, whoever purchases it at that price will be a gainer. I beg you to accept my most sincere thanks for your promise of a Prologue or Epilogue, or both. Though I am certain they will be of great service, I am less pleased with the advantage, than with the cause which it proceeds from—your better state of health, the uninterrupted continuance of which I devoutly wish you. I send you a prologue and epilogue, of which I entertain the meanest opinion. As they are of my own manufacture, and written *invitâ Minervâ*, you need not apprehend any jealousy or a *little pishing*, though you condemn them, as I think they deserve, to the flames, or to oblivion. They were produced merely from despair of getting better, when you declared your physician's prohibition; and the best I could expect from such meagre pieces was that they might escape without notice.

As you advised me, I lately wrote to Sheridan senior in the most flattering style to which I could shape my pen. I am glad I did not know of his behaviour to you till that necessary piece of insincerity was performed; for at present, I can hardly think of him with patience. Our friend Tighe will, I am certain, be shocked beyond measure when he hears of his monstrous presumption. It is unnecessary to beg you will not disclose my opinion of his vanity and folly, at least till our affairs are entirely out of his hands. A thousand thanks, my dear Sir, for the kind trouble you take so often on my account. My wife desires me to say every thing affectionate to you and Mrs. Garrick. Believe me ever your most obliged and faithful servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

MR. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Dec. 3rd, 1772.

THE legitimacy of an edition of Shakspeare can no more be ascertained to satisfaction, without the testimony of the Poet's High Priest, than that of a prince can be lawfully proved, unless the archbishop attends in person. I am therefore desirous that

you should glance your eye over the enclosed papers, which are to announce the birth, or (not to speak profanely) the regeneration of Dr. Johnson's Edition to the world.* I have taken the liberty to introduce your name, because *I have found*† no reason to say that the possessors of the old quartos were not sufficiently communicative. You will remember the circumstance to which I allude. All your favour, however, will not prevent the public from being of opinion that the child is wrapped up in too many swaddling clothes. The truth is, that the elder of his nurses was rather obstinate, and determined to adhere closely to certain old customs, (*variorum* I think they call them) introduced by the two Burmans, and other Dutch midwives of oppressive memory. The method of treating poets should perhaps be changed in conformity to that of managing people in the small-pox. Too great a load on either has been found insalutary; for under a pretence of having their spirits kept from evaporation, both writers and patients have been suffocated. A classical editor and a college physician are alike bigoted to ancient regulations, and there are but small hopes of reforming either. The next persons to whose care our distempered bard is entrusted, must cut the superfluous bandages, strip off the unnecessary blankets, and allow him the free use of his limbs for the speedier recovery of his health—if I offend not, to say he is sick of any thing but his commentators. To add another allusion in ridicule of ourselves, we may be said to have rid poor Shakspeare like the night-mare; nor till he has thrown us, (which I trust, through some peppery preparation clapped under his tail by that roguish jockey Mr. Kenrick, he will not fail to do) you will hardly think his circulation effectually restored.

Be so good as to return these papers, because I must dismiss them to the press; but be as free in your remarks as you please.

I am with great truth, your much obliged humble servant,

G. STEEVENS.

I shall think myself under great obligations to you for seven or eight places when you play Hamlet, or any principal character in Shakspeare's tragedies. I do not reckon "Henry the Fourth" among such; for though a theatrical epicure like myself would travel many miles for a bellyful of stage turtle, yet he would hardly stir out for a mere spoonful, which would serve only to tantalize not satisfy his appetite.

* This was a highly improved edition of Dr. Johnson's Shakspeare, published the year following in ten volumes octavo. Mr. Steevens devoted himself steadily to the illustration of this great poet; and as the question of his learning had been decided by Dr. Farmer on the authority of the books he had read, so his meaning rested upon that of the early copies of his writings, and the confirmation afforded by those of his contemporaries. Of these, therefore, collections were to be made by the new commentator, or at any rate consulted. The reader of Mr. Steevens's letters, even here assembled, will feel some surprise that such fertility of fancy and neatness of expression should be contented to hang like "fringe upon a petticoat," or often "like burs" thrown on in holiday foolery." His extent of reading was immense, and his genius equal to works of the highest class. Even in this line which he had adopted for distinction, he was soon invaded by Malone, who exceeded him in diligence, though he could not approach him in wit.—ED.

† Dr. Johnson did not meet with so ready a communication. The secret, I believe, was his known carelessness as to the *condition* of a book.—ED.

I hope you and your brother manager will speedily grant a benefit to the Proprietors of East India stock.

Endorsed, " Mr. Steevens of Hampstead to me,
about his preface for a new edition of Shakspeare."

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, Dec. 27th, 1772.

I CANNOT forgive myself for having sent you my dull prologue or epilogue, as I have lost by them a good one from your hand. They are, in my opinion, so very flat and insipid, that, as they are, they may be a serious weight to the tragedy. Such a heavy prologue will not much predispose an audience to hear favourably a tragedy which I am [afraid] will not be greatly assisted by the performers. Your kind promise of giving me an epilogue or a prologue, perhaps both, raised my spirits, and made me some amends for other disappointments; but they are now sunk in proportion. I feel really mortified, to find myself almost the only person for so many years past, who has not had influence enough with you to prevail for a composition which you never fail to execute with peculiar ease and felicity. Your name is always of the greatest service, and any thing of yours, added to whatever is to appear, is a mark of good-will that cannot be equivocal. I am convinced with you that the play is not cast to advantage, and Palmer's being left entirely out, surprises me beyond measure. I have given Mr. Sheridan senior a gentle hint that, not knowing Bensley, and knowing Palmer, I should have wished to have the latter employed. Henderson never occurred to me for the King. I saw him attempt *Lear* here, and it did not much raise my ideas of his powers in the pathetic. I thought Mrs. Yates would have played the Princess; she, I find, is gone to Covent-garden. Mr. Sheridan tells me she sent to offer to play that part, but it was too late, and Miss Younge in possession. I never saw Miss Younge, but suppose, by what I hear, she will do very well. Palmer's being left out, I own, vexes me. At such a time of the stage how can such an actor be spared? For Heaven's sake, have an eye to what they are doing! The town has such a prejudice against Sheridan, and he has such an inordinate partiality for himself, that I receive with some mistrust all the strong assurances he sends me. I am convinced he believes the world has been in a mistake above thirty years, in thinking you the greatest genius the stage ever saw, and that the *judicious few* give him the preference in their private opinion. I suppose the fate of his Esop has chagrined him; but it will not make him a grain less confident. He is resolved, I hear, to have done with the management after the present season. The stage here is in a most deplorable condition. The manager, Ryder, is reduced to an easy confinement in his own house communicating with the theatre. Though he is himself ruined *pro tempore*, he first contrived to drive away the Italian Burletta, the only entertainment we had here worth a farthing. Your former pupil, Cautherly, acts lovers, heroes, and fine gentlemen, to empty benches;

and he is a Garrick to the rest of the company. I saw Jupiter lately in "Midas," without the gout in his feet, and with broken shoes. The State and the Stage seem to be declining rapidly, and every thing as bad as possible, except the weather, which is not in the government of ministers or managers. Mrs. Jephson, with me, wishes you and Mrs. Garrick all the hearty enjoyments of the season. The air here at present is milder than spring-time in general. Believe me, my dear Sir, ever

Your affectionate and obliged servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

You need not, when you are so good to write, wait for covers to me; my being in Parliament entitles me to receive letters without postage.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, January 23, 1772.

WERE the play to be got up at another playhouse, I should think it absolutely necessary to attend the rehearsals, but when you are willing to undertake that trouble, the anxiety of an author may be natural, but is superfluous.*

As the term begins this day, I should wish to be dispensed with in general, but will wait upon you, if you think proper on any particular occasion to call me into court. On my way to Westminster I propose calling at Mr. Barry's to talk the matter over with him. In the fourth act of the play a speech is put into Mr. Barry's part, in which you will see that I have endeavoured to make a dramatic use of the description given by Addison of Dionysius's Ear. I thought, when I wrote that passage four years ago, that Tully gave the same description in one of the orations against Verres. After a careful search I cannot find that he gives so minute an account of the place as I imagined. In the fifth oration he charges Verres with making the prison, constructed by the elder Dionysius at Syracuse, the habitation of the Roman citizens. The gaol he says was called the *Latomiæ*. If you have the Delphin edition of the Orations, you will find the passage in the first volume, p. 462.

In the first conception of the play, my design was to form the character of Dionysius upon Tully's account of him in the Tusculan Questions, together with what is to be found in Plutarch. Shall I tell you what made me desist? I foresaw the want of an actor who would take as much pains to represent the character as it would cost me to write it. I resolved therefore not to be over curious in touching particular features, and contented myself with taking the general outline. A laboured portrait of Dionysius, formed upon the model of Tully, would require such an actor as yourself; and though the Archbishop of Cambray would have come in aid to Tully, yet in my hands it would have wanted force, especially as that damned fellow Shakspeare has forestalled all my good thoughts upon the subject. I have cunningly evaded the trouble of minute delineation. The law says, *Dolus versatur*

* This play was "The Grecian Daughter," first acted on the 26th February, 1772, which, though for the most part poorly written, lives and must continue to live while the stage possesses an actress of feeling and dignity.—ED.

in generalibus. As the part now stands, it will not be of too much weight for the shoulders that are to carry it. Shall I tell you a story of Foote? A gentleman that went to Paris with him last summer, told me yesterday, that he was at breakfast with Foote at Paris, when the author of a Monthly Collection waited upon our *Modern Aristophanes* for a list of all his pieces, with as many anecdotes relative to them as possible. Foote gave a list, annexing to each piece the number of nights it ran: eighty nights *de suite* was the general run, as the lowest was thirty-five nights *de suite.*

N. B. The Sieur Foote is remarkable for originality, and the variety of his invention. He never borrowed a hint from any author living or dead. Yours,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

MR. T. GAINSBOROUGH TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, 1772.

I NEVER will consent that any body makes a present of your face to Clutterbuck but myself, because I always intended a copy *(by my own hand)* for him, that he may one day tell me what to do with my money, the only thing he understands, except jeering of folks.

I shall look upon it that you break in upon my line of happiness in this world if you mention it; and for the original, it was to be my present to Mrs. Garrick, and so it shall be in spite of your blood.

Now for the chalk scratch; it is a poor affair, not much like the young ladies; but, however, if you do not remember what I said in my last, and caution your brother of the same *rock,* may you sink in the midst of your glory!

I know your great stomach, and that you hate to be crammed, but by G—! you shall swallow this one bait; and when you speak of me do not let it be like a goose, but remember you are a fat turkey.

God bless all your endeavours to delight the world, and may you sparkle to the last!

THOS. GAINSBOROUGH.

D—n Underwood.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Beaufort-buildings, Wednesday night, 1778.

THE great distance at which you have of late kept me, makes me doubtful if I am not now taking too great a liberty in troubling you with this; but as negotiations in *business* are (I fear) at an end betwixt us, excuse me thinking in *friendship* none but principals are to be treated with.

As a friend I now address you, and hope you will do me the justice to acquit me of having acted disrespectfully to you, or inattentively to your interest, though pur-

suing my own. Your hard offers I cannot accept of; and if I know my own heart, I am sure, in a change of situations, I could not have made such to you; and sorry am I to say, I never was so much convinced that there is no friendship in trade. Notwithstanding which, I flatter myself I shall not, by any step I may take in another theatre, forfeit my title to your future patronage, though you cannot afford it to me at present. I am, Sir, with much respect,

Your most faithful humble servant (may I say friend?)

W. SMITH.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Thursday, four o'clock, 1773.

I HAVE not seen Mr. G. Garrick, but conclude it is determined I am never to have the advantage of your auspices. As this is the case, I could have wished that even Mr. G. Garrick had not been acquainted with our negotiation, but hope I may depend on his secrecy. You say you are much my friend; I doubt it not, and am sure I am very much yours. What pity that in such a case we never can be united in the same interest: however, I now hope you will do me the justice to acquit me of taking any unwarrantable step in opposition to you or your affairs. I have been too ill-treated by Mr. Colman ever to think of an engagement with him without a certainty of better usage than I can expect from so illiberal a mind; and have now no resource but with the Yateses, with whom, as the licence is now certain, I shall immediately close, and hope that I shall not by this step forfeit your esteem or any good offices which your future friendship may have intended for me. I am, dear Sir, with real and disinterested respect,

Your very faithful and sincere humble servant,

W. SMITH

REV. P. STOCKDALE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Gough-square, Wednesday, 1773.

I HAVE just been with Dr. Johnson, and have communicated to him your anxiety, and your intention if he approved it. He desired me to send you his compliments, and his warm sense of your very friendly care. He told me his eyes were every day perceptibly better, and *he* therefore thought he should not need the ointment. They seem indeed much better, nay, almost quite well.

I hope I shall see you on Thursday; but you will give me leave to wait for a message from you, as I know not by your letter what will be the proper time to wait upon you.

I am much obliged to you for your farther information concerning the twenty guineas. You leave me as much obliged to you as before; but my pride will always rather be flattered than mortified by my being obliged to Mr. Garrick.

I have thrown out my feelings for the dying Negro and for myself in a hundred lines. I am sincerely, and with unaffected timidity, diffident of their value: they shall not appear in public without your imprimatur.

Best compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I am, dear Sir,

Your very grateful and faithful friend and most obedient servant,

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, 1773.

I NEITHER have, nor ever had, the least doubt of your behaviour to any man, from King Arthur down to Arthur Murphy, whom I hated to see in your company, and wondered you admitted over your threshold after his former behaviour towards you. Curiosity desires a communication of your answer to his advertisement, neither of which I ever heard of. I am obliged to you for your offer of your next year's charity, as I could not find a proper object for the present; and I will take care to give you more regular notice if I live. Good now, why does not Mr. Home say whence he takes his main plot of "Alonso?" for surely Massinger's play of "The Unnatural Combat" is the basis, and that is too lately printed in his Works, and in Dodsley's Collection, to be concealed. I think it worthy of Mr. H——. Squire Murphy's far otherwise, though on a story more capable of being worked up into something. I have not yet had a sight of Dr. G——'s five-act farce, (for such it must be from the specimen in the papers,) which seemed sadly writ, though capable of some fun in the action.* What an odd fellow he must be, who speaks against the liberty of the press while he pleads for it! He had better throw what *inconsistent* humour he has into a *novel*, (as in "The Vicar of Wakefield,") than pretend to a *theatrical turn*, which he has not. In his first play the town would not bear his low humour, and justly, as it degraded his "Good-Natured Man," whom they were taught to pity and have a sort of respect for, into a low buffoon, and what is worse, into a falsifier, a character unbecoming a gentleman. You seem concerned to have all the Bishop's works. You have indeed *more* than his works, and some that are doubtful, and some even against his own words and desire (viz. papers of political grave humour, the true humour, printed in 1710,) which I am induced to print from the impossibility, as they are so well known, of keeping them from the public, and the fear of their being slovenly done. The purchase meets with some delay, as they commonly do, on my insisting that the premises be delivered to me in the best repair, which I may certainly expect, as I give, and at once, so enormous a price. The *value* is offered me, but I have refused that, as I and Madam will not have the trouble nor the burthen upon our minds. I am, with Mrs. H——'s compliments, and thanks for her care of her husband,

Your affectionate,

J. HOADLY.

* This was the comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," acted for the first time at Covent-Garden Theatre, on the 15th of March, 1773.—ED.

Our Dean (Dr. Ogle) has lately taken a small living near Winchester (a walk and a syllabub for his children, and cream for his breakfast); and I send you a neighbour's lamentation on the occasion. It will not ruin you if the impertinent papers are not to be credited.

Thursday morning.

How d'ye do? and I suppose you know who has got the living of our late worthy friend, Dr. Shipman.

Some pretend to say that a very deserving but unbeneficed clergyman preached before the Patron on 2d of Corinth. chap. ix. verse 9,* in hope of obtaining it, and so pathetic was his reasoning and address, that the old gentleman felt something rising about him like *spirit,* but he blew his nose, and put the inspiration into his pocket.

But when the Dean the rostrum mounted,
And all his valorous deeds recounted,
Yet knowing well that over his shop
Would ne'er be wrote "Here sleeps a Bishop,"
Proving that *he* was worse than Turk
Who would not for such children work—

from 1 Timothy, chap. v. verse 8,† the matter was soon determined; it was "argumentum ad hominem. Paulus Episco*pus* ad magnum episco*pum* was irresistible:—

So, 'twixt *pus* and *pum*,
The tenants look glum;
For cushion at Compton
Will never be thumpt on
By this Rector Dean,
Who 'll never be seen,
Save once in the year
Their coffers to clear,
And read a short lecture
On George the Third's picture;
Complain of the times,
And tell the great crimes
The farmers commit,
The priest to out-wit;
Then pocket the purse,
And return with their co—se.

I might have quoted the texts at large, but let Smith fetch the Bible; it will amuse you, and he may get a good dinner by the doctrine.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, January 1st, 1773.

I HAVE been at Salisbury for a few days enjoying some *noctes Atticas* with my old friend of the Close, Mr. Harris, and Joe Warton, reviving an old and most laudable custom of spending a Christmas week together, which his being a transitory great man in the Treasury had for a few years interrupted. This lost me a post in answer-

* As it is written—"He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor; his righteousness remaineth for ever."

† "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

The editor has here performed the office of Smith, for the reader's ease and pleasure.—ED.

ing yours, and now I do not know well what to say. Mr. Bowyer is a man of consequence both in his business and his character of a scholar, in which he is excellent beyond most men of this age. The Bishop loved him, and gave many morning hours to him, having made an acquaintance with him late in life. He was useful to me upon my father's death, with regard to books which he catalogued and disposed of for me: upon this, when I thought you sure as *my actor*, upon your return from abroad, I fairly opened the case to him, and made him a present of the copy of "Cromwell" when it should be acted. This man, you see, does not so much want the profit as the compliment from me, by whom he has met with some disappointment. It will not be at all genteel to talk to him about halving and quartering; you see, *he* must have the whole or none, without a word spoken but a charge of secresy, and he is one of the most prudent, as well as sensible, men in England. A penny-post letter will fetch him to you from *Whitefriars*, where his printing-office is; and if you are pressed in time, you will be so good as to open the affair to him yourself. If not, give me your final resolution; for notwithstanding all this, if you have any particular friend to serve, &c. as I said at first, I am not so bent upon this but that I am very ready to give it up to you or yours, as Mr. Bowyer as yet knows nothing of it. Let me hear your resolution, and so success attend *us*. Q. Do you know that poor Miller's poor *widow* (who, by the by, calls herself *wife* in her Dedication of Mahomet) is in deplorable circumstances? You are known to be so ready to do good, that I suppose she has not let you rest at this juncture. If not, a little matter from the managers, on this second flight of her husband's muse, would be most seasonable for her, and not disreputable from them, as she has always behaved more decently than ever he did. Loves and compliments from both to both. My paper will no more. Mayhap I may *call* upon you about the middle of the month. So adieu. *Multos et felices.*

DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, College of Edinburgh, Jan. 5th, 1773.

THIS letter will be presented to you by Mr. Mackenzie, the author of "The Prince of Tunis,"* which you was so good as to read on my recommendation. I beg leave to introduce him to you as my friend, and a man whose genius as well as goodness of heart render him not unworthy of your acquaintance. I mentioned to you Mr. Mackenzie's situation in life. He does not depend upon the emoluments of authorship, but is prompted to write by a genius for poetry, and the love of honest fame. I need not say that he is very ambitious of being known to you; and if he is so fortunate as to find you disengaged, he may profit much by this introduction. For he was so much convinced by your remarks that his former tragedy was not so per-

* The "Prince of Tunis," I am afraid, is forgotten—but the "Man of Feeling" has kept its place among the Scottish novels; now a mighty class of invention indeed.—ED.

fect as he would wish any piece to be that appears on your theatre, that he has begun to work upon another subject, and will be glad to submit the sketch of it to your judgment.

I am happy to hear that you intend to make out your visit to Scotland this summer, with the hopes of which you have been long flattering your friends here. I need not tell you how agreeable this will be to them, and I am almost confident it will not be disagreeable to you. May I beg that you will give me some notice of your motions, that no excursion may rob me of the pleasure of enjoying you during your stay in this place? Offer my respectful (may I say) my affectionate compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and believe me to be ever,

My dear Sir, your most faithful and humble servant,

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. HENDERSON.

SIR, Hampton, Jan. 5th, 1773.

IT is with the greatest pleasure I hear of your success: the continuance of it will in great measure depend upon yourself. As the older soldier, I will venture to point out some rocks, which former young men of merit have split upon. Too much intoxicated with the applause they had received, and more inclined to be flattered by their inferiors than pursue the means to increase their reputation, they have generally neglected study, to keep indifferent company; by which behaviour their little stock of merit has been soon exhausted, and in exchange they have got the habit of idling and drinking, contenting themselves in public with barely getting the words of their parts into their heads, and in private with the poor, unedifying, common-place gabble of every ignorant pretender who (to the disgrace of it) belongs to a theatre. You must not imagine that I would have a young man always at his book; far from it: it is part of his business to know the world; and conversation, provided it is creditable, will be of the utmost service. I am sorry to say that the conversation I would recommend is not to be found among the dramatis personæ. Permit me to go a little farther; you have given me a sort of right, by saying that my interest at Bath has served you. I would have you endeavour to read other books besides those of the theatre. Every additional knowledge to that of your profession will give you importance: the majority of actors content themselves (like parrots) with delivering words they get from others; repeat them again and again without the least alteration; and confine their notions, talking and acquirements, to the theatre only, as the parrot to his cage. The last and chief matter is your preservation of that character which you set out with, of being an honest man: let no inducements prevail upon you to break your engagements; steadiness and perseverance will, though *slowly*, bring you *surely* to the best end of all our actions; while flights, rambling, and what some call *spirit*, will mislead, distract, and destroy you.—So much for preaching.

What I have said, is said to yourself, and meant kindly: if my future advice will be of the least service to you, you shall command it. When you come to London, I shall be glad to see you; half an hour's conversation will do more than a quire of written paper.

D. G.*

My best wishes to Mr. Taylor and all my friends.

I have a little gout in my hand, and can scarce write: I am sure, not to be read easily.

Endorsed,
"Copy of my letter to Mr. Henderson, of the Bath Theatre."

REV. P. STOCKDALE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Portsmouth, Jan. 6th, 1773.

I HAVE been extremely ill of an intermitting fever (which I had upon me before I left town) ever since I arrived here; otherwise I should have taken the liberty to have sent you a line or two ere now. I now write to you out of gratitude for your past benevolence and attention to me; and I still flatter myself that you will accept my letter not without some friendly sentiments with regard to the writer.

The travelling all night in a stage-coach, and the manner of travelling, every way disagreeable, hurt me much. We were overturned at Cobham at four o'clock in the morning, through the drunkenness of the driver. We were obliged to stand an hour at that time in the open air, as there was no house open to receive us: this hurt me more. My pain of body and mind, from three weeks before I left London to the present moment, have been horrible; therefore I shall not dwell upon them. I have had the advice of our surgeon, and I have been obliged to apply to a physician. My recovery is yet very slow, or rather dubious.

I have heard nothing of Mr. Fitzmaurice. Surely the low invectives of a newspaper cannot hurt me so radically, as to deprive me of the friendship of a gentleman whom I so highly esteemed and honoured. I need not surely request him, nor any friend whom I anxiously wish to retain, or to regain, to reflect, that every fact against me was most atrociously hyperbolized, and aggravated by the groundless resentment and scurrility of perhaps the worst man upon earth; and that many falsehoods were interspersed with those facts.

The officers of our ship call upon me, and are very polite to me; and the Captain

* Mr. Garrick does not appear, when writing, to have had the slightest notion of Henderson's peculiar character. Without pedantry, he was formed for study; and in truth, one of the great masters of his profession. He had prudence too, equal to his application. What he wanted was that piercing sharpness of voice, which would have relieved his declamation from occasional heaviness, and a face that would have better reflected the accurate perceptions of his mind. From nature and conviction alike, Henderson acted religiously upon Garrick's advice, through the whole of his honourable but brief career.—ED.

begs that I would keep my mind easy with regard to my duty, and take all the indulgence which my illness requires.

I find the two best things I shall be able to effect here, will be to finish Becket's translation, when I recover, with all expedition, and to fix my mind to that prudent and circumspect tone of conduct, which I hope will, in time, reinstate me in the good opinion of all those whom I esteem and respect. I am, Sir,

Your much obliged and most faithful obedient servant,

P. STOCKDALE.

P. S. I beg Mrs. Garrick to accept my most respectful compliments. Pray acquaint Mr. Ayrey that the best and most grateful feelings of my heart ardently wish his happiness.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR FRIEND DAVID, Jan. 6th, 1773.

I HAVE got the scene of the Gods fairly written out by a trusty hand, and shall take the first opportunity of sending it to you. I imagine it may be easily altered, by leaving out all that can personally be applied to Rich; and by introducing Momus at the end in the character of *Harlequin*. The encouragement of so popular and true a friend among *the Gods* will be enough to raise the ladies' spirits, without any mention of Mr. Shakspeare. If the verses be spoken (without any recitative), it will be scarce enough for an entertainment after the play; and I thought a fine parody of the whole of "Alexander's Feast" would make a noble addition to it, if well set to burlesque music; and finish with an *eclat*. But I fear you will think Bon[t]. Thornton has been beforehand with you in his exhibition of humstrums and salt-boxes at Ranelagh. I think not; for I would have the Ode set to *good* music, but *burlettick* and fantastical, and performed with great gravity and *oratorio-ick* importance. I have such an Ode, to be performed by beggars on a most solemn occasion, the anniversary of the birth-day, and the real marriage at coming of age, of the grandson of the beggar, author of the Opera so called. The introduction shall introduce him very old, as taking this opportunity of the true and fine taste of the town, introduced by his own opera so many years ago, to bring these pieces into public, formerly played with such applause in a large cellar at St. Giles's, for the honour of himself, *Tiphin King of the Beggars*. This introduction may admit of good satire and wit; especially as "The Beggar's Opera" has been so lately pecked at by our pseudo-reformers; and be a proper excuse for introducing some of the old ballad-tunes.

If you think the addition of the Ode in parody will have effect, I will write to the author for his leave—whom I have not seen for scores of years. It may be called the *Burletta Ode*.

I have just room for a true story, and to send Madam's best wishes, always seasonable, to you and yours, along with those of your devoted

J. HOADLY.

A good Lady Bountiful of these parts prescribed to a poor man for a dismal cold in his limbs, bidding his wife give him plenty of *balm-tea*. This did not cure him, and she questioned the poor woman when she saw her. "To be *shore*, your *La'ship*, the poor *crater* did all he could to swallow it, but he *snatter'd* and *jowl'd* so, I had not the heart how to giv'n any more of it." "I doubt, good woman, you did not get it fresh." "Yes, your La'ship, I had'n of my next neighbour, and she had *brewed* but the day afore."—Under a sign at Odiham, *A Cur for a Goose under God.*

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. SPRANGER BARRY.

DEAR BARRY, Streatham, Thursday, Jan. 7th, 1773.

I AM much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, but I think you receive conviction upon easy terms. The more I think of the whole affair, the more ready am I to say, "They fool me to the top of my bent." I am sick of this whole business; and for that reason I have avoided even a syllable about it to Dr. Johnson, who is now in the house. Every mortal whom I consulted before I came to this place yesterday, is clear that I have not been fairly treated. At Hatfield, in the summer 1770, an alarm concerning the Bill of Rights was given by Mr. Garrick: he told me that Mr. Kelly was a flea-bite to those gentlemen, but they would think me an object, and would be glad to lay hold of me. My reply to Mr. Garrick was, that since the year 1763, I had not written one word of politics, and "Zenobia" had been since acted without any manner of opposition. I told Mr. Garrick that I was sure Mr. Wilkes thought with more generosity of me than to suffer forgotten disputes to be revived, and that I could rely upon the frankness of that gentleman's temper, and the many polite expressions he had made use of in conversation with me. Mr. Garrick and I agreed to meet in town, in order to talk the matter over. When I returned to town from the circuit, I met Mr. Wilkes by accident, (at the Old Bailey, I think it was,) and he assured me that he never heard of a design against me; and he added with his usual politeness, that he never would be in a plot against a work of genius. Armed with this answer, I thought myself well provided for a meeting with Mr. Garrick: but he did not choose to come more closely to the point. Upon going home one day to Lincoln's Inn, I found the tragedy of "Alzuma" on my table without a letter or even a card. This was about the end of September 1770. I thought myself so abruptly treated, that I repaid him 300*l.* and acquiesced under that stratagem, without a complaint, except now and then a murmur that broke out of my chamber to some of his intimates. I am now to be made an April fool with the same trick, and that too after the reception of "The Grecian Daughter," and even after "The Irish Widow," which he writ himself, and contrived to pass for mine. In the name of common sense, why was so formidable a story told me by Mr. Garrick on Saturday the 26th of December? Mrs. Abington had made an

apology for her behaviour in a letter of the 16th; and yet a second letter from her, dated the 27th December, in a brisk, smart manner renewed the dispute, with a manifest intention to puzzle and embarrass. Mr. Garrick wondered on Wednesday the 27th, who could write Mrs. Abington's letters; and yet, the very night before, Mr. Hugh Kelly was the man who went to Mr. Garrick on a very particular message from Mrs. Abington in regard to Mr. Brereton! These are but very few of the many circumstances that attend this extraordinary transaction.

I cannot agree that the play shall be read:* the very cast of the parts, as settled in a particular or two, and proposed in some other particulars, would sink the play, even if it were as good as Congreve. I write in a great hurry, and will detain you only to say that they have made me like a horse that starts at a post, and cannot be brought up to it again. No business of mine ("The Grecian Daughter" excepted) was ever done in a candid manner: my peace of mind upon that occasion I owe to you and Mrs. Barry. Upon every other occasion Mr. Garrick has been a thorn in my side. I have engaged to stay here till Sunday morning; but will endeavour to see you sometime to-morrow, when I will explain myself more at large. If the intention of this crooked dealing was not to thwart Mrs. Barry, the whole pointed at me. The attempt to hinder me from writing a comic character for her is new: but the public universally admire her genius, and I beg to be one of the number.† I am with my best compliments to her,

Dear Barry, ever yours,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. G. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Jan. 10th, 1773.

I WROTE to you on Wednesday evening the 30th of December last, desiring that the play and all the parts might be recalled. At my chambers the next morning, you told me that you had seen Mrs. Abington upon the subject of her endeavours to disconcert the business at the theatre, and that she appeared extremely uneasy, and cried and laughed alternately. You recommended to me to make further enquiry into the whole affair, and intimated a wish, that I should wait to see your brother, who was then at Hampton. I waited from that time till Wednesday, the 6th instant, but I never heard a word from either of you. On Thursday the 7th instant, I received at Streatham a letter from Mr. Barry, requesting my consent that

* I imagine "KNOW your own mind," a comedy which appeared in 1777 at Covent-Garden Theatre. Dashwood was avowed to be a portrait of Foote, and it is finely drawn and coloured. If Foote could really flow on in a stream of wit and fancy at all upon a level with Murphy's sketch, he must have been a conversational prodigy, such as the world has rarely enjoyed. A learned friend of mine, who passed some time with him, described himself to me as in a state of intellectual rapture.—ED.

† Murphy totally forgets his own complaints of this lady as to his "Zenobia."—"The present eye praises the present object."—ED.

the unfortunate comedy should be read the next morning at the house. I wrote an immediate answer; and as I do not mean to disguise my feelings upon the occasion, I send you enclosed a copy of my letter to Mr. Barry. By the sentiments of that letter I abide, and have only now to request that the play, together with all copies that have been made of it, may be returned as soon as your convenience will permit.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, St. Cross, Jan. 10th, 1773.

I HAVE been tweaked by the conscience, and I can assure you that is worse than the thumb, for not keeping up a better correspondence of late with my old friends. One great reason was, that I have been perplexed, (besides proceeding too slowly in the great work of old venerable Ben Hoadly's Works,) by the foolish loss of my *will*. I do not mean the government over my wife, but last will and testament, of which I was silly enough not to have a copy deposited with some friend. My memory and *hand* have been upon the stretch this last week or two, to recover the substance of one immediately, which I executed directly, for fear of accidents, as I found by experience by poor Dr. Perkins, at Southampton, that parsons had apoplectic fits, as well as you laity.

I had gone thus far when I found my old one where I little expected it, and where I had *sworn truth out of England* it was not; so I am ashamed to tell my wife, for I do not love the laugh of sensible people. Are you ashamed to tell your wife *any thing?* I found most of the articles of this wanted as much tinkering as thirty-nine others that shall be nameless; and finding myself not dead, but of tolerable sound mind, I have been hard at it this week past, and have writ over a tolerable testament, as Madam will find. This is the plague of having more money than we want, and no young Buskins to inherit it. Ha! David. So I have been possessed rather with the restless spirit of writing (as we both have been before now), than with the sleepless spirit of the gout. *Tantum*—to you perhaps not *Tanti*.

I have spoke to several clergy and laity, and thought I had got a lad for you; but Sir Simeon Stuart, who has been very good on these occasions, especially to a large family of a late dead curate, rendered it not necessary, but was a long while before he told me so. Two others where I applied, were not quite old enough; and a third, being the son of a Welshman, would have been disinherited of an estate of nine pounds a-year, if he had been so *poor in spirit* as to have accepted of it. N. B. This *gentleman* has eight children, and no more *visible means* of a subsistence for any one of them, except one at Winchester school, at an expense he cannot afford, than the minor in "The Recruiting Officer." Poverty and pride make as comfortable a match

as the virtues of some of our late quality. I thank you, nevertheless, as much as if I wanted it myself; and *then* I have no doubt but I should make use of it, let my Welsh relations say what they would. If you will tell me how long I may delay, I will try again; or if you can use the money yourself, do.—The *farce* has been so long lost, that I am now unconcerned about it; only that one circumstance of the *Lady* being *her own Champion* (which was the name given it,) made me ask you a few questions about it. As to "Hamlet," we have before now talked of the possibility of altering it; and as it was resolved at last, I am sorry I knew nothing of the matter. By your account, and twenty-five lines only added, I fear too little has been done. The part which in my mind wanted most, and admitted of good alterations, was Hamlet's and Ophelia's behaviour to each other. There is a poor cause assigned for all her grief, and madness, and death,—solely her father's being killed accidentally—a fellow you are nothing concerned about, who talks one minute like a *Solomon*, and the next like a *simpleton*. But if this love had been rankling in her mind, and at last had overcome her reason, and been shown to be the bottom of her madness more than her father's death—and at the same time Hamlet had been witness to this, and shown remorse and distress at having been the imprudent occasion of all, how would this have heightened both their characters, and reconciled her catastrophe with some probability! Besides, Hamlet's character wanted it more than hers; and his behaviour to her in his *assumed* madness might have been reconciled to prudence, to drive all thoughts out of her mind of ever marrying a Prince, &c. though he had been so very imprudent as to write to her on that subject. She might resolve, and naturally, to go into a nunnery in earnest; and that sort of melancholy might drive her the more easily into madness. I can say no more, unless I were to have the alterations by me; only that I thought the death of the Queen, whatever the other characters were, had ever a greater effect, being by a natural accident, which at the same time pleased as a piece of poetical justice.

I have run you to the expense of three pennyworth of criticism before I was aware: but you will forgive me, as you have so good a bargain. But good now, after all, how did the galleries behave when they found themselves deprived of their grave-diggers?—or did not they miss them? That would be the greatest applause to your alterations.

Poor Warton (not Walton) had been to Oxford to fix another good-for-nothing son there; and was just returned for a day or two to Winchester, when I met him on the road. We could do little more than shake hands. He had not resolution to come to St. Cross, though I sent a note to him. He felt that we loved one another too well to be indifferent at our meeting, and so avoided it. I thank him. By this time, I doubt not you have seen him at London. He must get, at any price whatever, a sensible good distressed *gentlewoman* to preside with *some authority*, as well as cleverness, in his vast family, and keep company and dine and sup with him—and every thing but lie with him—or else he must leave off his boarders entirely. *Multos et felices* to you and Madam from me and Madam. She is gone to

fleece my flock at St. Mary's; and gone to preside over a mountain of beef, and an ocean of soup, and a fortification of minced pie, in which she is intrenched, and I *hang out the broom* in her absence. Yours ever,

J. HOADLY.

MR. GEORGE GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR, Monday, Jan. 11, 1773.

YOUR letter, with the copy of one which you had before written to Mr. Barry, surprised me much; and I was not a little concerned at the contents of both, notwithstanding what I had before heard from you by Mr. Barry, as I am most truly sensible that all your suspicions of my brother are wholly groundless; for I do aver that he has been always more anxious for the success and reputation of your play than he could have been or ever was for any thing of his own.

When you wrote to me on the 30th of December to inform me of your determined resolution to withdraw the comedy on account of Mrs. Abington's conduct, and desired me to return you the copy and such parts as had been then written out, it is true I waited on you the next morning, and, conscious of my brother's wishes and intentions respecting the play, was desirous of course to persuade you to retract a resolution which I conceived to be injurious to yourself, and totally unnecessary, and desired you would at least let the parts be finished and the play remain till my brother's return to town. But I must beg leave to observe that neither in this letter, nor in the conversation I had with you the next day, did you make any complaint or give the least hint of any suspicion concerning my brother's conduct in this business. As to your not seeing him in consequence of my proposal or advice, he never was in town from the time I last saw you till the Wednesday following, (the day you left town,) except that he came from Hampton on Saturday evening, and, being very ill, was advised to return early the next morning, where he remained till the Wednesday, though he came to town on purpose to be present at the reading of the comedy which you had put off, at your own request, from the Friday to the Monday. On Tuesday last, after the play, Mr. Barry for the first time informed me of your suspicions. I then endeavoured to convince him how groundless they were, as well in regard to Mrs. Barry as to yourself; and it was settled that Mr. Barry should see my brother as soon as he came to town; which he accordingly did the day after: and the result was, that the parts should be delivered out, and the play read the next morning; Mr. Barry undertaking to write to you for that purpose, and that he would endeavour to clear up every thing you had so much misconceived.

I have sent by the bearer the comedy and all the parts, which are but this moment sent to me, and is the reason of your not receiving this answer sooner. Enclosed I return you the copy of your letter to Mr. Barry, which as he thought would be indelicate in him to show to my brother, I think would be more indelicate in me to do. I am, Sir, Your most obedient servant,

GEORGE GARRICK.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Jan. 11, 1773.

BEING determined to recall the comedy which was in your hands, I was also determined to let you know the motives upon which I proceeded. To that end I enclosed to your brother George a copy of my letter to Mr. Barry, who had writ to me at Streatham, by your desire. Your brother tells me now that he has not shown you the copy, and I perfectly understand the nature of his delicacy.

As the letter to Mr. Barry contains an answer to what he writ by your directions, I think it would be indelicate to conceal it from you: I therefore enclose the copy for your perusal, that the blame of handing it to you may not fall upon your brother, who does business in a manner somewhat odd. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,
ARTHUR MURPHY.

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, Jan. 12, 1773.

THE bearer of this, Mr. Leland, is the son of Dr. Leland, one of the most respectable men in this country, with whom I have the honour of being very particularly connected by a long and intimate friendship; and I take the liberty (to which your kindness encourages me) of recommending the young gentleman to your acquaintance and protection. His present business in London is to enter the Temple, and, I hope, *bonis avibus*, to lay the foundation of knowledge in the law which may enable him in time to climb to the top of his profession. When you become acquainted with him, I am certain he will want no other recommendation to your favour than his own good qualities; but, in the mean time, it will make me very happy should you receive him more cordially as a person for whose welfare I am really anxious.

I hear from some friends in London, that "The Law of Lombardy" is to be acted next winter at Drury-lane; but though in conformity to your desire I wrote to Mr. Richard Sheridan (I think above two months ago), he has not yet done me the honour to answer my letter.* My letter was as civil as I could make it; his talents, I think, are very extraordinary, but not more so than his manners. It would perhaps have been well for him that with your patent you could also have transferred to him a little of your good-breeding; for I never heard that genius and politeness were incompatible in the same person,—at least I am certain he has not learned that maxim from your example.

I am ever, my dear Sir, your much obliged and affectionate servant,
ROBERT JEPHSON.

* Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This neglect, in a very amiable man, proceeded from the hurry into which pure indolence forces him who has business to do. A man of policy knows that *not* to answer a letter gives his correspondent an advantage in any negociation:—you have to propitiate before you treat, or apologize by your offer.—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. SPRANGER BARRY.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 12th, 1773.

I AM not a little surprised that Mr. Murphy, after having so lately lectured a young author for having suspicions of me, should again, in a letter to you, stretch his ingenuity to make out another quarrel with me, and withdraw his play. I was in hopes, after eighteen years' acquaintance, in which time he has often quarrelled, often acknowledged his error, and desired a reconciliation (as his letters can prove), that he should at last have finished with much harmony, and good-will: this has been my warmest wish, backed by my best endeavours.

I cannot believe that even Mr. Murphy's suspicions could tax me with a base neglect of his interest; he does not, he cannot believe it. I am afraid that he has unwarily got into some misunderstanding with Mrs. Abington, and, thinking a quarrel with an actress about a part would be too trifling a reason for taking away his play, he has chosen rather to exhibit a complaint against me, that his resolution may appear to have a little better foundation. But I defy the malice of my most inveterate enemies to prove the least intentional injury from me to him since our first knowledge of each other:—can Mr. M. do the same? As for the comedy, I voluntarily asked for it, considered it with my best judgment, and would have acted it with every advantage in my power—this I am sure *you* believe, though I would not, from your intimacy with Mr. Murphy, put any disagreeable question to you.

I am very much hurt to hear that he has ripped up old sores, which I hoped had been long healed. When we came before to a reconciliation at his request, I resolved, nay I thought it my duty to forget, what I thought former injuries:—has he still retained them in his mind for occasional use? I do not envy him that particular quality.

To finish this matter at once: if two of our common friends be convinced of my want of friendship in the business of this comedy, I will forfeit a sum of money equal to the profits of a new successful play, provided, on their acquittal of me, that Mr. Murphy shall ask my pardon, as he ought to do, for his unjustifiable unfriendly behaviour and unwarrantable suspicions. Let him agree to this, I am ready for the trial. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

I will refer this matter to any of his friends of Lincoln's Inn—Mr. Wallace, Mr. Bearcroft, Mr. Ranby, Mr. Cowper, and Mr. Tighe, though the two last I believe belong to the Temple.

MR. GARRICK TO ARTHUR MURPHY.

SIR, Adelphi, Jan. 12th, 1773.

I AM too much indisposed to write long letters, and too old, and too happy to love altercation. I had written the enclosed to Mr. Barry; I really have no more to say upon the occasion, and am sorry you have renewed your old way of making war, when I thought we had concluded a lasting peace,

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

I did not desire Mr. Barry to write to you at Streatham.

ARTHUR MURPHY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Jan. 13th, 1773.

YOUR letter to me of yesterday's date, and a copy of another to Mr. Barry, are now both before me. The contrivance of a middle man between us is nugatory. On my part, it grew out of the real occurrence: if Mr. Barry did not write to me by your desire, he writ with your privity, and your brother George dispatched the messenger on horseback. I therefore thought it fit that you should be acquainted with the answer. I shall now consider the substance of both your letters as if directed to myself.

I am so parsimonious of my time, that I hate to lay it out in letters, but am afraid I shall now be drawn into some length. Altercation is not among my amusements. My old way of making war, I grant, adheres to me: but what is that way? If I am treated with candour, the man who does it, has my acknowledgments. Is he grossly vilified? I abhor the calumny. Can I be of any use to him? He may command me. Does the same person do me an ill office? I am ready to avow my feelings. During an acquaintance of eighteen years, I have hoarded no man's letters, and I have written none that I am ashamed of. If in that period I have quarrelled, I never quarrelled without reason. If a reconciliation followed, I never made improper advances to any man. Had I been always the first to make concessions to you, where could be the wonder, to a man armed with an exclusive patent? I was at that time very young, and little aware of a stroke of policy, which I have since perceived is very refined, but, I think, of little value—I mean the policy of obtaining letters from an author in the hour of his success, or the warm moments of a manager's professed friendship, in order afterwards to make that very author feel a theatrical tyranny, and, should he resent the usage, to present his own letters as a contradiction to all he has to urge. I never yet heard that what a man says, when he has reason to be pleased, gives the lie to contrary sentiments when he is injured. I rely much

upon my memory, and will now hazard a trial of it. Three quarrels have been made up between us. In Oct. 1756, we met at Mr. Berenger's by your desire: three acts of "The Orphan of China" were ready; and upon the whole it was my idea, that Mr. Garrick's drift was to crush my endeavours in the bud. Whatever I thought upon the subject, I threw it out with warmth, perhaps with violence. Mr. Berenger did me the honour to call upon me, and laboured hard to infuse a contrary opinion. I believed him, and, as he advised, writ to Mr. Garrick in the most civil terms. There that quarrel ended.

In a few days after I was told by a gentleman at the Bedford Coffee-house, that a writer, whom I suspect, was then actually employed, under the auspices of Mr. Garrick, in a translation of Voltaire's "Orphelin de la Chine." I concluded immediately that Mr. Berenger had been imposed upon, and that all the mischief I had before apprehended was planned against me. Upon the spot I wrote to Mr. Garrick, and, whatever the sentiments of that letter might be, the expression was intemperate and unworthy of me. This was our second quarrel. Mr. Garrick upon a particular occasion showed that letter to his Grace the late Duke of Bedford, and the purpose for which it was shown was fully answered. In the month of December following, when I was settled in Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Vaillant interposed his good offices, by the desire, as I thought, of Mr. Garrick, and certainly without any application from me. He repeated many handsome declarations made by Mr. Garrick, and finally proposed a reconciliation. To try the sincerity of the offer, I made it a preliminary that the letter which had been shown to the Duke of Bedford should be given up to me: it was so. I wrote to Mr. Garrick to thank him, and I condemned the style and language of that letter. Ill humours, as you well know, broke out afterwards concerning "The Orphan of China," and one or two subsequent pieces; but they were acted, and my point was carried.

In October 1761, I had substantial reasons to sound a retreat from Drury-lane Theatre. In the month of May following, or about that time, I went to the treasurer's office, and paid 120*l.*, or from that sum to 150*l.*, which I owed Messrs. Lacy and Garrick, together with about 3*l.* 15*s.* 6¾*d.* interest due thereon. From that time, though I wrote plays, and among them the comedy lately in question, I offered none to Mr. Garrick for several years. A quarrel subsisted, and would in my opinion have subsisted till now, had not Mr. Bickerstaff made the first overture on the part of Mr. Garrick. He told me what handsome things were said of me, and, as I was understood willing to dispose of three plays in order to have done, he assured me that Mr. Garrick was ready to purchase them. I believed it, for Colman was then become manager of Covent-Garden. I closed with the offer of Mr. Garrick's friendship, and dined with him and Dr. Johnson at Bickerstaff's house. After dinner the plays were mentioned. "Prithee," says Dr. Johnson, "don't talk of plays; if you do, you will quarrel again." He was a true prophet. Though I wished it much, no bargain was made with me. "Zenobia," however, was acted in February 1768; and no other piece of mine till "The Grecian Daughter,"

in March 1772. Mr. Garrick, in the mean time, was pleased to show me that he could for another author act four pieces in twelve months. So much for the history of our quarrels in the gross, not in the detail. During all this time, it is said, Mr. Garrick was free from intentional injury to me; and a question is put, "Can Mr. Murphy say the same?" The characters of the two men might be left to decide that point, but I will speak out. I have been often sore from Mr. Garrick, and two or three times retaliated openly: I scorned a clandestine blow.

We come now to our fourth, and, I hope, our last quarrel. A misunderstanding with Mrs. Abington would have been, as you say, too trifling a reason for withdrawing the comedy, if the conduct of the manager had been such as friendship, honour, fair dealing and justice required. I have weighed every circumstance with deliberation, and I remain convinced that a man of spirit had no way left but to make his bow to Drury-lane stage for ever.

If Mr. Garrick considered it as his duty to forget what he thought former injuries, how did it happen that he told a relation of Mr. Murphy's at Bath two years ago,—"Yes, I could do great things with his play, but you know he has written against me?" If I, Sir, remember former injuries, it is because the wounds are opened by the hand that gave them. To store up resentments for occasional use was the black character of Tiberius.* I laugh at the idea of imputing to me the qualities of that Emperor. If you imagine him the model of my conduct, I am sure I imitate very ill, and cannot flatter myself that you have reason to *envy* me.

The proposal of a reference, with which your letter closes, cannot be accepted, because the terms of it are ludicrous, and Mr. Garrick kept behind the curtain till the play was returned. I have much esteem for the gentlemen named, but must take leave to think myself a competent judge of my own concerns.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. READ.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 17th, 1773.

I HAVE had a touch of my old complaint, and have not been at the house in an evening but once since the holidays. I have considered your two pieces with the most friendly care: there is a character and a spirit in the dialogue; but, be assured, the want, the total want of plan, would prevent their success upon the stage. Had you a fable, I am persuaded you could write; to show you, therefore, that I do not mean to discourage without showing my regard for you, (for, notwithstanding your former mistrusts, I am convinced you have some liking to me,) I will give you a

* Junius and Sir William Draper had made this reference to Tiberius popular. The point is neatly given at last by Murphy.—ED.

little plan of my own,* which if you please you shall execute under my eye, and we will settle it as soon as you please. There will be some music necessary, which Dibdin shall execute; and if you will go to work directly, it may be prepared for the next season. Be assured I am, very truly,

Your well-wisher and humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

The next time I play I hope to see you, and fix a time for a conference.

Endorsed

"Copy of a letter to Mr. Read."

MR. T. FITZMAURICE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Pall-mall, Jan. 19th, 1773.

FROM the time you will receive this, which will be probably about ten, till two o'clock, I shall be sitting at Mr. Dance's, where, if the Queen or you have any goodness in you, you will come, to prevent this performance from meeting with the fate of Sir Joshua's.

You are a wretch for not letting me know of your acting this night, before I had engaged company to dine here, Banks, Solander, &c. I did heartily wish almost that all the actors, but yourself, might be sick and not able to perform.

Please to let me know when you sit next to Sir Joshua, and I will attend you during the whole operation if you will give me leave. My duty to the Queen.

Yours most affectionately, &c.

T. FITZMAURICE.

MR. HENDERSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Bath, Jan. 21st, 1773.

I AM honoured and obliged by your kind letter more than I can express. You may be sure, Sir, your advice will always be uppermost in my thoughts, and influence my conduct. I wish I could promise to retain and improve by your advice and example in my playing, as much as I am confident my morals will be what your friendship would wish them. He has some right to assure you he will be temperate, for whom intemperance has no temptation. I have been very injuriously represented to you, if you have heard that "idling and drinking" are amongst my errors.

"Tout le monde," (says Bruyere,) "parle de son cœur, personne n'ose parler de son esprit." You will suppose me, Sir, under this predicament, and that I am among the objects of this Frenchman's satire. But I cannot help thinking that a man

* Nothing ever came of this, unless it passed for Garrick's, which was not an unusual thing.—ED.

has some right to talk of his morals, over which he *ought to have power*, when he may not speak of his talents, which are not in his choice to possess or not.

I am glad that it is your advice I should read other books than those which belong to my profession; for reading is my greatest pleasure, and my reading has been least of all in the drama. Indeed, I was afraid I must have relinquished the delight I have from other authors, lest they should have disturbed my more necessary and severer studies. Since I have the sanction of your advice, Sir, I shall resume them without hesitation.

I take you at your word, Sir, and ask the advice you was so generous to offer me. I played Hotspur the other night, and am not at all satisfied with this line as it stands.

> " Nor ever could the *noble Mortimer*
> Receive so many and *all willingly*."*

I cannot but think the *noble* Mortimer *would* have received them *all willingly*; and therefore I proposed to have said, Nor ever could *revolted* Mortimer have received them willingly. There is another line in the same character which to me seems to want correction.

> ——— " The time of life is short,
> To spend that shortness basely *were* too long."†

I wish it might be read,

> " To spend that shortness basely *'twere* too long."

If I had ever had the happiness to see you play this character, these questions would have been unnecessary, for, if you choose to retain the old text, I am sure you would have given it such emphasis and accent as would have satisfied the most critical judgment; but that happiness I never had, and therefore I hope you will excuse the freedom with which I ask for your decision upon this matter.

There is a report which I wish the truth of, more than that of any report whatever, namely, that you will give the world an edition of Shakspeare‡—till yours appears, I never expect to read the genuine meaning and full force of that wonderful

* Henderson here shows the subtlety of his mind upon a passage which, like another in the same speech, is carelessly reasoned. But neither one nor the other requires alteration. The reasoning must be taken from what precedes, as well as these two lines of Hotspur,

> " Never did base and rotten policy
> Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
> Nor ever could the noble Mortimer
> Receive so many and all willingly."

No man colours the policy of treason by serious wounds. Mortimer received *many*, and *willingly* exposed himself to them; he cannot therefore be suspected of disinclination to the cause.—Ed.

† An actor, might, on the stage, take *this* slight liberty.—Ed.

‡ Garrick was at bottom too wise to think of such a thing. His admirers were not critical enough o discover, that it was one thing in *action* to show *a* meaning; but upon paper drily and grammatically to ascertain Shakspeare's, another and very different faculty.—Ed.

man. There is no one but yourself from whom a correct edition can be expected, for Shakspeare looked not deeper into the human heart and passions, than you have into Shakspeare.

Pray, Sir, do you intend to publish your alteration of "Hamlet?" I am very ambitious to appear in it, and very eager to show the world what can be produced by two of the greatest geniuses the world ever saw, Shakspeare and Garrick.

I must once more recur to myself, (as great an instance of the *bathos* as perhaps you ever had,) and assure you that the *honesty* with which I began my theatric expedition, shall never depart from me; if you will not be ashamed of professing a friendship for one of so moderate talents as myself, you shall never be disgraced by a partiality for one of loose morals and doubtful integrity in me.

Again, I thank you, Sir, for your kindness to me; and again, I wish you every happiness you can wish yourself, and am,

With great deference, your most obedient humble servant,

J. HENDERSON.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, St. Cross, Jan. 24th, 1778.

PEOPLE are generally more explicit, and have time to be plainer when they write, than when they speak. We seem to resolve to mistake one another: I told you directly, that I had *no boy* to name to you, and only desired to know the time I must determine in; how long you would allow me to make farther inquiries. Or had not you better dispose of your money to somebody else, who may have a better opportunity at present to make use of it? I would know whether I am to look out any farther for a boy among the poor clergy's families; and what time you will allow me for my answer, or whether you will give your nomination to somebody else directly. I cannot recollect any thing of mine that will suit your friend King. The burlesque scene which you formerly had, and which you returned, of "The Beggar's Garland," would have done, but I fear it is too much known. The very beggar grown old, whom Gay has introduced with the player, might very well be produced, as the author, in an introduction along with a player or the manager; and he may perceive the taste for sing-song to be increased since his "Beggar's Opera" led them the way, and may have encouraged him to set skewer to paper again. There may be some satire against the bad taste of the town, that even listen after Foote's intended puppet-show, and the other more costly *puppet-shows* of both the managers.

In the *acting*, they may admit not a bad burlesque of the Italians, or at least of the modern manner of spoiling good old ballads, and giving Italian *airs* (in a double sense) to songs and characters whose excellence is their vulgarity: (but this is not the spirit of the piece.) One song introducing another, without any recitative or prose speaking, is the chief novelty of it. If you think that will do, I may venture it at a

distant theatre. I think he goes in summer to Bristol. Farther than this, I cannot possibly go now, as I have my hands full of real business. If you want *nonsense*, read the following severe epigram, which disturbed my sleep the night before last, and which I am revenged on by exposing it to you—the only satirical thing I ever vented here on any of my neighbours. The man is indeed a sad dog, and has married his wh—. Your good-nature will think that punishment enough.

EPIGRAM.

" W——, with strange malignity of evil,
Curses himself to damn his wh—:
Adultery sends her straighter to the Devil,
Than her high road of life before.

Or does than Socrates this better man
For *public good* bear *private strife*?
On earth the great rewards of both began,
The public's wh— is W——'s wife."

Your's ever,
J. HOADLY.

P. S. I have not seen Warton since his return yet.

By a letter last post from Dr. Balguy, " Mason's Elfrida has had a great run at C. G. yet scarce a line in it spoken as it ought. The general prepossession in favour of the play, and some pretty music composed by Dr. A. for the choruses, have done all. Mr. G. acquitted himself in Ranger last week, to the astonishment of the audience; but this will not prevent him from being exhibited by Foote in his new puppet-show."

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, Feb. 8th, 1773.

I LAMENT that you thought it expedient (to have) quite done with Ranger; but like C. Johnson, you die a martyr to the *rotundity* of your parts. You bid me send you a list of parts, to revive one. I am a man much prejudiced in favour of "The Suspicious Husband." That part deserves as good an actor as he that plays Kitely; and has never been *attempted*, I may say, since Bridgewater felt it. I have heard Ben say, he never rehearsed it without tears. Wood and Wire have acted it ever since. What think you of Falstaff, if you *dare*, with a prologue about your growing *fat* and facetious? What think you of the powers of Tragedy and Comedy at once united in that face of yours, when exemplified in the same breath in Don Manuel, in " She Would, and She Would Not?" or the *piteous plight of features* in the laughable Barnaby Brittle; if you can castrate that play without unmanning it? What of

Volpone, with the fun you would make of the mountebank? In short, you have exhausted *Nature* and *Fancy*.

> " *Nature's* powers you have shown,
> Making her's to seem your own;
> *Fancy's* fairy ground you 've trod,
> And command her magic rod;
> Nought remains but—Caliban,
> Act the *monster* if you *can*."

In return for this, I expect you to send me the wit between Dr. Cadogan and you, which made his daughter cry at Mr. Wilmot's. We are much better than we lately had reason to expect, and very much Mrs. and Mr. Garrick's, so—

J. and E. HOADLY.

MR. R. KELLY TO HUGH KELLY, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, Feb. 11th, 1778.

YOUR very friendly letter I received, and must say I am unhappy in having no prospect of making any suitable return to your extreme civility and politeness, other than my sincere thanks and warmest wishes. My friend, Mr. Lewis, I am confident, (at least if I can judge from the universal applause he has met here,) will prove a valuable acquisition to Mr. Garrick; he feels, as I am certain every man of sentiment must, the force of Mr. Garrick's judgment, candour, and generosity; and begs leave to decline any terms of agreement, leaving that entirely to his own breast. Mr. Garrick has ever been foremost to encourage any dawning of merit, and Mr. Lewis will with great pleasure implicitly submit to his decision. You desire I may not mind your blots or inaccuracies; be assured your blots are beauties to me, your judgment cannot be arraigned, your correctness is established, and if any little negligence should appear, I must consider it as a compliment, namely, your divesting yourself of form and restraint, and doing me the honour to treat me with the frankness and freedom of a friend. I have only to regret I cannot see more of them; but that can hardly be expected when I consider the obscurity in which I am comparatively placed, and the many objects of more consequence which must necessarily engage your attention. However, as an early admirer and an invariable friend of yours, I am persuaded my sincerity needs only to be known, to obtain (from worth like yours) now and then at a leisure-hour the favour of a line. I have read a long account in " The Ledger" of the transaction between Dibdin, author of the piece you mention, in conjunction with one Aickin an actor, and the printer: if the facts be as they are stated there, the balance seems to be in favour of the printer; on the other hand, I think it illiberal (though Bickerstaff's character be odious) to suppress the production if it has merit, and still worse as the suspicion was wrongly grounded, which it

seems was the case, by Dibdin owning himself the author;—but the public is a many-headed monster and hard to please.* You have enclosed a list of the principal parts in which Mr. Lewis has appeared with general approbation; I shall avoid entering into farther particulars, lest your good-nature should consider me more as the friend than the critic; indeed, the former is the character I should wish most to appear in; partiality in this case may be pardoned, but *can little* avail the person we wish to recommend, so I shall leave him to plead his own cause.

Was I here to say half how well I think of you, I fear I should incur censure as a flatterer; and be assured it is not my character. I heartily wish some accident (not to your prejudice) would blow you over here to spend one month; but fearing that unlikely, must content myself with toasting your health as often as I am able to purchase a bottle of wine, or until I have resolution to make a trip to London, which I have been threatening several years. I remain,

Dear Sir, with great sincerity, respect, and esteem,

Your obedient humble servant,

RICHARD KELLY.

Mr. Lewis waits your farther instructions, which he will punctually observe, as to time, place, &c. I delivered your compliments to Mr. Hoey, who returns his, and says he intends shortly to write to you.

Endorsed,

"Letter about Mr. Lewis the actor in Ireland, to Mr. Kelly."

DR. GOLDSMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Feb. 6th, 1773.

I ASK you many pardons for the trouble I gave you of yesterday. Upon more mature deliberation, and the advice of a sensible friend, I began to think it indelicate in me to throw upon you the odium of confirming Mr. Colman's sentence. I therefore request you will send my play† by my servant back; for having been assured of having it acted at the other house, though I confess yours in every respect more to my wish, yet it would be folly in me to forego an advantage which lies in my power of appealing from Mr. Colman's opinion to the judgment of the town. I entreat, if not too late, you will keep this affair a secret for some time,

I am, dear Sir, your very humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Endorsed,

"Dr. Goldsmith about his play."

* This refers to a comic opera called "The Wedding Ring." The report of Bickerstaff's having written the piece produced the most violent tumult in the play-house. At length Charles Dibdin, the composer of the music, was forced to appear, and from the stage acknowledge himself the author of both dialogue and airs, which restored the harmony of the audience.—ED.

† "She Stoops to Conquer."—ED.

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, March 2nd, 1773.

EVERY part of your last obliging letter, except that which mentions the gout in your fingers, gave me the greatest pleasure. I heartily wish you free from every complaint, and believe there is not a man in the King's dominions who does not join in the wish. You delight me much by the good accounts you give me of my tragedy's reception, with so many *emunct noses*. It had your warm approbation long ago; and I had little doubt of its reception with the gentlemen you mention, for you are no flatterer. I could hardly have expected Mr. Fox would have had leisure in these bustling times not only to read but to command my favourite piece. He heard it poorly read by the author at Mr. Conolly's, when his active genius was somewhat subdued under the influence of above two quarts of cold claret, after a full dinner, and a pretty warm debate, in which he took the lead with his usual energy. May I request you will make my acknowledgments acceptable to him. If I had any weight with you, I should also request you would take into your grace and favour his divine aunt, Lady Louisa Conolly; make some pleasant parties for her, or make some dull parties where she may be pleasant, by adding yourself to the company. If there is the smallest flaw in her heart, manners, or temper, her Ladyship is a better actress than Mrs. Gardiner. You have heard much, no doubt, about our "Macbeth." The second night of the representation, Mrs. Gardiner surprised even me, who have long thought of her with the affectionate partiality of a brother. The language of Lady Macbeth is so peculiar, that I think it no easy matter to convey the mere meaning of the author: she seemed to me to give the full sense and spirit of every passage; deportment, countenance, and articulation (notwithstanding a natural lisp) excellently. On the first night, there was such a hurricane of wind and rain, that the noise seemed at times to confound us all. She spoke an epilogue, which I understand you have seen, admirably. It is rather longer than the usual length, but her manner made us think it much too short. When I can find a copy of an indifferent prologue hammered out by me in a short time, I will venture to send it to you; not for your approbation, but your comfort, should you at any time think of the worst of your own in a fit of the spleen. I have seen with a kind of invidious regret an excellent epilogue of yours to the tragedy of "Alfred;" as to the tragedy itself, it is so contemptible, that I should not have thought the author of "Douglas" would have tarnished his fame by suffering it to appear (a few passages excepted). That epilogue, with a few slight alterations, would have done honour to what you are pleased to say is considered as my master-piece, "The Law of Lombardy." I hope you will give it as bright a tail-piece about the middle of next January. Not a word yet from Mr. Rd. By. Sheridan. I request, dear Sir, you will make my acknowledgments to him for his favourable opinion of me, and beg he may not trouble himself with answering my letter, or with reproaching himself for not doing it.

Since you are so good to desire it, I will certainly take the liberty of sending you some alterations which seem to me necessary, and when Mr. Sheridan sees them, I am persuaded he will think them improvements. In part of the first act, I mean to strike out some superfluous poetry; to insert a speech of about ten lines in the part of Berino, in the last scene, between him and Paladore, in the same act; a short passage or two in the council scene, third act, a little to enliven the first senator's exposition of the law; and to make *perhaps* some retrenchments in the fifth act: the incident I disapproved, namely, Berino's killing Ascanio, I suppose is struck out already by your hand. There is ample time for more alterations between this and the season for preparation, should more occur to me, or be suggested by friends.

I must again recall you to the subject of "Macbeth;" for upon looking over my paper, I find I have said nothing but about Mrs. Gardiner. As to myself, I played, in my own judgment, some parts very poorly, and others better than I expected. I had little possession of myself (on the second night which I remember best) till after the murder of Duncan. *That* scene, the whole banquet-scene, and the fifth act, were my best. I wanted solemnity of voice in some of the deep moral reflections; and my transitions might have been more artful.

The reward I met with in one of the libellous papers here, was a sharp malignant letter, addressed to the Thane of Cawdor, to persuade me and the public that I never could appear but to my disgrace in any but a fictitious character. I felt at first some little resentment, but it soon subsided, when I considered that I had formerly dipped my pen in the mud of party; and when I knew that the person generally supposed to be the author could have no motive for such an attack but the hope of assisting a bad cause in an election at present before a committee, in which I am bound to take an active part as a nominee for my friend Mr. Hutchinson. I do not send you the libel, because it might probably fall into hands not so partial as yours to the Thane of Cawdor; but I trouble you with this particular, hoping that if the libel should appear in the English papers, or be talked of in your presence, you will be so good to assign the cause I have mentioned; which I have no doubt to be the true one. Most other characters in the play of Macbeth were very well sustained—particularly Hecate, by Mr. Swan; Malcolm, by Mr. Hutchinson; and Ross by a very amiable young gentleman, Mr. Corry. The last and the second have some peculiar advantages in grace, person, and countenance. In the farce of "The Citizen," Miss Gardiner, in Maria, had very uncommon spirit, archness, and humour; her air, countenance, and figure are very engaging. A young brother of Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Robert Gardiner, played old Philpot with such seemingly unconscious drollery, that I think if you had been present he would have made your lungs crow like chanticleer. Mr. Bushe, in young Philpot, was the envy of every genuine blackguard who was present. He was a very humorous blackguard; but he was a Dublin one. I must beg you to read what follows seriously, and to yourself.

Though my health is at present better than I could expect, considering my former abuse of constitution, a much stronger man than myself may not live to see the

golden fruit which is not to ripen in less than a twelvemonth. Should it therefore please God to cut me off before that time, you will be so good to take care that all the profits fairly mine from the "Law of Lombardy" be at the disposal of my wife, should she survive me. I have yet many unpaid debts, and I rely so entirely upon her honour and affection, that I know she will, to the best of her power, and conformably to my desire, discharge them. I have also great hopes that the tragedy of "Vitellia" may make its appearance, not unprofitably to the manager of some theatre, and myself, next winter. The produce of that piece, also, (should there be any) I wish, in case of my death, to be disposed of in the same manner. You have always been her friend, and I am certain are both able and willing to assist her in every good office. I shall have by me an account of such debts as I remember; and in case of the greatest of all misfortunes, her death before me, I shall find a friend here who will communicate with you upon this subject.

Our friend Tighe is much engaged in his office of Private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, but is getting better health and more strength every day; he is much yours, and thinks Davies and Henderson have been imprudent, and does not countenance either the one or the other in what relates to you in their conduct. As to myself, I have promised Davies the whole (if he can pay for it) of the copyright in "The Law of Lombardy." He offered without hesitation to pay two hundred pounds. He behaved not only honestly, but I think gratefully for his share in the profits of my first play, "Braganza;" and his late, or present circumstances, make me wish to cheer him. We have all our offences, but Davies has certainly none to me. Pardon me for this long, tedious letter; and with Mrs. Jephson's and my sincere and affectionate compliments to you and yours, believe me ever,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

Tighe joins with me in wishing your name may appear in Mr. Sheridan's list of subscribers to his Dictionary.

MR. T. WILKES TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, March 4, 1773.

I WAS favoured with yours this day. It is certain that Barry has wrote to his friends, that he will be here in May next, in order to perform a few nights, to pay the demands on his theatre, and to sell or let it: for by all accounts Dawson owes him 800*l*. The very bad company he had could not be expected to meet with success; for except Macklin, there is not one of them worth forty shillings a week; one Lewis, a very indifferent actor, who squints, was the principal performer. Barry, in one of his letters, mentions re-assuming the management of his theatre; but that is only in case his acting will not clear off the debts. The theatre will require a large sum to repair it. The town had uncommon expectations from a young gentleman

from England: he is in deacon's orders, and heir, it is said, to a good estate: he performed Anthony in "Julius Cæsar" last week with great applause: he is a good figure, has a fine voice, and good action, but is rather awkward in the rostrum: he had the advantage of Sheridan, who performed Brutus. Last Monday the "Careless Husband:" Sir Charles and Lady Easy by Sheridan and Fitzhenry, they were dismally ridiculous; Wilks had great applause in Foppington. The "South Briton" has been acted six nights; I have inclosed an account of it. It is said you have engaged Mossop; he did not get above thirty pounds by his benefit. We have read "The Golden Pippin," and are surprised that Mr. Colman would suffer such stuff to be performed; it would not do here, notwithstanding that the author is an Irishman. I heard a letter read yesterday at the College, from London, which mentions your being in a good state of health, that you did wonders in "Lear," and received uncommon applause, which gave me great pleasure; the same letter mentions Foote's puppet-show being disliked, and that Smith and Colman had quarrelled. The authors of "Barrataria," which I sent you, have published a new edition of that work, with very considerable additions, and a most curious dedication to Lord Townsend; this edition was sold in ten days, but Mr. Wilson, who desires his compliments to you, will send you one in a few days. I am, dear Sir, most sincerely,

Your humble and obliged servant,

THOMAS WILKES.

My compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

MR. T. WILKES TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Saturday, 13th March, 1773.

ON Wednesday night I received the tragedy of "Alonzo," which I gave to Mr. Wilson, for which he returns you many thanks. All the town have it that Barry and wife will be here in May; but they all agree that Mrs. Barry has such a dislike to Dublin, from her very frequent declarations, that she will never be a winter out of London, which I do believe: for notwithstanding her very great merit, one season here would most certainly let down her consequence: as Barry, by all accounts, is in such an uncertain state of health, that he would not be able to perform with her above once a week, which would not answer here; therefore she must be obliged to act with a wretched set, the best of them not worth forty shillings a week. Some people talk of Ross, Smith, and Lee being here; they would not do, therefore I am not alone in my opinion, that it is impossible she would ever stay here. As to Macklin, *he says* he is engaged at Covent Garden for next season: his voice is very much *impaired,* and he finds it is full time to quit us, from his ill-success this season. Smock-Alley theatre does not stand the manager in a third of what is paid for Crow-street. The tragedy of "Alzuma" was not believed to be Murphy's, from the accounts of it by the letters from London, until it arrived here with his name to it;

however, it is agreed by all who have read it, that it is much inferior to his other dramatic pieces. A report has prevailed here, that you and Mrs. Garrick do intend to be here in June next, and are to reside at Mr. Hutchinson's. I have had many inquiries relative to this report; pray is there any truth in it? This is the only frank I have left, but make no doubt your friend Mr. Fitzmaurice will supply you with a few to inclose to me: pray, Sir, my compliments to him. Mr. Wilson has sent you the book I mentioned to you in my last; also, by post, a poem by a fellow of our College, which is said to have great merit. I much admire the epilogue to "Alonzo;" I think the performance has very great merit.

I am, dear Sir, most sincerely, your humble and obliged servant,

THO^{S}. WILKES.

My compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. WOODFALL.

DEAR SIR, Adelphi, Friday, March 20th, 1778.

FROM what dropped from our friend Becket yesterday, I imagine that I am but a poor *caput mortuum* among my brethren of the Public Advertiser; and what is worse, I have a property the very reverse of a boy's top, for the more I am whipped, the less I can spin. I must therefore desire you to dispose of my share to any gentleman who has more time and talents to serve the paper and the publisher, though no one can wish better to both than, Dear Sir, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

I shall have no objection to give up the dividend too, which I have received.

Endorsed,
"Answer to Woodfall's murmuring to Becket, March 20th, 1778."

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, April 16th, 1773.

I HAVE been so hurried lately in finishing off the Bishop's great work, (which you see advertised,) that I have had no time even for you, whom I love and esteem, both as a man (you and Madam make one), and as a theatrical man.

After two more attempts, I give up all hopes of finding parsons and their wives without pride. You are at free liberty to enrich the *Orphan Charity*, as you intended; and I am not the less obliged for your intentional charity to such of our clergy as I might recommend.

You have never said a word in answer to my small list of comic characters, nor (which a rhymer will not easily forgive) to my small epigrammatical compliment, which the poet thinks not the worst, though you may take the least notice of it.

You might have told me what was the result. I am told, that you resolve to act Falstaff for one night; which I think I dared you to do, but did not expect you would accept the challenge. I think it not true; but let me hear about it from one who is not only a fine old Grecian but a bold Briton.

En! volvenda dies has brought about what I had some apprehensions would never come to pass—a visit from Dr. Warton: a good deal shattered both by the loss of his wife, and a long confinement with a miserable strain. I ventured to say, in the too openness of my heart, what all his well-wishers agreed in, that they hoped by this time to have seen a person of some consequence (of the feminine gender), and authority, at the head of his large ungovernable family, that might have dined with him, and been looked upon as governess and somebody. I found this was not taken well; neither do I find more intended than an additional help in the school, with some power over his boys. So they will come home to mothers at Whitsuntide—(who must and will be consulted) with ragged linen and lousy heads. He seemed concerned at the neglect of you in town; but said he was not in a condition to see several he ought to have visited, and *Tom* must answer for himself. I have had his leave for half-a-dozen of his boys to dine with us, but have not seen him since.

Have you and your dame a mind to quit one *Hampton*, (now you have done all you can there,) and take a lease of a sweet nice house and gardens down to the water of another Hampton (South); for such have I purchased there, in case Madam outstretches me, at no less a price than 4000*l.* It was our poor friend's the late General Rufane's, who had built the back part of it, with a sweet room to the garden. It is indeed *rus in urbe*, for it opens to the High-street, as well as to garden and water. You must depend upon *my* life, and yet pay 160*l.* per ann. That's all. Madam joins in all respects with, dear David,

Yours affectionately,

J. HOADLY.

MR. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

Bath, April 17th, 1773.

HAVE you charity enough to give me a line to inform me whether I am to be undone or no? You may safely. I never mentioned any thing of consequence, nor did the parties *concerned* know a syllable of my going to Grosvenor-square, nor shall of any news you send me. I hear some of our folks talk very confidently of fifty nights at least next winter, *quod Dii prohibeant!* I almost wish I had quite washed my hands of it: it is not pleasant to be in the suds.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. E. GRIFFITH.

MADAM, 1773.

A FIT of the gravel has prevented me from doing any thing, or you should have heard again from me before this. Let me assure you that I am not in the least hurt

by your opposition to my remarks, or surprised that your friends think differently from me; it is very natural for an author to be partial, and very common for the friends of the author to be mistaken or insincere: at the same time I most readily subscribe to the fallibility of managers. I have indeed hitherto been of the same opinion with the public in your affairs, but have always with great reluctance differed with you and your friends. Though the general tenour of your letter is most polite and flattering, yet there is one expression in it which cancels every expression of kindness and regard: viz. that you must abide by my sentence, even though you had reason to fear that sentence was predetermined. If I was *predetermined* to refuse your play, I am a very unjust manager and a very dishonest man, nor can I possibly conceive how I have deserved this hard sentence from Mrs. Griffith.

Let me assure you, Madam, that the very reverse was the truth; and had I thought that any hints of mine could have altered the comedy not to have discredited us, by my honour I should have given them with the greatest satisfaction: but notwithstanding the play has received the stamp of approbation from great names, I must solemnly declare that it is my most impartial opinion, that there is no groundwork in the sketch you were pleased to put into my hands to build a play upon for a successful representation. I am, dear Madam, your most obedient, &c.

D. GARRICK.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, May 3, 1773.

As every expression of regard in my letter to you flowed from the sincerity of my heart, I hasten to account for that one, which you say has cancelled them all. Incapable of deceit myself, I am above suspicion; nor, indeed, had I ever reason, from any part of your conduct to me, or mine towards you, to suspect that you were my enemy. But it is now above two years since a person, then in intimacy with you, informed me, that he had heard you declare, in the most solemn manner, "that you would never, on any condition, bring out any piece of mine," with many expressions of dislike and disregard. This, Sir, has, for the time mentioned, prevented even my paying my respects to Mrs. Garrick and you; as I would rather submit to the self-denial of not seeing you, than obtrude where I had reason to fear my visits might not be agreeable. This, upon my honour, is truth, and from this foundation alone arose the expression which has offended you. I am very sorry I happened to make use of it; as I can, with the utmost sincerity, subscribe myself,

E. GRIFFITH.

DR. HAWKESWORTH TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, May 6th, 1773.

I AM extremely sorry to hear that I have incurred your censure by the sale of my work, without submitting the conditions to Becket. I shall state the facts to you, and I am confident that if you did not wish me to sacrifice my interest to that of Becket, you will acquit me. Having had applications from half the booksellers in London, none of whom offered me more than five thousand pounds, without allowing me a single copy, Mr. Strahan offered me six thousand, and to furnish me with all the copies that I had engaged to give away, which being five-and-twenty, amounted to seventy-five pounds. I was not then unmindful of your recommendation; but, knowing that Becket had no property—that if you should engage on his behalf to pay me six thousand pounds, on the contingency of his being enabled, by the sale of the book, to repay it, it would reduce you to a disagreeable dilemma, I thought it a friendly part to prevent your coming into such a situation. However, supposing that you might engage for one thousand five hundred pounds without an inconvenience that you would much wish to avoid, I told Strahan that I wished to give Becket the option of a fourth. To this he instantly replied, that with Becket he would have no concern, and that I must either relinquish his offer or give up Becket: thus, you see, my interest was *pitted* against Becket's: I supposed you would not wish that my interest should be sacrificed to Becket's, and therefore I closed at once with Strahan's proposal.

When Becket came to me yesterday at the India-house, and told me he hoped to have had a share of my book, I asked him what he thought the whole was worth; he said *two* thousand pounds. I asked him if he would be willing to give *one* thousand for a fourth part; he said he could not answer without making a calculation. I then said I had sold the whole for six thousand, and that I dared to say he would not think it eligible to give one thousand five hundred pounds for a fourth, if it was to be had; to which he signified his assent. Now, in the whole of this affair, I think I have acted under the sense of your friendship, and with the best return I could make to it, consistent with the regard which I supposed you to have to my interest, which I never could imagine you meant to sacrifice to that of Becket in my own affair:—if you think otherwise, I am ready to make you any satisfaction in my power; no pecuniary advantage being, in my estimation, equivalent to acquitting the obligations of friendship, or approving myself,

Your ever faithful and affectionate,

J. HAWKESWORTH.*

* The work here spoken of was the "Voyages to the South Seas." Hawkesworth literally died of *prosperity*, six months after writing the present letter.—ED.

DR. HAWKESWORTH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Great Ormond-street, May 6th, 1773.

SUPPOSING that you was no farther concerned in my transaction with Strahan, than as it affected Becket, I wrote my last letter under the impression of that sentiment. If Becket is out of the question, I hesitate not to acknowledge that I failed in what I trust you will look upon more as a matter of form than as an instance of want of affection or a sense of your friendship, the strength of which is such as makes me digest, though with difficulty, the terms of what I flatter myself was a hasty billet. Recollect, my dear Sir, that pressed as I was by multifarious business, and by the most important transaction of my life, it was not unnatural for me to look upon that as but a small trespass upon your friendship, the tendency of which was to confirm with the greater speed and certainty, what your conduct in the beginning of this affair showed a flattering and ardent desire of procuring for me. When I readily confess that the attention you expected should have been paid you, and when I assure you that it was my situation, and not my will, that occasioned the omission, I trust it will not be disagreeable to you to see that, notwithstanding the cold expressions of your note, I am once more desirous to subscribe myself, with cordiality and friendship, My dear Sir, your truly affectionate,

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. HAWKESWORTH.

May 6th, 1773.

MR. GARRICK presents his compliments to Dr. Hawkesworth, and as he has the misfortune to differ totally with him in opinion upon the subject of his letter, he will not give the Doctor the trouble, nor himself the pain, to enter into any farther discussion of this very disagreeable business.

Endorsed,

" Letter of Dr. Hawkesworth. My answer to his about his breach of promise."

THE REV. MR. MATY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Paris, May 20th, 1773.

WELL acquainted as I am with your disposition to receive the visits you have so great a share in procuring us, I should not have ventured of myself to give Mr. Budin, who is a man of letters, an introduction to you, but that I am desired to take poor Madam Grinai's place, who would most gladly have filled it herself if she had

been able, but she is almost constantly confined to her bed, and though her friends still hope she will get over it, suffers cruelly from what they call here an obstruction.

If I had only consulted the wishes she forms with all those I see, or indeed followed the popular language of the country, which I should have been more likely to do before I received some of your last lessons, I should say, let the fund go to the Devil, and come and see Mademoiselle Raucourt. I now say, play for the fund, finish whatever is begun at Hampton, answer as many authors as you can, and then, if you are very well, and the weather very mild, and Mrs. Garrick very well disposed to come with you, come and see Mademoiselle Raucourt. I have seen her three times, as you desired I would, before I ventured to pronounce; in "Pulcherie," in "Heraclius," in "Eriphile," in "Iphigenie," and in "Dido." In the two first parts I found her on the whole but little above mediocre; but in the last she gave me real, and sometimes original pleasure. She certainly possesses all the external advantages to a very high degree; is certainly handsome, has an expressive countenance, a most harmonious voice, a fine figure, and walks well. To this she adds that rare flexibility of muscles which enables her to vary her countenance at pleasure, extreme attention to business when she is not speaking, now and then very striking and proper action, and *rather oftener* very happy movements of passion. With all this, (besides that it is impossible to determine upon such short acquaintance how far she may have been taught every thing but her talent for expression, which is certainly her own;) she has faults that prevent my feeling that pleasure which I have often had from inferior actresses. The principle of these are a great monotony, insufferable slowness, general, though not constant want of the pathetic, and above all, the common fault of young actors, but which she carries farther than any of them, the wish to mark every word, and almost every syllable of a sentence. You will judge what part is owing to inexperience, what is incurable, what will grow worse in the vitiated soil she is planted in: it is but justice to own her fame could not have been in the hands of a cooler panegyrist; but I promised you an account of my feelings, and "encore un coup, ce n'est pas ma faute si vous m'avez rendu difficile." I fear to say too little, and must therefore add, nothing ever equalled the crowds of all ranks that flock to see her; and that those whom at my warmest instants of self-love I shall always acknowledge for my superiors in every point of taste, see her with much more favourable *eyes* than I can yet persuade myself to do. I shall make it my business to follow her close, and really *hope* to give you a better account when we meet.

You have so lately seen Suard, who I hope has *seen* you, that there can be little news from hence you have not heard already. Grimm is gone to Russia with the Landgravine of Hesse Darmstadt and her daughters. I believe there was some notion that Caillaud, who has quitted the Paris stage, and only plays two years longer before the Court, would have gone with or followed him, but I don't hear it has taken place. The state of letters is, as usual, a state of war. The Voltairists have at length raised a respectable antagonist, one Clement, who in a series of letters addressed to Voltaire himself, proposes first to examine all his literary judgments of

others, and then to determine his own claims to the rank he fills. They are written with taste, as impartially as can be expected from a rival author, and are certainly very necessary to awaken those who have a long time seen all things in Voltaire. La Harpe, the author of the Mercure, starts on his side, and from some little things I have lately heard him read, and a tragedy which even his enemies (and no man either has or deserves more) extol, bids fair to wear some of his literary crowns after his death. Thomas has just published all his works in four volumes; two of them consist of éloges known before, and the other two are taken up by a history of that species of oratory from the ancient Egyptians to the present times, in which there are some sensible remarks and pleasing anecdotes. As to the state of the theatres, the French Comedy carries all before it, the Opera is evidently upon its last legs, and the Italian Comedy totters. This is as it should be. We have heard of your last gala-coat, and of the pretty new trimming you put to it: do us the justice to believe we all regret the not having been at your court either of the days you wore it. You must make us amends when we come home, and as you are one of the causes for which we love our country, be one of the rewards for having supported its dignity. Adieu, my dear Sir; be kind to Mr. Budin, because he is one of Madam D'Epinai's particular friends, and believe me, with very true sentiments of esteem,

Your most faithful humble servant,

N. MATY.

Pray make my compliments agreeable to Mrs. Garrick, and assure her, that though too awkward by nature for a commissioner myself, I shall make her a most zealous broker, and take care any orders she sends me shall be executed in the best manner possible, without exacting any thing for my brokerage but the honour and pleasure of having obliged her.

Mr. Budin does not come.

Endorsed,

"Letter from the Rev. Mr. Maty, at Paris, about Mademoiselle Raucourt, the new french actress. May 20th, 1773. Answered June 20th."

DR. BEATTIE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Suffolk-street, No. 27, Haymarket, Saturday, May 22, 1773.

I HAVE been two weeks in town, and have often called at the Adelphi, but had the mortification not to find you at home; which indeed I do not much wonder at, as I know you are very much engaged at present. Mrs. Vesey tells me you intended me the honour of a visit yesterday; which I suppose something has prevented; however, I flatter myself we shall meet ere long.

I have two favours to ask, which you must grant, if you do not mean to break my heart. The first is, that as soon as possible you will give me an opportunity of

paying you that homage, which from every son of Apollo, whether bastard or legitimate, you are entitled to receive; the second, that you would exert some of those magical powers, by which you can transport us *to Thebes, to Athens, when you will and where*, in conveying Mrs. Beattie and me to some snug corner in Drury-lane theatre on the 26th current. Whether I can outlive the distresses of Lear when personated by you, is *uncertain*; for once in the character of Macbeth you almost murdered me as well as Duncan;—but I wish to make a trial, and if I fall a martyr to Garrick and Shakspeare, I shall from that circumstance have some chance of being remembered as a person who had the feelings of a man, and the imagination of a poet.

Mrs. Beattie joins me in most respectful compliments to Mrs. Garrick and you. I have the honour to be, more than I can express, dear Sir,

Your passionate admirer and most faithful servant,

J. BEATTIE.

Endorsed,
" Dr. Beattie about Lear,"
May, 1773.

MR. TIGHE TO MR. GARRICK.

Inner Temple, May 27th, 1773.

" Quæ tibi pro tali
Præmia posse reor solvi?"

Instead of laboured thanks, accept a simple fact.

Miss Montgomerys sat just before us, and (in spite of your admirable performance) it was impossible not to watch their countenances.

The expression of the eldest was wonderful, and such as the *mighty master would have smiled to see.* She gazed, she panted, she grew pale, then again the blood rose in her cheeks, she was elevated, she almost started out of her seat, and *tears began to flow*, &c. &c.

Mr. B. is infinitely obliged to you for the most exquisite entertainment he has received these eleven years. He saw " Lear," Anno 1762.

Your sincere and obedient,

G. TIGHE.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, May 28th, 1773.

I AM extremely sorry for having given you the pain or trouble of reading *the sketch* of my comedy, for in its present state I consider it as *such*, till it had received the stamp of approbation from greater names than mine—which it has been fortunate enough to obtain, since I received it back;—but as it stands rejected by you, no other

person's opinion in its favour can be of any consequence to its author; for I shall always hold my resolution of never having any kind of dealing with Mr. Colman. I do not therefore mean to make a merit of saying that I must abide by your sentence, even though I had reason to fear that sentence was predetermined.

But as even in criminal cases, the wretch who stands condemned, has a right to plead in his vindication, your candour will, I hope, excuse my taking the liberty to reply to your remarks, though rather apprehensive that any defence which I can make will not avail. In your *cross*-examination, you ask whether Fretwell has not a resemblance to Mr. Colman's Mr. Cross? I answer, positively, no—excepting their both being men, and both peevish; and I will venture to add, that there are but few better comic situations on our stage, than the meeting between Fretwell and his son.

You will pardon me for saying you have mistaken the impetuosity of Fretwell's passion for a serious resolution, where he talks of blowing up his house; but if the expression appeared too strong, it might very easily have been expunged. Fretwell does not appear to be really persuaded that his son is mad, but rather wishes to persuade himself and others that he is so, in order to punish him for his absurd behaviour; and surely, I speak not from my own opinion, that very circumstance is comic. I do not by any means think it unnatural, that some of the younger part of Colonel Woodly's corps should go in pursuit of him after an absence of two days; and the unsociable character of Fretwell, joined to their being refused entrance, and finding his gate locked, might very probably occasion what you call taking the house by storm. So much for Sir John:—now for his son, whom you style "the hackneyed fop of every play and farce." I consider the fop as a species almost distinct from the generality of men, and in that particular species there must undoubtedly be some degree of similarity: the placing them in different situations is therefore all that can be done to mark the distinction between them; and I do not perceive the smallest affinity in circumstance between my fop, and any one of those you have named. Besides, my dear Sir, if similarity of character was to preclude the exhibition of dramatic pieces, we should never have had the pleasure of seeing you in Ranger and Don John; nor would any other person have been suffered to appear in the part of Mr. Strictland, after having seen your inimitable Kitely. I have drawn my instances of similarity but from one play, and that an approved one; but I think I might proceed on the same plan with almost every comedy upon the stage; and it must necessarily be so, for Nature is uniform in all her works, and, if we copy from her, there must be a resemblance, which the microscopic eye of a critic may possibly discover.

There cannot possibly be a more natural mistake, again I speak from authority higher than my own, than the Doctor's accosting young Fretwell for Charlotte: he had reason to expect her in that very spot, accoutred *en cavalier*; he was therefore under the influence of prepossession; and supposing Dodd to play Fretwell, the figure could not possibly undeceive him, allowing darkness sufficient to conceal the face.

As to Charlotte's mistaking Sir Charles for the Doctor, she was also prepossessed that it must be him, and the deception need not be farther carried on, than while she

makes her excuse for not going off with him, which is a sufficient proof of her having intended it, and Sir Charles might then discover himself without affecting to deceive her. Though, even as it now stands, I must say that it is a more probable mistake than many which have been suffered to pass in other comedies, where persons converse for whole scenes in the plainest language, and yet affect to misunderstand each other. Not to mention the last favourite comedy, where Mr. Marlow passes some time in conversation with the lady he was going to marry, and don't know her again in a few hours after, because she had taken off her ruffles.

The only likeness of character which I confess, is that between Lady Dainty and Lady Languid. I am sorry for having introduced her, though their situations and conduct are totally distinct; but I was led into it by having the fainting scene related to me as a fact, by a person of rank and undoubted veracity, who strongly recommended it as an incident proper for the stage; so that I may at least urge in my defence, that the picture is drawn from the life.

The making Colonel Woodly personate a Mate, was taken from a hint long since given me by her Grace of Bedford, whom I highly honour, and should have been happy to have obeyed; and had you, my dear Sir, thought proper to have adopted this unfinished piece of mine, I have no doubt but *we* should have found comic situations, for this at least new character upon our stage. I am not now to learn, that, without your aid, few are the comedies that could succeed; and as I was once so happy as to receive your friendly assistance in that way, and unconscious of ever having even in thought forfeited my claim to your kindness. I feel a very sensible mortification from your withdrawing it, particularly as I did not attempt to press you in time, but would with the utmost pleasure have waited your leisure; perfectly content, if at any time I might have hoped for the honour and happiness of your approbation.

Long as my letter is, I cannot conclude without expressing my joy at hearing that you mean to perform at least another year: long, very long, and very happy do I sincerely wish your years may be, though I were never to have the happiness of seeing you; for merit like yours must claim the *regard* even of those who are not fortunate enough to possess any portion of *yours*.

I shall make my son happy when I write, by mentioning your obliging remembrance. Mr. Griffith joins me in best compliments to Mrs. Garrick and you, and I am with unalterable esteem, your obliged and obedient servant,

E. GRIFFITH.

Endorsed,
"Mrs. Griffith's letters about a play,
and my answer."

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, June 3rd, 1773.

I HAVE received another letter from my sister, after a thorough search among the Doctor's papers, and no "Country Burial" is to be found. She therefore begs that you would give yourself the same trouble; and blames nobody but herself, who was so careless as not to look into the parcel returned by you, till a great while afterwards. What you mention of "The Contrast," I cannot help thinking an impracticable scheme; especially as the thing was originally so *personal*, even to the use and burlesque of the expressions and words of the authors. These, at that time known and in people's mouths, now almost unknown and obsolete. The principal life, spirit, and vigour of the piece, (I mean the contrast between the two opposite bards of tragedy and comedy,) retailed out in Fielding's "Pasquin," and that too well-known to render the original thought (which is the life of it) either a novelty, or a night's entertainment. The stage, by your means, and the good taste you have introduced, is not so much the subject of real satire and burlesque, as you found it thirty years ago; though galloping down hill apace, with the help of those false syrens who should assist it, Music, Painting, Mechanics, &c. It is a thing impossible to geld the gentleman of his personality, as he would be a mere capon without it; but then that personality would not now raise such a nest of hornets as it did originally. If you could point out a number of the present faults of playwrights, and give them a true comic turn and of novelty, something might be done; but I despair of that. Let me have your real thoughts at leisure.

Mrs. Charles Street does not want money so much as she did, her noble sister having, on this great acquisition of fortune, made her a present of 300*l.* to renew her lease under the Crown, and enabled her to pay me that money which I had lent her, and which I received yesterday. Not only that, but Miss Pris. has given her *sister maiden* 5000*l.*, which is now already in her own name in the stocks, entirely in her own disposal. The very Matthewses can hardly grudge her this great fortune. We hope your own health and spirits and feelings do not give the lie to your encomiast in the papers, when you harangued *the gods* as usual in Benedict. For myself, I have lately had an attack of spasms, &c. which threatened to lay me up at St. Cross, and did delay me there above a week, but, thank God! is gone off, leaving only my loins a little affected. Adieu!

J. H.

I and mine to you and yours.

MR. GARRICK TO HIS EXCELLENCY RICHARD PENN, ESQ.

SIR, Hampton, June 10th, 1773.

THOUGH I received your letter some time ago, and had prepared to answer it directly, yet finding that the subject of it was known all over London, and that you had taken

a more certain method to prove my age than by my own testimony, I hope I shall stand excused for not obeying your Excellency's commands sooner. You have too much good sense to expect that I should be sorry for the loss of your wager; indeed, Sir, I had rather that you had lost thousands for hundreds, than that I should have been, what you have endeavoured to make me, four years older than I am. Your Excellency knows, that persons upon the stage, like ladies upon the town, must endeavour, by dress, paint, and candle-light, to set themselves off for what they are not, and that a publication of registers would ruin the practice of half the Antonys and Cleopatras in London. My age (thanks to your Excellency's proclamation of it) has been published with a proper certificate in all the papers, so that I have been obliged to resign all the love-making, ravishing heroes and gentlemen in the dramatis personæ.

The ladies, who are very quick at these matters, sit now very quietly in the boxes, and think that Mrs. Sullen and Mrs. Strictland are in no great danger from Archer and Ranger, and that Jane Shore may easily escape from a Lord Hastings of FIFTY-SIX. Our friend Captain Wynn, were he not better provided for, might now, as he once intended, take possession of the *Hamlets*, the *Rangers*, the *Lotharios*, as he was pleased to call them, without a rival. What is still more mortifying is, that you could not possibly have laid such a wager, had you not seen in my looks, and found by my conversation, that I was grown quite an old man; however, you have so much penetration, that your opinion, though erroneous, is a kind of warning to me, which my vanity has prevented me from taking before; and as you have so kindly pulled off my mask, it is time for me to make my exit, *artemque reponere*.

I am your Excellency's most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

P. S. Notwithstanding the shame you have brought upon me, I must beg leave to congratulate you most sincerely upon your marriage, and to present my respects to your lady.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. SMITH.

Adelphi, June 10th, 1773.

MR. GARRICK presents his compliments to Mr. Smith; in all the transactions he has had with managers and actors, he never was more surprised than at the late one with Mr. Smith. Some particular reasons of this surprise shall remain in his own breast. All matters of business are indeed at an end between them. Mr. G. wishes that they had never begun. He cannot suffer Mr. Smith's *hard terms* in his letter to pass by unnoticed; for he trusts, that could every circumstance of this transaction be known, Mr. Garrick would appear to have shown more friendship in trade, and to Mr. Smith, than he seems to be sensible of, or than can be every day produced, either off or on the stage. Mr. Garrick returns Mr. Smith his good wishes.

TO MR. GARRICK MR. CLELAND'S RESPECTS.

Thursday, the 11th June, 1778.

You cannot conceive the pleasure your note of yesterday gave me. It would have been still greater, could I have flattered myself that you would join to the Ginseng some concomitancies of regimen essential to the security of its success. Whether you are in earnest or not to afford it a fair trial, suffer me to annex a memorandum, herewith inclosed, of certain additional points.

In short, I would wish you to omit nothing that may in competent time radically rid you of that infernal torturous inmate, without endangering you of a metaptosis, or transition into other dreadful disorders, and with all, enable you to accomplish a perfect regeneration of your whole mass of solids and fluids, without any pain but that of a few negations, to which, with a little manly resolution, habit will soon reconcile you, and even make a pleasure to you. Unfortunately, while doing much towards a cure, we too often perish by the little we neglect. There is nothing that is not of great, of capital importance, in matters of health. Many, or rather most human creatures, on their death-bed, would willingly sacrifice half, ay, the whole of their fortune, to the purchase, though it were but of a month's reprieve, from the last agony, so tenacious of life has nature made even the most courageous; even some who have been known to brave the terrors of death in the field with the most calm intrepidity. And with all this, how few are there, that by their own indiscretion and intemperances do not accelerate the fatal period! May you, however be an happy exception, nor ever *Cooper* me or yourself!

As to that sketch of an historical drama which you needlessly returned me, what you are pleased to say of it, is much beyond my pretensions in it. You could hardly not see that I framed that rough draught merely to give you an embryo idea, susceptible of every addition or alteration that should appear requisite to give it a full theatrical effect.

All nauseous mean flattery to you apart,—flattery which you would surely see through and spurn,—I would wish to make one representation to you, which I have before offered only in form of a hint. It is this: since you have made, even as a dramatic writer, so good a figure in comedy, it would give, I dare swear, great satisfaction to the public, to see you in the character of an author, and why not in tragedy? You have one of the greatest principles for it that can be desired—your admiration of Shakspeare, which is but in other words a taste for nature;—a taste to which, for your having suffered yourself to be occasionally seduced from it by that damned fashion of fustian, which has so long infected our tragic dramas, you owe the honourable reparation of doing something worthy of yourself—worthy of your genius, (probably as equal in authorship, as it has been *proved* in actorship, to both the muses of the theatre,) in the manner and way of that god of your idolatry. Much you did for him in your Jubilee, but you would still do more for him in re-

viving his spirit and taste. You owe it him, if but in point of gratitude for what he has done for you. Only figure to yourself with what a rapture the town would receive your deliverance of it from the frigidities of our modern tragedies, by the restoration of that long-banished nature which seems to have been born and died with Shakspeare.* Even but an emulation of him could not but carry the stamp of genius, and bid fair for success: at least, it has not yet been tried, except, perhaps, by a Theobald or his equivalents.

If, then, you can conceive a more promising, a more popular subject, than what that sketch of mine affords, in its outline, in the name of your own acknowledged taste, reject it. If not, might it not be a pleasurable amusement to you this summer to try your pinions at it? To myself, it would have been a most agreeable task, but for reasons, in which you have not any the least concern, it is amongst the class of impossibilities.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, St. Mary's, June 15th, 1773.

The ground-floor at my service! A temptation indeed! *Madam and you will take care of me!* A flattering consideration! I fear the ground-floor would not contain me, for I should be o' top of the house. And Madam to take care of me! I doubt you would be jealous of me, you cock-sparrow. Another doubt is, that if I should think myself well enough, it is a million to one, whether my Madam would. I have had some return of gout since I came hither, and but this last week have lost a good quantity of blood by the piles, which may not be bad in the *end*, though a little alarming at the time; and Madam herself has lately had too frequent returns of a bilious cholic, though better at present. These are but ugly spokes in the traveller's wheel, if ever he should turn his face towards his few friends remaining on this side of Temple-bar. It is a great undertaking; and I must *make my will*, as country gentlemen used to do on going to town, before the turnpike-roads joined London and Edinburgh. Notwithstanding this *despair*, I should be glad to know in what part of the summer you would be most at leisure, and freest from company? whether you know any thing of Lord Hardwick's motions—at Richmond or at Wrest? whether worthy Daniel Wray lives at Mount *Ararat* at *a rare rate*, according to my old pun, so worthy to be remembered.

I have lately heard, from one I think a judge, an extraordinary character of one Henderson, now on the Bath stage, formerly under the name of Courtnay. He may be worth inquiring after; though, I hear, Palmer there has said he would strain a point to keep him at almost any expense. The house is never filled but when he plays.

* Garrick, at all events, was not destined in tragedy to rival Shakspeare. His own few additions to "Hamlet" are a blot upon his genius, and are now happily both rejected and forgotten.—Ed.

I have just been running over, for read it fairly I could not, a most vile comedy in MS. called "The Methodist." I think there is one tragedy, by the same author, (Mr. Jefferies, now dead, but a very ingenious man, and of uncommon learning—perhaps not dramatic genius,) that deserves your eye and examination; and which, with a little alteration, might do—I mean "Edwin." The story being taken from our own history, is something in its favour; and the language, I think, more dramatic than common. He had the merit of first bringing "Merope" upon the stage; and the demerit of adding under-parts and underplots, that spoiled all the simplicity of the story, else Aaron Hill's is *mine* —— to it. It breaks one's teeth to read it. As you love *street humour*, or any true humour, better than wit, I will tell you a story, which may be long enough, perhaps, to cost you threepence, but it is worth all the money. Mr. Ridding, my father's secretary, overheard a Scotchman persuading his *freen* into an ale-cellar, in St. Martin's-lane, because there was an excellent harper. "Ken ye the cheeld of Gud that danced afore the ark of the Loord?" "Wee'll enuf, 'twas David."—"Oh! my sul, he was *mine* —— to this mon for a *Scotch tune*." —I have room for all loves to thee and thine from me and mine; and you have my story for nothing.

J. HOADLY.

P. S. I have some observations on "Edwin," by Theobald, if you shall ever have a thought about it.

Endorsed,

"Dr. Hoadly about money matters,
June 15th, 1773, answered 20th ditto."

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, June 15th, 1773.

I AM in no less astonishment at the receipt of your note,* than you express at the late transactions between yourself and me.

That you are very angry with me is too evident; that I never have done any thing (intentionally) to deserve your anger, is not less true. I am totally at a loss to guess at the meaning of your letter, or what I have done to offend you so much. Your terms were not only thought *hard* by me, but by others who were more your friends than mine. I am sorry I made use of the expression in my last application to you, as I would not offend you for the world. If to have idolized you deserves your resentment, no one can have been more guilty than,

Your very sincere and faithful humble servant,

W. SMITH.

* Of the 10th of June, *ante*.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. W. SMITH.

DEAR SIR, Hampton, June 19th, 1773.

OUR Shakspeare says, *There is a tide in the affairs of men*, which, in my opinion, you have lost. You must excuse me, if I never write a word more about this disagreeable matter; you have desired it now, or I should not have done it. For some years past, you have assured me that all your wishes centered in being with me at Drury-lane; that you would come upon *any terms*—my *own* terms, and used many expressions of that kind. As our company was full, and I thought you well fixed at Covent-Garden, I most sincerely advised you to be satisfied with your situation: upon your quarrelling with Mr. Colman, and your situation becoming a disagreeable one, I resolved to show my regard, and extricate you from it. I fear, you unluckily thought that it was policy made me listen to a treaty with you, in hopes to break your present connexion; how little you know of me, or of what I know! I laughed at all your golden dreams! When we conversed upon the subject, and you began to *stand* upon terms, (which surprised me much,) I stopped our conversation, and turned you over to my brother—he settles our money matters, for I hate to make bargains, and was sorry that you had any to make: to be short, you were offered what you had at Covent-Garden, and refused it. You did indeed say, that if *I insisted* upon it, you would take it, but you should be *miserable*—could Mr. Smith imagine that I would engage him upon such terms as these? From that moment I changed *my* mind, as you had *yours*, and was glad that you refused the *hard offer* which was made you: let me assure you, upon my honour, now it is over, that what I did, and brought about with much trouble, was for the *man*, and not the *actor*; and that if I had been Mr. Smith, I would have agreed with Mr. Garrick upon *harder* conditions, especially as Mr. G. Garrick hinted (not without good reasons) the great probability of your situation being soon mended. You were mistaken to think that I agreed to your proposals when I talked with Mr. Cooper, and it was not in my power—I told him so, and he acknowledges it. You said, in a former letter, that some persons, who were more *my* friends than *yours*, thought the terms which were offered you *hard* ones; to which I say, and I beg that you will tell them so, that they can be no friends of *mine*, nor can they, for much stronger reasons, be any friends of *yours*. Be assured that I am not angry with you for losing an opportunity of being at Drury-lane, and I desire you not to be too angry with yourself.

I am, dear Sir, your sincere well-wisher and humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

I wish you much pleasure on your present expedition. I should have been at the Isle of Wight too.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Wednesday Morning, June 19th, 1773.

SINCE I received yours *yesterday* (for I did not get it before, having been in the country,) I have been so uneasy in my mind, that I cannot help troubling you again. The loss of your friendship is more to me than that of any engagement in a theatre; and could I have been admitted to your presence when in treaty with you, I am satisfied matters would have been adjusted to your satisfaction. You may remember you told me, that though you never gave *guineas* as a salary, you would make up that difference to me out of your own pocket. I do not mention this by way of *new* bargain, but to justify myself for refusing twelve *pounds*; which, if Mr. G. Garrick rightly informed you, and I doubt it not, I said I would accept if you insisted on it, but that it would make me unhappy, and that I asked from your friendship and generosity thirteen pounds by way of *rank*, and that, if you would consent, I would refund the difference at the end of the season. This is now nonsense, but I would wish to stand clear in your opinion of any imputation of having slighted any offer from you, and that you should do me the justice to think, if I have offended you, that it has been from an error of the head and not the heart. I am sensible of your good wishes for me, which I will hope I have not forfeited. Do not let forgiveness be the only virtue you are without, though, in truth, I know not how I have offended you. I am leaving town this morning. If you will condescend to favour me with a line, directed to me at James Mackenzie's, Esq. East Cowes, Isle of Wight, you will take a weight from my spirits which oppresses me much. Do not think me interested enough to be now soliciting for an engagement with you: I am not; yet at the same time I must say, should you ever make me an offer again, it *cannot* be refused. Permit me to assure you, I am with the greatest truth,

Your very sincere friend and obedient servant,

W. SMITH.

MR. J. CLUTTERBUCK TO MR. GARRICK.

June 21st, 1773.

EVERY body tells me that my dear Garrick still continues to exceed even his own exceedings upon the stage, which puzzles my philosophy, because I cannot conceive how the theatrical powers can last after the memory is gone; or how you can remember your parts, and forget for almost a year together that I am in the land of the living. Perhaps you think, that having your picture, and that of my dearest Mrs. Garrick, is sufficient for one who is now scarce more than the shadow of himself; and to be sure, I reap some comfort, by stepping now and then into my parlour, and holding a dumb conversation with you both; but let me tell you, it is but a water-

gruel diet, and barely keeps body and soul together: however, that good young man, Hatsell, hath in his last letter lent me his poker to stir the embers of affection, and I again glow with that warmth which cannot quite cool until my vital bellows cease their function.

Enclosed you have the account of the Theatrical Fund cash, which you must look at the doors of others, and not at mine, to trace the cause why it hath not been employed to rather greater advantage; and when your hand is in, inquire why the unclaimed money which Pritchard lodged in my hand for the original renters, hath remained unprofitable, at least ever since the time that I drew up a form and gave to my worthy friend George to get copied and signed by you and your partner, by way of authority and indemnification to me for carrying to the above-mentioned Theatrical Fund. I assure you, the being entrusted with the care of other people's property, hath been neither profit nor pleasure to me; and I have in the late perilous times been apt to think myself a fool for keeping their cash in a banker's hand, and standing all risks as a middle man, without other emolument or motive than *causa amicitiæ*. But such indiscretions may affect the takers of Broom-Field, but they shall not me; as I am firmly of opinion, that "*more money than enough*" is the most contemptible of all objects. If it (money) would buy health for one's self or others, I would consent to grow avaricious, but every day's experience convinces me that it will not keep one from wearing out, therefore a fig for redundance. I am sorry to tell you that a gloom accompanies me whenever I go to Bath at the house where sport and fun used to reign:—our valuable friend Sharpe is alarmed almost to despondency by a cataract formed upon one eye, and his fears that the other will share the same misfortune. He begs me to come as often as I can to him, and I purpose dining there to-morrow, in hopes of strengthening him in his wise resolution of laying in as many additional ideas as can be obtained while his sight lasts, and strive to imitate the feathered songsters, who are said to perform best when their eyes are out. My brother is dying, my dear wife hath had of late hardly a day's health, and under all this I bear up, and am to you and my dear, dear Mrs. Garrick,

Most affectionately,

JAMES CLUTTERBUCK.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Clutterbuck's letter to me,
June 21, 1773."

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, East Cowes, June 21st, 1773.

I THANK you for the favour of yours, though every word stabs. I fear you are implacable, as you are determined never to write again on the affair betwixt us. If I have lost the *tide*, it is my misfortune, not my fault. I had never thought of making *terms* with you, had you not insisted on it. My wishes have ever been to be

with you, and I have never *refused* the terms I had at Covent-Garden, nor should I, had they been offered. I have had for three years past *twelve guineas*, and Mr. G. Garrick never proposed more than twelve pounds; nor did he give me any hint of the probability of my situation being mended. Mr. Cooper well knows that I told him I would not refuse the terms I had at Covent-Garden, if you offered them to me. By this, Sir, I hope you will find you are under a mistake, and that you will suffer that mistake to be set right in my favour. Do not be quite so determined against one you have professed a regard for, and who, if he has been wrong, is desirous of making every atonement in his power. Heaven has but our sorrow for our sins, and then *delights* to pardon erring man. If you can forgive what is past, and will permit Mr. G. Garrick to draw up an article, I will sign it without looking at it. I cannot hope for another line from you, and your last has totally overturned all my hopes of pleasure on my present scheme. I had the honour of seeing your friend, Fitzmaurice, yesterday, who gave me an invitation to Knighton, where I hoped I might have met you, but I find you will not come. I shall be in town in ten days, where, (if you can persuade your heart to take me once again under your protection,) I will hope to hear from Mr. G. Garrick. If not, farewell, and may you be happy, though you inflict misery on your most faithful servant,

W. SMITH.

Excuse nonsense and mistakes, for I really am so agitated that I know not what I write.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, St. Mary's, June 25, 1773.

I AM sorry I have not a frank for your double letter, but all our *members* are *privy* counsellors, and gone to the King's *puppy*-show, more dull to me even than Foote's. You see by him that duller sentimentals will never truly burlesque sentimentals, any more than excess of bawdy can be truly a criticism on bawdy.

I remember a foolish comical instance at the time of the "Contrast," which followed the "Merope" of this same Mr. Jefferies. We had made an exceeding *high-seasoned* exordium of an epilogue; applying *first nights* to authors as well as to virgin brides. This we soon found was more absurd than the Lacedemonians making their slaves drink to deter their youth from that vice; it only taught it them in higher perfection. Merope was at a sad loss for an epilogue, and Ben added a few lines about snarling criticks and ill-humoured husbands; and our *Satire upon bawdy* went off, by the help of Mrs. Buchanan, with high applause, as the tip of the mode. I thank you for your kind invitation, but I doubt my abilities—however, I will not despair of the month of *August*; 'twill be the *Augustan age* with me. Know my Lord's motions, and let me hear. I cannot come now, having a bad cold and cough, and pain in my side. Your *bottomless* chairs do not prevent me, as I have a remedy for

that; as George Sturt told my wife, who was commissioned by him to bid for such chairs at an auction here.—"Never mind that, my friends will bring *bottoms*."

I really think *my friend* a judge of what will do on the stage. You will believe me when I tell you, I once persuaded him to try his vein of humour on the stage; but he is too lazy, and finds too much employment of his time in a more rational way, with too much idling when *from* home, and too much *diligence* at home, with a German flute and an English girl, whom he keeps in this county; but I am neither *bed nor bolster*, so know nothing of the matter. You ask me for the play of "Edwin." I thought you had all the plays in the language. It was published when acted, and since in a quarto volume of Jefferies' Works, 1754. The chief of the story, I fancy, is invention; and you will see with half *your* eye whether it will be for your purpose. You must send me Theobald's Remarks back again, for they have an owner whom I would not disoblige. Theobald once made the "Richard II." of Shakspeare actable, if I remember, not much amiss. There are fine *drops* of that *immortal man*, that have not yet appeared under your auspices. *Julius Cæsar* is one more; but I have a notion Covent-Garden is beforehand with you. The procession to the Lupercal Games might be an entertainment for a *King*. Might not any new actor appear to advantage in such plays as have not been acted in our times? Our respects and all good wishes attend on you and Madam Garrick, and believe me,

Dear Sir, sincerely yours,

J. HOADLY.

I have not yet got the key of my house, but I have advertised it in our paper, and in two London papers.—Oh! repairs, repairs!

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

Queen Ann's-street, June 27, 1773.

MR. CUMBERLAND presents his compliments to Mr. Garrick, will take an early opportunity of sending him the piece of two acts, agreeable to his promise, as soon as he has completed the alteration which Mr. Garrick recommended.* He will transmit it from Ireland before the season commences, in time for any purpose Mr. Garrick may have for it, though ever so early. Mr. Cumberland leaves town in very few days.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Cumberland's letter about his farce, and my answer."

* The very entertaining farce of the "Note of Hand," acted at Drury-lane, in the year 1774.—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. CUMBERLAND.

Hampton, June 27th, 1773.

MR. GARRICK returns his compliments to Mr. Cumberland, and will give a very sincere opinion of any piece which he is pleased to put into his hands.

At the same time, he must confess himself as much surprised after so long a silence to receive his note of yesterday, as he was to know the cause of it: indeed, he little thought, after he was informed of his new scheme, that he should have been honoured again with his commands.

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen Ann-street, June 30th, 1773.

WHEN I have used every effort to preserve your friendship and to render myself understood by you, I shall have fulfilled the duty I owe to the professions that have been in use between us, and shall bring myself to acquiesce in the consequences of my miscarriage, though they rob me of your society for ever.

I perceive you write to me under resentment, and it is plain you allude to the cause, when you tell me of the *new scheme* I have been engaged in. Weak as the foundations are on which you build your anger, I am yet well content you should have some plea for your neglect of me; and I had rather that excuse should spring from passion (though self-interest be the root of it) than be found to proceed from lassitude in friendship, and that insensibility of nature which is more unconquerable than aversion itself.

It is true, Sir, I have been engaged in an undertaking, which had for its object the promotion of genius. I have been tempted to subscribe my opinion at the instigation of friends whose judgment I hold sacred, and amongst them by some which you and I enjoy in common, who, like myself, did not apprehend you would have resented an effort, founded in public spirit, and which neither aimed nor aspired to affect a fortune and a fame, which your unequalled merits have long made secure, and promise to transmit without impeachment to posterity. Why, then, do you express surprise that I write to you to signify my readiness to fulfil an engagement, entered into at our last meeting, and which, unless it is your wish to revoke, I cannot honourably recede from? Indeed, as you say, our silence has been long; so long as almost to warrant your forgetfulness of the trifling production which has interrupted it and all that relates to it; but has the intercourse dropped in my hands? You are too ingenuous to suppose it. I am sure you can recollect nothing of me for the last eight months of our lives, which I have not obtruded upon you; and yet, in that period, I have had more claims upon the sensibility and politeness of my friends, than in all my life before.

There is a time, Sir, when self-respect will tell us we have done enough: the last public testimony I set my hand to, was in your just applause; the last private encomium which my pen ever passed on any living person, was dedicated and delivered to you: with whom rests the silence then,—with yourself or me?

I have repeatedly been at your door to converse with you on this very scheme you allude to; in short, I am conscious of having neglected no occasion of deserving and maintaining your friendship upon fair and equal terms; but if I am to hold your favour upon conditions which must degrade me with myself, or if I am to incur your displeasure whenever I chance to cross your interest in a laudable pursuit, the wider and the more public our breach is, in that case, the better.

I have troubled you with a very long letter, because I would be loth to lose any friend for want of a little seasonable explanation; and if my time allowed, I would have come to you myself, but I depart to-morrow, or at farthest on Friday; I therefore send my servant with this to receive your answer, which the post would not bring me.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful and most obedient servant,

RICH^{D}. CUMBERLAND.

Endorsed,

"Mr. Cumberland's letter of June 30th, 1775."

DR. BERKENHOUT TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, July 19th, 1773.

THE exuberance of a wild imagination is generally like the gall-nut of the oak, the produce of a maggot; but in this they differ—the one makes ink, the other wastes it. This being an entire new simile, I hope you will not neglect to store it in your common-place book, among the few originals of the present age: and if you should ever write a criticism on Solomon, you may produce it as a proof that he was wrong in asserting that there is nothing new under the sun. But lest, like the *sun*-fish, my *epître* should seem all *head*, I will proceed to my *tale*. Yet upon reflexion, lest this sun-fish should remain under a cloud, as you are no great naturalist, before I proceed to business, I must refer you for a description of that animal, to Vol. i. p. 65. of the Outlines, &c. written by the learned and ingenious Dr. B.

Our philosophers, I think, are generally of opinion, that kings are not immortal; consequently they are subject to diseases, and consequently want physicians. An ingenious friend of mine is of opinion that our gracious Sovereign ought to have at least one *country* physician. "Now," says he, "if you could by any means obtain the feather of King's physician, it would be worth all the feathers in your cap. You might reside at Richmond, retain your old friends at Isleworth, and make a fortune in a very few solar revolutions." My friend is an astronomer. I should be glad of

your opinion of this matter. Give it, if you please, a moment's consideration. As it is a mere feather we ask, is there not some probability of succeeding? I have the honour to be,

Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
J. BERKENHOUT.*

Endorsed,
" Dr. Berkenhout's letter,
King's Physician."

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, St. Mary's, July 21st, 1773.

I HAVE had a painful toe all night since I wrote this, and hope it will ease my cough.

I think, and was confirmed by the tears of two very tender sensible ladies, Madam Hoadly and her old friend Mrs. Goodenough, that your epitaph is excellent, but being willing it should be superexcellent, I have ventured to *reform* it, which you may think *deforming* it. The quintessence of these things is *truth*, not poetry. Wherefore I think the *looking down from above*, or *again exerting his filial love*, (which is obscure,) not to be admitted in this kind of poetry. The parents' hopes of their child's happiness, and their sense of a good Providence, either in its dispensations here or to come, are certainly omissions. *Joy* and *comfort* are too nearly the same, and seem rather a botch in the verse. *Adorn* seems more necessary to keep up the allegory than *bless*. These few little remarks occur to me, as you desire me to read it carefully, and let you know my thoughts. Such as they are, you have them overleaf. I cannot give up both *map and memory* to old Charles, be he ten times a governor. I stick by Bedfordshire and my pun. Neither do I know whether Lord H. is gone to *Wrest* or to *Wimpole*; nor can I possibly go, at the time you mention, to either of them, as summer begins already to be precious, and the annual visit to Farnham can hardly be evaded; and the gouty cough continuing, I will persuade Madam that change of air is good, and endeavour to be with you the 25th or 26th of August.

EPITAPH.

With thee so late our joy and boast,
Did every blissful vision end;
With thee, though young, at once we lost,
A son, companion, and a friend.

So fine thy thread of life was spun,
Nature so richly wrought thy mind,
That she proclaim'd, the work was done
For Heaven, and not t'adorn Mankind.

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* A very pleasant and ingenious trifle from a learned man, and a very celebrated physician.—ED.

With patience borne from ling'ring pain,
Now, matchless boy, rest ever free:
Thy own example only can
Teach us to bear the loss of thee.

Our hopes, though all thy virtues cheer,
And time our bleeding hearts may heal;
The parent still must drop a tear—
Heaven would not teach us —not to feel.

L. 4. or a duteous son, a feeling cheerful friend.

All our loves.—Yours ever,

J. HOADLY.

EARL CLANRICARDE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Barton, Isle of Wight, July 27, 1773.

I HAVE just heard from our friend Smith; and take the first opportunity of thanking you for your very obliging recollection of Mrs. Cartwright—the person we recommended to your protection. I have by this post wrote to Mr. Lacy, who I hope will co-operate with your charitable intentions, in favour of this poor woman. I was never more humbled in my own estimation, than by your contempt of our late bustle. I had some faint hopes that you might have taken a peep at us, and in that case I should certainly have made a prize of you; but how chap-fallen was I when I heard you was at Hampton. Methought I heard Pope addressing you, as he does Lord Bolingbroke—

"Awake, my Garrick! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings;
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die,)
Expatiate," &c.

And yet, all Hermit as I am, I must acknowledge that it was a noble sight; and what made it more agreeable was, that I might have seen it from my cell. But I am now again reduced to a mere Carthusian monk: this reflection may tempt you to give us a look; it is customary abroad for the greatest and busiest of men to retire sometimes from the world into a convent—suppose you was to try the experiment. You have seen all the blaze of Knighton; come and see the serene moon-light prospect of *Buen Retiro;* they are very great contrasts, and ought to follow each other,—but I despair of that pleasure. If it does come, I shall look on it as I should on the Millennium. My good friend begs your acceptance of her best compliments. The packet is getting under sail, and will only permit me to add, that I am, with the truest regard,

Dear Sir, your most faithful and very obliged humble servant,

CLANRICARDE, &c.*

* John Smyth, the eleventh earl, who died in 1782.—ED.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Leiston Hall, Saxmundham, July 28th, 1773.

I AM now too well convinced of the unshaken firmness of your resentment, to have the least shadow of a hope of softening it: yet, I still flatter myself, my fault is *ignoscenda quidem scires si ignoscere.* The tide of my fortunes, perhaps, is not entirely in your hands, though, it must be confessed, that of my happiness is: for I can most truly say, I have not known an hour's peace since I received your letter in the Isle of Wight. If you are as stern a judge as Minos, you will say I am the author of my own misfortunes. If so, that reflection makes them still more pungent. Should folly be punished with the same severity as vice? Your Shakspeare's Hotspur would in the way of bargain cavil on the ninth part of a hair; but what would he not give to "a deserving friend?" I still insist that I never refused the terms you say were offered me,—but I beg pardon, I meant not thus to relapse, and I blush at it.

The occasion of this is to beg, (as I find it is well known that you did me the honour of treating with me,) that you will keep secret, to what humility of style you have reduced me; a style which you must think abject, and which I could not make use of to any being on earth but yourself: nor has any event of my whole life ever given my spirits so great a shock as your unkindness. Let this rest betwixt us, and as my letters are unworthy of an answer, at least vouchsafe to burn them. Oh, Mr. Garrick, amongst all your friends, you have not one whose heart has been more yours than that of, Your sincere, though deserted humble servant,

W. SMITH.

Since the beginning of June I have wasted thirteen pound in weight, and should I be disengaged at the theatre, doubt not of being qualified to ride at Newmarket in October meeting.

Endorsed,
"From Mr. Smith, about our treaty,
Aug. 3, 1773."

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

[We now enter upon a very agreeable series of letters, in which we behold a great man released from the fatigues of Chancery and the business of the State, passing his time in the bosom of his family and his friends, and closely cultivating that cordial intimacy with Mr. Garrick, which all but identified their interests, which united them as executors of poor Beighton, whose life they had rendered happy, and left to Lord Camden the care of Mr. Garrick's concerns when he had dropped into the grave.—ED.]

DEAR SIR, Camden-place, July 29th, 1773.

YOUR letter found me upon a ramble in Sussex, and my own laziness made me postpone my answer till I returned to Camden-place, as the business did not require immediate dispatch.

I am very sorry that I must still act the great man, by lamenting my want of

power to obey your commands, and my unfortunate engagement to serve another person before I was honoured with your favour. When I had much to give, I could dismiss a friend with a good grace, and soften the refusal by a future promise; but now, alas! having but one poor vote left, which is not worth soliciting above once in three or four years, I am truly mortified to send you away with a denial, and yet I must. for my friend Dr. Battie commanded my vote for one Dr. Dowsett, above a fortnight ago. My vote being thus disposed of, my interest, if one could be separated from the other, is worth nothing,—which I could wish otherwise sometimes for my friend, but never for myself.

This little business, however, has with me some merit, as it has produced a petty correspondence, and given me an opportunity of inquiring after you and Mrs. Garrick; and since you have given so uncomfortable description of yourself, you are bound in conscience to inform me farther of the state of your health, and so to continue till you are perfectly recovered. If we were together, perhaps a few morning walks would have a quicker effect towards restoring your health than any nostrum in the physical world. But Mistley* is the only mansion you deign to visit, and so Lord Frederick and myself are forced to piece up a half-party without you. We are, as it happens, perfectly well at present, except that Fanny is confined with a dancing cold of no great consequence. Your little French friend fills half her letters with encomiums of the Miss Garricks, to whom she is infinitely obliged, for I believe her letters, and am sure her commendations, must flow from gratitude, being yet too young to flatter or dissemble.

Let me know, if you please, what is your destination this summer, that if possible we may meet. Mine will be spent principally at home, till I am called upon towards autumn to make my annual visit to Bath. I am happy enough, and want nothing but the company of one of your literati clubs to recall the memory of the classics, and revive my taste for Shakspeare, being at present but too much occupied with corn and hops. Treat me then with an epigram, or a bit of a prologue, something that will bear carriage by the post; or if you have nothing of that sort in readiness, assure me of your's and Mrs. Garrick's health, and I will be content. My lady and my girls desire to be remembered to you, and to join their compliments with mine to Mrs. Garrick. Yours most sincerely and affectionately,

CAMDEN.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. FOOTE.

August 1, 1773.

MR. GARRICK returns his best compliments to Mr. Foote. He has too long lamented the loss of his society not to accept of his invitation with pleasure. Had not Mr. Garrick's inclinations influenced him in this matter, a small attention to

* Mistley-Hall in Essex, the seat of the Right Hon. Richard Rigby.—ED.

his honour must have taken him to North End, as Mrs. Garrick was resolved, in case of any prudery on his part, to go alone. If this day se'nnight will be agreeable to Mr. Foote, Mr. Garrick will attend him, or any day he pleases in that week; till then, he is engaged with his old friend Clutterbuck, at Hampton. He must likewise inform him, that he has both a wife and a mistress with him, and should one be left behind, it would most certainly occasion a family quarrel. A gentleman who loves and understands the stage and law of "Bankrupt,"* last Friday declared to Mr. G., that it is the author's best performance, that there was a full house, and that he never was better pleased, of all which Mr. Garrick most sincerely wishes the author joy.

MR. FOOTE TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, August 1, 1773.

I AM happy that your inclination and health hold for Monday. I am sorry that Mrs. Garrick should think any preparation necessary for bringing any person she thinks fit, where I have the least power.

I have asked Fitzherbert and Major Mills to meet you, so you know your company: I beg pardon, Chetwynd, who is much yours, will be here. I had a line last night from the North; Woodward, since my quitting the spot, has not once brought the expenses. Mrs. Jewell has been vastly followed. I am exceedingly obliged to you for the kind conclusion of your letter. I promise you I should not have hinted it to you, but in the confidence of your friendship, and if at the same time, I could not with the greatest truth say that I am

Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

MR. W SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Stortford, Aug. 4th, 1773.

I AM much obliged by your letter, and beg to be forgiven for troubling you with any repetition of our past affair, which I never will mention to you again, after saying that, at our first treating, *you* told me you would give me the same salary I had at Covent Garden; that though you never gave *guineas*, you would pay the difference of the *shillings* out of your *own pocket*. Now, Sir, I think I may affirm, that Mr. G. Garrick never offered me twelve guineas but only pounds. I am ashamed of taking up your time thus, and have done with the dispute for ever.

I suppose I must not think of an engagement with you, and I am more unhappy than you can imagine. Will you accept of me as a *cadet*, or if I quit the stage for a season, will you engage me the following. I know not [how] to apply to Mr. Colman,

* "Bankrupt"—an allusion to Foote's comedy of "The Bankrupt," then acting with great success at his theatre in the Haymarket.—ED.

and am sure he never will to me. How happy it is in your power to make me, and I should think without hurting yourself.

I am now at Winter's, at Stortford, who desires his respects to you. I do not mean to trouble you to write again, but if you would strain your friendship a little more in my behalf, you may relieve me from a very miserable state indeed. Consider that money was not the object with me, but rank: but I have done.

Believe me your very sincere and most humble servant,

W. SMITH.

Mr. Harris lately told a friend of mine that you had made me an offer which he believed I had accepted—Would it were so!

MR. GARRICK TO MR. W. SMITH.

DEAR SIR, Hampton, Aug. 6th, 1773.

WHY will you repeat that disagreeable, and let me say contradictory business of the twelve shillings? You have really done a simple thing, and all this after-game of words only makes the matter worse. Your *rank*, as you call it, stood upon terms —you were making bargains, instead of shaking hands—were you to know all, you will find that I can produce much stronger proofs of *my* sincerity than you can of *yours*. You boggled at *shillings*, when we did not at *pounds*, besides risking things of greater consequence. Let the business drop, I hate to think of it; the fact is, and you should own it like a man as you are, the third company turned your head, and you had forgot what your heart had been wishing for years. I will say and write no more upon the subject; I can now promise nothing from myself: where shall you be at the end of ten days? I do not mean to stop any engagement may be offered you; but should a circumstance happen, I would convince you that I have not the least resentment, but am still your friend in spite of your folly.

D. GARRICK.

P. S. Remember that I can promise nothing. Pray present my best compliments to Mr. Winter. I am sure he shakes his head at you. The post stays for my letter, and I have not time to read it.

Endorsed,
"Another letter from Mr. Smith,
and my answer, Aug. 5th, 1773."

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Camden Place, Aug. 5th, 1773.

I RECEIVED yours this morning, and am so well pleased with the contents, that I will not let one post elapse without an answer to tie you down to your proposal,

and bind the bargain with the most explicit assent on our parts, but with some alteration: Monday *or* Tuesday is your proposal; I accept it with my construction only of the word *or*, which I understand to be the same as *and*; and if you will consult your learned counsel, he will inform you that these two words mean the same thing, whenever the subject matter requires such a construction: and that is the case here. Your offer of either proves you are at liberty upon both, and are consequently ready to give us both if we have no objection. I do, then, in the name of us all, declare that we take advantage of this offer in its fullest extent, and mean to claim both Monday and Tuesday, and to have the whole of both these days, which cannot be unless you are lodged here on Sunday night, and defer your departure till Wednesday morning. This visit will be short enough. I will agree to lengthen it to any period, but I will not give up a second in my claim upon you and Mrs. Garrick.

When you are here, we will settle the form, time, and manner of returning the visit, together with the number of the visitors; and though, in a common call, I would wish an abatement of my debt, yet in this I mean always to pay liberally. You shall have full measure and running over. It is impossible for you to answer this letter in time. I direct it to Hampton for that reason, because I know the post cannot be intercepted, or the letter received before Saturday next, therefore your bed will be prepared on Sunday night, and you must come if you are expected. Parsons is with us, and will stay, if you come on Sunday. Mrs. Garrick knows he is the best singer in England, which is more than you know. If you are angry with me for this taxation of your ignorance, I shall, instead of asking pardon, repeat the affront in another instance that concerns yourself much more nearly. For I know you are the best actor living, which is likewise more than you know, and yet it is true nevertheless.

I would likewise have you know another thing which perhaps you do not, and yet there I shall hardly forgive your ignorance, and that is, that I am at all times, yours and Mrs. Garrick's, Most sincerely and affectionately,

CAMDEN.

MR. H. COOPER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Ross, Aug. 6th, 1773.

BEFORE Mr. Smith left London, he expressed to me his concern, that the treaty between him and you did not end in a manner satisfactory to you both. I am apprehensive that a misunderstanding on his part of the terms he supposed you to have once offered him, prevented a final agreement between Mr. G. Garrick and him.

I am convinced that he is very seriously hurt, by the apprehension of your having taken offence at some part of his conduct. He authorizes me to say so, and to assure you that the loss of a place in your good opinion would give him very deep concern. At his request, and with very earnest wishes of my own, that it may not now be too late, I take the liberty of assuring you that Mr. Smith will cheerfully accept

the terms proposed by Mr. George Garrick. I cannot forbear expressing my hopes that nothing happened in the course of the treaty, or has since occurred in your theatrical arrangement, to prevent a connection which I think would be highly advantageous to Mr. Smith, and I trust will be satisfactory to you. For the trouble I have heretofore given you upon this subject, and the liberty I now take in renewing it, I will make no apology to one who has always paid a very friendly attention to a very impertinent acquaintance. I should have wrote to you sooner, had I not been informed that you was not at your villa near London. I am now enjoying a most comfortable deviation from the Oxford Circuit, under the roof of the Rector of Ross. This evening, I shall join the main body at Hereford: a city which has the advantage over the famed ones of Greece, inasmuch as the event of which it will hereafter boast, is locally as incontestable as the eminence of the person who gives so much importance to that event. If you would favour me with a line directed to me at Shrewsbury, I shall consider it as a proof of your excusing the liberty I have taken. My most respectful compliments wait upon Mrs. Garrick; and be assured that I am,

Your very obliged and obedient servant,

N. COWPER, JUN.

A rumour prevails in the Oxford Circuit that Lord M. resigns before the next term. God forbid it!

Endorsed,

"Mr. Cowper about Smith of Covent Garden,
Aug. 6, 1773."

REV. P. STOCKDALE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, No. 5, Gough-square, Tuesday, Aug. 10, 1773.

I NEVER intended to trouble you with a formal petition on the following subject, had not my late very bad health, and my want of power to be industrious, rendered it necessary. The only title which I ever thought I had to your good offices, was your active and well-known humanity: and from that consoling object, more blooming hopes have arisen before me than the promises of a thousand obdurate Lords could have afforded.

I proceed in communicating the state of my mind to you without fear. The vulgar of mankind will impute to idleness and profligacy what Mr. Garrick will resolve into the anguish of a susceptible mind harassed out by misfortunes: nor will he, like them, survey with a menacing, and unforgiving eye, those evils which that mind may have partly brought upon itself.

Be assured I did not relinquish the church precipitately and impertinently to throw myself on your protection. But it had sickened my soul with such a nausea, that I found the farther toleration of it would be to me the worst of human ills.

After a painful examination of my external circumstances and of the state of my mind, it too evidently appears to me that I must soon either tread on firm ground,

or drive down the precipice of ruin. But from the latter fate I strongly hope that a great and benevolent man will rescue me, who, by the exertion of prodigious genius, is of all that consequence in society which he deserves to be; who is one of those superior beings predestinated by the original and general laws of God, to save the miserable and weak, to correct the obliquities of conduct and of fortune, and to raise susceptible minds, sunk in obscurity and distress, to credit and to happiness.*

I regret not that the Chaplainship has failed; for you yet think of me for my good. I long to be in a lay capacity, not that I may lead the life of a licentious, but of a free and ingenuous man. If you will honour me with your interest, to procure for me a creditable and permanent office, in which drudgery would not be required, of which I am unhappily incapable, I should be the happiest of men. The metropolis, notwithstanding all I have suffered in it, yet strongly attracts me. But as long adversity has taught me to think that I merit little; I should be content to go abroad on the most desperate destination. I cannot solicit your patronage by any stronger plea than by assuring you that I prefer independence and honour to every other consideration.

I am, Sir, your much obliged and most obedient servant,

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

N. B. Best compliments to Mrs. Garrick. As I shall soon go to the North, I should be much obliged to you if you would inform me of your arrival in town, and favour me with an hour's private conversation.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Leiston Hall, near Saxmundham, Suffolk, Aug. 11th, 1773.

I LEFT Winter's on Friday, and received not your favour till this morning. I cannot enough thank you for it. You have relieved me from a most disagreeable state of mind; and whether I am happy enough to be with you or not, I shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing you are my friend. I believe, nay am sure, that Mr. Harris is desirous of mediating betwixt Mr. Colman and me, but while there is a chance of my being at Drury-lane with you, I shall decline all other engagement. I will say no more about shillings or guineas. I shall with pleasure trust my fame and fortune in your hands. If I have been wrong, impute it to the error of my head, not my heart. I own the golden hopes of a field-marshal's staff misled my judgment, and being ill-advised by those I thought wiser than myself, added still to my error. I never doubted your sincerity, and am convinced you meant me well from the beginning. Instead of making bargains, I shall now be happy to shake hands, and my heart shall go with them.

I understand you perfectly, and shall wait with patience, though not without some anxiety, till I have the pleasure of hearing from you again. You will see my

* I wish even *misfortune* would learn to be less abject and fulsome, when appealing to any thing *really* GREAT. It would be *knavish* to use such language to gull outrageous vanity or folly.—ED.

direction at the top of this. Where would you wish I should be at the end of ten days from the date of yours? I will at any time you please be in town, at two days' notice. Or if you are to be with Mr. Rigby, I will meet you at Colchester; or in short where you like best.

Your letter has given me such spirits, that I have eat two rolls this morning and swam a league at sea; and in spite of fretting you shall see me fit to start. You have made me happy.

Sed nisi peccâssem, quid tu concedere posses?
Materiam veniæ sors tibi nostra dedit.
Si quoties homines peccant, sua fulmina mittat
Jupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.

You see I have been reading Ovid's Tristium. Winter did indeed shake his head, but will now rejoice as does,

Your most truly obliged and sincere friend and humble servant,

W. SMITH.

I should think it base in me now to conceal any thing from you; so shall tell you that by the advice of a friend, who had been talking with Harris about my affairs, I applied to him to make up matters betwixt the proprietors and me. I at that time despaired of a connection with you. I have not heard from Mr. Harris, so shall certainly go no farther with him till I hear your determination.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR DAVID, Old Alresford, Aug. 12th, 1773.

I WAS so happy in my little expedition last week to this place, and the motion and air agreed so well with us both, and with my cough especially, that I am tempted to another, in hopes to put a finishing stroke to *he*, (an Hampshire cough,) and write from my sweet cool study at Alresford. I keep my resolution for the 25th or 26th, if the gout or cough keeps from me.

If there are any particular things of mine, whether plays or poems, that you think may be an hour's entertainment, I will put them up in my small luggage.

The Bishop takes his round to his sons-in-law's houses earlier than usual this season, which prevents my spending a night or two with him at Farnham Castle. This enables me to pay my respects to Dr. Butler, if at Farnham, in my way to you; where a bed has been so often said to be at my service. An Inn is my aversion, though many great men have chosen to live and *die* in one: and I have heard it contended for, that *the service* you pay *ready money* for, is preferable to that of *a wife*, or your own family at home—where you cannot help being *moved*, and *showing* damned uneasiness at parting; which is very unworthy, one would think, of a rational being.

Madam joins in respectful compliments and all good wishes to Mrs. Garrick;

and desires no better care may be taken of me, than she would take of Mr. Garrick, were he to trust his person to her keeping.

I am, dear David, your's ever *till death*,

We return to St. Maries on Saturday. J. HOADLY.

MR. GARRICK TO LORD SHELBURNE.

MY LORD, August 15th, 1773.

I HAVE been so sincerely flattered with a message delivered to me by Mr. Barewell, who is now with me, that I cannot forbear overflowing with impertinent gratitude in this manner. Mrs. Garrick and I shall always be proud, and what I am sure your Lordship will like better, most happy to pay our respects at Bowood. Though I cannot fancy myself important enough to have deserved this mark of your favour; yet, I will not think it merely an act of your Lordship's politeness, for La Bruyere well observes, that no person of sensibility can truly enjoy any honour conferred upon him, unless he can persuade himself that he has some small right to it. Notwithstanding the great difficulty, I shall set my ingenuity immediately at work.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's, &c.

D. GARRICK.

Mrs. Garrick begs that her respects and best acknowledgments for your Lordship's goodness may be presented to you.

Endorsed,

" Letter to Lord Shelburne upon an invitation to Bowood, Aug. 15, 1773."

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Camden-place, Aug. 18th, 1773.

I WRITE with fear and trembling lest my ill-fortune should still throw difficulties upon every plan that can be devised for our meeting. It is utterly impossible for us to reach Hampton before the week after the Reading races; and I do much suspect, from the manner of your note, that this time will not be convenient for you. You mention Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, in that week, and here you stop, from whence we fear that the week after is engaged. If it is, farewell all our hopes! Perhaps my fears are groundless. Let me know by a line, by the first opportunity, that Tuesday, the last day in this month, will do for you: I am sorry to say that no earlier day will do for us. If this proposal does not succeed, I shall be out of humour till I see you at Bath.*

I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely and affectionately,

CAMDEN.

You will accept and present too our best respects to Mrs. Garrick.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. W. SMITH.

DEAR SIR, Sunday, August 15th, 1773.

I RECEIVED yours yesterday, and would not lose one post in desiring you by all means to be reconciled with Colman, if you can do it with grace, and to your liking. I must entreat you not to delay a matter of such consequence, if Harris does it like your friend. Our matters are uncertain, and I should ill deserve your good opinion, if I suffered you to refuse a desirable *certainty* for our precarious business. Should you succeed with the managers there, let me know it immediately; you may depend upon my best wishes, and best offices, when they may be exerted to our mutual services.

Yours most truly,

D. G.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Camden-place, Aug. 22d, 1773.

I WISH with all my heart that you was not half so much in request, or that I was a little more, for if both of us were equally insignificant, we should have leisure enough for each other; or if both were equally sought after, our time would be perpetually filled up, and these disappointments would not be so vexatious. I had an inward feeling, when we parted, that we should not meet again, as we proposed, and that made me so desirous of keeping you when I had you. But now I despair for the remainder of the summer. You and Mrs. Garrick are two restless people, whose minds are always upon the stretch for conversation at home and abroad, and are strangers to the pleasure of one day's solitude. The only time you allot for thought or reflection is eight to ten in the morning during the winter, and even these hours are generally interrupted by posts and boxkeepers. You see how fretful your letter has made me; but how can I be otherwise, when I find myself deprived of a pleasure that I have lived so long in hopes of? I conclude that your poetical chancellor will insist upon his day, and get the better of your old friend, who is now trampled upon by every chancellor with impunity. We must, in our return to Reading, have the mortification to pass by Hampton unsaluted, without a prospect of coming back into that country; for the week after, my hopping begins, and when that is over, I doubt I must take a journey to Deal. I once had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Garrick upon Hounslow-heath. Suppose she would condescend to give me an assignation in the middle of that waste. It would be something in our passage to get a glimpse of you both, though but for half an hour. We have females enough to make a scene of witches, and you and I might personate Macbeth and Banquo. But to be serious, if you will be so good to send me a line on Tuesday, I shall receive it here on Thursday morning; but if you miss that post, we shall be gone to Mr. Powys's, at Fawley, near Henly, Oxon, to which place you must direct your letter.

My girls are gone, so I have no compliments to send you from this place, but Lady Camden's and Mrs. Yeates's, our Flasby.

I am, dear Sir, your most sincere and affectionate friend and servant,

CAMDEN.

MR. G. COLMAN TO MR. GARRICK.

Loggon's Coffee-house, Bristol, Aug. 24th, 1773.

THE latter part of a letter I received from you last night would have made me very uneasy, were I not conscious that no report of me ought to make you so. It would have been kind in you, my dear friend, to have told me what it was, instead of filling your letter with that idle impertinent woman, who ought to have the doors of both houses shut in her face. Last Sunday night I had a very violent attack of a fever; but thank God I am at present as well as I have been any time these ten years. Being very well, I am vastly inclined to be in good humour—I have just finished a better breakfast than we used to have at Morgan's, at Bath. Hot rolls and butter in the dog-days! By the by, I hear you open with "The Clandestine Marriage." The handsomest letter I ever received in my life was yesterday from Hely Hutchinson. Mrs. G. and yourself are very kindly remembered in it. I owe you much on his account; for you procured me his friendship. I have seen some plays here. Mrs. Hopkins is a great favourite, but had but an indifferent benefit. I saw her Millwood last night with great pleasure. My little grey mare is at the door, and I am going to shake down my breakfast on Durdham Down. God bless you, my dear Garrick; and be assured that I have been so long used to admire, regard, esteem, and love you, I have such an inveterate habit of doating on your unaccountable self, that I could not divest myself of my affection for you, were I as much inclined to it as I am to continue most cordially and unalterably,

Yours, G. COLMAN.

My best respects to Mrs. Garrick.

P. S. If you are inclined to write, give me a line directed *to the post-house at Bath*, from which place I propose setting off for London on Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, and shall be at Richmond on the Friday evening. Nobody here (but one) knows that I have heard from you, or that I write.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

Archer	Alzuma	Bevil
Antony { "All for Love"	Athelwold	Briton
Antony { "Julius Cæsar"	Bajazet	Caled
Alexander	Biron	Cambyses

Coriolanus	Jachimo	Plume
Chamont	Jason	Phocyas
Castalio	Kitely	Publius—" Roman Father"
Comus	Lovemore	Richard
Edgar	Loveless	Rover
Essex	Leontes	Timanthes
Hamlet	Leon	Lord Townley
Hastings	Young Mirable	Tancred
Hengist—" Rl. Convt."	Macbeth	Volpone
Hippolitus	Oakly	Varanes
Henry 2nd	Osmyn	Valentine—" Wit without Money."
Do. 5th	Osman	Earl of Warwick
Hotspur	Orestes—" Electra	Sir Harry Wildair.*
Herod	Pierre	

DEAR SIR, Leiston Hall, near Saxmundham, Suffolk, Aug. 24th, 1773.

I HAVE sent you a list of what parts I can at present recollect to have played: am preparing for the Plain Dealer, Pyrrhus, and Pierre. The former I fear I cannot do much with, till I get the book. If you have any business for me that requires dispatch, or any parts that you would have sent to me hither, my sister will forward them, if you will order them to her house. I thought on you on Friday, and hope you had as fine a day as we had. I could wish to stay here as long as you can spare me. I have seen Bensley, and find they are getting ready at Covent-Garden " As you Like It," " Harry Fifth," and " Tancred." This, *entre nous.*

I am, Sir, your much obliged and most sincere humble servant.

W. SMITH.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. W. SMITH.

DEAR SIR, Adelphi, Aug. 25, 1773.

I AM this moment returned from Hertfordshire, and take the earliest opportunity to let you know, that the matter I hinted to you has failed. I will tell you more when I see you. It is said in town that you have had offers from Covent-Garden, I would advise you to accept them if creditable. In the mean time let me assure you, that if you and Mr. Colman still continue adverse to each other, the moment there is an opening to employ you, with credit to you, and with ease and justice to ourselves, we shall most certainly do it. I write in a great hurry, for my coach and company are at the door to go to Hampton.

Yours sincerely, though in a hurry, D. GARRICK.

* I have inserted this list in order to draw from it an inference of the extent and mechanism of memory. These fifty-two characters, in which Mr. Smith could be ready at a short notice, amount with their cues and directions to probably *five and twenty thousand lines;* the words of which are to be kept in their exact places, and are presented by the memory with all their associations of place on the stage, action, emphasis and expression. This is achieved too, not by a man of plodding scholastic habits; Mr. Smith delighted in the table, the chace, and the race-course. No profession that we know displays the powers of memory equally with that of the Actor.—ED.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

St. Maries, August 26th, 1773.

My dear hasty, quarrelsome, angry friend, *audi alteram partem.* There Lord Camden will agree with you, and do me justice. I followed your second thoughts, your more mature directions, (as they are generally thought even to a proverb,) and wrote immediately to Hampton, (not to Adelphi,) as your letter bade me in a post-script, after you had subscribed yourself mine *ever and most affectionately.* Is ever so soon over, and for no fault at all? Perhaps thou dost not know that I am one of the most punctual *youths* in England. I cannot accuse myself of breaking one single appointment through my life; nor of making one person wait one single half hour on business. Indeed I have a bad memory, so this may not be fact, you may say. *Ben* was a delinquent this way, and his example was bad enough to teach me better. He used to *argue* with the Bishop that he was a more punctual man than his Lordship, for if he was *half an hour* behind his time, the Bishop was sure to be *an hour* before it, so he was the more *exact* by half an hour. This is plain from calculation. My father, who to be sure had a partiality for me, used to say in my riddling-time, "Jack is such a lover of *truth* that he cannot make a riddle." It was always too plain. I ever hated a mystery: I hope he liked me never the worse for that, nor will you, I trust, when I promise you myself in person, D. V. on the 2nd of September:—Dinner, I cannot say—I may take pot-luck. After entertaining a great man the day before, I shall not starve if I come. There will be a damnable *hash* at least. My letter (which I trust you will receive) instructs you to read, instead of *Red Lion, Brentford,* George, Hounslow.

Madam is yours, as yours is mine.

I am, dear David, *au revoir*, yours affectionately,

J. Hoadly.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden-place, August 26th, 1773.

Cross events, unforeseen impediments and difficulties arising from time, place, and engagements, are the plague of all business and pleasure. From whence, you will say, springs this reflection? I have complied with all their desires; I have cleared my house to receive them, and I have supposed my Chancellor sick, dead, or any thing else for their sakes. What then has interposed to confound a plan so well concerted? Sure they do not know their own minds. Indeed, my dear Garrick, we do, but we do not know the minds of other people. You see by the enclosed that Powys and his family are discontented at our plan, and demand a longer visit from the ladies at Hardwick, which, all circumstances considered, we cannot, accord-

ing to the laws of courteous hospitality, refuse. We could keep to our appointment, and be happy enough at Hampton without the girls, but their hearts will be absolutely broken by the disappointment; and you would be sorry even at your time of life to send two young ladies heart-broken to their graves, which will certainly be the case, if you do not prevent it by granting us two or three days more before our visit. Can you give us till Friday? I will pre-suppose your answer; for when things are cross, they are generally very cross. I therefore expect that Chancellor Hoadly, to make way for our visit, has put off his to the end of the week, and that will be your answer; to which I reply, that if he comes alone, he is my old friend and I shall be glad to see him, and we will take our chance for beds, which we cannot want, if there is either inn or barn at Hampton. After all, I will put you and Mrs. Garrick to the choice of two or three plans. First, if it cannot be ordered otherwise, Lady Camden, Sally, and myself, will wait on you at Hampton next Wednesday. Second, which is best of all, we will come all together on Friday. Third, you shall favour us with your company at the hopping, and we will return the visit some convenient time before the end of next month. I will answer for myself and all that belong to me for a full and complete performance of any one of these schemes that you and Mrs. Garrick shall fix upon. I have wrote to Powys to tell him that we shall not be at Hardwick till Monday night, and have sent to you this day the great Tims as my ambassador and plenipotentiary to settle the terms of this treaty, with full powers to consent to your proposals.

I am, dear Sir, yours most sincerely and affectionately,

CAMDEN.

Compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

J. HOME, ESQ. TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Aug. 31, 1773.

IF Shakspeare's statue at Hampton had pulled off one of his marble slippers, and hit me a slap in the face, I could not have been more astonished than with your letter. It would not have surprised me to hear that you did not like the comedy, that you did not think it was fit for the stage; but such a total reprobation, conveyed in the harshest terms, I did not expect from you. You tell me that I have been mistaken in the plot, the characters, and the dialogue; that I sent you a parcel of long detailed scenes, without force, humour, or wit; and finally, that the piece is absolutely incorrigible, and admits of no remedy, by alteration, addition, or omission. You say that you intend to read it a second time: if *you entertain* more favourable sentiments then, I shall be very glad to hear from you; if *you do not*, spare me the mortification of reading a second invective: send the play sealed up, and directed for me, to Becket's; let the comedy and your opinion of it be forgot by you and me: this

is better than a correspondence of contention upon a subject so nice as this. I prefer friendship to authorship. I beg leave to present my best and most affectionate compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I am, my dear Sir, as much as ever, yours,

J. HOME.

Endorsed,
" From my friend Home."

J. HOME, ESQ. TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR GARRICK, Sept. 16, 1773.

I RECEIVED your letter, and am touched with the kind and affectionate concern you express from the apprehension of having given me uneasiness. I am still of the same mind to show the play to nobody but you. I do not wish to appeal to any person from you, nor to have a verdict put to question, or prevail against your judgment. I wait with patience now for your second thoughts, which they say are best: I appeal only from your hasty and sudden to your more deliberate judgment. If you then think, as I hope you will, that it is worth the trial, that you can suggest what may make it so, I am ready, you know, to execute with alacrity what you propose. Nobody here knows of the play but Ferguson, and he does not know, nor shall, as long as I can help it, that you dislike it, till this matter be conducted to its end, whatever that end may be, by ourselves alone: we need no mediators. If any, there is but one whom I would allow, I mean Mrs. Garrick, to whom I will submit; for in her infallibility I believe, and am, with my best and kindest compliments to her, my dear friend, Ever most affectionately, yours,

J. HOME.

P. S. " How long shall you keep the play?"—As long as you please. Do you think I intend to offer it to any body else?

Endorsed,
" Letter from my friend Home."

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

St. Mary's, Sept. 19, 1773.

YOU will not be displeased, my two old friends, to hear that your patient got safe and well home to St. Maries, to the great and real joy of one very good woman, and two more whom *I* reckon not so good, on Friday evening—perhaps *two* other men may think them quite as good.—Sad wind on Wednesday—the sandy heath flew about our ears, though the rain had laid the dust in all appearance. We met the Butlers, who would have tempted me to return to Farnborough and dine; but not personally knowing Mr. Willmot, I declined it, having three men and four horses with me—and I rejoiced afterwards, as I had not Hebrew enough, nor faith enough,

to enter into dispute with Dr. B—— and Martin Madan, who is there with his family. Mr. Willmot having declared his mind settled with regard to the thirty-nine articles, fell asleep. Dr. B—— thought it *dog sleep;* and if his *learned* wife had fallen into a similar sleep, it had been but a judgment. However the *catches* and *glees* sung by Madan and his family made full amends. I wish he had seen my ballad of "All-a-Mad-ding." What an inconsistent character! I domineered alone at the Butlers, had my boiled chick, &c. and received them handsomely at *half-past* seven, as the modern English now is. Whither are we going down the hill? would Bishop Lowth and Dr. Johnson say. You are not to have a half vessel of *fine* mead from Dr. B—— till it is *fine*, which is an unknown point in futurity. Madam could not meet me at O. A. but sent my honest Welsh Curate and his wife to *see*—my bed well aired, and their *son*, bound to an apothecary at Ald.

I read over "Albumazar,"—more of which another time. The weather was so rainy on Friday morning, that I wrote by the post to excuse my coming home; and was there before it came. Mrs. Hoadly would send a card with ten thousand compliments to *Mrs.* and Mr. Garrick, about their kindness to, and care of, her little husband; but she has never a card *gilt* on the edges, and she cannot be persuaded to write *plainly*.

I bore my journey very well, with some few uneasinesses. Adieu! G—grant you a new colony of comedy-hands, in this great emigration from Ireland—and grace to lay by your Christmas-tale, and not look at it till three months hence; when it may be a *new* entertainment to you. I remain, with many thanks for your hearty entertainment (not your beef and pudding) of, dear David,

Your obliged and affectionate,

J. HOADLY.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, St. Mary's, Sept. 25th, 1773.

I ENCLOSE you so soon a prologue for my Lord Mayor's day, because I foresee I shall have no time for such important matters next week, having my visitation business coming thick upon my hands. The word *three-man-beetle* is so obvious in Falstaff, and the opposition so much stronger, that I prefer it to the other line. The younger child of the old man's dotage is always the favourite, be he ever so rickety; which excuses my thinking this a tolerable prologue.

Are you in earnest about your French Manuscript? I would not take pains quite unnecessarily—it is an ungrateful and unthankful office. Things of a grave cast have succeeded when well kept up. The tale is pretty enough; and if your real thoughts are in its favour, I may find a time, though not immediately. Madam, though very indifferent after a sleepless night, dined out to-day at Mr. Copley's,

(with me, who have not been at any table but my own, Sir J. Mordaunt's, and yours, for this twelvemonth,) and is gone to the Rooms; and gives me this opportunity of writing over the prologue and sending her love and services.

Yours affectionately,

J. HOADLY.

PROLOGUE TO EASTWARD HOE.

To see what *things* were play'd, 'twould move your pity,
In former days, to entertain *the City*.
My Lord Mayor's play out-mobb'd my Lord Mayor's Show,
And nothing served but—*Cuckolds all a-row*;
As if all Grub-street had been kept in pay,
And *laureat scavenger* had writ the play.
The square-toed alderman still went to pot,
And paid for all, so cully like, the scot;
But so much better bred and better dress'd,
A modern alderman is no such jest.
You see him cook'd and frizz'd, at bed and board,
Companion for my lady and my lord:
Perhaps retaliating the modern way,
The courtly cuckoldom of Charles's day.
Good folk, is it the city or the stage
That 's so reformed in this enlighten'd age?
To-night the better medium we shall show,
Ere luxury did our very shops o'erflow:
The thrifty sober citizen of yore,
Anxious to swell by *honest means* his store;
Pointing the road of *idleness* to shame,
Of *industry* the path to wealth and fame.
Ben's, Chapman's, Marston's, is the joint design,
And woven strong the undistinguished twine.
To guide such satire, lift such weight of Bays,
Required *three wits* of our forefathers' days:
*This *Three-man-beetle* wields *one* modern man—
See! our own Hogarth's self adopts the plan.

True comic genius on his canvass glow'd,
Ne'er deviating to farce from Nature's road;
High scenes of humour did his pencil write,
And in pure *dramas* artfully unite:
When on the stage his Prentices are shown,
No wonder that we claim him for our own.
†'Tis yours to speak the piece, with critic voice,
Worthy the poet's and the painter's choice.

---

* Or, Shoot in their bow *one* only modern can—

† Or, 'Tis yours to speak the plan, with hand and voice.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, St. Mary's, Sept. 30th, 1773.

I HAVE put a few thoughts which occurred to me on your alteration of "Hamlet" upon paper, which you are welcome to make use of or not, as you please: if I had not thought them consistent and agreeable to the play, and almost necessary to Hamlet's character, I had not wrote them down.*

When Ophelia has talked to her father of *repelling Hamlet's letters*, it would not be unnatural for her to give a late one of Hamlet's to him, with which he goes immediately to the King.—Several critics have thought that the death of her father only is not a just and adequate cause for Ophelia's madness and death; and as many have thought the character of Hamlet much injured by his cruel behaviour to Ophelia,—

Qu. Whether it would not take off greatly from these objections, to make Hamlet have a tender sense of the sufferings of Ophelia, a just feeling of his obligations to revenge his father's death, and a conviction of the impropriety of pursuing his love at such a dreadful time? These considerations may naturally induce him to discourage her love to him, to slander himself purposely, and to recommend her to a nunnery. All which Shakspeare has made him do in his assumed madness, without intimating any design, which I cannot but think an omission. The loss of her love, concurring with the death of her father, would surely be a more adequate cause of her madness and *death*, which I think may be preserved with Nature.—*Tantum*, if *tanti*.

In the second scene of Ophelia and Polonius, p. 262, of Theobald's 8vo Edition. I would leave out

"Come, go with me. I will go seek the King."

After "to lack discretion."

Oph. . . . There's his last letter to me:
This packet, when the next occasion suits,
I shall return.

Pol. . . . Go we with this to the King.
This must be known.

After Hamlet's speech "To be, or, not to be"—

"Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia!—I have made too free
With that sweet lady's ear. My place in Denmark,
The time's misrule, my heavenly-urged revenge,
Matters of giant-stature gorge her love,
As fish the cormorant.—She drops a tear,
As from her book she steals her eye on me.

* The reader may be amused with this conspiracy against the *Prince of Denmark*. As Lear remarks,

"The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, *they* bark at me."

Surely they who would amend the writings of their master should possess *some* powers of tragic composition. Of all the stuff foisted into his "Hamlet," there is not *one* single line worthy of his adoption.—ED.

My heart!—Could I in my assumed distraction
(Bred, says the common voice, from love of her)
Drive her sad mind from all so ill-tim'd thoughts
Of me, of mad ambition, and this world!
Nymph, in thy orisons be my sins remember'd!"

P. 328. [*Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.*]

"What would she have?"

Gent. She speaks much of her father, and her love, &c.

[*Enter King.* [*Exit Horatio.*

King. This is the poison of her strong conceptions,
Sprung from her father's death, and Hamlet's love, &c.

Laertes enters immediately on hearing the death of Ophelia. Hamlet is on the stage.

Ham. Soft you, what's here?—Laertes yet in Denmark!

Laer. Ophelia!—Dead! I'm angry at these tears:
But 'tis our trick—Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out. Oh speak the manner.

Ham. If I weep now, they must be tears of blood! (*Apart.*)

Gent. There is a willow, &c.

Laer. O rose of May, kind sister, sweet Ophelia,
By Heaven, thy death shall be o'erpaid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. D'ye see this, Gods,
And Hamlet still alive? &c.

P. S. I have almost broke my little finger, which has brought the gout into my right hand, and it is well it is no worse, and am forced to make use of good Mr Davies, who though a Welsh curate, can write; perhaps that is in his other capacity as rector of Exton, as Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bishop of Winchester, *swore* in the character fo Baronet. We are else pretty well, and join in compliments.

MR. GARRICK TO LADY HERTFORD.

MADAM, October 1st, 1773.

YOUR Ladyship's last note to Mrs. Garrick demands our best and warmest acknowledgments. I shall always be proud of showing the sense I have of Lady Hertford's great goodness to me. As I fear, from some late observations I have made, that I have been unhappy enough to lose his Lordship's favour, I think my retreat from the theatre too insignificant to announce to his Lordship; though I am vain enough to imagine myself the first, and not I hope the least deserving of his theatrical servants. If your Ladyship thinks proper to mention this very trifling circumstance to my Lord Chamberlain, as I dare not trouble him myself upon the occasion, it will add to the many favours already conferred upon,

Madam, your Ladyship's most obedient, &c.

DAVID GARRICK.

Endorsed,
"Answer to Lady Hertford."

REV. P. STOCKDALE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Portsmouth Harbour, October 2nd, 1773.

THE hope which I entertain that you are yet disposed to be my friend, not a little alleviates the torment of mind which I suffer on account of my late egregious folly. If great indiscretion is not viewed with candour by you, I know the world so well, that I shall expect lenity from no man: and I have such strong reasons to be convinced of your humanity, that I flatter myself, if you knew the present state of my breast, your resentment for my misconduct would be lost in your compassion for it. I am afraid I shall never again be satisfied with myself, and therefore never able to act with that tempered vivacity, which greatly contributes to make a man agreeable.

Were I at peace with myself, I could be very happy here. I am already satisfied that the captain and lieutenants of this ship, by their behaviour to me, by their assiduity to accommodate me and make my situation every way agreeable, are very polite people. I mess with the lieutenants, surgeon and purser—a society of great temperance and decorum.

I have been thus minute in the description of my situation, because I know you will be glad to find that there are yet any comforts of life in store for one, whose heart is honest, though it has often deviated into the obliquities of imprudence. I never was more unfit to conciliate new acquaintance than I am at present; but I have forced myself into a philosophical drama, which has hitherto had its desired effect. Before the expiration of a month, (and God knows why I should wish to be in London) I fear not but you will have good testimony that I acquit myself here to your wishes.

If after my late misfortune, you should think fit to have my advertisement inserted, I shall send it to Mr. Becket; for I knew not what I was about when I left London, and brought it hither with me. If you should likewise still think fit to patronize a subscription for the publication of what I have written, when I am in town, I dare say I shall make the matter practicable as far as Mr. Flexney is concerned; and be assured when I am in town, I shall only give my attention to such objects as may promote my honest interest.

I shall write to the worthy Mr. Ayrey by this post. Pray make my most respectful and grateful compliments to Mrs. Garrick. I hope you will soon do me the honour to write the Chaplain of His Majesty's ship Resolution, Portsmouth Harbour.

I am, Sir, your ever obliged and most obedient servant,

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

REV. P. STOCKDALE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Thursday, Gough Square, No. 5, Oct. 4th, 1773.

I SEND you my song, as you were kind enough to promise to get it set for me by Mr. Dibdin. If it is agreeable to you, I should wish to have it soon done. Perhaps it may have the honour to be introduced on your stage. Yesterday, Flexney received from an unknown hand, (the signature, D. L.) a very high encomium on my poem. To a prose letter, the author adds ten or twelve verses, the purport of which is as follows: He laments that darkness had long overspread the poetical world, till light broke upon it from the author of the Epistle to Chambers: he concludes that Apollo,

"Forth from the Eastern *Chambers* sheds his ray,
And in the *Poet* pours a flood of day."

In his letter he told Flexney that he might publish the lines where and when he pleased, if he thought they would at all contribute to draw attention to the poem. Flexney tried to get them into the Public Advertiser; but they could not promise to insert them for many days. Unluckily Thompson called at Flexney's, and the blundering bookseller gave them to him, that he might insert them in an evening paper. I could have wished that they had not come into his hand, for they perhaps may be mangled by him, or not inserted at all. But the most flattering panegyric, the sale of the poem, is not yet vouchsafed me. Flexney has as yet sold but a few. I am Sir, with my best respects to Mrs. Garrick.

Your most obliged and most obedient servant,

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

Thompson called on me yesterday, and desired me to present his compliments to you and your lady. Saturday morning.

N. B. I have advanced in my poem on you. Would to God it were closed to my mind!

Endorsed,

"Mr. Stockdale, with a good Song, 1773."

LE PHILOSOPHE DE SANS-SOUCI.

I care not, ye Gods, for the breath of a name;
I request only pleasure, give great men their fame;
I seek not through ages my glory to spread;
Let me *live* while I live, and when buried be *dead*.

May I find a retreat, where the sense of our Isle
And its liberty flourish with spring's constant smile;
Where the softness of climate makes pleasure of ease,
Where fragrance and health are convey'd in each breeze.

Then, in verdure embower'd, will I often recline,
And thank for his foliage the god of the vine;
Yet let not life's current inactively roll,
Let my friend, nymph and bottle, give play to my soul.

May I sometimes read authors who write like Montaigne,
Who speak to the fancy, but plague not the brain;
And when a gay hour brings chimerical views,
As I sport with my mistress, I'll sport with my Muse.

Thus the pale spectre, Care, may I still chase away,
My night crown'd with rapture, with pleasure, my day:
From the lumber of life, and its knavery released,
The lie of the statesman, the gloom of the priest.

I care not, ye gods, for the breath of a name;
I request only pleasure, give great men their fame;
May I live to myself, while to others they shine;
Let theirs be the *Cloud*, let the *Juno* be mine."

LADY HERTFORD TO MR. GARRICK.

Monday, Oct. 4th, 1773.

LADY HERTFORD sends her compliments to Mr. Garrick, and thinks herself exceedingly obliged to him for the favour he has shown Thomas Wilson, upon her recommendation. She desires to share with Mr. Garrick in his retirement, when their Lord Chamberlain is deposed; but till then, she thinks she can answer for it, that Lord Hertford will take every opportunity in his power to give Mr. Garrick pleasure, and never agree to any thing that can give him pain.*

MR. GARRICK TO MR. CAUTHERLY.†

SIR, Adelphi, Oct. 7th, 1773.

SOME peculiarities in your behaviour of late demand my notice, which I shall communicate to you now, and from this time all correspondence shall cease between us. You were pleased to keep the part of Lelio *nine* days, and then return it to my brother. As the taking five pounds from you, for your giving up a part, (which I most certainly shall do,) is no recompense, or excuse for your behaviour, I shall tell you my mind, and give a check, if I can, to a most unjustifiable importance you are pleased to assume, which having no foundation but in your own brain, is as insufferable as it is foolish. You say, that if I desire you to do this or that, you will

* A very elegant return from an accomplished woman, to the irritable curiosity of Garrick's announcement of his retreat a few pages back.—ED.

† An admirable specimen of the way in which Mr. Garrick could repress the presumption, the petulance, and the folly of his troops. All times supply abundant demands of such remedies, since men will be men, and no profession excites so much vanity as the actor's. In our own days, the *Cautherlys* abound, but the managers are not Garricks.—ED.

condescend. Sir, I will receive no favours from *you*—I cannot; but I will desire you to do your business, or to leave it—one or the other you *must* and *shall* do. You talked to my brother of being *just to yourself*—a foolish, conceited phrase; you had better take care to be just to other people, and to your duty. The rank and importance you have assumed, I have given you, and for which I have been frequently abused, publicly and privately. The character of Lelio is worthy of as good an actor; the character which Mrs. Abington plays is much inferior to Lelio, which you have rejected: however, it is disposed of to one, who will play it with good-humour, and agreeably to the public. I am obliged to you for throwing "The Irish Widow" *in my teeth;* depend upon it, that I shall always think of *your condescension with all due gratitude.* Would Mrs. Barry be satisfied, I would not let you appear in it again upon any account. As you are growing too important for me, and as I shall not submit to ask favours of you, if you will not do your business as you ought, I would advise you to make the best and properest retreat you can, with *justice to yourself;* and I am not displeased that you are in such a happy situation, that you can live without the stage.

Your humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Be assured that I shall no more hurt your importance by sending you any parts.

Endorsed,

"Copy of a letter to Mr. Cautherly."

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, Oct. 7th, 1773.

I AM just now favoured with your letter from Lord Palmerston, and very happy to hear you are recovering so fast from your late indisposition. All your friends were much alarmed by the bad accounts of your health in the papers, and nothing could be more seasonable than your two last letters to remove my apprehensions for your safety. You have, I suppose, before this time, received my answer to your former letter on the subject of Captain Schaw; you will find in that an anticipation of some part of what I might now say on the subject of the tragedy. It is, I believe, at present in the possession of Mr. Courtney, in Bryanston-street, Portman-square; I find Mr. Sheridan has been in search of it to have the parts studied. If it cannot be found, or you think it necessary, I can immediately send over a correct copy, which I have directed to you under cover to Mr. Chamier; but if it is found with Mr. Courtney, or by his means, I should wish to postpone sending another complete copy till I have an opportunity about the middle of November, by a particular friend, who is going to London, and will deliver it into your hands. As it is material to me to be informed upon this point immediately, may I request you will let me know your commands, by a single line, as soon as possible. There are some alterations; but though it might be difficult to send them in detached papers, they are of such a

nature as to occasion very little or no inconvenience from its being studied according to the copy now in London. I enter perfectly into all your sentiments about Mr. Sheridan senior, and know how difficult it will be to keep clear of his jealousy; but though he is sufficiently intractable and opinionated, you who have so long been accustomed to govern all tempers, will not, I think, be at a loss how to manage his. I am infinitely obliged to you for the assistance you promise me. Mr. Sheridan senior ought to have some kindness for me, for I have served him very essentially on some subjects of importance to him, particularly on his late subscription for a Dictionary. Mr. Tighe and I together procured above twenty times more names in his list, and more money in his purse, than all his other agents united. He cannot do me a greater kindness than leaving this matter as much as possible to your direction. On my friend Tighe's account, I was very attentive and serviceable to Henderson when he was here, and have no doubt of his exerting himself in the tragedy. He is sensible and well tempered; but as to his merit as an actor, I leave it to be determined by better judges than myself. For my own sake, I hope the public will be satisfied with him. Digges, when I saw him, was one of the most spiritless, inarticulate mummers I ever beheld. Time, that makes a calf an ox, perhaps may have made him a good performer.

Alas, what shall we do for an epilogue! I know no friend but yourself who writes better than the bellman. I am a miserable hand myself, and never could put together six lines in that way which would not disgrace a school-boy. My wife desires her love. Believe me ever, my dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

MR. G. FAULKNER TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, Oct. 9, 1773.

HAVING been applied to by Mr. Lucas, the son of the late Dr. Lucas, to write to you to recommend a dramatic piece of his, "The Earl of Somerset," an historical tragedy, which he tells me has been approved of by Mr. Brooke, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Thomas Wilkes our friend, who perused it with much minuteness, and had wrote to you on that occasion, and that a recommendation of it from me to you would be a means of having it acted in London. I have not seen it, nor would I presume to write to you to have that or any other play acted on my account, as you are the best and most universal judge of what will please the public. I understand there is a fair copy taken of it, in order to be sent to you. I shall not trouble you more on this subject, as I know how very precious your time is. If you answer this letter, it will be a very great favour. I wish Mr. Wilkes had not put this task upon me—you have made him the most happy man in the world by sending your picture to him, by Mr. Fitzmaurice, in whose company, when he was last in Ireland, I had the greatest happiness in talking of you and your great merits, and universal genius,

with Mr. Wallace, Captain Dodd, and Mr. Barwell of the House of Commons, and always toasted your health. Some time ago, at the request of Mr. Dawson, whom he feared you was angry with, I wrote a letter in his alleviation to you; but he had not the happiness of seeing you, which I am very sorry for, as my epistle was to intreat you, in my name, and the whole kingdom of Ireland, for you and Mrs. Garrick to come over and see us; and that Neptune would insure you both a safe passage hither by way of Scotland, or Holyhead to and fro.

As I understand by Mr. Wilkes that he frequently writes to you, and is favoured with your answers, I cannot possibly send any news from hence; however, I will tell you what I hear: Mr. Rider, the present manager, told me, that he paid Mr. Sheridan more than 1400*l.* before he set out for Corke and Limerick, where he made more than 700*l.* That Heaphy, as Sheridan informs me, made above 800*l.* profit, as being proprietor of those theatres. I must conclude this letter in sorrow, being afraid that Mrs. Fitzhenry and other passengers are no more, as from the stormy weather and violent rains, they waited three weeks for calms; and that last Saturday, she and others went on board the Clermont Packet Boat at Holyhead, and have not since been heard of, although we have had four mails which arrived on Thursday last.

I shall take no more of your time than to request you will be pleased to make my best respects to Mrs. Garrick, Mr. Fitzmaurice, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Barwell, and Capt. Dodd, which will oblige

Your most obedient and humble servant,

GEORGE FAULKNER.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden-place, Oct. 10, 1773.

THE theatre is opened, and you are now upon duty at Drury-lane. Do you remember that you and Mrs. Garrick gave me a promise to steal down here some holiday and make us happy in your company?

"Aude, hospes, contemnere opes,——
——rebusque veni non asper egenis."*

I shall set out for Bath towards the end of the month, and it is yet a long time before I can hope to meet you in my morning walks, and therefore I do beg, when you have nothing to do, and are wearied with the drudgery of management, that you would come and repose yourself here, where you will be welcomed by a family who wish to preserve a perpetual friendship with you and Mrs. Garrick.

I am, yours most sincerely and affectionately,

CAMDEN.

* Virg. Æneid. 8, v. 364.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Oct. 11th, 1773.

I AM afraid, before this time, you have accused me in your own mind both of unpoliteness and ingratitude, as our edition of Shakspeare has been long advertised, and yet no copy of it sent in to Mr. Garrick, who had an undoubted right to the very first that was delivered from the press. The truth is, that I was at a great distance from London when the advertisements appeared in the papers; neither had the proprietors given me the least previous notice of their intention, or furnished me with a single set. It seems that the new publication of Mr. Bell had forced them into this hasty measure; though they profess themselves to want an adequate apology for their behaviour in announcing it to the world, before any presents were made to those who had alike deserved them from both editors and booksellers. Such being the state of the case, I am reduced to the necessity of apologising to you for them as well as for myself, and of desiring you, at the same time, to accept this tardy and slight acknowledgment for the assistance we have received from an examination of your old plays. Dr. Johnson, as I am informed, is still absent, and therefore I likewise think it my duty to return you thanks in his name as well as in my own.

To Mr. Garrick, a single glance of whose eye has long been the best expositor of Shakspeare's meaning, our cold annotations must appear tedious. Such, however, as they are, they are now before the public; and if those who have not Mr. Garrick's knowledge of the author, are but possessed of a small share of his candour, the junior editor will have the less to apprehend from the attacks of criticism.

This precipitancy in the proprietors has vexed me a good deal, as it has obliged me to appear uncivil and ungrateful to several friends, and more particularly to you; but I could not get my copies even done up in this slovenly manner, till last night. I cannot help adding that I enjoy but one advantage over the rest of the world, in respect of the new commentaries, viz. that with me, the task of reading them is happily over.

I am, with great truth, your much obliged and most obedient,

G. STEEVENS.

P. S. You very kindly promised some time ago to speak in favour of my friend Collins* to Mr. Townly. Collins has at present a sort of claim on you, for the St. James's Chronicle must have shown you that he is now in the pillory on account of Shakspeare. Some wicked wag has got hold of a truly valuable note of his about potatoes, and is laughing at him without mercy. But I must beg you will not mention his profession to any one, as that circumstance alone might prove a fresh source of merriment.

* A worthy harmless apothecary, whose name Mr. Steevens took the liberty of subjoining to a very *provocative* note in his Shakspeare, written obviously by himself. I presume the *wicked wag* in the St. James's Chronicle was the commentator on Shakspeare, as Johnson said of him "*uniformly mischievous.*"—ED.

LADY HERTFORD TO MR. GARRICK.

October 17th, 1773.

LADY HERTFORD* sends her compliments to Mr. Garrick, and has the pleasure to inform him, that the managers of Drury-lane and Covent Garden Theatres have nothing to fear from the report they heard about another theatre; but she begs not to have her name mentioned for this information. She desires to present her best compliments to Mrs. Garrick.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Oct. 25th, 1773.

I HAVE delayed to answer your very polite and obliging letter, that I might not trouble you before I had seen "Macbeth;" but of his performance I shall have no occasion to speak, as I suppose that sound critic, Mr. Becket, gave you an immediate account of it: and he is certainly the ablest man alive to describe the graces of Macklin's action, as they can only be equalled by those of his own.

I hope you will think you owe me something on account of what I have endured in consequence of the jog you gave to my curiosity. One hour I was squeezed to death at the door in Bow-street: another spent I in the pit among half the blackguards about town: and for the space of three and a half more I was imprisoned to hear the lines of Shakspeare elaborately pumped up from the bottom of a well as deep as that in Dover Castle. All I wish to have in return for these my sufferings is, a few days' notice before you appear in Macbeth yourself, that I may summon some friends out of the country who have never seen you in that character, and will delay their annual visit to me till I can get previous intelligence of when you play it.

I am highly flattered by your good opinion of our edition. It has many defects, I know, and in some future impression they shall be amended. I believe I shall once more trouble you for some of your old plays, which I did not examine with a sufficient degree of attention. I remain obliged to you for your many favours,

And am most truly and sincerely, yours, &c.

GEORGE STEEVENS.

Pray is not Kenrick the conductor of the penny touch, which did me the honour to couple your name with mine a few days ago? But why or wherefore I suppose we are alike ignorant. I suspect K. because it is no new thing for him to praise himself.

* Ever kind and gracious! How this great man was beloved, admired, and supported!—ED.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, St. Mary's, Nov. 16th, 1773.

I HAVE just recovered hand enough to ask you how you do; which I think I need not do, seeing your name so often in the news. It rejoices the cockles of my heart, *old boy*, to see you so able *a man*. As promises and pie-crust are made to be broken, so *opinions* and (I want a word beginning with an *O*) are made to be changed. Eastward-Hoe not on Lord Mayor's-day. The Fair Quaker, which we agreed to be *skimmed milk*, (nay, hogwash) whipped up into *syllabub*, and swallowed by a foolish audience as if substantial as *roast beef*. You think you may do what you please with Mr. Town, so you give him but a *raree-show*; but take a little care he does not revolt against absolute nonsense, however decorated. Though he seems not to have great judgment of the sword, yet he may be sturdy enough to fight you with pistols.

As I find you *hold* your opinion of the *Hour's Jealousy*, I would have you send it me back again. It may make my *rand-children* laugh; for by that time our declining taste may be bad enough to think it a fine thing.

I should be glad to know your *present* real opinion of the French piece you entrusted me with. Would you truly have me waste any time, if I should have it in my power, upon the translation of it? You seem now to give into Dr. Goldsmith's *ridiculosity* in opposition to *all sentimentality*. If so, it will not do; this being of a grave cast. Yet your "Guardian" did. I thought of calling it the *White Lie*; but the News say, that Colman's comedy is to be "The White Liar." As the character is represented to be a good-natured fellow betraying himself into scrapes, is it not likely to be taken from my Jack Shatter, which Mr. Colman had in his custody a good while?

I was thinking that the very old mock play of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," might be reduced to one act with songs, by somebody you can bid do any thing, like Bickerstaff.

Another question or two. Would you really have me send you up my scene of the Gods, the ridiculous songs of which you laughed at so at Hampton, of Tragedy and Comedy turning ballad-singers? If so, I must have it copied, having the copy but in a bound book with other things. Excuse this scrawl, as I write it in worsted gloves; and believe me and Madam much yours and Madam's.

Your's sincerely,
J. HOADLY.

MR. W. WOODFALL TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Nov. 16, 1773.

I AM this moment informed that my name was pretty familiarly treated in the green-room of Drury-lane Theatre this morning at rehearsal, and that you, Sir, declared

I had acted partially as a printer respecting the present ridiculous paper war between Mr. Macklin, Mr. Reddish, and Mr. Smith. As far as my conduct relates to Mr. Reddish, you surely will confess I acted without bias. I refer you to Mr. Smith, whether I did not behave to him in a liberal and candid manner. Mr. Smith yesterday sent me a letter and a paragraph. These were literally inserted. Mr. Smith this morning sent me a note, declaring that I had omitted a postscript of his which was of material consequence. I immediately sent Mr. Smith an answer, and enclosed his original copy, which proved that he had sent me no postscript. I now enclose you Mr. Smith's reply, which confirms what I have written.

I am aware I am not bound to account to you, or any other theatrical hero, for my conduct as a printer. But as I professedly print a free, unshackled theatrical paper, and am thought to hold a literary cat-o'-nine-tails to flagellate the back of every stage-offender, I will not rest a moment under the suspicion of acting partially in a theatrical newspaper squabble. The immortal Roscius and every actor under him, shall find I will on all occasions give fair play to public combatants. It is for that reason, I now trouble myself to write and encroach upon your time to read this note.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

W. WOODFALL.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. W. WOODFALL.

SIR, Adelphi, Nov. 16, 1773.

THOUGH I am in the midst of company, I cannot but say a word to your very extraordinary letter. What might be said in our green-room when I was not there, I cannot possibly account for—the *stage hero Roscius*, or what other nick-name you are pleased to give me, was not there three minutes all this morning, and he must be a most mean despicable being, who could carry so false a tale to you—the wretch who could betray his employer, you knew, must lie. Something I remember was said about *Smith*, and about the postscript; but could you imagine that I had the least thought that you, or any printer less sensible than yourself, would knowingly and designedly omit it? You cannot believe it. Do not imagine that I am vindicating myself to desire mercy from you; I would not wish that you should spare me: the chiefs of every profession must be your game, and when I am less taken notice of, it will be the best hint for me to retire. You have written to me in a sort of pet unworthy of your understanding, of which I have a good opinion and always have declared it. Shall I fairly tell you in confidence of one man to another, where I think you have been a little partial against me? You were pleased to tell your readers that I sent to the King, that "The West Indian" could not be acted, but that I could play "Every Man in his Humour," &c. You know what I mean. Could you believe this strange tale? If you did not, I think, in so delicate a matter as my behaviour to his Majesty I might have been spared. Could you believe also that I signified

my resignation of the sock and buskin to the King? I am sure you could not. As for other matters, I never thought you severe upon me. Go on, and prosper—and believe me, Your well-wisher and humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

I think you acted most impartially in the affair with Reddish and Macklin.

I can scarce read my scrawl now I have written it, but my company must excuse it.

Will you let me know from whence you had your [intelligence] this morning?

Endorsed,
" The answer to that puppy Woodfall *
by my husband, 1773."

MR. W. WOODFALL TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Islington, Nov. 18th, 1773.

I WISH *my* word ever to be received as my bond; I therefore declare myself satisfied with Mr. Becket's assuring me that you did not arraign my impartiality in the manner in which it was stated to me you did at Drury-lane Theatre last Tuesday morning. Your conduct in the affair of Reddish was, in my judgment, extremely candid; I took especial care that it should be known I thought so: and it is from that opinion that I am willing to believe your trusting an industrious go-between with a *verbal* answer to my *written* charge was not a studied indelicacy. But I cannot rest satisfied with the existence of a possibility on which you can hang a doubt, that any person who receives pay from you was my informer in the matter which I charged you with, in my last letter: I assure you on the word and honour of a gentleman, that I received my information in my own closet from a man totally unconnected with the theatre. I never will discover the name of my informant, because I am convinced he gave me a friendly information.

You and I, Mr. Garrick, have better employment than cavilling; but my preserving inviolate my character for impartiality is of as much consequence to me as your preserving the character you have on the best grounds established, that of being the most capable actor, this or any other country ever produced.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

W. WOODFALL.

Endorsed,
" Puppy Woodfall's answer again to
my husband's letter in 1773."

* To judge by Dr. Goldsmith's " Retaliation," the commerce between Garrick and the Woodfalls was one of the " most honied assent,"

" He was be-Roscius'd and they were be-prais'd."

Occasions, we see, did occur, when the Editor blustered about his " *impartiality*," and descended in his praise to the unsatisfying coarseness of " the most *capable* actor." Juno has devoted him in her anger.

" Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?"—ED.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Dec. 6th, 1773.

WILL you give me leave once more to trouble you for your old plays? I will take the greatest care of them, and return them as soon as possible. They were so slightly examined, a few years ago, when you indulged me with the use of them, that I cannot permit Shakspeare to be prepared for the press again, without a second scrutiny into the works of these his contemporary authors. I must beg you will entrust me with all your smaller-sized quartos, and such other little volumes of the old dramatic writers as you have, at once; that I may be less frequently impertinent to you, as well as render the task of comparing their dates more easy to myself. If you can spare them on Thursday next, I will send my cart with a box, and a servant with paper, &c. to pack them carefully for their journey to this place. I must likewise beg the loan of the catalogue which Mr. Capell drew up for you. This is asking for a great trust altogether; but he who conjures in the name of Shakspeare cannot fail to raise the spirit of your good-nature in the most friendly shape.*

Have you any communication now with Schomberg? Should I happen to be sick at Bath, I must not venture to take any of his physic. In Dr. Johnson's chaos of papers there are some quires of his Annotations; and, alas! there *only* are they to be found. You triumph over all your enemies:—Macklin, Kenrick, are fallen; but as Macbeth says, *the greatest is behind*. I heard a story, which I do not believe, viz. that you are reconciled, and that your new comedy is his. Do not construe this into an impertinent question, which is far from my meaning. I had a letter on Saturday from T. Warton, who tells me his "History of English Poetry" (*i. e.* the first vol. of it) will be published at Christmas.

If you meet with any glaring mistakes or blunders in our New Edition, or hear of any, I shall be much obliged if you will point them out, for I doubt not but that there is enough of them. A book prepared by fits and starts, taken up after a long interval, and hastily printed, must of course have many imperfections, without seeking for a better reason for them.

I am, dear Sir, with great truth, your much obliged,

G. STEEVENS.

MR. G. STEEVENS, TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Dec. 8th, 1773.

YOU have the art of adding value to your favours, by your manner of conferring them. You have expressed your approbation of my endeavour to illustrate Shakspeare in such strong terms, that I think the vanity of ten editors, at least, might be

* Referring to the great Poet's Julius Cæsar,

"*Conjure* with 'em,
Brutus will *start a spirit*, as soon as Cæsar."—ED.

flattered by it, if they were not unconscionable rogues indeed. I am much obliged to some of Mr. Hamilton's myrmidons, in the "Critical Review," for their *intention*, but very little for their *performance*. He who would recommend another effectually for any knowledge he may have shown, should make it appear to the public that he knows something of the subject on which he pretends to decide; which is not the case with my panegyrist, who has praised me very awkwardly. You yourself have not always escaped a literary sign-post; for among such a variety of artists as your public and private character occasionally sits to, some, of course, must be errant daubers. Your commendation of my labours I may reasonably value, because no man understands the author better; and no circumstance but a consciousness of my own inability could prevent me from swallowing it as the best anodyne that could be administered to a commentator who is likely to suffer from criticism.

I think it is now my duty to inform you, that I am not without hopes of vindicating almost every rejected reading throughout the plays of Shakspeare, by bringing examples from contemporary writers. Of the extreme uncertainty of verbal criticism, let me trouble you with the following instances:—In "The Tempest," vol. i. page 68, I have been blaming Bailey, the Dictionary writer, for inserting the word *dowle* on the authority of a passage as it stands in the first folio—

——"As diminish
One *dowle* that 's in my plume."

Bailey, however, was right; for *dowle* is the true reading, of which I have discovered no less than four instances in the course of this week. All the editors had agreed to insert the word *down* in its place, supposing that word to have been corrupted by the carelessness of the first printers. *Dowle* and *down* have the same signification.

Again, in "All's Well," &c. vol. iv. page 119. The folio exhibited this uncouth stage direction—"Enter a gentle *Astringer*." I thought I had done great matters by reading—a *gentle stranger*, supposing that by a *gentle stranger* was meant a *strange gentleman*; but behold, the ancient books of falconry but yesterday informed me that an *astringer*, or *ostringer*, was a falconer, or rather his understrapper, whose business it was to feed hawks, &c.; a character very likely to be met with near the court of France, where the amusement of hawking was much cultivated; for Hamlet himself speaks of *French falconers!* You see now the glorious uncertainty of conjectures on a language like ours, of which there never has been a comprehensive dictionary.

To-morrow you shall receive an exact account of the volumes entrusted to me. I wonder none have been already lost, considering the number of hands through which they have passed. You may however, depend upon my care of them.

The remark in "The St. James's Chronicle" was just, and I immediately availed myself of it, as I shall of any others of the same kind that may reach my notice. I shall be always obliged to you if you will impound any stray bit of criticism that falls in your way; for I take in no other papers than the Public and St. James's. I wish Lord Camden, who, as I have been told, is a great reader of our ancient romances (to which in some measure I impute his uncommon variety and fluency of expression) had thought of Shakspeare in his progress through these pages of impro-

bability, as he might have made many discoveries of consequence to us who deal in the haberdashery of words. I am paying his lordship, however, no great compliment, by a supposition that he could descend to such minutiæ of literature. If he has never read "The Mirror of Knighthood," I can furnish him with it, as I am supposed to be master of the only complete copy in being, which I snatched out of the jaws of Mr. Walpole at Dormer's sale. It is at present in the hands of Dr. Percy, from whom at any time I can recall it.

Is it a fair question to ask when "King John" is to appear? If you are not in it yourself, I desire no answer. I would not have the improvements I am striving to make in the next impression of our book mentioned, as it may hurt the sale of that already before the public. I am ashamed to see how much paper I have covered: Let the last room in it be employed to assure you I am most sincerely,

Your much obliged,

G. S.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Dec. 9th, 1773.

I RATHER send you my thanks than bring them, as I know your time is precious to you, and a letter is sooner burnt than the bearer of his own compliments turned out of doors. Enclosed you receive an exact list of your volumes entrusted to my care. I hope Vol. 9 and 10 in Letter K. are not lost. I shall be additionally obliged to you for the catalogue which my servant waits for.

I repeat an impertinent question? Do you appear in "King John," and if you do, how soon may we expect it? I wish the poet of to-night* success, though I shall not be a spectator of it, and remain,

Your very much obliged and most faithful,

G. STEEVENS.

MR. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, Dec. 10, 1773.

I HAVE received a very kind and satisfactory letter from Mr. Sheridan senior, in which he tells me how much he admires "The Law of Lombardy," that he should on account of its own merit have brought it out with all possible *éclat*, and that his knowing me to be the author will not slacken his diligence. He intends also to comply with my inclinations as to the time of its appearing, which Tighe recommended to be on the 29th of next month. He now thinks that as Fielding's comedy is off the stocks, they cannot begin too soon with my tragedy to make room for Mr. Richard Sheridan's opera, which Tighe supposes will be also ready to appear this winter. If you can set them to this work directly, so much the better. But I have a

* Mr. Steevens alludes to "The School for Wives," a comedy by Hugh Kelly, which made its first appearance at Drury-lane Theatre on the 11th, (not the 9th) Dec. 1773.—ED.

more particular reason, my dear Sir, for troubling you at present. Mr. Sheridan tells me that my play, like every other he has ever known, must undergo some retrenchments, and if I trust the amputation knife to him, he promises to use it very tenderly. This is a part of the business, which though in appearance I was obliged to permit, yet, between you and me, I think him of all men the least qualified for it. He has no ears, and no taste. He reduces verse to prose with the quickness of a conjuror, and extracts the vital spirit of poetry with the address of a chymist. His version of "Macbeth," "Othello," and "Hamlet," with many others which I have heard, are melancholy warnings of what I may apprehend from his leaden pen. I have no objection to necessary omissions, and to cutting off in the representation all superfluous poetry which does not promote the spirit of the action, but, let me entreat you will not suffer them to make additions of their own, or to substitute their words for mine, but particularly have an eye to our friend Sheridan. If you do not choose to appear to give your opinion directly upon these points, you may prevent his doing much injury through the medium of his son. There is no person except yourself to whom I would wish to trust this delicate matter; yet I am obliged to appear not only satisfied, but obliged to Mr. Sheridan for undertaking this office.

He slurs over the transaction between you and himself in regard to the rehearsal of "Mahomet," but from his own manner of mentioning it, I shall be convinced of his absurdity. He tells me, however, what I hope is true, that you are now upon easy terms. I am ever, my dear Sir,

Your sincerely affectionate and obliged servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

I beg you will not communicate this letter to any person, for fear it should come to the ears of S——.

Endorsed,
"Letter from Mr. Jephson, of Dublin."

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Dec. 14, 1773.

MANY thanks to you for the perusal of this poor playwight's discontented production. It can do him no good, nor any harm to you. The public will always pay the compliment to your good sense, to suppose that you receive the best plays you can get, and reject the worst. I know very well who Mr. Mickle's informant, touching the difficulties of getting plays on the stage, must have been; for I have heard him say all this in London, perhaps before he communicated it to the Oxford Bard.

Whoever undertook the binding up your collection of plays, has used you very ill. Some very common ones are imperfect, and no blank leaves left to complete them in manuscript. Of the early editions of Shakspeare, I suspect that some copies are completed with leaves out of a different edition; and some pieces to be found in your volumes, are not enumerated in your catalogue. Whenever Shakspeare shall reach another edition, it is but a debt of gratitude we owe you to publish your catalogue

correctly. I mean the contents of each of your volumes, with an alphabetical index. This, however, shall not be thought of without your permission.

I am highly honoured by the good opinion of Mr. Burke, and will strive to deserve it better on the same occasion. I shall trouble myself no further about "King John." I am your most sincerely obliged,

G. STEEVENS.

I forgot to add on the card which I enclosed to you, that I have likewise *Sir W. Davenant's Works* belonging to you.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Dec. 27th, 1773.

IN the St. James's Chronicle of Thursday last, somebody has attacked Mr. Bell's new edition of Shakspeare; and his reply to it in the paper of Saturday seems to insinuate that the *editors* as well as publishers are in conspiracy against him. I therefore take the earliest opportunity to assure you that the letter against his book (which includes some censure on you) was not mine *on my word and honour*. Should I have leisure to scribble any nonsense on the occasion, in respect of yourself, it will be of a different tendency. Yours most faithfully,

G. STEEVENS.

I have troubled you with this note, because you have people now and then about you, who are too apt to mistake their own groundless suppositions for established truth.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Camden Place, Dec. 30th, 1773.

WE are all concerned at hearing you have been so much indisposed, but presume so far upon your own care and our good fortune as to be persuaded you will be perfectly recovered before next Wednesday, so as not to disappoint a family where even the younger part of it would prefer your company to a partner. We are obliged to you for engaging the Jordans; and the more so, as this meeting will be a proper introduction to a closer acquaintance with the father as well as the daughter. I shall go to-morrow, and present my own card, but I must carry Lady Camden's excuse, for to say the truth, she is but indifferent.

We consent to your taking up your abode for that night with Mr. Jordan, because it will be more agreeable and convenient to you and Mrs. Garrick to retire in peace to a quiet bed, than to be stowed in any corner of our house in that night of riot. But we expect this shall not be made a precedent.

I long to see your Christmas gambol, and shall make interest with Johnson for a

front row in the front box as soon as I come to town. The family desire to be remembered to you and Mrs. Garrick with the compliments of the season.

From yours most sincerely and affectionately,

CAMDEN.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Dec. 30th, 1773.

MANY thanks for your letters, both of which arrived in the same instant. Your friend, the translator of Geoffrey of Monmouth, might have known that his labours were anticipated by Shakspeare's true and trusty Master Holingshead, whose Chronicle contains all you sent me and much more on the same subject. But we have nothing to do with historians. The old play and the old song were Shakspeare's originals. One ancient poem or story-book is worth a thousand of these flea-bitten chroniclers.

I strongly suspect that you mean to play Othello, and therefore must be impertinent. No performer whom I have ever seen has done justice to the following passage:

"I think she stirs again—No!"

He is alarmed at the supposition that she has yet life in her; but before he can well express that fear, he begins to hope it is well-founded; but discovering her to be quite gone, he marks his disappointment by that most expressive *negative*. It surely ought to be delivered with a sigh

"——— So piteous and profound,
That it should seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being."*

I have not expressed my meaning very clearly; but the outline drawn by Protogenes, Apelles is able to fill up.

Your collection of old plays is far from complete, though much the greatest that I know of. I believe I must trouble you for the remainder of them soon, and will then attempt to point out your deficiencies before I return them. Had they been bound up chronologically, or regularly as to any one circumstance, the task would have been easy. I will strive, however, to ascertain your wants as well as I am able.

I am told that Mr. Bell is much disposed to make folks believe that you had a deeper hand in this edition of his than you choose to acknowledge. This, I think, is the only supposition on which his work is likely to meet with purchasers. The *sanction* and *assistance* of yours, which he speaks of in his preface, deserves to be laughed at; for no one who reads the *knock-me-down slang* in which his notes are

* This is a beautiful direction to an actor, who should be able to convey his own emotion to the audience; but then one ought to be near enough, to see the cold damps of agony upon his forehead, and observe the heaving of the chest, as he utters this monosyllable of unequalled wretchedness.—ED.

written, can conceive you to have had the least to do with them. If you will tell me what he means by your *sanction* and *assistance*, the matter shall be fairly stated, should his future impertinence render such a measure necessary.

Who is it that abuses managers at such a rate in "The Morning Chronicle?" I thought a previous word or two in my own defence necessary in respect of the letter about Bell's Shakspeare, because fame says that your suite at present is well stocked with parsons; and where they are—but I will trouble you no farther at present than to add my thanks with assurances, that I remain your

Very faithful and obliged,

G. S.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Friday afternoon, Dec. 31st, 1773.

THE moment I received your letter (which was this morning) I wrote a short bit of stuff to Baldwin in almost your own words, and desired he would put it into Saturday's paper without fail. I was unwilling to say too much, as Bell may reply, and render a more ample state of the affair necessary. Your two last letters have acted on me like the Turkish place of future punishment. You have alternately *warmed* me with the expectation of Othello, and *froze* me by the declaration that you do not mean to play it.

Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me yours most faithfully,

G. S.

If you really are to make your *exit* this winter, I shall strive to see you in your principal characters from the pit, that I may acquire the last knowledge of Shakspeare that I can ever expect to receive from the stage.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Tuesday Night.

RECEIVE my earliest thanks for the letters enclosed. I have read Mr. Swan's Dissertation on Othello very attentively over. We agree in the main point, that a dagger is necessary, but I suppose it to have been used at a different period from that pointed out by him. He has quite mistaken the meaning of—*It is the cause*, &c. He talks of proofs, which I am certain he cannot bring in support of his opinions. His honesty in speaking of his own unsuccessful attempts to write for the stage, has given me a very good idea of his heart. The picture of a prompter which he has drawn, I believe to be a very just one of all the prompters that have ever existed, especially if they had the good luck to be well with a manager who was himself a dramatic author. I expect little from his notes, but shall be much obliged to you for a perusal of them when they arrive.

From his letter, however, I have derived *a pleasure* superior to any I should

have felt from the most happy restoration in the text of Shakspeare. It appears that you have thoughts of coming on in "Othello" yourself, or you would not have been so inquisitive to know in what manner it was performed by the ancient actors. From this letter, likewise, it seems that you are *soon* to black your face. I remember how you served me in respect of "Hamlet," last winter, which you spoke of in your letter as an event at a great distance, though you played it in two days after you wrote to me. I shall be distracted unless I see you in "Othello," and from the pit; into which, when you advertise it, I must entreat a way by being placed within the passage, so that I may enter among the first, I cannot otherwise observe you with *the very comment of my soul.* You may depend on it that I will not hint your intention to a creature alive, so that you may safely trust me, if my suspicions are just.*

The critic in "The St. James's Chronicle" did not understand my note concerning the death of Desdemona. It is true that Othello had pre-determined not to *scar her skin;* and we are to suppose he would have kept his resolution, but that he could not bear the thought of employing those means of death again, which had once appeared to be uncertain in their effect. A person who is effectually smothered, certainly cannot speak afterwards. One who is stabbed may speak, and yet die very soon. If Desdemona spoke after her breath had been suppressed for a time, she was in fact unhurt; but her speaking again and her subsequent death confirms my supposition that some other instrument than a pillow had been employed. I have dwelt on this circumstance the longer, as Mr. Swan's letter is built upon it, and your inquiries appear to have been directed to that particular.

Swan's remark on the time in which he supposes "Othello" to have been written, has no force with me; Shakspeare was for ever inserting particulars of knowledge in his plays, as fast as he picked them up. "Othello" had been ridiculed by Ben Jonson long before the period at which Swan conceives it to have been produced.

I hope if you *revive* "Othello" (I shall not change the expression, for I have never seen him *alive* yet), you will not permit his jealousy to be so unnaturally precipitated as it has hitherto been, through the omission of the listening scene. It is (to use Hotspur's words) *a perilous gash, a very limb cut off.*

* Mr. Stevens knew well the effect which Mr. Garrick could have given to Othello. At the same time there were some objections to his resuming the character, and they got the better of his own wish to exhibit his terrible energies in the noble Moor. Had the expedient occurred to him of helping his figure by the *Moorish costume,* I have no doubt that the great difficulty would have been removed. In our own time, we have seen Mr. Kean, whose stature is in fact under that of Mr. Garrick; and no capable spectator ever objected to his figure as not sufficiently important. But fifty years ago, the Moor would only have appeared in a general's uniform; scarlet if our own, white if Venetian; and the black face above such clothing begets a ludicrous association at first sight, which an actor has to struggle long against, and remembers himself, unfortunately, when the spectator has forgotten it. If such a notion at all annoyed Mr. Garrick, he was right in declining the character. The criticism of Mr. Steevens, thus presented to me, recalls many similar instances of his profound judgment and excellent taste, which I have personally heard him deliver. He talked of observing Mr. Garrick with the "*very comment of his soul,*" a terrible test to put any work of art to; but which I willingly believe Mr. Garrick stood before unappalled, confident of the truth of his personations, and feeling that he was the general organ of human nature.—Ed.

I wrote to you by last night's post, and must now beg the use of the two volumes returned by Mr. Warton. All is alike to me. I shall read through thick and thin every book of that age that I can lay my hands on.

I shall at all times be obliged to you for any critical stuff that falls in your way. Schomberg is a *goose* to your *swan*.

Never give yourself the trouble to answer my nonsense, but when you have nothing else to do. My servant will wait for K. 9. and 10. Excuse the haste and incorrectness of this miserable scrawl, and believe me to be your much obliged and sincere

G. S.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Leiston Hall, Saxmundham, Saturday Morning.

You will receive two letters by this post. One was writ before I received yours. You know not how you have sunk me again. I was in hopes our junction was out of doubt. Surely, though Mr. Red—'s* affairs may be again settled, you might employ me as you intended, when first we treated, and he was, as you thought, unembarrassed. I hear from many hands that it is impossible for him to appear, but of this you most likely are the best judge. I will not take up too much of your time on this subject, but assure you that I must be very unhappy without an engagement with you. You do not *absolutely* refuse me, yet I fear you mean so: though you still seem to think I should *not* engage with Colman, unless I can do it with *grace and credit*. I cannot do it with *peace of mind*, and have declined it. I beg one line of you by *return of post*, as I shall not receive it unless it leaves London on *Monday* at latest. Pray be *positive* either to destroy or confirm my wishes. Have you more obstacles against engaging me than when you first spoke to me on the subject,—and is not the precariousness of Mr. Red—'s affairs rather in my favour? I am ever your most sincere and obedient servant,

W. Smith.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Leiston Hall, Saxmundham, Wednesday Night.

Your letter by this night's post has damped my spirits, which were much raised by your former one. I cannot possibly think of making any engagement from you, and indeed have determined to decline all others. I hope you will not deny me the favour of a line as soon as the uncertainty of affairs are over which at present embarrasses you. I shall be unhappy till I hear from you, though perhaps more so, when you write: yet any thing is better than suspense. I will not acquaint Winter with what has passed till you favour me again. It will make him as nearly *derangé* as it has Your most sincere and obliged friend and humble servant,

W. Smith.

* Reddish's.—Ed.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Wednesday Evening.

I SENT the letter to the Adelphi-buildings, attended by a roll of brown paper, in which the proof is enclosed. I have called my servant in, and he attests the delivery of it; but he says he represented the letter as of consequence, the et cetera of no consequence at all. If he had reversed his sentence, it had been right. Pray send me your opinion when you see the figures. A coloured copy of it cannot be of so much use to any one as to yourself. Let Mr. Davies, Dr. Kenrick, &c. fly with the other false Thanes, or crowd them all into the French Coronation, which the former of them recommends: I am sure that he whom I have not named, derives his laurel-wreath from the French. It is impossible ever to find you at home for a certainty, and therefore I must wait for Anti-mendax till your days of residence in London are more frequent. Your's most faithfully,

G. STEEVENS.

Your letter did not arrive till this moment, and the postman waits to return you this imperfect answer. I think my character almost as legible as your own.

You desire me to send the print to *Southampton-street*. I suppose this is as great a mistake as any I could have committed.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Tuesday Evening.

I NEVER kept a copy of any one of my own letters in my life, for I never wrote but to those who I supposed would make no ill use of my nonsense. You, I am sure, I could never suspect of it; though you might have no dislike to leading me into a ridiculous dilemma. Shakspeare (to whose words your memory is always faithful) has said that Juliet would appear *like a swan among crows;* and, if I remember right, when you mentioned Swan's communication, long before it arrived, I expressed my fears lest your *swan should prove a goose*. So much for our mutual allusions drawn from ornithology.

You may say what you please—that I am sick, dead—hanged, &c., but do not oblige me to thank a man for a favour, which I never knew was designed for me till I heard from you last. I heartily wish the gout out of your thumb, and the criticisms out of your possession, without farther inconvenience to either of us.

Most truly and affectionately yours,

G. STEEVENS.

Your letter was written yesterday, but it is not ten minutes since I received it.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Leiston, Sept. 1st, 1774.

I FIND I must be unhappy, and more so, as you have misinterpreted something I have writ. Believe me, Sir, I am not ignorant of the trouble you have had on my account, and have a true sense of every step you have taken in my favour, for which I owe and pay you my most sincere thanks; my best services will follow whenever you please to command them. You do me wrong if you think I have a doubt of your disinterestedness. I named Reddish only as I thought it might have influence on Mr. Lacy, who, I well know, is averse to your engaging me. You hear Mr. Colman has made me a genteel offer. It does not appear so to *me* or my friends, who have insisted on my refusing it, which I have done. I would rather receive twelve pounds a week from you than twenty from him: and still live in hopes that something may happen to bring us together. Farewell! you have my best wishes for health and every blessing. Once more, permit me to assure you, that I am, with much gratitude for your friendship, your most obedient and faithful humble servant,

W. SMITH.

I am going to Winter's, at Stortford, for ten days. Pray do not let Colman know that we have been in treaty. I have writ to him.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

Tuesday.

MR. STEEVENS presents his compliments to Mr. Garrick with the volume of Voltaire. He desires and hopes he had before returned a volume of the same author, though not containing the same criticisms, which he himself borrowed of Mr. Garrick in London.

Mr. Steevens hopes that Mr. Garrick from the carelessness with which he heard him betray his own conspiracy, will not stand in awe of him, as the deepest plot he ever contrived against him he has suffered him to overhear, and is much obliged to him for taking no severer method after the detection of it.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

Thursday Evening.

MR. STEEVENS returns his best thanks to Mr. Garrick for the use of this volume, and since Shakspeare was able to raise a fabric like that of "Measure for Measure," out of the rubbish of Promos and Cassandra, he makes no doubt but he could have exerted his talents as successfully even on Dr. Armstrong's "Forced Marriage."

Mr. Steevens hopes Mr. Garrick will not make his threats good, and unmercifully send the Doctor's works back again.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Monday Night.

I SENT an answer to your first letter by this morning's post, and am now to return you thanks for your packet which reached my hands this evening.

I have neither seen Baldwin nor had the most trifling correspondence or intercourse with him for above this fortnight past; nor was I in the smallest degree accessary to that injustice of which Mr. Bell complains. You say that he declares he told me of his intended edition. To the best of my recollection, I never saw him in my life; at least I should not know him if I met him. I might, indeed, soon after his proposals appeared, have stepped in at his shop, but even that circumstance I cannot call to remembrance.

I have not mentioned a syllable concerning the Davies's to any one. I am much obliged by your offer relative to the poor girl, but I hope I shall be able to get through my prison scene without troubling my friends. I shall be fully employed in this melancholy business till the end of the week. After that time, and always, you may command

Your most obliged and sincere

G. STEEVENS.

I hope Mr. Bell does not enumerate me among the *interested* people; for I am sure I never received the advantage of sixpence from any publication of Shakspeare in which I have had a hand, nor ever will on any future occasion.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHENEVER you are willing to employ me, you have an undoubted right to my best services; and if I fail to answer your purpose, I assure you, your disappointment will happen through my inability, and not through my inattention.

As to Mr. Bell, he may think, say, or write what he pleases. I shall never take the pains to contradict him. A rival editor of Shakspeare like myself, will always be considered as a kind of town bull; and every fatherless letter calved in the newspapers, on this subject, will of course be laid to his charge. But pray whence comes it that the mighty Tom* is so much your adversary? He has long been too great a man for me, being to the full as much a king in his own shop as ever he was on your stage. When he was on the point of leaving the theatre, he most certainly stole

* Tom Davies, whose vanity always pulled strongly against the tide even of his own interest. Johnson used to entreat forgiveness for him, when he had allowed himself to *seem* at least unthankful to his friends. His profession of actor had rendered him unfit for the shop;—he, however, had more literature than commonly attaches to either bookseller or player; and did not want, at bottom, a proper veneration for Garrick, which indeed he showed in his life of him.—ED.

some copper diadem from a shelf, put it in his pocket, and has worn it ever since. As to Lockyer, I know little more of him than that he seems to be a dry, sapient, civil gentleman, and—is said to conduct the Gazetteer.

I think you are perfectly right in wishing to let all defence on your side drop entirely. I should not, however, have said so, had not you first mentioned it yourself, lest you should think I was unwilling to set my shoulders to the wheel. There has been so long a connection between you and the fair traders on Shakspeare's bottom, that you would have acted more cautiously had you silently permitted your prompter to make the most of his run goods, without allowing such a demi-pirate as Bell, to sail with your colours at his mast-head. You may be assured that every proprietor or bookseller, who can arm his long-boat with pot-guns, will go in chase of such a smuggler. You may depend on it that I will not write another line on the subject. I thought it necessary for you to say as much as has been said, because I could not know Mr. Bell designed to publish any thing in your defence, and had been told what I have before hinted.

My service to your gout, for I never received a letter, so fairly written from you before. I am most faithfully, your much obliged

G. STEEVENS.

MR. G. C. SWAN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, York, Jan. 1, 1774.

You have done me great honour by introducing me to the acquaintance of a gentleman of Mr. Steevens's great merit; and you have made me very happy by saying that you will engage his candid opinion of my remarks, as that, with your own, will sufficiently satisfy my vanity in case you shall approve the work, as you appear to do the sample of it. But of this I must own I have some considerable doubts, for my principal design has been to undo all that the modern commentators have been labouring, by endeavouring to show that the readings of the old copies are preferable to those of the new ones. But this, by the by, (even though I may have succeeded, as my friends here seem disposed to flatter me that I have,) cannot affect Mr. Steevens, as his first edition appears to me to have been formed upon the same plan; his latter one, in conjunction with Dr. Johnson, I have not yet seen; nor do I believe I shall, as I cannot here get a sight either of that or Mr. Bell's without purchasing; and I have already so many editions of this author, that they take up near the half of my little closet. But this is now immaterial, as you and that gentleman will set me to rights, in case you should find that I have interfered with them. By a passage in yours, I incline to believe you have forgot that I once had the honour to manage a Theatre Royal; and that, in the year 1742, I performed Othello in Dublin; an episode in my life which I still remember with pleasure, as it was the *causa sine qua non* of my acquaintance with Mr. Garrick. How then, say you, comes it that I should not have known

that you had given up the part of Othello? Alas! I have lived quite retired from the busy world now twenty-five years, insomuch that I scarce know what has of late been doing in the most conspicuous parts of it. You must therefore expect, and I hope too you will excuse, some little mistakes of this sort. Mr. Barry is, I am told, now the first in that character, and I hear he is capital in it. I know nothing of his merits, as I never saw him but once, in Essex, when he pleased me very much; though in general I thought him stiff, and consequently that his expression was not formed from his own conception of the part: but this was many years ago, and I may possibly have forgot myself; and if not, he is probably much mended in that respect; indeed it must be so, or he could not possibly have been so great a favourite with you and with the town. He would, therefore, I should imagine, be able to do great justice to that scene, but I am under some apprehension that he will not choose to hazard the trial of so capital an alteration in the manner of performing it; and especially as I hear he is very much approved in playing it according to Mr. Steevens's idea, which, however, is not to my best judgment equal to yours: for the words in the latter lead to the expression of rage and horror, and consequently justify your conception of that part; but in the place where Mr. Steevens recommends the use of the poniard (but this you must not say to him) the words of the author convey to us a very different idea:

"I that am cruel am yet merciful."

A strange idea, sure, of mercy, to imbrue his hands in the blood of a dying woman! But I may be mistaken, though from the repetition "so, so," one would incline to think that if the dagger was here used at all, Othello must here stab her twice; but this I leave to your own determination when you have more attentively considered what I offered in my last upon this head. I have, since I wrote to you, got a copy made of the remarks, but by so wretched a scribe that it has taken me full as much time to correct as would have served to write it over, and, what is still worse, a great part must again be transcribed, and when that is done, Mr. Burgh, a most ingenious young gentleman, from whom I have received great assistance, desires to see them again; that I fear it will be the latter end of January before I shall be able to send them up. But this is a mischief you may reap some benefit from; for Wilkinson being expected with his company here this day se'nnight, I am not without hopes of getting Hitchcock, who is still with him, to write out a copy for you. I perceive I have made a lapse in naming Mr. Burgh, but I flatter myself his name is very safe with you. He is a member of the Irish Parliament, and esteemed one of the best speakers there; in other respects he is as yet unknown in the literary world, where, however, he must one day make a most conspicuous figure, his genius being more quick and lively, and his style more correct and elegant than any I have lately met with. He has, as before observed, been of very great use to me; as has likewise Mr. Mason, the author of "Elfrida:" the latter advises to publish the remarks without the text, and has kindly offered, if I would introduce them by a letter addressed to you, to correct and fit it for the press, which appears to me a strong proof of his approbation of the

work. I have, too, received some little help from a Mr. Tillard, a clergyman, who, though not publicly known, is exceedingly clever, as you will see by a note of his which I send you at foot as a specimen of his abilities; but, as I hinted in my last, the names of these gentlemen must not be mentioned on this occasion. I hope to hear in your next that you are freed from all the pains you complain of; and I too shall be glad to know your opinion, what effect, as you apprehend, the bed scene, according to my plan, would have? I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

GEO. C. SWAN.

The following was written by my friend Tillard, under Johnson's only note in his edition, p. 456, l. 14. "This sorrow's heavenly"—which see—

"Say rather, it is the fate of Shakspeare to have commentators of such cold constitutions that they can feel no warmth even when his fires burn brightest. I see no reason for this wish, or the assertion which follows it; the lines objected to are only a continuation of the thought immediately preceding. Through the whole of this soliloquy, Desdemona's body and beauty have so far unprovided Othello's mind, that rage and the rougher passions are in a great measure extinguished; they are the fine feelings of the soul which are awake; and these, though he continues steady in his purpose of killing her, lead him in doing this to soften as much as possible her bodily and his own mental sufferings. Let us consider the passage in this light. 'I must weep, but they are cruel tears'—here we may naturally suppose he pauses for a moment, then resumes the thought—and by a wonderful piece of address, gets rid of even the idea of cruelty before contained in it, by referring himself to the example of Heaven, which strikes where it doth love. These are the touches of a master, and do him honour, whilst they give him the most amiable finishing to his characters which the circumstances they are drawn in will admit."

MR. DAVID ROSS TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, January 6, 1774.

I HAVE ever treated Mr. Garrick with that respect and good manners which was due to him; why he should treat me so very illiberally I am at a loss to guess, unless he meant *to* affront me. The enclosed, without any seal, was left at my house, that his servant and mine might know (I suppose) I was refused an engagement at Drury-lane. The superscription is not very polite: however, that I should have taken no notice of; but the other seems, if meant, to cast a slight or an affront, which I beg to have explained. My feelings, perhaps, at present are too quick; but sure I have enough to make them so. As the stage stands, it is a shame and a reflection that my abilities, little as they are, should be excluded from the public and rendered useless to me. From Mr. Garrick I have never merited ill manners or disrespect: however, he hurts himself more than

Your most humble servant,

DAVID ROSS.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. D. ROSS.

SIR, Wednesday, February 13th, 1774.

IF you will consider the date of your bond, your repeated promises to discharge it, your engagement with another manager, and more than this, our overlooking your frequent disappointments, your warmest friends must acknowledge, what, indeed, you have owned in your letters, that you have some obligations to us. If so, what must they say on the other head, at your very gentlemanlike return to these favours, and to your behaviour to me in particular?

So little did I know of the affairs of our office, having so much employment upon the stage, that I had wholly forgot your affair till your account was sent round to me last week; and so ignorant was I of the whole transaction, that I could not contradict what Mr. Murphy told me from Mr. Ross, viz. *that the half of the bond was paid.* As to the money business, Mr. Lacy and I have left it to be settled by you and my brother; all I have to desire of you is, that should any particular time be agreed upon by the parties, the day may be the *second*, not the *first*, of April.

I most sincerely congratulate you upon your present situation, which is so happy, that it brings to your mind the great hardships you underwent at Drury-lane with Mr. Garrick. May your theatrical felicity long continue, and may you never again give him an opportunity to confer those *obligations* upon you which you mention in your letter. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

P. S. My brother will be at home any morning that will be agreeable to you.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Jan. 7th, 1774.

I HAVE been employed ever since Monday last in attempting to save an unfortunate young woman from transportation, and shall continue to be engaged in the same service till Tuesday or Wednesday next. I have, therefore, had no opportunity of making any reply in your behalf to the letters which I am told have appeared in the "St. James's;" for I have not looked into a newspaper till this instant, where a long letter from Serle's Coffee-house, Lincoln's-inn, almost fills a column. I wish you would employ some friend to write a letter in answer to it; and as soon as my hand is at leisure, it shall be at your service.

In order to ascertain the deficiencies in your catalogue, I have ordered the "Companion to the Theatre," (which contains the most accurate list of plays extant,) to be interleaved; and will correct it by your plays, and at the same time, mark what is wanting to complete your collection. The book shall then be your own.

Next week, I shall trouble you for some more provender. Sir J. Hawkins has sent to desire I would let him look at a play which I have not in my own collection, though it is in yours, and in my keeping. I would not, however, grant the request without your permission. Your trust in me is great, and my fidelity should be answerable to it. I am most faithfully yours,

G. S.

Excuse this hasty scribble, which I perceive is half nonsense.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. LAWRENCE.

DEAR SIR, Hampton, Monday, Jan. 10th, 1774.

I HAVE been so untuned with a violent cold and hoarseness, that in justice to you and myself, I would not read the comedy you put into my hands till yesterday. I have considered it well, and sincerely wished that I might have an occasion to show the regard I have for you. To be free and friendly with you, I think the comedy not in the least calculated for representation; and if I did not know your hand, and that you had sent it to me, I should not have believed it, from the other performances I have seen of yours, to have come from the same author. To speak my mind without constraint, and as circumstances occur to me, the character of your *Credulous Man* is surely unnatural and improbable; his swallow is too large and too farcical. Can it be possible that he could be so gulled by Flam, and his brother cheat, to take every thing for granted, and at so great a loss too? Or, granting that he could swallow all their secrets, is it credible that he would agree to give his daughter at once to a stranger upon a day's acquaintance? A dupe so extravagantly absurd becomes an idiot, and unfit for the stage. Let us pass from him to the *lover's scheme*, and I fear that will prove as improbable. He is thought to be dead, but returns,—puts on a bob-wig, visits his mistress as her dead lover's uncle, and is not found out till he discovers the plot himself. I will grant you that some improbable disguises have passed, and will pass upon the stage; but though Love is painted blind, lovers are supposed to have lynx's eyes; and it is unnatural to think the young woman should converse with the object of her passion still warm in her heart, and but lately left her, and not know him under so slight a concealment? To me it is impossible, and I fear, would have a bad effect upon the stage. But supposing, (and it is supposing a great deal,) that these circumstances, which are the main ones of the plot, could be made probable by alteration, yet there still wants the *sine qua non*, the spirit of dialogue, that *vis comica*, that vein of pleasantry, without which no comedy can live upon the stage. The *Credulous Man* is the only character, and him I think too exaggerated to be pleasing; and we have so many *cheaters* and *cheatees* upon the stage, such as are in the "Alchymist," "Albumazar," &c. that I fear, unless some very new method, and pleasant method of gulling the credulous was found out, an audience would be very squeamish.

The TYCHOTHOLICON of Feignwell would be thought an imitation of the

Otakousticon of "Albumazar," and the transmutation of vegetables put them in mind of the transmutation of metals in the "Alchymist." Pandolpho and Sir Epicure Mammon are the old gulls, and, to be sure, had their effect, when the transformation of persons, and transmutation of metals, were talked of and believed by nineteen in twenty: even now, by the force of writing, they are suffered—but, indeed, it is by a force upon the understanding, and are but barely borne, and I am certain would be condemned, (with all their merit,) were they now for the first time to be acted. I hope my sincerity will not appear impertinent. I should think myself unworthy of your confidence if I did not speak to you as *to my thinkings, as I do ruminate*, and it is my honest opinion that you would have been unhappy had either Mr. Colman or Mr. Foote brought your comedy upon the stage.

I am, dear Sir, your most sincere well wisher and humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

I write, as you see, with the gout in my fingers. I can scarce hold my pen. I have written slovenly and incorrectly, but you will excuse every thing. To convince you how over-delicate the public may be at times, I will relate to you a passage in a farce called "Neck or Nothing." Two servants agree to impose upon an old citizen, *Stockwell*—one of them is to pass for his master, and to receive a portion with the daughter, whom he is to marry; they agree to divide the booty and run away. The business is comically enough arranged, and had great applause, till upon the old citizen's asking the sham gentleman to take a mortgage upon some houses for part of the fortune, the other answers, "He is sorry that he could not; but that he had bargained for an estate that was *contagious* to his own, and must be obliged to pay the money in two days or forfeit." "Is the estate good?" says the old man. "In fine condition," answers the cheat, "and the wood upon it will very near pay the purchase." "Indeed!" "O yes!" says the confederate, "And then the fine ponds upon the estate." "Ponds!" cries Stockwell. "What signify ponds?" "Oh, Sir, they make a great deal of the ponds, many pounds a year." "Indeed! What are they good for?" Slip replies, "To catch gudgeons, Sir. Great profit and pleasure."

I thought it dangerous, and so it proved, though but in a farce, and which till the gudgeons came, had met with great applause. I mention this only to show you, that an audience will not suffer the dupe to be cheated too extravagantly even in a farcical piece.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. T. FRANCKLIN.

DEAR SIR, Adelphi, Jan. 12th, 1774.

YOUR letter, which surprised me, is half a letter of complaint, and without the smallest foundation. I never broke my word with any body, nor do I expect a murmur against me from a liberal mind till I do. Dr. Francklin might have known by the papers that I have been ill, and very ill, so ill as to keep house for near a

fortnight, except just the conveyance of me from the Adelphi to Hampton, by way of changing the air. But you seem to think it hard that I will not speak to Colonel Dow. How such a request to the Colonel could be conveyed, is not in my power to determine, for he has been some time in the East Indies, and left his play in guardianship; this I thought I told you. It has been your own fault, and yours only, that you have not had your play and other plays (if you had chosen it) acted at Drury-lane Theatre long before this. As you seem to be peevish, I will speak the truth, because I will have none of your faults added to a large number of my own. After your "Warwick," you were given to coquetry; and after you had mentioned an intended tragedy to me often, you hung back, changed your mind, &c. &c. &c., and never offered me one till that which I read last summer. I have told you from the beginning all my engagements, and therefore it is very hard to be distressed about a matter which I have wished to be able to do, but had it not in my power. I have answered this upon the gallop, but could not rest till I had spoken my mind as freely as you have done. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

What can you possibly mean by wishing to be now in my favour? I would not break my word to gain the favour of kings, nor should my brother be preferred to a stranger, had I given my word to the latter. The gout in my fingers makes my letter scarce legible.

MRS. C. CLIVE TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Twickenham, Jan. 13th, 1774.

I SHOULD suppose, when you see Twickenham, you will not presently imagine whom the letter can come from, you have so entirely forgot *me*. I write because I am importuned by *the* bearer; and to solicit a great man looks as if one had power, which, you know, is a charming thing. Mr. C—— tells me he knows you very well: he lives at Twickenham, is a wine-merchant, lives in good credit, and has for many years. I have taken my wine of him these four years, which is the reason *he thinks* I ought to trouble you with a letter. He wants to get his son into the excise. He tells me you are at the head of the commission, and can do whatever you please: *you could, I know, in former days;* and if you can now and *will*, Mr. C—— will be very glad of it. I do not know any thing of the young man, therefore cannot recommend him, but I suppose his father *can*, for he is a fine chatter-box; he *will up and tell you* every thing about him.

Pray how does my dear Mrs. Garrick do? for I will love her because I am very sure she would me if you would let her; but you are a Rudesby yourself, and it is your fault that she does not take notice of me.

I might date this letter from the Ark: we are so surrounded with water, that it is impossible for any carriage to come to me, or for me to stir out, so that at present

my heavenly place is a little devilish. I believe I must win a house in the Adelphi, and come to town in the winter; but when I come, I shall not have the happiness to see Macklin in "Macbeth." What a pity it is he should make an end of himself in such a *fine* part.

Your friend Jemmy and Mrs. Mestivur desire their compliments to yourself and Mrs. Garrick. I suppose we shall all meet next summer at Mr. Walpole's.

Adieu, yours ever,

C. CLIVE.

MR. MADAN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Epsom, Jan. 14th, 1774.

I DO not forget an obliging offer you made me, when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Hampton last summer, which was to favour me with a translation of the epitaph which I wrote on my dear child's death. I believe I did not leave you a copy of it, therefore permit me now to send you one, the translation of which, at your leisure, you will favour me with.

"Hoc jacet Tumulo, lethali falce recisus,
Flos, quo non formâ pulchrior alter erat.
Jam Paradisiaco viget insons spiritus horto.
Quod potuit morti cedere, terra tegit.
Quanquam nunc sævos jactes, Mors sæva, triumphos,
Te victam agnosces. Is redivivus erit."

I am commonly at this place from Wednesday till Saturday: my son is now with me, and we have been exercising our genius with making Latin verses. The subject fallen to my share to-day is—*Alter et Idem.* As you have some share in what I have written this morning, I will trouble you with them, desiring you to make all reasonable allowance for my having left school thirty years.

ALTER ET IDEM.

"Aspice Romano noster par Roscius extat,
Quàm merito plausu læta Theatra sonant!
Seu tragicâ attonitis vi spectatoribus instat,
Vel gratas sumat Comica Musa vices.
Effusis lachrymis, ingratæ crimina mentis
Deplorat natis Roscius, ipse Lear.
Dura representat crudelis facta tyranni
Richardi? ante oculos ipse tyrannus adest!
Post mortem Regis Scotorum Roscius intrat,
Macbethi trepidat sanguinolenta manus;
Mox tragicum placidè deponens ille cothurnum,
Idem quàm subito! Roscius, alter erit!
Diffugiunt lachrymæ tristes, tragicæque tenebræ,
Et subeunt risus, et sine felle sales!

Mutatus non mutatur—vim semper eandem
Seu dolet, aut ridet, vel lachrymatur, habet.
Nemo hominum fuerit toties sic *Alter et Idem*,
Tam sibi dissimilis, tam similisque sibi,
Unicus hic *Alter* fuerit nam cum velit *Idem*,
Unicus hic *Idem* cum velit *Alter* erit."

My wife and daughters are at K—bridge, or I am sure would join me in kindest compliments to yourself and Mrs. Garrick.

I am, dear Sir, your very obedient humble servant,

M. MADAN.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Jan. 13th, 1774.

LAST night, I received a very civil note from Dr. Kenrick, together with the present of a ticket of admission to his intended lectures on Shakspeare. Fresh game, I suppose, will be started for the newspapers; and therefore I trespass once more on your patience, to assure you that, among the literary hounds who may follow it, I will not be one. Before this time you must have seen the Doctor's proposals; and I should not be at all surprised if Mr. Bell, or some of his friends, was to inform the public that I have undertaken to stand at his elbow, and snuff the candles while he is reading. Shakspeare himself is said to have been of a most gentle disposition; but I am sure that his satellites have as little of his temper as of his genius about them. I must therefore beg, that whatever nonsense may appear against you or any one else, in consequence of the Doctor's plan, you will do me the justice to declare that I have no hand in it.

I am most truly yours, &c.

G. S.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Jan. 18th, 1774.

THE ingenious and modest young man who is the bearer of this, is the favourite pupil of Mr. Bartolozzi, and is employed to execute every subject which his master does not finish with his own hand. Sherwin is now engaged to make a design for a poem which is to be dedicated to you. It is on a Shakspearian subject, and therefore he will be much obliged to you if you will give him those directions which you, and you only can give. A hint is all he wants, and that you can supply in a moment.

In answer to Dr. Kenrick's card, I told him I hoped he would print his lectures, as business would not permit me to attend on them regularly.

I am, dear Sir, yours most faithfully, G. STEEVENS.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Jan. 20th, 1774.

LET me now trouble you for the remaining part of your collection of old plays, and I will very soon return them all together, that is, as soon as I can. To enable me to ascertain your deficiencies, you will be pleased to send the whole number of volumes that have D. G. on their backs, and if any person wants any of them, they shall be sent where you direct; but otherwise not a book shall stray out of my possession. You will be kind enough likewise to send an old quarto volume, which is not in your catalogue, and has *Cock Lorel's Bote*, an ancient satire, contained in it, among other pieces. I ought to send you a bond for a thousand pounds, considering how great a trust you repose in me; but I assure you, if my house were on fire, your books would be the first things of value I should attempt to save. My servant has paper, &c. to pack them carefully.

In your haste you have certainly written what I told you relative to Bell. I have now your letter before me, and if there has been a mistake, I know not whether to charge it on the indistinctness of your hand, or my most shameful inability to read it.

How did the Doctor's lecture go off? If you do not inform me, I hope the newspapers will. I am, dear Sir, yours most faithfully,

G. STEEVENS.

Bryan's book is not yet published.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead, Jan. 20th, 1774.

YESTERDAY at noon I dispatched a note to you by a gentleman's servant who called here, and he promised to deliver it at your house by three o'clock. I should not otherwise have sent for the books this morning; and beg your pardon, most sincerely, for such a seeming neglect of your very proper request. It should appear from the account brought by my man, that some other mistake has happened; for he tells me you expected to see me to-day.

I foresaw it would be improper for me to attend at Dr. Kenrick's lecture, though I have sent to subscribe to it, in return for the ticket he gave me. It would not become me to hear any reflections thrown on Dr. Johnson, who has done me the very singular honour of permitting my name to stand in the same title-page with his own.

I know not of any such writer as Anti-mendax, nor in what paper he appears. I take in only the Public and St. James's, and occasionally see the Morning Chronicle,

when a neighbour desires to change newspapers. There are now so many, that one may fairly be excused from the drudgery of looking into them all.

I believe Mr. T. D. may be in the right, as far as my small share in your vindication went. I copied almost your own words, that I might be sure not to misrepresent your meaning. I could give a very substantial reason why such a declaration, authorised by you, was necessary; as I knew the hand that was ready to throw stones if you had been totally silent on the affair. I leave studious elegance in such matters to the mighty Tom. A plain narrative of facts was all that was wanted, and this was written and sent off to Baldwin in a few minutes after you had given me leave to send it. If it was intelligible to the public, it was all I desired it to be.

When you have done with Davies's letter, I shall be obliged to you for a sight of it. I do not quite understand what you say; but assure you that I have not seen the writer for these eight months past, for he is much too great a man for me. His concern ought to be with the outside of books; but Dr. Johnson, Dr. Percy, and some others, have made such a coxcomb of him, that he is now hardy enough to open volumes, turn over their leaves, and give his opinion of their contents. Did I ever tell you an anecdote of him? About ten years ago (in order to wean a lazy boy from reading Greek with a Latin version) I wanted the Oxford Homer, and called at Davies's to ask for it, as I had seen one thrown about his shop. Will you believe me when I assure you, he told me "he had but one, and that he kept for *his own reading?*"*

The volume which contains *Coch Lorel's Bote*, is in a parchment cover, has *Hych Scorner* with it, &c. The late Mr. Hawkins borrowed it of you, because I know he printed from it.

Once more let me assure you that I care not a farthing what Mr. Bell or his friends may write about me, or the part I had in the late edition of Shakspeare. All the booksellers whom I have accidentally met, assure me it has sold well; and I ask no better proof of its success, except it be your own approbation, and with that I have been already favoured. Our book will never appear as I could wish it, because my coadjutor is determined to retain the useless as well as the useful part of the comment. Where a certainty has been once obtained, I would banish all controversy.†

Wishing you a speedy riddance of the gout, I remain,

Yours most faithfully,

G. STEEVENS.

* This anecdote is highly characteristic of Steevens, who delighted in the exposure of undue pretensions. However, not to bear too strongly upon poor Davies, even learned commentators upon Shakspeare have sometimes indulged themselves with quoting a classic from a French translator, or rather translated his French than the Greek of the original author.—ED.

† Mr. Steevens's expurgatory plan should certainly be followed in the publication of Shakspeare's plays, "wherever certainty has been obtained:" but opinions fluctuate, and there exist friends to exploded explanations. Booksellers cannot be expected to banish willingly any readers. We all remember the "sapient Sir," who, on estimating an edition, always looked whether the first word of Othello was *tush*; and if he found the copy shorn of his favourite interjection, pronounced it not worth *five farthings!*—ED.

MR. W. SHIRLEY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Jan. 21st, 1774.

I HEREWITH send you the tragedy* that you desired to see again, which should carry the precautionary salvo with which merchants sign their accounts, of errors excepted; for though, I thank God, my health is mending space, yet I do not think myself quite in a condition for putting the last hand to such a performance; and therefore, if you should resolve to make any present use of it, I beg the return of it for one more attentive perusal before any farther proceedings therein, which shall occasion no material delay.

I am, with respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM SHIRLEY.

MRS. ABINGTON TO MR. HOPKINS.

Friday Morning, Jan. 20th, 1774.

MRS. ABINGTON sends the part of Letitia in "The Choleric Man," to Mr. Hopkins, in order to his receiving Mr. Garrick's commands as to the person he is pleased to give it in study to, for the next representation of the play. Mr. Cumberland has obligingly given his consent† to her resigning of the part; and Mrs. Abington flatters herself that Mr. Garrick will have the goodness and complaisance to relieve her from a character so little calculated to her very confined style of acting.

Mrs. Abington has been very ill for some days past, but would not importune Mr. Garrick with complaints, as she saw there was a necessity for exerting herself till the *new tragedy* was ready.

Received ten minutes before four.—W. H.

Endorsed,

"Mrs. Abington with the part of Letitia in 'The Choleric Man.'"

MR. P. STOCKDALE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Portsmouth, Saturday, Jan. 22d, 1774.

I TAKE the liberty to write to you again; for I yet flatter myself that my welfare is not altogether indifferent to you.

* Perhaps "The Roman Sacrifice," founded on the fierce unnatural conduct of the elder Brutus; a tragedy acted in 1777, but coldly received.—ED.

† They who had the pleasure to know Cumberland, and have witnessed his irritation and acquiescence under such provocations, will have a just notion how *obligingly* he *consented* to resign the best actress in the theatre on the getting up a new comedy. Mrs. Abington was excessively perverse even to such a manager as Garrick.—ED.

My health is much better; I am now comfortably settled here; I translate, though I am yet far from well, two guineas-worth of Becket's book every week. It is a most agreeable and excellent compendium of ancient customs and manners, and though my present work is a translation from a French prose author, be pleased to tell Becket that I am as accurate a drudge for him,

"As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line."

But you must be pleased likewise to tell him who the Stagyrite was, and of what country, and how famous, how severe a critic he was; otherwise my account of my accuracy will fall to the ground.

But what I am most watchful and assiduous to obtain, is a prudent conduct and a philosophical equanimity. I hope in time you will, on some grounds, be as indulgent to my virtue as you have been to my abilities.

I take the liberty to write to you now chiefly to beg your excuse for the trouble which, I suppose, the humane Mr. Ayrey will give you on my account. I write him a long letter by this post, in which I request your advice and his on an affair which is of the last consequence to me. Pray make my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and acquaint her that I often think with the warmest gratitude on her past politeness and friendship to me. If it is not too presuming, permit me to conclude my letter with the following lines:

"Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum;
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, dum tu
Druricolis nimis intritus mihi scribere tardas."—*Horace.*

I am, Sir, your much obliged and most grateful servant,
PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

MRS. C. CLIVE TO MR. GARRICK.

WONDERFUL SIR, Twickenham, Jan. 23rd, 1774.

WHO have been for these thirty years contradicting an old established proverb—you cannot make brick without straw; but you have done what is infinitely more difficult, for you have made actors and actresses without genius; that is, you have made them pass for such, which has answered your end, though it has given you infinite trouble:—you never took much with yourself, for you could not help acting well, therefore I do not think you have much merit in that; though, to be sure, it has been very amusing to yourself as well as the rest of the world, for, while you are laughing at your own conceits, you were at the same time sure they would cram your iron chests. What put this fancy into my head was your desiring a good character of young Crofts. It is a sad thing, some people would say, that such a paltry being as an exciseman cannot get his bread unless he has behaved well in the world; and yet it is so perfectly right, that if every body would have the same caution not to

give good characters where they did not deserve them, nor receive people into your family for servants, or any kind of business, who had them not,—if this was made an unalterable rule, the world must in time become all good sort of people.

I send the inclosed, which may be depended on. Mr. Costard is our rector, one of the most learned and best sort of men in the world: they say he has more knowledge in the stars, and amongst all the sky-people, than any body, so that most of us take him for a conjurer.

I ought to make an apology for being so troublesome: when I come to town, I will make my excuse, when I shall at the same time see Mrs. Garrick, which will always be a real pleasure to Dear Sir, yours,

C. Pivy.

We all join in compliments to yourself and Mrs. Garrick. I hear your "Christmas Tale" is the finest thing that ever was seen.

MR. GARRICK TO SIR GREY COOPER.

MY DEAR SIR, Adelphi, Feb. 1st, 1774.

It is not possible for me to believe what my servant tells me, nay I should scarce have believed my own eyes had I seen it. He tells me, that Mr. Cooper in company with a certain Lord, whom I most honour and would soonest obey, called yesterday at the Adelphi! Impossible! I beg and beseech you, my good friend, not to make me too vain; but if there are any commands to either of the Indies; if it is thought proper that I should be Commander-in-Chief instead of General Clavering, whose nomination I and my friends intended to support next Thursday; or if I should be fixed to make the Bostonians drink their tea as they ought, or send them after the tea into the Atlantic,—pray let me know directly, that I may resign the kingdoms of England and Scotland in the persons of Richard the Third and Macbeth, and prepare to go any where or every where, as that noble Lord should be pleased to command me. I am dear Mr. Cooper's most obliged and obedient

D. Garrick.

SIR GREY COOPER TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Feb. 3rd, 1774.

The wit and pleasantry of your letter have delighted us all. Lord North cannot afford, either on the account of his taste or his popularity, to send the favourite of the nation to such barbarous places as Bengal or Boston. He hopes, however, that you will soon prove that you have neither abdicated nor deserted the kingdoms of Scotland or England. Ever yours most faithfully,

Grey Cooper.

MR. W. LACY TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Berners Street, Feb. 25th, 1774.

As Mr. Wallis and Mr. Sainsbury differed in their opinion yesterday on the construction of the articles between you and my late father, Mr. Sainsbury thought it prudent that I should have the opinion of an able lawyer thereon. In consequence of which we afterwards waited on Mr. Mansfield, who, on reading the articles, was clearly of opinion that I have an equal right with you in the management of every branch of the business relative to the theatre. This being the case, I am sure you would not wish to deprive me of any right I am entitled to, as, from my conduct, I hope you have no reason to think I shall make an improper use of it.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

W. LACY.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. W. LACY.

SIR, Adelphi, Saturday, 26th, 1774.

AFTER waiting till three o'clock (according to your appointment) to receive your answer on my several proposals for referring our differences, I was surprised to find (by your note, which I received late last night) that you have consulted counsel in a less amicable way than I proposed.

You do me justice in supposing that I have no wish to deprive you of any benefit you are entitled to. I commend your prudence; and before I give you a final answer, I shall follow your example, and be properly advised.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

MR. W. LACY TO MR. GARRICK.

Berners Street, Feb. 28th, 1774.

MR. LACY is very sorry to be deemed wanting either in politeness or friendship to Mr. Garrick. He really understood that business would detain him at home all that morning; if otherwise, he craves pardon for the misapprehension. In respect to the application, if Mr. Garrick will please to recollect, his own proposals warrant that proceeding. But Mr. Lacy is very much disposed to make *Mr. Garrick* some proposals which he has *cause* to think will prove *very* acceptable. Whenever Mr. Garrick is at leisure to attend to them, he will please to command,

His very humble servant,

W. LACY.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead, March 6th, 1774.

MANY thanks both for your suffrage and your congratulations, for they are equally honourable to me. I shall not fail to join the club on Friday evening. Dr. Johnson desires I will call on him, and he will introduce me. Pray what is the usual time of meeting?

Mr. C. Fox pays you but a bad compliment; as he appears, like the late Mr. Secretary Morris, to enter the society at a time when he has *nothing else to do.* If the *bon ton* should prove a contagious disorder among us, it will be curious to trace its progress. I have already seen it breaking out in Dr. G——,* under the form of many a waistcoat, but I believe Dr. G—— will be the last man in whom the symptoms of it will be detected.

Once more I thank you for your partiality in my favour, and shall live in the hope of meeting you on Friday evening. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and faithful,

G. STEEVENS.†

Pray who is this offended author who appeals from your judgment to the public? Your enemies always take care to justify your conduct by exposing their own productions.

CENSOR DRAMATICUS TO * * * * * *

SIR, Drury-lane, March 10, 1774.

A GENTLEMAN who styles himself a lover of innocent amusements, through the channel of your paper, expresses a wish that the Roscius of Drury-lane would oblige the public with a printed collection of all the prologues and epilogues he has at different times composed; and likewise desires to know the reason he withholds that treasure from the public at large. Now the reason is obvious: not to derogate from the honour of that theatrical Machiavel, whoever had the least acquaintance with him will scarce attribute that forbearance either to his modesty or disinterestedness; but

* Dr. G. was the admirable author of "The Traveller." Steevens would have spared this piece of pleasantry, could he have anticipated that, in less than a single month, Dr. Goldsmith would be no more the subject of his merriment. Goldsmith's character has never been fully displayed; and now it is too late to try what might be done. The difficulty would be to preserve the *respect* due to the very finest powers, while displaying the most absurd peculiarities. Literary characters, like Falstaff's assailants, are commonly shown in *buckram* suits.—ED.

† Mr. Garrick had thought it *prudent* to pass over Mr. Steevens's irreverence as to the Jubilee, and his parodies of its poetry; to throw open all his literary stores to the commentator's researches; to give him his suffrage as a member of the Literary Club; and to accept as much of his friendship, as that singular man thought proper to bestow upon any body.—ED.

account for it from the more obvious consideration of his ambitious policy. That little great man, from his repository-general, or warehouse of old and obsolete wit and humour, hath at different times, partly by modernizing, new vamping, and by the addition of some very *few* new strokes, characteristic only of the present fashionable foibles, produced some humorous and very popular *petits-pièces;* though perhaps his last, and best epilogue, to the tragedy of "Sethona," though good in itself, owes its greatest and chief merit to the incomparable manner in which that *distinguished female genius*, Mrs. Barry, delivers it. The cunning manager knows too well the inoriginality, as well as insignificancy of his poetical productions, when abstracted from the graces of his own, or the humour of other actors in speaking of them; he hath been taught this bit of self-knowledge from the success of publishing his last Jubilee Ode, which, notwithstanding the short-lived and unmerited admiration it gained, while spoken by himself, when since read and perused by the best critics, has turned out to be the most incoherent rhapsody that was ever attempted in this or any other language. The author of this, therefore, as his sincere and best friend, advised him to raise the solid fabric of his fame entirely on his manner of exhibiting the more ingenious composition of others; and if *possible*, to bound his ambition on being esteemed the greatest player of his age: a light in which the writer of this has ever admired him with the greatest justice, and ever will as long as he continues to ornament the British Theatre.

By inserting this as soon as possible, you will oblige a whole society,* and, among the rest, your constant reader and friend,

CENSOR DRAMATICUS.

DR. T. FRANCKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen Street, March 17th, 1774.

I RECEIVED "Minos" back, and acquiesce in your opinion of it. It was not written with any immediate view to the stage, but by way of essay towards an imitation of my favourite author, Lucian, whom I am now translating; I shall therefore say no more on *that* subject, but shall be glad to talk with you on *another*, the first convenient opportunity. I flattered myself that my answer to a note which you sent me last year might have brought on the completion of a little treaty between us which has been long in agitation with regard to a tragedy altered from Voltaire; but you seemed, for what reason I could never yet learn, unwilling to

* *A whole society.*—I shall not dispute the assertion; but it must be among the hundreds of Drury, if it could be found at all. A collection of *prologues* and *epilogues*, however sprinkled with fashionable foibles, if they bear any relation to their *plays*, must be scarcely intelligible without them. Now referring neither to Mr. Garrick's "modesty" nor "disinterestedness," they *are* published where they should appear; and he is a MACHIAVEL to be *sure*, for not giving to such trifles a form quite unsuitable to the nature of the composition.—ED.

enter into any correspondence concerning it, though I informed your brother that it was ready for you whenever you thought proper to accept it: it has lain in my drawer ever since, and must continue there till you do me the favour to call it into being. When all your other more deserving friends are served, I shall humbly hope to be considered, and shall be glad to submit it to your inspection, that, if you approve of it, it may be corrected and got ready for representation the ensuing season, as I am confined at home by illness. I beg the favour of a line from you in answer to this, which will much oblige Your obedient humble servant,

T. FRANCKLIN.

NOTE FROM MR. GARRICK TO HIS BROTHER, ON THE ABOVE.

I shall answer the Doctor's letter with great spirit and plainness. Did he say any thing to you about his play—that it was ready for me? I do not remember it exactly—let me know minutely what passed, for I shall not spare him, and must give your answer to that part which concerns you.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. CAMPBELL.

Hampton, March 22nd, 1774.

MR. GARRICK presents his compliments to Dr. Campbell. He remembers well the taking some receipts from the Doctor and, in his removing from Southampton Street to the Adelphi, some of the receipts fell into his hands; but he cannot immediately recollect where he put them: he will search for them, and what he cannot find he will certainly pay for. He imagines that the Doctor had Mr. G's. own subscription; but as it is too long to remember correctly, he will be determined by the receipts themselves, when he is lucky enough to find them.

DR. CAMPBELL TO MR. GARRICK.

Queen Square, Ormond Street, March 23rd, 1774.

DR. CAMPBELL is made exceedingly happy by his good friend Mr. Garrick's obliging favour of yesterday. He never had any account transmitted, neither can he find Mr. Garrick's respectable name as a subscriber to the Political Survey in his general list, which has been strictly searched for that purpose. Shall acknowledge with the greatest gratitude any instance of regard that gentleman may honour him with in the patronage that either himself or his noble and honourable friends, in consequence of his recommendation, may think proper to show to his work, and which, if on perusal it should be so fortunate as to merit his and their approbation, will at all times afford him the greatest pleasure.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. T. FRANCKLIN.

DEAR SIR, March 27th, 1774.

You may depend upon my doing every thing in my power for your service. am obliged to fulfil my engagements, though my inclinations, in spite of the compan would lead me to oblige you; however, the sooner I have your play in my hands, shall the sooner be able to exert my care in your favour. Should any of my preser engagements fail, you may depend upon my bringing your tragedy forward. I sha call upon you when I can get myself clear from the hurry of changing houses, an the fatigue of the theatre, though I am a miserable visitor. I was so employed abou Mr. Bayes yesterday, that I forgot to answer your lady's card. Mrs. Garrick h promised her box, the next time of "The Grecian Daughter," to Miss Soane, Burlington Street: if Mrs. Francklin will see "Timoleon" to-morrow night, the bo is at her service.

I am, dear Sir, your well-wisher and obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

MRS. J. H. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Lille, April 3rd, 1774.

If those who give readily are said to give doubly, what shall be said of you, m most valued and respected friend, who have by your unparalleled manner bestowe an hundred-fold? On occasions like these we painfully feel the deficiency of la guage to express our sentiments; but you, great master of the human heart, ca easily imagine what a better pen than mine would be unable to describe; the hear felt joy of receiving the most essential and well-timed service from the person we be love, in short, the only person living to whom I am proud of owing and acknowled ing an obligation, since it is an additional cement to a *friendship* I shall ever esteer as my greatest treasure. Mr. Pye joined with me in pouring the libation of tears that *sacred altar*, when we read your kind, your most valued letter. I write to M Coppinger by this post, to inspire him with some of my feelings, that his punctualit in discharging *his* part of the obligation may justify your kindness to us; *our* part w never can discharge, for we shall ever boast ourselves your debtors. Something too much of this; for my eyes will not let me proceed on the subject, but they will over flow and prevent the progress of my pen. As misfortune is always a great recommendation to me, I had spent much time with Mr. and Mrs. Chase in the prison, which is in sight of our house *(in terrorem*, as Bayes says); and yesterday we had determined to pay him a visit before we had received your letter, which, by the way, we never expected till Tuesday next; but judge of our joy when we found he had also received letters from his father, which enabled him to go out that very hour. Never

were a gayer set assembled in such a horrid mansion: Langlart, the banker, was there, who announced to each of us the kind remembrance of our friends, and *de toutes parts* nothing was heard but mutual congratulations. As your name was mentioned in Langlart's letter, he asked me if it was *Le grand Garrick?* judge if I was proud to say it was! I do assure you I became in that moment an object of envy. But after all, as the bailiff was present, (dressed in crimson velvet and gold Brandenbourgs,) we had the whole matter canvassed, when it was declared to be the laws of Lille and the seventeen united provinces that all strangers may be arrested for debts contracted in their own country by means of the debt being made over to a negociant in the town where they live, than which nothing is more easy, as they are all trading towns. The man made some little apology to poor Chase for breaking down his door, dragging him out of bed and handcuffing him, as he said he acted by *order*, which I could not help observing to him was a *grand éloge de son pais*. However, the money was answered for, and the prisoners set at liberty, to *his* great joy, and indeed to ours, for prisons *à la mode de France* are really upon a very *mauvais ton!* As to us, we shall not disgrace England much; for we shall march out of the town next Wednesday with all military honours, drums beating and colours flying, which to be sure has not been the method of late; for above ten English, since we have been resident here, have stolen off without beat of drum, which was not likely to recommend the British nation to these cold, phlegmatic people, ever more apt to receive and retain bad impressions than good ones. However, the English here have presented a memorial to the Hotel de Ville, to know how far they are likely to be seized on without a *procès*, but as yet they have had no answer.

When last I had the pleasure of writing to you, I had not my thoughts sufficiently free to tell you all I thought of Caillot: but let me now declare that he is an *élève* of yours, and does honour to his master. He acted ten nights running in two pieces each night, and in that constant variety gave constant and various proofs of his theatrical powers: his voice is nothing, but his *jeu muet*, his easy natural vein of humour, and his pathos, are really amazing. He told me all he is, is entirely owing to you, and I really believe him; for, if I may use the expression, he understands you perfectly. He stayed one night longer at Lille than he intended, on purpose to spend the evening with us, which was last Sunday; and he set off for Paris at five in the morning. In society he is charming; indeed he is so very like you, that is, he does and says a hundred little things like you: he has your *franchise*, your vivacity, and in short he has nothing of that French politeness, which, as Sterne remarks, renders all the nation like so many shillings rubbed smooth. Our talk was much of you: he talked of you with judgment and affection; I with the latter only.

But now what shall I say? I fear I have not the smallest portion of judgment left, as I declare that with my best endeavours for three nights repeated, I never could discover the merits of that terrific personage, Le Kain! He played Tancrede the first night; Comte de Warwick, the second; and Gustave, the third. To say the truth, it was my intention to get the better of my fears occasioned by his first ap-

pearance, and invite him, as I had done Caillot and Aufrene, on the merits of being honoured with the title of your friend; but when I found, the day after his first appearance, that he had abused the audience, inveighed against the theatre, and scolded the actors, I thought it most prudent to let him alone, as I had not one sop of sugared flattery prepared to soften him; and indeed I did not repent it, for Mr. Pye was at a supper given by some officers to Caillot and him, and he was so "melancholy and gentlemanlike that they could not get a word out of him, whilst on the other hand Caillot kept the table in a roar." After all, to tell the truth, his whole style of acting put me strongly in mind of Quin, only that he has a face far less agreeable; and I am sure, to relish him, it is either necessary to have your exquisite judgment, which can discover the minute beauties, or to be born in France; for the remark of our judicious countrywoman* in her essay, that the chief pleasure of a French audience consists in their reflections on the difficulty of rhyming in their language, was never better exemplified; for their great *éloge* on Le Kain is, what they call the amazing beauty of his declamation, which, as it revolts my nature, does not please my judgment. Pray tell me if I am very wrong in my idea. By the time this reaches your hand I shall be on my journey, and as soon as I am arrived at Dijon I shall give myself the supreme pleasure of writing to you, and as soon as I am settled, I shall try to dress Madame la Comtesse Vergy *à la Anglaise*, and shall be impatient to transmit the beginning to you. I was in hopes of having had an opportunity of sending to you by a private hand some little trifles, but *point de tout*, my young Englishman, who was to have left Lille this month, met me at Dover in his way to London a month ago; but I shall endeavour to convey them by leaving them in the hands of an English family here, who are kind enough to undertake to forward any little matters to me at Dijon, that may now be on the road. Permit me to wish every happiness to yourself and to the amiable partner of your virtues, to whom my sincere love! Believe me with the warmest sentiments of affection, esteem, and gratitude,

Your most sincere and obliged,

J. H. Pye.

I could not, my dear Sir, possibly let this letter go without assuring you under my own hand, how very much I feel your great kindness towards us, and of begging you to be assured that I never can forget my obligation to you for it, who have the honour to be, Dear Sir, yours most entirely,

Robert Hampden Pye.

MR. SPRANGER BARRY TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Norfolk-street, April 4th, 1774.

Though I have but little reason at present to suppose Mrs. Barry and myself stand in your opinion in a very favourable light, yet as we are not conscious of

* Mrs. Montagu. The essay defending our poet from French misrepresentation.—Ed.

having deserved to be in that situation, we venture to take the liberty of requesting an indulgence, which, if granted, will be of the greatest service to us, and be attended with but little or no inconvenience to you.

Mrs. Barry is so weak from her distemper (which was a violent inflammation on her lungs, occasioned by her great exertion in "Sethona,") that there is no reason to think she will be able to perform any part of force for her own or any other benefit during the season.

The favour, therefore, Sir, we request of you is, that you will indulge her so far as to give her leave to go and take care of her health the first week in May; and permit me at the same time, as I shall not be wanted at the theatre, to go to Ireland, where my affairs are in so ruined a situation, that nothing but my own presence can give me the smallest chance of retrieving them.

As there are but very few benefits after the first week in May, except the lower ones, and those of the servants of the theatre, and as Mrs. Barry is not able to perform till her health is restored by air and exercise, we flatter ourselves you will comply with a request, which is of the utmost consequence to us both, and will very much oblige, Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

SPRANGER BARRY.

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, April 7th, 1774.

I ENCLOSE you a speech which, very contrary to my inclinations, has made its way to the press, and I think it is probable the credit I got by it on the delivery may be forfeited by the serious perusal; however, if it has any merit it will not escape you, and you will be a friend to the endeavour, as I know you are an enemy to every species of oppression. If Mrs. Garrick continues as good a Catholic as usual, I flatter myself she will be pleased with an attempt to rescue thousands of the same persuasion from the absurd severity of laws which equally impoverish them and their oppressors. I beg my best compliments, and am, dear Sir,

Ever your affectionate and obliged servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

DR. J. HOADLY TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, St. Mary's, April 10, 1774.

I FEEL myself greatly deficient in my correspondence with so old and good a friend; and should have sooner acknowledged the receipt of your dramatic parcel. Should I tell you all the *remoras** I have met with, they would exceed even General Clavering's, who depended on his spending the last Christmas at the *Cape of Good*

* Obstacles.—ED.

Hope, and now has very little hopes of saving his voyage. Not Commodore Anson was worse used, as we read in the book.

By the sudden death (raving mad) of the elder brother, almost the family of the Riddings (my nearest relations, children of a niece of the Bishop's, now living in the close of Salisbury,) are fallen upon us. Such an immense debt of one who set out with such uncommon advantages was never heard of. He left his living, almost 400*l.* per annum, on the Monday, with a very good prospect of all his creditors agreeing to wait the sequestration of it, and take such yearly sums towards the debts as should be allowed; but ill health at the time, his poor wife with child, and two children besides, going to her brothers, and perhaps a strong sense of his follies, if not iniquities, drove him raving mad the third day, and he died on the Friday in that condition. Poor Miss Ridding, whom you must remember at Bath with us, is utterly undone; having against advice trusted this brother with her whole little fortune only on his note of hand, affectionately but imprudently. How wicked, to give a beloved sister worse security than he had done to all his common creditors! She is willing to get a livelihood, if possible, and would go as an English teacher to any school of reputation—but we find *French* is everywhere required. If any lady, old or young, wants a companion, and a reader, you or Madam Garrick may perhaps hear of such. I have fixed one son in Southampton as an attorney, and hope here will be a good opening for him in time: in the mean time I—but that between you and me. The youngest, just come from school, not seventeen, a fine young fellow, I had got the third on Lord Sandwich's list for a Lieutenancy of Marines (that too between you and me); but his antipathy to that way of life is so great, that, much to my disappointment, he refuses it with great humility—so there I am to seek again. I am afraid he must be hid behind a counter; but there he may *live* and be an honest man. Add to this our concern about a niece and a nephew, both ill in town, not yet well enough to return to their father, in spite of all the endeavours of the great Hawkins, Patch, and Dr. Addington. The young man's side has been several times laid open, and I much fear, after all the appearance of a perfect cure, is getting bad again. He called on your encouragement, three times at your door, but was so unfortunate as to miss you. He is gone for a little country air to Richard Warner's, who is greatly his friend, as well as mine. Excuse this melancholy account, as a friend must be troubled with what is uppermost, and what has been in reality a delay to his writing.

Before I forget it, I fairly let you off from your promise of the sons of the clergy-money, as I do not at present know of any parson's lad old enough to be bettered by it.

I thank you for your parcel; but must wonder at some things. How could you let such a thing come from your stage as "The Deserter," which is not common English? especially as it had made so brilliant a figure on the French Theatre. I laughed at the Newmarket group, and almost cried at the old General and Torrington. So utterly the reverse of what the characters teach one to expect. The

General, with a boyish face and manner, and Torrington, the worthy and respectable, with a worse and more vulgar look than a low Jew broker in the alley. Fine comic touches in the "Note of hand;" but I think something is wanting of introduction to the lady's violent passion and his feelings on her account, to reconcile the audience to her going such lengths, and his seeming want of proper feeling for her till his imminent ruin forces him to it. I suppose Mrs. Barry makes a good figure in the tragedy, and people now go to see players more than plays. I could have wished the incidents had not been so hacked upon the stage as most of them seem to be. Cresfontes in "Merope" is too much the same. There is an underplot to that more interesting one of mother and son; here it is the principal. I am told there is too much likeness between this and some parts of Murphy's "Grecian Daughter," but they did not occur to me. You might have improved it, no doubt, as you say; but surely "The Man of Business" may be called a good comedy; as "The Duellist" may a bad one. I was agreeably surprised with "The Christmas Tale," as you had said you would not print it. Tycho is a good figure, but surely the spirits should have burst their prison, to show the consequence of his sleeping and dropping his wand.

I cannot think you can make any thing agreeable to the present audiences out of my stuff of "The Gods in the Clouds:" you are the best judge. If it makes you laugh a little, it is sufficient for me. If it would not answer the first intention, when ballads were more fashionable, it will hardly do for a secondary one.

I believe I have tired you: write when you can, and I *will* be satisfied. I trust you gain ease and satisfaction, as well as emolument, by having no partner in the patent. I suppose Master Colman is tired enough, though he seemed to have overcome his chief difficulties.

We are both yours and Mrs. Garrick's. My Madam has too frequent returns of bilious complaints in her stomach; and I have but just got rid of an ugly gouty cough. I am, dear David, yours, &c.

J. HOADLY.

MR. BOSWELL TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, April 11th, 1774.

WHEN Mr. Johnson and I arrived at Inverary, after our expedition to the Hebrides, and there for the first time, *after many days*, renewed our enjoyment of the luxuries of civilized life, one of the most elegant that I could wish to find, was lying for me,—a letter from Mr. Garrick. It was a pine-apple of the finest flavour, which had a high zest indeed amongst the heath-covered mountains of Scotia. That I have not thanked you for it long ere now, is one of those strange facts for which it is so difficult to account, that I shall not attempt it. The Idler has strongly expressed many of the wonderful effects of the *vis inertiæ* of the human mind. But it is hardly

credible that a man should have the warmest regard for his friend, a constant desire to show it, and a keen ambition for a frequent epistolary intercourse with him, and yet should let months roll on without having resolution, or activity, or power, or whatever it be, to write a few lines. A man in such a situation is somewhat like Tantalus reversed.

He recedes, he knows not how, from what he loves, which is full as provoking as when what he loves recedes from him. That my complaint is not a peculiar fancy, but deep in human nature, I appeal to the authority of St. Paul, who, though he had not been exalted to the dignity of an apostle, would have stood high in fame as a philosopher and orator, "*What I would, that do I not!*"

You need be under no concern as to your debt to me for the book which I purchased for you. It was long ago discharged; for, believe me, I intended the book as a present. Or if you rather choose that it should be held as an exchange with the epitaphs which you sent me, I have no objection.

Dr. Goldsmith's death would affect all the Club much. I have not been so much affected with any event that has happened of a long time.

I wish you would give me, who am at a distance, and who cannot get to London this spring, some particulars with regard to his last appearance.

Dr. Young has a fine thought to this purpose, that every friend who goes before us to the other side of the river of death, makes the passage to us the easier. Were our Club all removed to a future world, but one or two, *they*, one should think, would incline to follow.—By all means let me be upon your list of subscribers to Mr. Morell's "Prometheus."*

You have enlivened the town, I see, with a musical piece. The prologue is admirably fancied, *arripere populum tributim;* though, to be sure, Foote's remark applies to it, that your prologues have a culinary turn, and that therefore the motto to your collection of them should be *Animus jamdudum patinis.*

A player upon words might answer him—*any pattens*, rather than your "*Piety* in *pattens*. I wonder the wags have not been quoting upon you

"Whose erudition is a *Christmas Tale*."

But Mr. Johnson is ready to bruise any one who calls in question your classical knowledge and your happy application of it. I hope Mr. Johnson has given you an entertaining account of his Northern tour. He is certainly to favour the world with some of his remarks. Pray do not fail to quicken him by word, as I do by letter. Posterity will be the more obliged to his friends, the more that they can prevail with him to write. With best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and hoping that you will not punish me by being long silent,

I remain faithfully yours,

JAMES BOSWELL.

* This was Dr. Thomas Morell, the lexicographer, one of the earliest writers in the "Gentleman's Magazine."—ED.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. YATES.

MADAM, Adelphi, April 27th, 1774.

In all dealings, the plain and simple truth is the best policy. As Mrs. Barry is in treaty with another theatre, it is natural for me to wish a treaty with another lady; and it is as natural that my inclinations look towards you. If *you* have no objections to enter into a treaty with me, be pleased to name your time and place, and I shall be as punctual as I ought to be, to so fine a woman and so good an actress.

I am, Madam, your most humble servant,

D. Garrick.

MRS. YATES TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, King's Theatre, Monday, May 2nd, 1774.

On considering every circumstance of my situation here, and my novelty, to say nothing of my *beauty*, I think I cannot in conscience take less than 700*l.* a year for my salary; for my clothes, as I love to be well dressed, and the characters I appear in require it, I expect 200*l.*; as to benefit you shall settle that yourself, but as I have an infinity of *Scotch pride*, had rather not take one, though I am sure of losing by it. Dickey, who considers only the main chance, is of a different opinion; but I am clear the worst advice a woman can possibly follow is that of her husband, and I had much rather you should determine that point for me than he.

There are some trifles to be adjusted when I have the pleasure of seeing you, which I should be happy might be to-morrow morning, as I have a good deal of masquerade business in the evening. Hope Mr. G. Garrick is better. Mr. Y. desires his best respects. I am, Sir, your most devoted humble servant,

M. A. Yates.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. YATES.

MADAM, May 4th, 1774.

My brother's dangerous situation has made me unfit for business, nor did I see Mr. Lacy till last night: this I hope will plead my excuse for not calling upon you yesterday morning. We have considered your letter, in answer to which we send you the following proposals: we agree to give you for *one*, *two*, or *three* years, 750*l.* including your clothes. As we cannot do more, we hope for the good of the whole, if Mrs. Yates will accept of our terms, that she will come to an immediate engagement. I am, Madam, your most humble servant,

D. Garrick.

As to the benefit, Mrs. Yates should well consider that matter—we shall not stand upon trifles, if nothing else can hinder our engagement.

Mr. G. desires his compliments to Mr. Yates.

INSTRUCTION FOR DRAWING MRS. YATES'S ARTICLES.

May 5th, 1774.

MRS. MARY ANN, wife of Richard Yates, gentleman, agrees to perform at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane for two years, to commence from the first of September next ensuing the date hereof, at the salary of seven hundred and fifty pounds, and an annual sum of fifty pounds more for each year; and a benefit in each year on the usual terms.

The said Mary Ann Yates to provide all her own clothes at her own expense for all characters in tragedy and comedy. Mrs. Yates desires not to have a Saturday, but the Monday following, if the benefits begin on a Saturday. Mr. Yates to be engaged, if he chooses to be engaged, at Drury-lane Theatre for the last year of the said term of two years, provided he gives notice on or before Mrs. Yates's benefit of such his intent or desire, at the salary of 12*l.* per week, and a benefit in course of salary.

AGREEMENT WITH MRS. ABINGTON.

May 5th, 1774.

IT is agreed this day between Mrs. Abington and Mr. Garrick, that the former shall be engaged to him and Mr. Lacy patentees of the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane for three years from this date, or three acting seasons, at the sum of twelve pounds a week with a benefit, and sixty pounds for clothes; the above agreement to be put into articles according to the usual form.

FRANCES ABINGTON.
D. GARRICK,
For Mr. Lacy and himself.

MRS. ABINGTON HAS PLAYED THIS SEASON.

Oct.	Sat.	7.	Way of the World.			Fri. 27.	Way of the World. Bon Ton.
	Wed.	11.	Rule a Wife.			Mond. 30.	Conscious Lovers.
	Fri.	20.	Stratagem.			Tues. 31.	Provoked Wife.
	Sat.	21.	Conscious Lovers.	Bon Ton.	Nov.	Wed. 1.	Do. Do.
	Mond.	23.	Do.	Do.		Mond. 6.	Much Ado.
	Tues.	24.	Do.	Do.		Wed. 8.	Do.
	Thurs.	26.	Do.	Do.		Fri. 10.	Do.

	Tues.	14.	Much Ado.	Bon Ton.		Thurs. 21.	Rule a Wife.	Sultan.
	Thurs.	16.	Do.			Sat. 23.	Stratagem.	
	Wed.	22.	Do.		Jan.	Wed. 3.	Hypocrite.	
	Tues.	28.	Maid of the Oaks.			Mond. 22.	Discovery.	
	Thurs.	30.	Do.			Wed. 24.	Do.	
Dec.	Fri.	1.	Stratagem.			Fri. 26.	Do.	
	Mond.	4.	Maid of the Oaks.			Sat. 27.	Do.	
	Tues.	5.	Rule a Wife.			Mond. 29.	Do.	
	Wed.	6.	Maid of the Oaks.	Do.	Feb.	Wed. 7.	Do.	
	Tues.	12.	Do.	Sultan.		Thurs. 8.	Maid of the Oaks.	
	Wed.	13.	Do.	Do.		Sat. 10.	Do.	Bon Ton.
	Thurs.	14.	Do.	Do.		Mond. 12.	Much Ado.	
	Fri.	15.	Do.	Do.		Wed. 14.	Rule a Wife.	Sultan.
	Wed.	20.	Rule a Wife.	Do.		Mond. 19.	Do.	Do.

Endorsed,

" The times Mrs. Abington has played."

MR. SPRANGER BARRY TO MR. HOPKINS.

SIR,

MRS. BARRY is rather better than she was, but not yet able to perform. The moment she can venture upon the stage, she will give you notice. She is more desirous of doing her duty in the theatre than the managers are to require it; therefore their threats have been unnecessary, and have had but little effect on her or me: we shall endeavour to do our duty to the utmost of our power, and when more is expected, it does not deserve an answer.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

SPRANGER BARRY.

P. S. I hope I shall be able to perform before the 4th of November.

MR. SPRANGER BARRY TO MR. HOPKINS.

SIR, Monday Morning, May, 1774.

I AM sorry to inform you that I am very unluckily attacked with a fit of the gout in my knee, and am very much afraid that there is scarce any hopes of my being able to perform on Thursday next. I am much concerned at this accident, and think it would be best, if the managers should be out of town, for you to send to Mr. Reddish, who, I am informed, is ready in Rhadamistus, to prevent as much as possible any injury to the business of the theatre through my indisposition.

As Mr. Lacy has thought fit to retract his *promise* of permitting me to go to Ireland on the 15th of May, (which must have been of no inconsiderable advantage to me,) I have, rather than go at the very end of the season, given up that scheme

entirely; so that, if I shall be fortunate enough to get over my present indisposition, I shall be ready to perform any days next week the managers shall think proper. I am in the country, where I have neither pens, ink, nor paper.

I am, your very humble servant,
SPRANGER BARRY.

If you have any commands for me, my servant returns to me this night.

Endorsed,
"Received the above note at three o'clock on Monday 9th of May. W. HOPKINS."

MR. SPRANGER BARRY TO MR. HOPKINS.

SIR,

MRS. BARRY desires you will present her respectful compliments to Mr. Garrick. She is extremely sorry she is not able to go through the dance in "The Wonder."

As she had Mr. Garrick's permission to leave town this week, and observing the plays advertised for every night, she packed up and sent off her clothes, not supposing it possible she could be wanted.

Endorsed,
"Notes from Mr. Barry before he quitted Drury-lane, May, 1774."

MRS. YATES TO MR. GARRICK.

King's Theatre, Friday Morning, May 7th, 1774.

MRS. YATES'S best compliments to Mr. Garrick: being at Mortlake did not receive his letter till yesterday evening. As Mrs. Y. thinks business cannot be so well settled by letter, she will be happy to see Mr. Garrick any day and hour he will please to appoint.

Sorry to hear Mr. G. Garrick is no better.

Mr. Yates's best respects.

MR. GARRICK TO MRS. YATES.

MADAM, Saturday, May 7th, 1774.

As I flatter myself by your note that you have accepted of our terms, I shall wait upon you this evening about eight o'clock, and will bring Mr. Wallis of Norfolk Street along with me to draw up a memorandum of our agreement, as I would have it immediately settled for your sake as well as mine.

I am, Madam, your most humble servant, D. G.

If you choose it, you will have a friend on your part. I beg my compliments to Mr. Yates.

N. B. No answer to this. I went with Mr. Wallis a little after eight o'clock, Mrs. Yates had two ladies with her, and would not accept of the terms. D. G.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. DELAP.

DEAR SIR, Adelphi, May 14th, 1774.

THE very dangerous situation of my brother's health for some weeks has made me incapable of any business; however, within these last eight days I have well considered the tragedy, and read it twice. Let me assure you by every thing that is dear to me, that the writing of this letter is perhaps one of the most disagreeable tasks that I ever undertook; and the reason is, because I fear that it will not be agreeable to you, whom I most sincerely wish to serve, and which is not to be done at the expense of my reason and judgment, and I fear of your reputation.

I most willingly resign all my claims to any knowledge of the drama, if the tragedy of "The Royal Exiles" is calculated for success upon the stage. The first act, with some small alterations, would have sufficient merit for a first act; but from the beginning of the second to the end of the fifth, it is very languid and undramatic, that is, without a spirited interest to keep up the attention of an audience. The false oracle, false priest, and pitiful character of Demophoon sink the whole; the death of Macaria by accident, the unnatural combat of the brothers, &c. in the last act, are shocking, but without effect: however, the circumstances of the last act (which to me is much the worst, and ought to be the best) might be altered; but indeed I find such a languor through the whole, that representation can never support. I would have desired some gentlemen of character in the drama to have given me their opinion, had I had your consent. Mr. Whitehead seemed to be averse to any farther trouble about plays, when we consulted him about a former tragedy. I am really so much distressed about it, that I could wish you would let it be sent to the other house; the managers, since the parting with Mr. Colman, have got Mr. and Mrs. Barry, and should they accept of the play, they would be more capable of doing it justice than I possibly could with my present company. I will take any trouble you desire me, and be assured that your name shall always be concealed.

I am, dear Sir, your sincere well-wisher and humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

I have had an attack of the gout, and am writing this scrawl upon my bed: I write with double pain, but with the best wishes towards you.

MRS. PYE TO MR. GARRICK.

Dijon, May 16th, 1774.

AN opportunity offering itself of troubling you, my dear Sir, with some of my dull chat, I cannot pass it over, though Heaven knows how very dull my letters must be when I am obliged to toss over the storehouse of my own brain for materials, no one circumstance being furnished by the place of which I am at present an inhabitant, and which being a kind of *limbo*, I find very ill adapted to my taste. As to the climate, it is almost as uncertain as that of our own island, with this difference, that we never fail of a severe storm of thunder and lightning in the course of the four and twenty hours; in short, it is our *pain quotidien!*

Dijon cannot be termed expensive, because there is no one call for money, but for meat, drink, and lodging; nor can it be called cheap, because those three articles are rather high than otherwise. Shall I own the truth to you? (for you are my guide, philosopher, and friend!) I am a little like my old murmuring forefathers the children of Israel, and I rather sigh after the leeks and onions of Lisle, notwithstanding the difference between Flemish stupidity and French vivacity; but the truth is, that Dijon *was* six years ago a most agreeable town, at least so the half dozen remaining inhabitants tell me, which is as much satisfaction to me as it is to the hungry traveller when the landlord tells him of the game and poultry that was eaten in his inn the week before. When the Duke of Cumberland was here, he gave Mr. Pye a parcel of Public Advertisers, which we most eagerly devoured as you will easily believe, and by those I find Dr. Goldsmith has published a poem called "Retaliation:" if it is written with a tithe of the wit and poetical fire of what you were so good to impart to me which gave occasion to it, his poem is fairly worth taking a journey to England on purpose to read. I long to have your opinion of it. The death of the King has for the present cast the same face of sadness over the whole kingdom, and Paris is but a larger Dijon, yet there are always resources in a capital, that are not to be found in small towns. I have not yet got my "Gabrielle" from Paris, though it is some time since I sent for it; that once arrived, I hope to find my time pass more to my satisfaction. I have a project of going some time hence to pay homage at the shrine of Voltaire, as his abode is but thirty leagues from hence. If I am favoured with a letter from you before that time, what a passport would a panegyric on him from you be! I am told he receives the English very graciously; and he is now come to that time of life when genius, like beauty, is rather obliged to those who pay it court,—that is, when the full tyranny of both begin to decline, and they become thankful for what they once scarce deigned to accept. But perhaps you are not one of his enthusiastic admirers: if so, I am sorry that I am of that number; for though I am no advocate for his moral character, I believe scarce any nation can boast a writer of such universal taste and excellence: nay, I own, I think we are under a peculiar obligation to him, for had he not gone beyond his depth, and injudiciously

criticised our immortal Shakspeare, our language would never have been enriched by its masterpiece, I mean Mrs. Montagu's Essay, which does honour to our country, but much more to our sex. But whither am I wandering? Did I not tell you, at first setting out, that I was going to be dull? at least you must acknowledge I have pretty well kept my word. But permit me to make enquiries upon a most interesting subject. Is your glorious campaign finished, and are you going to repose on your fresh harvest of laurels in perfect health at Hampton? Is that most amiable of women, Mrs. Garrick, in perfect health also? Send me the affirmative to these two questions, and I shall say it is the best news I have learned since my arrival here. I suppose Foote is preparing a fresh stock of satire for the summer season; but about him I own I am not very curious, for I must honestly own I never was one of Foote's zealous admirers; he wants the variety that Heaven has been sparing of to the sons of Thalia in general, and which it never lavished but on one:—may that one maintain his glorious course in undiminished splendour till I cease to be his

Most ardent admirer, most affectionate friend,

And most obliged servant,

J. HENRIETTA PYE.

Mr. Pye joins in the best good wishes to you: il baise les mains de Madame, et pour moi je l'embrasse (comme je l'aime) de tout mon cœur.

REV. MR. NOTT TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Tuesday noon.

SINCE I am not fortunate enough to meet with you at home, let these few lines thank you for the highest entertainment you ever yet afforded me. Your management of your part was in some instances new; in every instance it was great, excellent, and just. For I think you were as superior to yourself in Hamlet that night, as you are superior to all the world in every other character you attempt. I will ask one more favour of you, and then farewell, a long farewell, till next year! It is, that you would let me have the two *front rows in either of the green boxes when you play next.* Or if that is impossible, that you would indulge me with five places, where I may both see and show to some choice acquaintance "my bosom's Lord" to the very best advantage. You know I am in waiting. Come and dine with me Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, or Monday next (name your own day): I shall be rejoiced to see you at half-past three o'clock.* I am most truly yours,

SAM. NOTT.

Endorsed,

"Rev. Mr. Nott about Hamlet, May 1774."

* At the Chaplain's table.—ED.

DR. T. FRANCKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen-street, May 26, 1774.

I HAVE sent you a copy of the tragedy to take down with you into the country, where I beg you will at your leisure carefully revise it and give me your free opinion on those parts which you think may be altered or improved, as we have now time before us to do any thing which the subject may admit of. I shall rely on your kind promise to bring it forward the ensuing winter with all the advantages of your favour and attention, which will principally secure the success of it, and which will greatly oblige, dear Sir, Your sincere friend and humble servant,

THOMAS FRANCKLIN.

P. S. I have a word for your private ear, which I shall take the first opportunity to communicate, and will wait on you very soon for that purpose.

THEATRICAL FUND.

ARTICLE FIRST.—That David Garrick, Esq. be nominated founder, guardian, and principal trustee. Carried *nem. con.*

Second.—That there be three trustees. Carried *nem. con.*

Third.—That George Garrick, Esq. be another trustee. Carried *nem. con.*

Fourth.—That Thomas King, Esq. be another trustee. Carried *nem. con.*

Propositions consulted and agreed to:—

That all actors, singers, and dancers, contributors to this fund, are allowed claimants.

That all persons who belong to this theatre, from their first contribution must and shall be five years contributors before they become claimants, unless some extraordinary case should happen. The committee for the time being will then grant relief as they think meet.

That all persons who have contributed in any manner to this charity, and whom the Committee do not consider as claimants, shall have their monies refunded if demanded.

That no levy be made on salaries, or otherwise (annual benefit night excepted) for the support of this fund, until Mr. Garrick shall decline acting for it: that then the Committee shall lay on a tax as they shall think fit.

That the reason Mr. Garrick declined being of the Committee be fully expressed in the preamble of the articles.*

* Such was the outset of the Benevolent Fund at Drury-lane Theatre.—ED.

MR. D. ROSS TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, June 4, 1774, Tavistock-row, near Mr. Dancer.

I FIND my friend Fountain (who ever wishes to do good) has communicated to you a conversation that happened between us: he is apt in epistolary correspondence to use a little too much circumlocution, your people of wit you know, &c.

He says you gave no positive answer; lest he should not have explained my meaning, I give you this trouble, as my private business calls me to Scotland the beginning of the week.

I think my abilities, as things are circumstanced, may be of some small use at Drury-lane, and of advantage to myself: as to my terms, give me what you please when I may have deserved it.

You have, I fear, some prejudices against me; away with them, and be assured I pledge myself as a man and a gentleman, if we agree you shall have no cause of complaint, and, if you please, Fountain shall guarantee the treaty.

It is in your power to be of the greatest service to me by rescuing me from my present situation, which that ungrateful fellow Colman has put me in, by giving the preference to a man who, in my poor opinion, never spoke one line naturally in his whole life.

I think there are many of the late Mr. Quin's characters, and some of Mr. Barry's, I could appear to some advantage in: all I want or ask is, Mr. Garrick to take me by the hand and place my abilities to the public in that light he thinks best suited to them and me. I am so hurt and stung at the treatment I have met with, you may rest assured, what I can do, that I shall do.

If Mr. Garrick has any other person in view that can do all the business that seems to be wanting, or if he has no opinion of me as an actor, there is an end of my hopes, I cannot expect as a matter of favour an engagement; but if he has no person in view, and has any opinion of my talents, and will give me an opportunity to stand before the public under his judgment for one season, I shall ever with gratitude remember and acknowledge it. I am, with esteem and my best wishes,

Your obedient servant,

DAVID ROSS.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. D. ROSS.

SIR Adelphi, June 5th, 1774.

THE present arrangement of our business for the next season obliges us not to enter into more engagements than those we have already made. Be assured that it is not any objection to your abilities in your profession that prevents our acceptance of your offer. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

D. G.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. T. FRANCKLIN.

June 5th, 1774.

MR. GARRICK has sent the tragedy to Dr. Francklin, and desires him to finish it, as he intends it shall be acted. Mr. Garrick thinks the catastrophe better for the alteration, and differs with the gentleman who has made his remark upon that place. Mr. Garrick thinks there are weak parts, or rather languid scenes, and has not changed his opinion which he scribbled with a pencil. The tragedy appears to him not so dramatic and calculated for success as "The Earl of Warwick." He thinks Dr. Francklin should read the play to Mrs. Yates, and know her thoughts upon Matilda.*

DR. T. FRANCKLIN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Queen-street, June 6th, 1774.

I RECEIVED the MS., and as soon as I get into the country shall look it carefully over, and endeavour to make it fit for your stage the ensuing winter. I think with *you* that there are *weak parts* and *languid scenes* in it, and so there are in every tragedy extant. I shall endeavour to strengthen and animate them. With regard to the catastrophe, I have still some doubts about it; but I shall submit it to my friends, having resolved to show the whole to some approved judges, and request their free opinion of it. I assure you, whatever you may think, I have no vanity about me, and have but one view in the exhibition of it, which is, money; as nothing but the immediate and pressing want of it should ever oblige me to write for the stage.

I am sorry you think it inferior to "Warwick" with regard to dramatic effect, as in my own opinion it is much superior. I should always be ready to pay a great deference to so good a judge as Mr. Garrick; but in this point, I know not how it is, the best judgments are often deceived, and much depends on capricious taste. You must remember that when I first presented "Warwick" to your perusal, you told me it would not do at all; and persuaded me to withdraw it, as totally unworthy of its author, objecting to many scenes as languid and undramatic. The play, however, though exhibited at a very bad time of year, met with success, and some of those scenes (particularly the council scene in the second act) was received with applause. May not this circumstance flatter me with the hopes that you are rather too severe in your criticism?

Be that, however, as it may, it is now too late to retreat, unless I get a prize in the lottery before Christmas next; *jacta est alea*, and I must abide by the decision.

Your friendship may do much in its favour if you think proper to exert it, and which (*unaccountable* as I am) I shall still depend on. If I had time, I would explain *that matter* to you; suffice it to say that when I wrote my last note to you, I was

* "Matilda" was acted with great applause at Drury-lane the following year. It was, in fact, Voltaire's "Duc de Foix," well naturalized.—ED.

much hurt by a particular circumstance which happened just after I left you, and produced that petulance you complained of, and which I ask your pardon for. You know what Terence says about the *unfortunate*, and will recollect the passage without my quoting it.

When I have recovered my spirits, which have been not a little oppressed by a series of disappointments, I will endeavour to convince you that I am not altogether so *strange* a creature as you seem to think me, and that I am, as I have always been,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

THOS. FRANCKLIN.

P. S. I shall take the first opportunity of showing Matilda to Mrs. Yates.

MRS. MARY LATTER TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Reading, June 12th, 1774.

ALTHOUGH I am conscious it is mere folly to persist or even *reply* against refusal, yet you know to your vexation how often it is the case, and I presume it will always continue so. For my own part, however, if my reasons were only of the *hackneyed* sort,—I mean the fond influence of an overweening self-sufficiency, stimulated by the impertinence of a few well-wishing, though perhaps ill-judging friends,—you would not have had this among the number of persecutions which daily occur to molest you. I am not preparing to litigate your opinion; I know that in judgment you stand alone: I am well aware your sentence is fate, and from your tribunal lies no appeal! I have no other hope of a reprieve from your condemnation, than that I have built on my belief in your candour; and that the universal approbation "The Siege of Jerusalem" has obtained from an incredible number among the impartial and judicious, will have some degree of weight with you in its favour. It is not, Sir, a raw indigested production, like many that (which you cannot deny) have been the reproach of a public exhibition—nor like many others, that, by attaining this honour, have only convinced us that Mr. Garrick's good-nature will frequently predominate over his justice. It is a production that has consumed the leisure of some years to cultivate and improve it to its present small title to *perfection*. I use not this epithet from an attachment to vanity—I presume to use it from no other motive than its having been declared so *nearly* perfect by several theatrical *connoisseurs:* and was, before you saw it last, severely scrutinized by the severest critics. But delicacy suppresses what truth might advance respecting this particular; moreover, I am persuaded that unless sufficient interest can appear in its support, the intrinsic merit of the most finished piece is a very precarious foundation to fix it upon.

I am bold to say, and I dare *aver*, that I have a more substantial, a *stronger* interest, than any author (whatsoever his rank in life) that ever solicited public favour. There is hardly one city or town of consequence throughout the whole kingdom, in which I have not a reputable, and in many an *extensive* connexion; chiefly among

those who belong to the republic of letters. In and near London, I have an amazing number ready to appear in my behalf whenever the play is represented on the theatre; many, very many, of whom are capable of influencing the *great* and the *gay*, and confirming the success of it through the whole season, beyond your most sanguine expectation!

Believe me, Sir, when I declare upon my utmost sincerity and conscience, that howsoever incredible this may appear to you, I have *not* exceeded truth in the least, nay, I am short of it, in this representation—that nothing but the withering blast of a *refusal* could possibly have extorted this acknowledgment from my breast, as it so much resembles the appearance of *boasting*. I flattered myself with enjoying that agreeable surprise, which you would have expressed at my unexpected and sudden popularity.

On these motives I have at length persuaded myself once more to intrude on your leisure—once more to *intreat* you will honour the play with your farther, your second, your most *serious* consideration. I intreat it in consequence of that assurance of success which seems within a step of infallibility. I cannot but say I am positively *convinced* you will hazard nothing either in expense or reputation by preferring to exhibition a play that is previously so well respected by those who will *associate* to support it with their interest, with their presence, with their abilities.

Still hoping, therefore, your candid condescension to this my most reasonable request, and that you will add me to the number of those whose lays you deign to render illustrious,

I am, Sir, with most respectful esteem, your most obedient servant,

M. LATTER.*

I hope and believe you cannot suppose I have written this letter to deceive you. I am sensible that by an attempt to impose on your understanding I should much more essentially injure myself in the event. I will, if you desire it, send a list in writing, of the nobility, gentry, &c. on whose interest I chiefly depend; or, if requisite, will attend you at any time and place, and satisfy you in the reality of my assertions.

"Indulgent, spare the *Muse* the pain
Of sighing o'er her suit in vain!"

Dare I presume to request your reply? Yes! I am *sure*, if you retain the least grain of generosity, you will certainly acquiesce in my favour; and if so, I have more than two hundred letters to write—some to go as far as Russia.

Endorsed,

"Mrs. Latter, from Reading, about her
Tragedy, fine and conceited."

* It must be perfectly warrantable to describe this lady as she describes herself, as an inhabitant of Reading, "not far from the Market-place, immersed in business and in debt: sometimes madly hoping to gain a competency; sometimes justly fearing dungeons and distress." Authors should never alarm a manager with the *crowd* of their friends who will come to support *them*; because he may give literal credit to the boast, and merely enquire, who is to support *him*? Rich for some time encouraged this silly and impudent woman.—ED.

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

June 14th, 1774.

I AM much obliged to you, dear Sir, for the favour of your letter by Mr. Smith, in consequence of which I came from the country to wait upon him, and to offer my services. At this time of the year very little more is in the power of any friend than to give you his company, and to desire yours, for all our leading people are gone, and it is extraordinary that Mr. and Mrs. Barry have been able to draw such crowded audiences when most of our civilized people are retired to their fields and villages. Poor Smith appeared first in "Richard," to empty benches; and next night Mrs. Hartley and he played together in "Jane Shore," to about fifteen pounds. As to Mrs. Hartley, she surpassed my expectations in one respect, and disappointed them in another. I think she has more merit as an actress, and less beauty as a woman, than the world gives her credit for. Her figure is certainly very fine, and her features are unexceptionable, but her countenance is neither marked nor engaging. She seems to have made Mrs. Yates her model, and there appears to be a natural resemblance in the flatness of their tones, and the monotonous heaviness of their enunciation; but I only speak of what Mrs. Yates was when I saw her a good many years ago. She is less defective in the expression of passion than of sentiment; and I take it the reason is, that in our dramatic writers, the language of the former is generally so strongly marked as not to be easily mistaken, whereas it requires education and discernment to do justice to the latter. Her voice, I think, wants variety, and her feelings spirit; but she wants instruction more than either, and in your hands she might be made a very valuable acquisition to the stage; but if she is left to herself and her present teachers, I fear she will rise but slowly, if ever, above an uninteresting mediocrity. I ought to beg pardon for offering my opinion on a subject of which you are so much a better judge, not only than your correspondent, but than the whole tribe of critics put together; and I do it rather in hopes to find that my notions correspond with yours, than that they are to be in any sort a guide to them.

It gives me very sincere pleasure to find you are not discontented with yourself; as I think you are likely to be the first or the only person who will find any symptoms of decay in those powers which have been so long and so justly the delight of the public. When the time of decay comes (which yet I hear is far distant), you may console yourself with the certainty, that the ruins of a temple, constructed with all the beauty of ancient architecture, will have more admirers than the perishable ornaments of our modern buildings. I do not wonder you should determine to remain where you are, rather than to change Drury-lane and Hampton for Crow-street, and the Banks of the Liffey, even were there not such objections as a passage by sea and the enmity of Mr. Howard.* The last, I suppose, you have incurred by refusing to disgrace the English stage by the exhibition of some of his pieces. When I have the ill-fortune

* See Burke's ironical letter in this volume, offering two of his plays to Mr. Garrick.—ED.

to meet him, I will contrive to put him on your subject, and I expect to hear some such sentiments as he gravely pronounced once in talking of Dryden and Pope, "that if they had been without imagination and judgment, they would have made excellent Poets; but these two faculties were eternal and insurmountable obstacles to all works of genius."

Mrs. Jephson joins me in very affectionate compliments to Mrs. Garrick and you.

I am ever, dear Sir, your most obliged and faithful servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

My letter has waited some days for a cover.

MR. G. C. SWAN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, York, June 18th, 1774.

I HAVE at last, with the assistance of two or three different hands, got finished a copy of the remarks, which are this day gone forward for London; but as Mr. Cumage, our organist, who has kindly taken charge of them, will not be in town before Tuesday se'nnight, you must not expect to see them before that day at the soonest. You will find in the packet two books, and two sheets of paper; the largest of the former is Johnson's edition of Shakspeare (I should have said "Othello") in the margin of which you will find many alterations which are not remarked upon, but which to me appear the best readings; and which, therefore, in case you should think it worth the public notice, I could wish to stand in the text; and I think there is authority sufficient to warrant those alterations from the Doctor, as there is not a single one but what is taken from one or other of the old copies; the particulars of which are marked as follows:—Wherever you see this mark [:] you will find the reading in the folio of 1632, which is, in my opinion, the best of the old ones; where this mark is doubled thus [::] the old folios both agree; and where there is a cross (†) I have copied from the quartos: the two former I had by me and collated very carefully; but not being able to procure a quarto in this place, I have been forced, in respect to them, to pin my faith on your friend Steevens, who, I trust, is to be depended on; this however is a point you will easily settle, as I doubt not but you have them all, or know where to get at them. The small book, as you will see, contains my remarks, and I have sent it interleaved, that you and Mr. Steevens may make your observations upon them, and in this you will both, I hope, deal most freely with me: the loose papers are observations by a friend of mine here, who must, for the present, be nameless; but whom you will find to deserve some attention. I shall say no more on this head till I hear from you. I hope I have not given offence by asking if you had ever performed the part of Iago: I had a reason for it which I dare not yet communicate; though I may, perhaps, when I have the pleasure to see you, which may probably be some time the next winter; as I have seriously thought of attending my Lord Sandwich's oratorios at Christmas, and if I

do, shall certainly come forward to London; but this, his Lordship will tell you, is not altogether to be depended on. I yesterday received a letter from my old friend Colonel St. Leger, who tells me that he saw you at the birth-day; that you were as usual, gay, and looked very young for a middle-aged man. I congratulate you upon it; may these looks long continue, and may they indicate truly! but I will not proceed lest you should think me a flatterer—a character I abominate. Pray have you seen the Jacksons? and have I done justice to them, and to their performances? I am somewhat surprised that I have not yet heard from him, and the rather as he left his wardrobe at my house, and knew, before he left York, that I should go to Scarborough on Monday the 27th of this month, and that I purposed to stay there with my family till the *back*-end of September. I had almost forgot to observe that the alterations in the margin, either made with a pencil or by any other hand than my own, are only offered for your consideration, and not intended by me at present to stand. You will, too, find in the remarks some lines underdrawn with a pencil: those are not mine, and being somewhat illiberal, I have thoughts of expunging, but chose you should see them first; as I have likewise a variety of remarks on the same passages by different hands for you to select such as you shall most approve, or that you may from the whole form new ones, according to your own opinion upon duly considering the whole; and I have the rather omitted to point out which of these are my own, as I would wish to have your unbiassed judgment about them. I believe I have before told you that Mr. Mason had left York, and that he had resolved to defer publishing Gray's posthumous Works till the next spring. Pray have you yet seen a book printed here and published the beginning of this month, called Scriptural Confutations?* If not, send for it directly, as you may, I verily think, depend that the perusal will give you great pleasure. It is an answer to the apology of the noted Mr. Lindsey, late vicar of Caterick, and is, *in* my opinion, the best written book I ever read upon the subject. The author is here guessed at, but, as I am under a strict promise not to name him, I dare not yet do it: Mr. Mason is, too, very intimately acquainted with him, and perhaps may not be under the same injunction; but even this you must not admit to have come from me. He is really a layman, and every thing he says of himself is literally true to my knowledge. His genius is amazing, and Mason will vouch with me that he has read and well digested more good authors than any man of his day; in short, he is a prodigy, therefore read his book, and if you approve of it, I will find means that you shall one day read the man. I expect him in town to-morrow, and if he will then give me permission, I will name him to you. He has promised to come to me at Scarborough in *August*, and to stay there some weeks. You are, I know, a man of spirit; suppose you were there to give him the meeting; the waters will contribute to the continuance of your youthful look, and Mrs. Garrick would, I am certain, reap some benefit from them. I could add much

* Written, I think, by Mr. Burgh, who edited the *Sylva*, and who wrote a commentary upon the *English Garden* of Mason.—Ed.

more to induce you to take this trip, but as your friend Horace says, though upon an occasion far less interesting,

" In publica commoda *peccem*,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora :"

I therefore conclude with an assurance that I am,

Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

GEORGE CORN^{E}. SWAN.

It would give me great pleasure to hear that my old friend Billy Howard was alive and well; should he fall in your way, pray remember me kindly to him.

MR. P. STOCKDALE TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, High-street, Portsmouth, June 22nd, 1774.

I THANK you for your letter, and for sending it to Mr. Becket. I have written a letter to him by this post, which I hope will remove his fears concerning the translation.

What I have suffered both from you and from Mr. Ayrey, your hearts, I dare say, would not have inflicted had you known my constitution. A moderate protection of me against injurious attacks would have secured my happiness, and *should* not have discredited either his or your reputation. With philosophical calmness I impute your severity to error, but to error *which hath sunk me for ever*.

A person who lately possessed those talents, in some degree, which absurdly excite the malignity of mankind, had likewise lately obtained some very respectable connexions; unfortunately for himself, he has lost those connexions. When such a man is at once without fortune and friends, the benevolent world around him keep alive in his breast the sense of his calamity. I say no more; but you may hence infer (to use your own expression) " that my cares and anxieties take their colouring from my present situation."

I hope you will excuse this frankness from *one* who once admired, idolized you, independently of any paltry views of interest; from one, who, as he hath renounced all hope of every human enjoyment, can be induced by no motives to soften either his sentiments or his language.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

P. STOCKDALE.

MR. W. BRERETON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin, June 24th, 1774.

I THINK it my duty to inform you that Mr. Barry opens Crow-street next winter. My reception here has induced him to make me an offer of remaining in

a first situation, and will article with me for two years at seven and eight guineas per week. I am sure I need not tell you that my heart is, and ever will be at Drury-lane, while you are concerned with it; but as three pounds a week is much below what I can live for in London, I am sure you cannot blame me for embracing so very capital a difference. If a situation could be made, and business allotted to me, that would entitle me to six pounds weekly, I should be happy in returning; but whether it can or not, I shall always remain deeply impressed with gratitude for the signal marks of favour you have shown me, and beg leave to assure you, that

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and devoted humble servant,

W. BRERETON.

I request the favour of a speedy answer.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Sunday, June 26th, 1774.

I THANK you for your favour, and am happy to find you so well recovered from your late indisposition. You know I have often said it is a pity you are not immortal: but

——"Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis, &c."—*Virg.*

"Pulvis et umbra sumus."—*Horace.*

So much for moralizing!—now to the matter. On finding Barry had secured the only nights on which there was a possibility of getting any thing, I declined playing any more, and gave the poor manager all the money back, which by my agreement I received from him, *i. e.* thirty guineas. He was no gainer notwithstanding. After this, at the request of many people I put up Richard a second time for myself, which I played on Thursday last to a very great house, great applause, and the repeated compliment of the curtain ordered down at my death. Mrs. Hartley played the Queen, and much admired. After the play, we had messages from five or six persons of distinction to repeat "Jane Shore," which we did (on share of profits) last night, to a genteel but thin house, though the boxes were well let. Nothing can exceed the applause Mrs. H—— most deservedly received. The curtain ordered down, and repeated proofs of the approbation of the audience. She is admired here beyond my most sanguine expectations. We shall not play any more here this summer, though "Macbeth" and "Rosamond" are much requested, but are going to Cork on good terms and certainty. She is determined (at all events) not to return to Covent-Garden, and I (at all events) am determined to be with her. I am in love and pleased with ruin. Cold complexions may talk of keeping amours secret, but who, when in love with, and beloved by such a woman, can live a moment from her? Every day is still but as the first. Barry has been and still is ill with the gout or rheumatism, and has not played some time: they have had no night so good as

mine. Dodd has been dismissed; is to play Don John for his benefit to-morrow, and will not have charges. Nobody here doubts of Barry's engagement at Covent-Garden. I wish you joy of Yates and Young. Hartley is worth a hundred of them, and will bring more money. When I asked my honoured friend's advice about staying in Ireland, I only meant as far as related to my *theatrical* interest, no more. I would not leave my *Rose*, for both the English patents. Reason is a beggar, and Passion shuts the door against him. I am Antony from top to toe, only, thank God, somewhat younger. You will perhaps say *old enough* to be wiser; but I do not believe your England contains virtue and wisdom enough to resist such charms and goodness as I am in possession of. Do not think I want feeling for some others; it is not so: but I have no power to struggle against the impulse of my heart, which beats all one way.*

You caution me against agreements with people who think only for themselves. Will you put it in my power to make one with him that does not? I thank you for your friendly offices much: but you tell me that your partner will make an effort upon the stage, and that much will depend on that. Am I to understand that it will prevent your engaging with me? In plain terms: will you engage the Hartley and me this ensuing season, or the succeeding one? We had as lieve stay here next year, but shall be happy to join you after it (or this, if you like better); and whatever I may be, she will be worth your bidding for, I am sure. It is my wish and my pride to be with you, but I will not leave my Rose for the world. Jephson has been very civil to me; and Mrs. Jephson invited Mrs. Hartley to dine with her at the Black Rock, and is much pleased with her. The idea here is not so criminal as your London folks have it: a pretty parcel of d—d lies in your papers, I see. Letters from Dover, &c. Mrs. Smith is with her father, and writes to me as if she knew nothing of the matter, but desires me not to play often enough to hurt my health, though it should delay my return to England. Pray let me hear from you, and be explicit about your intentions of engaging with us or not. What will be best to do with Harris about Mrs. Hartley's article? She will not play there on any account. I fear Mr. Yates and your partner have rather cooled you in your design of engaging with us; but I beg you will let me know your real sentiments about the season following. I am with true respect

Your most obliged and most faithful,

W. SMITH.

Dodd's benefit to-night, the worst house that ever was. He plays Don John in "The Chances"—not fifteen pounds.

Pray direct to me at Mr. Kisling's, Dorset-street, Dublin, or else desire Mr. Wilks to send my letter there. I will deliver your message to him.

* And Mrs. Smith, my dear Sir! how will *she* consider the fair Rosamond? But Smith was kept in sufficient countenance, *on* the stage and *off*. It was surely indecent to consider Mr. Garrick at fifty-eight, a proper confident in such irregular attachments. Smith is both shameless and boyish. The Jephsons too! but the fires do *not* live under the ashes.—ED.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden Place, July 11, 1774.

I HAVE been engaged either at home or abroad since I left London, and to this time have not had any leisure to plan our meeting with Jordan at Camden-place. I am now settled, having dispatched my girls into Cheshire, whom I attended in their first day's journey, and took that opportunity of making a visit to an old friend in Bedfordshire, from whence I am just now returned. I am at present at your command, and shall so remain for a fortnight, at the end of which I shall take a trip to Calais to see Jenny, and shall be happy to execute any commission you or Mrs. Garrick will favour us with. Jordan is in the country at the end and in the middle of the week, so that you may be sure to meet him here any Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday, or Monday, that you will be pleased to appoint during my stay here before my French expedition. But I shall by no means be satisfied with a day's visit from you and Mrs. Garrick, but must insist upon a longer time. Indeed you owe it us, and it will be a wholesome change of temperance and sobriety at our spare-table.

I was in some expectation of meeting you last Sunday se'nnight at Mr. Dunning's, but you are too much in request to be had upon short notice. *That idol popularity, that has ruined my fortune and made yours,** will yet spoil your constitution; for perpetual feasting and riot will break you down at last, and you will be demolished, though you are stronger than Nuttall.

I do very much, dear Garrick, wish for a quiet day or two with you, when you are not interrupted every minute with authors and actors. Our noisy girls are gone, and the house is at peace. Lady Camden, Sally, and our Flasby desired to be remembered to you and Mrs. Garrick, to whom you will be pleased to add my very best respects. I am, dear Garrick,

Your most sincere and affectionate friend and servant,

CAMDEN.

My great neighbour and I visit upon the most friendly terms—I mean of civility. In looking over Jack's verses I have found a dialogue between you and Johnson.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden Place, July 22nd, 1774.

I WAS happy in the receipt of your letter, and pray to God that you may escape Rigby's hospitality and elegant temptation without some fresh distemper. I have lately had two attacks of my old complaint—the cramp in the stomach; but by the help of laudanum I soon got well, and am now in perfect health, but at the same

* Does the ex-chancellor here confess that he sacrificed to the idol Popularity? Principles are sacred things. A virtuous statesman sees without regret the mediocrity of fortune which he has provoked.—ED.

time so seriously alarmed with these repetitions, that I determine for the future to be an example of abstinence. But who can be deaf to the admonitions of sickness? Even Nuttall is turned philosopher, and is now under the regimen of a vegetable diet, which is to last for a year, during all which time he is neither to taste wine nor even brandy, and yet he is determined to persevere, and you know the resolution of the man.

We go to Dover on Monday, and no further, for as we have engaged a gentleman to carry Jenny back in six weeks, we shall bring her home, and so Mrs. Descombes will cross the water instead of us. Tims has received your money, and I shall take care to execute your commission with exactness and punctuality.

My girls are gone to Cheshire, so that if you love flattery but half so well as Goldsmith affirms, you will lose the daintiest part of your entertainment if you favour us with your company at Camden Place. I will however supply that want in my own person. As soon as we are returned you shall hear from us, and I expect that you and Mrs. Garrick hold yourselves in readiness to obey the first summons.

Lady Camden and Sally, together with our Flasby, join in their compliments to yourself and Mrs. Garrick.

I am, dear Garrick, yours most sincerely and affectionately,

CAMDEN.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin, July 12th, 1774.

As I could not perform before Thursday last, I did not choose to trouble you sooner with a letter. I played Richard to a very bad house, but a most indulgent and applauding audience, who paid me every compliment in their power. On Friday we played "Jane Shore" to a better house, though not a good one, and Mrs. H—— received equal applause, with the same compliment of the curtain being ordered down before the end of the play. Barry having secured the only nights that can prove profitable, occasions my declining playing much oftener; but I shall repeat Richard at the request of several persons of distinction, on Friday next. Dodd and Mrs. Bulkeley are here, but will not get a farthing. Barry carries on the farce of a pretence of not being engaged next season. Something has passed betwixt us of a coalition of parties, but as it is not probable they will play with me what I should expect, I have dropped the pursuit. I have had but one opportunity of seeing Mrs. Sparks, in Miss Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer." I think her a pretty, promising actress, with a middling person, seemingly inclined to grow fat. She is a favourite here. Now to more serious business. Some scandalous (*i. e.* false) reports have appeared in the public papers here copied from London. I have only in general terms contradicted them, and none have appeared since. My friends tell me (as I expected) that heavy censure falls on me in England. As you are no stranger to my affairs, I may tell you a continued series of unhappiness at home for many years

(though concealed even from my acquaintance) makes me feel less on this occasion than I perhaps ought to do; and at times I have thoughts of not returning to England; and indeed, should I stay, I am offered terms that would tempt me, even if there was nothing disagreeable at home. Will you give me your opinion? and will you, if I should stay here a season, engage with me and Mrs. H. for the succeeding one? I am greatly indebted to your friendship for your recommendations. I had the honour of seeing the Provost, who was obliged to leave Dublin the day after on a tour which his bad state of health made necessary: but in consequence of your letter I have been visited by several friends of his, who promised me much encouragement if I will stay. Mr. Jephson has called on me. He is one of the most agreeable men I have seen. I shall dine with him on Tuesday, at the Black Rock. Mr. Wilkes is seldom in town, but I have seen him, and a damned bad picture of you, which I did not know was designed for you. I have heard nothing from Mr. Harris. Will you be kind enough to oblige me with a letter? I expect a severe one: but how weak is reason when affection pleads. God bless you! Defend me where you can, and pity me when you cannot. I owe much to your friendship, and hope I shall not forfeit it. Let my indiscretions be as they may, I am on all occasions most faithfully,

Your very sincere and most obedient humble servant,

W. SMITH.

I expect your letter at Mr. Wilkes's.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Cork, Saturday, July 16th, 1774.

I HAVE this moment received your very short letter, which has thrown me into the greatest dilemma in the world. My determination of my whole year's business depended on your answer, and I am now as much at a loss as if I had not writ to you. I never till now could have supposed you irregular in business, or that your sagacity and experience could have been misled, in an event which totally depended on myself, by the reports of others. You would have been the first to have heard from me that I intended being in England had it been so, but I waited for your answer before I could give one to the manager in Dublin. I am now totally *derangé*. Had you been kind enough to say, you either would or would not engage me for the ensuing season, I should have known what to have done. I particularly requested you to be explicit with me. If you do not engage me, it cannot be worth my while to return to England, for I will not be at Covent-Garden with—&c. Rosamond will keep herself unemployed rather than return thither; but that will not interfere with your engaging with me, which you may remember you told me you would do, if I determined not to return to my old station.

I now, Sir, beg your positive answer, and will wait in Cork (where I have played Richard and Hamlet with much applause and tolerable profit) for it. I shall not

enter into any particulars relative to private affairs, but shall desire Mrs. Smith to come over to Ireland, if I do not return to England, which your letter will determine; and I beg you will favour me with one by return of post, as I will not stir hence till I get it. Your very affectionate and sincere humble servant,

W. SMITH.

The Lady you desired me to note particularly is a dish of skim-milk. Pray write immediately, for I can resolve on nothing till you do.

Damn'd paper, damn'd pens, and a damn'd pl——.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Cork, July 24th, 1774.

I AM at length, by the advice and persuasion of Rosamond, determined to return to England, where I flatter myself I shall be fixed with you: otherwise I must return again to Ireland. I wish I could prevail on Rosamond to join her friends at Covent-Garden, and rub through the remainder of her article; but the fear of scandal, and a very precarious situation of health, alarm her so much, that I fear she will not be able to undertake the fatigue of the theatre next season, at least in England. I have used every argument in my power to overcome her objections, but in vain. Mrs. Smith and I have constantly corresponded, and I propose returning to her as soon as I arrive in England. She has never hinted at a suspicion of my having a connexion; and if you hear it mentioned, I wish you would do all that is proper to check the idea. My sincere attachment will continue where it is; but I shall not by any means avow it, or set decency so much at defiance, as to let it appear openly. In full confidence of your honour and friendship, I lay my heart bare to you. We have had a letter from Bate, who says he has seen you. He presses much to have her return to Covent-Garden, though he was the first adviser to have the article cancelled. I am quite of his opinion now, and wish she may have resolution to follow his and my advice. Though it will be irksome to be at different theatres, yet I think it will in some measure take off suspicion. I expect the favour of a line from you before you receive this; but do not write again, as I hope to see you in England the beginning of next month.

I think I gave you my opinion about Mrs. Sp—s. I have now seen a good deal of her. She is what may be called handsome, but clumsy, vulgar, and inanimate, and has the brogue very strong. I am not clear that Rosamond will dare venture to sea at present. If not, she will remain with very proper friends here. I do assure you she has the most noble, disinterested, honest heart in the world, and notwithstanding her slip with me, if her real worth was known, she would be more admired for that than her beauty. I need not tell you that no view of gain brought me hither; however, we have got more than all expenses, considerably. Shall I confess so much

weakness or rashness as to declare I believe I should not have had resolution to return to England, had not Rose insisted on it. We have had the most earnest assurances of encouragement from many of the first people in Dublin (amongst whom is the Duke of Leinster, who writ to me to Cork) if we would perform there next winter, but your answer will determine that. I writ a very *civil* letter to Mr. Harris, in consequence of one from the treasurer, to tell me that they had settled their business for the ensuing season, *without* a view to my assistance.

I am, dear Sir, ever your obliged and affectionate,

W. SMITH.

I shall sail by the first ship after the 31st.

Endorsed,
" Letter of Smith's from Dublin
Summer, 1774."

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampstead, July 31st, 1774.

I KNOW I ought not to say I am sorry I was at church when you left Mr. Swan's commentaries with me, and *yet peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin.* I perceive that twice or three times Mr. Swan and I have concurred in opinion. I suppose he means to publish them hereafter. Do you know whether he has prepared any more plays for the press?

I have sent you the proof of an unfinished plate, which I mean for the future explanation of more than half a dozen passages in Shakspeare, viz.—The dress of the Fool in " As You Like It;" his *bauble* mentioned in " All's Well, &c." and " Romeo and Juliet;" and his Coxcomb in " King Lear;" the Hobby-horse in " Hamlet," Maid Marian in " Henry IV." and Friar Tuck in " The Two Gentlemen of Verona," &c. The drawing was made from a window about three hundred miles off, and contains all his figures in the ancient morrice-dance. I coloured this proof from the original with such wretched paint as I could procure at a country shop. Hereafter you shall receive a copy illuminated in a better style: the present one hardly deserves a place in Mr. Johnston's manufactory of birds and beasts in Drury-lane Theatre. I know you laugh at all this kind of illustration; but take my word for it, there is no better way of explaining our author than by occasional appeals to such ancient records. I beg you will not mention the future use for which this plate is designed, as you might thereby injure the sale of our present edition.

Most faithfully yours,

G. STEEVENS

The glass was painted about the year 1600.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Leicester-fields, August 2, 1774.

THE connexion which I have with the author of the tragedy which accompanies this, makes it impossible for me to refuse him the favour of presenting it to you. I shall take it as a great [favour] if you will take the trouble of reading it, and give your opinion of it, if it will do.

I should not take this liberty if I was not in some measure authorised by the approbation of Edmund Burke and Johnson; the latter, contrary to his custom, read it quite through.

The author will readily make any alterations that may be suggested to him.

I am, dear Sir, with the greatest respect, yours,

JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

MR. GARRICK'S CRITIQUE ON THIS TRAGEDY.

[NOTE.—Mr. Garrick preserved a copy of his remarks upon this tragedy, which I give because they point out in the work of a man of some talent the sort of errors into which young authors are apt to fall. The subject of "Zaphira" seems to have been treated by Francis Gentleman at the same time as Dr. Brown wrote his "Barbarossa;" indeed the *gentleman* appeared on the stage before the *divine*.—ED.]

ACT I.—The first scene very good. The situation of the young Prince amiable and interesting. The manners of Bulongar abrupt, and not sufficiently accounted for. Upon the whole, the act not a bad one.

Act II.—Not so good as the first; several thoughts obscurely expressed. The scene between Euphron and Organa exactly like Osmyn and Zara, in "The Mourning Bride." Bulongar's character not at all marked by his behaviour at discovering them, as it is very proper and just. Euphron quite forgetful of Zaphira.

Act III.—This act full of business and spirit, but too much like "Barbarossa." Bulongar not alarmed at Araxes discovering himself to be the Prince of Persia. The act, upon the whole, interesting.

Act IV.—Euphron's soliloquy much too long and philosophical; makes no mention of Zaphira. Scene between Euphron and Zaphira tame; he charges himself with what he is not guilty of. Organa has a good scene.

Act V.—The speeches and whole act much too long. Euphron takes no notice of Zaphira's death when Organa tells him of it. Bulongar's character not properly drawn, as the latter part of his behaviour seems justified by his wife's infidelity. Zaphira not a very shining character; Organa too extravagant, but consistent upon the whole.

The tragedy, even with some alterations and shortenings, is not likely to succeed, as it wants a great and interesting scene in the last act. The language in general natural and spirited.

Endorsed by Garrick,

"Sir Joshua Reynolds's nephew's play."

MRS. CHARLOTTE LENNOX TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, August 4th, 1774.

ENCLOSED is the letter we agreed I should write, but in sending it you, I must beg leave to declare, (for the sake of my own reputation for candour, which I do not think I have ever yet forfeited,) that what relates to Mrs. Yates, though written expressly for her perusal, are my real sentiments.

Mr. Colman can tell you that I spoke in the same manner to him, and at a time when it was heresy to say she was equal to her great theatric rival Mrs. Barry; I was a bold and daring schismatic, and always maintained she was superior to her. This, indeed, following the rules of politeness, would not be fit to say to you, if Mrs. Barry held the same rank in your house which she did last winter; but as things are, I conceive I am at liberty to speak my sentiments. You will perceive that this article of flattery is a nice point with me: I own it. I would not for any consideration fall under the suspicion of it. It is true, that when I praise, it is with warmth—with a kind of enthusiasm; such is my natural temper; but I mean what I say, and it is well worth a life of habitual sincerity, to purchase the pleasure of being believed when one gives vent to the effusions of one's heart; as at present, when I tell you that your disinterested, kind, and noble manner of proceeding with Sir Joshua Reynolds's nephew's play, proves you to be as good a man as you are a great actor; and I think no flight of flattery can go beyond that plain and simple truth.

I am, Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

CHARLOTTE LENNOX.

MRS. CHARLOTTE LENNOX TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, August 4th, 1774.

I NEED not tell you, who are so good a critic in the French drama, that Racine's "Bajazet" is allowed by all good judges to be one of the best of his tragedies; my own humble opinion coinciding with this general one, I resolved to translate it, and by hazarding a few alterations, adapt it to the taste of an English audience. The principal female character in this play, if acted by Mrs. Yates, would alone, I think, ensure its success. The haughty, the impassioned, the beautiful Roxana, seems drawn expressly for such an actress. She is in her look and acting the very image of the poet's thought, and I had her in my eye in every line that I translated of this part. The alterations I propose to make will be in the fifth act, which is not busy enough for our taste. I think it might be turned entirely new, and by one of those sudden revolutions, common enough in the Turkish government, Bajazet, instead of being murdered, might be placed upon the throne. As for Roxana, if the general plan of the play makes it necessary that she should die, her death might be rendered

more affecting by some circumstances of terror and pity, which are not found in the original.

Upon the whole, Sir, I submit it to your judgment; give it a reading, and if you think it may be made fit for representation, I will be guided by your advice in every alteration to be made in it.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,
CHARLOTTE LENNOX.

MR. W. SMITH TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Cork, August 5th, 1774.

I RECEIVED the favour of yours this morning, and *am* engaged to you, I hope, as long as I play the fool on any stage. I shall leave the terms to you; you know what I was engaged for at Covent-Garden, and I have no doubt but you will let your friend experience your generosity as well as every body else. I mean to meet you in perfect friendship; and when either my merit, or rather *use*, will entitle me to advancement, I know I am sure to find it. I shall be ready for Richard on the day you mention, but could wish it might be postponed for a day or two later, that I might have part of a private rehearsal with you. Will you have it inserted in the papers that I am engaged with you? My answer to Mr. Harris's letter was, that he had (by his engagements with a man with whom no one was safe) as much excluded me from his company, as by all the forms that could be used. Rosamond desires her respects to you, and wishes to be with you this season; and is not a little happy at the thoughts of it next. She is so alarmed, and so far from well, that I fear she will not be able to venture to perform this year. I wish we could get her article given up. Some letters have passed betwixt Hull and me on the subject. Macklin is engaging people from Dublin, but *entre nous*, there is not one worth ten shillings per week. I sail for England, if the wind will permit, on Wednesday next, and shall most likely take Hampton in my way to town; if not, shall wait on you there. You will, I hope, do what you can for Rosamond. Justice, and not partiality, bids me assure you she possesses qualities worthy your notice and protection. If you knew the goodness of her heart, you would be *really* in love with her. *Hæret lateri.*

I must now thank you for your letter and your friendship. It is true I was peevish, for I had promised to give the Dublin manager a positive answer on or before the 25th of last month. His offers were very great; all the security I could desire. I hope you had good sport at Newmarket. Were you in the secret? I do not know but I should have made more money there than in this *damned Cork*. I wish it was in a bottle of aqua fortis, and a burning screw through it. As you have been at Newmarket, I hope you will now and then step down in the Meetings, and

that I shall hear you proposed a member at the first Jockey Club. God bless you! As we shall soon meet, I will release you, and beg you will believe me,

Your most sincere and most obliged humble servant,

W. SMITH.

My best respects wait on Mrs. Garrick.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden-place, August 5th, 1774.

It is such a long time since we met, that I begin to feel that kind of desire to see you and Mrs. Garrick that makes a Swiss sick when he has [been] absent any considerable time from his own country; and, therefore, I write now to inquire where you are, and what are your schemes for the summer. We returned from Dover a few days ago, and have brought Jenny back to stay a month with us, after which she is to return with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. Your nieces were in perfect health when Mrs. Descombes left them, and we are entertained every day with their panegyric by Jenny. I executed your commission, and every thing succeeded in this little expedition as I could wish. Now, then, I hope that as we are free, you will not be entangled with any engagements that may prevent our meeting. Jordan's country days are, Wednesday in the middle, and Saturday at the end of the week; and you have nothing to do but to name some day the most convenient to yourselves, and you may conclude it fixed without waiting for an answer.

I have lately had two sore attacks of the cramp in the stomach, but am perfectly well at present, and have no fear of any return so long as I am attentive to my diet; for I am sorry to say, that I never suffer this way but through my own fault. The rest of the family are perfectly well, and beg to be remembered to you and Mrs. Garrick, to whom you will be pleased to add my best respects.

I am, dear Garrick, yours most sincerely and affectionately,

CAMDEN.

By the papers I received to-day, it appears that all America is in a flame; that they are hastening with all possible expedition to meet in one general Congress, and make the attack upon Boston a common cause.

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Hampstead, August 8th, 1774.

You now receive Maid Marian and her troop, in their proper colours. I am sorry this place would afford no better protection for them than a deal frame; but

the imitative arts are not in the highest degree of cultivation at Hampstead, and consequently their auxiliars are neglected.

The marginal directions which Mr. Swan has introduced to get rid of the absurdity attending the death of Desdemona, perhaps are preferable to my own. Of this he seems to be thoroughly convinced, and has almost made a convert of your

Most faithful and obliged humble servant,

G. STEEVENS.

I take this opportunity to return Mr. Swan's volumes, and, with your permission, shall quote the marginal directions already mentioned, as found in a copy belonging to a *veteran performer*, who has quitted the stage. I hope no one will suppose I mean *Macklin*. I shall be much obliged to you if you will burn the former proof of the "Morris-dancers;" and remember, that what I now send you lays claim to no higher merit than that of being a faithful copy from its original.

Endorsed,
"Mr. Steevens's letter about the 'May Morris,'
with a copy of it."

MR. G. STEEVENS TO MR. GARRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampstead-heath, August 9th, 1774.

MANY thanks to you for the critical controversy between the Yorkists, though I freely confess I do not understand the merits of it. As to Mr. Swan, he has much more adroitly supported his own conjecture in the notes which I returned to you yesterday. His opponent (if he has any meaning) seems to favour my supposition. From the use of a technical term or two, I suspect him to be an itinerant surgeon, who would naturally be angry with another who invaded his rights by presuming to phlebotomize on a stage. I hope Mr. Moody will preserve such letters as may appear hereafter on the same subject.

The plate is not finished, and is to be explained by the help of numerals annexed to it. I am persuading the owner of the window to undertake the task of illustration, and have sent him materials for that purpose. Indeed, I am not able to describe all the characters. Perhaps such as are not mentioned by some of our ancient writers, are the mere Gyæ and Cloanthi of the dance.*

Let me once more entreat that you will destroy the first copy of the plate. When it is finished, you shall receive another illuminated in the same manner as the last. The colours of the former would disgrace the stars on a schoolboy's kite.

I am happy to find that my obscure industry can merit your approbation. I have done at least as much since the time of publication, as I had done before it; but the task will never be completely finished, unless we can procure an Act of Parliament to call in all the ancient books for the purpose of explaining Shakspeare.

Pray do you remember that the fool was ever represented on the stage, with his

* See the Fifth Book of the immortal Æneid.—ED.

bauble in his hand? or do the *armamentaria theatri* contain such an instrument? When you have leisure, (if that time can ever be expected) I shall be much obliged to you for a short account of the manner in which your collection of plays was formed; *i. e.* who purchased them for you, and whence they were chiefly brought. I have very particular reasons for troubling you with this last query, though none so strong as for subscribing myself Your most faithful, &c.

G. STEEVENS.

MR. F. AICKIN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Bedford Coffee-House, Wednesday, 10th of August, 1774.

NOT having received a written dismission from either yourself, Mr. George Garrick, or the prompter, the method hitherto observed, I have endeavoured to flatter myself that the violence of your resentment is by this time abated, and I may yet hope for the pleasure of serving under your command—a situation the most agreeable to my wishes, if to be maintained upon principles consistent with honour and manhood. I think I may, without the smallest violation of truth, affirm, that no man ever showed a stronger inclination to pay Mr. Garrick more voluntary regard than myself, or treat his merits with that distinction they justly claim; and Mr. Garrick's justice will likewise tell him that mean sacrifices, as it is impossible they should ever be sincere, so they are as unworthy his acceptance as they are beneath an ingenuous mind to offer. With my usual reliance on Mr. Garrick's candour, I shall wait his answer, and am his Most obedient humble servant,

FRAN. AICKIN.

Endorsed,
" Mr. Aickin's first letter."

MR. J. F. RICHARDSON TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Chapel-street, Bedford-row, 11th August, 1774.

I HAVE a small Essay put into my hands upon *reading*, or the Art of Delivering Written Language, in which the subject is treated in a philosophical manner, and which perhaps may be thought to be more calculated for the curious and ingenious men of speculation than for men in general. The author, who considers your manner of pronunciation and delivery to be the modern standard of true pronunciation, would be exceedingly obliged to you to permit a dedication of this small attempt to you, in a short complimentary manner to that effect; and in order that you may judge whether it merits your permission or not, he has desired me to send the same; and at the same time it will be necessary for me to apologise for the liberty I have taken in troubling you, and the more particularly so, as I have not the honour of being personally known to you, but hope from your general good-nature and politeness, if it should not be so fortunate as to meet with your approbation, it will meet with your

excuse, and consider it in the true light it was intended, which was a compliment to real merit, and the most proper person existing to dedicate a thing of this nature to. I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect,

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JNO. FLETA. RICHARDSON.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. F. AICKIN.

SIR, Hampton, 12th Aug. 1774.

IT is true you had not a written dismission from the prompter, because it was thought more civil to convey it by your brother: as this was well understood by him, and confirmed by Mr. King, I am a little surprised at the mention of it. So far am I from having *any violent resentment*, that I most sincerely wish you success wherever your interest or inclination may lead you.

Various circumstances (which I will not repeat) happened in the course of last winter, by which I could not but imagine that you intended we should part. I hope I may say without vanity, that Mr. Aickin has met with some indulgence in Drury-lane; and if I expected in return some small regard to me as the *elder* soldier, and to my rules and orders as a commanding officer, I flatter myself that such an expectation is not *inconsistent with honour and manhood*, and may be answered *without making any mean sacrifices*. I am Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,
"Copy of a letter to Mr. Aickin."

MR. F. AICKIN TO MR. GARRICK.

SIR, Bedford Coffee-house.

KNOWING you were busied last week with some domestic concerns, I thought it an improper time to trouble you with any thing from me, though impatient to exculpate myself from the charges against me in your last. I think I may say with justice, that no member under your command ever obeyed with more implicit respect your directions as a *superior officer* than myself, not merely as duty from your station, but proud of paying a conscious tribute to your abilities and experience. If I wished to part with Mr. Garrick, I certainly should have taken some previous steps to provide myself a situation somewhere else, which I solemnly declare I have not done, nor shall, till I am ultimately convinced an accommodation of my unfortunate misunderstanding with him is impossible.

If Mr. Garrick will allow me modestly to bring the circumstance a little to review, I flatter myself a candid consideration of it will satisfy him there could not possibly be any premeditation in my conduct. How mean must be my spirit, how detestable my principles, if I even had a desire to quit the service of the Muses under him, to

prepare it by so unworthy, so disingenuous, and so unmanly a mode! I have no doubt but Mr. Garrick will readily acknowledge that all my proceedings with him have been regulated by more respectable sentiments. At the time the unhappy affair happened (I call it unhappy, not as it has merely deprived me of my bread, but as it has unfortunately robbed me of your favour), I was paying a pleased respectful attention to you; at such a time, when my mind was void of every thing but the pleasure I received from your performance, [I was] reprimanded for *wearing my hat behind the scenes* before a number of hair-dressers, tailors, and many other servants of the house; for doing even what *they* were doing: if taken so unexpectedly, without time for recollection, I did give any little hasty abrupt answer, I should imagine from a person of much less candour than Mr. Garrick the offence, after the provocation, by no means merited so serious a resentment. You are pleased to wish me success wheresoever my interest or inclination shall lead me: if Mr. Garrick is sincere in that wish, he will gratify both by forgiving the error of a transport at most, kindly restoring me to his favour, and admitting me to rank in his veteran corps again; in the hope of which, though not a confident one, I remain, most sincerely,

His obedient humble servant,

FRAN. AICKIN.

Endorsed,
" Mr. Aickin's second letter without date.
August 1774."

MR. J. WHITEHEAD TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Porto, Aug. 15, 1774.

SOME time ago, I had the honour to receive, most unexpectedly, a medal, with a good likeness of you, and of excellent workmanship. If I had found a genuine copper Otho, it would not have given me half the pleasure; for I certainly esteem your bust before any emperor's in the world. I was always fond of the theatre, and for many years I constantly attended your *representations*: I have frequently carried the book with me, and I *confess* to you I have been astonished at the exquisite propriety of your speaking.

My uncle, the late Dr. Nichols of the Charter House, was a good judge of theatrical merit, though, having resided chiefly in Portugal, he had seen few plays. When I first carried him to your Lear, he expressed his admiration in terms that would give offence to your delicacy in repeating. It hath not been my good fortune to reside for many years past in England; however, I rejoice to see my native country is now carrying even the fine arts to a great degree of perfection. The art of good speaking I consider as one of the first movers of our government, from the lowest parish meeting to the *House of Lords*. Your talents this way would have undoubtedly carried you very far in any other channel; but it is happy you made choice of the stage; for otherwise many beauties of the immortal Shakspeare would have re-

mained without the proper notice. Now your names will go to posterity together, and I am exceedingly glad the public love of this enlightened age hath accompanied you while living.

The name of Garrick stands singly eminent. If it was possible for me to become poet, I should be confounded with two poets already of my name.* So I believe I must content myself with having a title to an humble office that was once a word of consequence.

Upon this occasion I beg your patience for a small theatrical story. I had the honour to be acquainted with the late judicious Mrs. Porter, and dined with her on a day I was invited to hear Mr. Whitehead read his "Roman Father" to Mr. Barry and some others: I acquainted her where I was going, upon which she said, she could venture to assure me I should hear a play very ill read; for all the time she belonged to the stage she had always found that *authors read their works abominably.* If modest, they hurried and mumbled them over: if not, they marked with so strong an emphasis what they thought good, as to spoil all *that* way. She added that she was present when several of the principal nobility were to hear Mr. Addison read his "Cato" for the first time; which he did very badly, erring on the modest side: and the applause they were all bursting to give him, which he perceived, confounded him the more. However, I thought my namesake read his play very well; though the company was a little disturbed by a person coming to challenge the master of the house to fight the next day.

One of my nephews now residing in London will have the honour of delivering you this letter. I hope you will pardon me for trespassing on your time, as well as for the liberty I have taken of offering you a few plums of this country. I have further to offer you my service for any thing I can do in this place; and you will do me a particular pleasure in employing me for yourself or your friends.

I suppose you are very little addicted to our wine, though it is no thin potation; and who knows but the generous port I have sent Lord Chatham, may have engendered happy thoughts in that great master of eloquence?

I crave your pardon once more for the length of my epistle, and I am, with the highest esteem, dear Sir, Your very obedient and obliged humble servant,

J. WHITEHEAD.

LORD CAMDEN TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR GARRICK, Camden-Place, August 20th, 1774.

I HAVE avoided answering your letter till this day, because I could not find in my heart to invite you and Mrs. Garrick hither, while I was under the dejection of that most dispiriting disorder the jaundice. I am now, thank God, perfectly recovered from that complaint, and my skin is restored to its own natural hue; and indeed, except that my stomach is still weak, and requires the utmost attention in its management, am absolutely well. But still the house has the air of sickness, and the

* The two poets of his name were Paul and William Whitehead.—ED.

master is reduced to such a course of fasting, that he is not fit for convivial riot, and incapable consequently of joining in those boisterous spirits that naturally flow from good cheer and high-mettled company. After this description, will you and your wife come and see us out of charity, and sacrifice wit for a few days to friendship? If you will, you will make me happy. We shall get Jordan, which is all the animal entertainment I can promise you. Jack is gone, and I have nobody here but Blackheart and the young Parisian. I am pleased as well as flattered with the Chancellor's verses, and wish it was possible to convey him hither with you.*

If I hear nothing from you, I shall expect you Wednesday next, and if you can trust me with a farther advance of credit, being already but too much your debtor, I will beg you to bring me Steevens's edition of Shakspeare.

I am, dear Garrick, yours most sincerely and affectionately,

CAMDEN.

You receive of course, together with Mrs. Garrick, the best wishes and compliments of this place.

MR. GARRICK TO MR. F. AICKIN.

SIR, August 24th, 1774.

THAT no time may be lost, I take the first opportunity since the receipt of your letter to answer it. I must beg leave to repeat, that I cannot enter into a discussion of the disagreeable circumstances which happened last season. I am sorry to say, that my ideas of them are very different from those of Mr. Aickin. Some late engagements which the Managers of Drury-lane Theatre have entered into, would make it inconvenient both to you and them, to alter their plan for the ensuing winter.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

D. GARRICK.

Endorsed,
" Answer to Mr. Fran. Aickin's letter,
August 24th, 1774."

MR. GARRICK TO MR. CUMBERLAND.

MY DEAR SIR, Hampton, August 29th, 1774.

HAD you directed your letter (as I have always desired you) to the Adelphi, you would have had my answer to your last three days sooner. I have been at Lord Camden's; your letter went to Hampton, and was returned to London, as I was going to the former place, so that I did not receive it till this evening by the coach; therefore Mr. Hanbury and you must excuse this seeming neglect of his and your friendly invitation.

I have consulted with my nephew, who is as desirous as myself of his having the honour of making one in your most liberal amusements. He is obliged, as he will tell Mr. Hanbury, to be at Cambridge the 8th of October, and term begins the 10th, when he will be fastened by the leg till Christmas: could he have been there of the

* He means Hoadly, the Chancellor of Winchester.—ED.

least service, he should have obeyed your commands with pleasure. I really think (this I would not tell him) that his figure in any parts of tragedy would rather border on the ridiculous. He speaks well, and would not displease in a character of weight and spirit; but surely he is too unwieldy for any but comic characters; but as he does not feel it, I should not feel it for him, if his University business would permit him. As for me, you may command an epilogue if you should want one, or any thing in my power; but alas! how can I be spared from my troops, with so formidable an alliance against me? It will be impossible, with the business I am preparing and must produce with all convenient speed, to quit the field. You, who know my attendance at the theatre, and that nothing can or will be done without me, must, as my friend, be my advocate to Mr. Hanbury and his sister: indeed, my dear friend, I will confess to you, that my time is so employed at this instant, that I could wish even to be excused from the epilogue; but rather than you should want that, or any thing in my power to do for you—*all causes shall give way!*

I could wish to have "The Passionate Man" in my hands, and also that you would send me a cast of the parts, according to your notion of the matter; the sooner the better. I have seen the *lady author* we talked about; she is most worthy of your friendship and regard; she is very clever and very modest, and what will still make you more her friend, she is distressed. I have her play in my hands: she would be much honoured if you would see it, or give your opinion freely: she deserves all encouragement. If I knew how to send her play, I would; we wish much for your sentiments—you will be surprised, I assure you.* Pray write to me soon again, and speak your wishes, which I shall always be happy to fulfil.

I am, dear Sir, most affectionately yours,

D. GARRICK.

Mrs. Garrick joins with me in all respect and warm regard to Mrs. C., Mr. Hanbury, and Mrs. Th[illegible].

Among other misfortunes I have sprained my leg, and am afraid of a long confinement—a very disagreeable business. We have engaged Smith, and Mademoiselle Hidoux from Paris to dance with Slingsby.

MR. W. HAWKINS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Whitchurch, near Bridport, Dorset, Aug. 29th, 1774.

I HAVE some time been in hopes of the favour of a line from you on the subject of the two plays put into your hands the last summer. The one of them, viz. "The Queen of Lombardy, or The Ambitious Lover," (for it hath borne *both* names, and may *either*,) though it hath formerly had the approbation of no incompetent judges, I

* The *Lady Author* here hinted at was the late Mrs. Cowley; and the play her first comedy, called the "Runaway." Her modest merit secured her the friendship of Mr. Garrick. She wrote it, as she assured me, in about a fortnight, and sent it anonymously. It was produced at Drury-lane Theatre on the 13th of February, 1776.—ED.

have thoughts of putting into a quite different state, and reserving for a future opportunity; and shall accordingly be obliged to you, if you will be kind enough to send it properly tied and sealed up, and directed for me, to Mr. Palmer's, mercer, on Ludgate-Hill, who will have instructions to forward it to me. The other play, viz. "Troilus and Cressida, &c." I have frequently been encouraged (as heretofore I have informed you) to consider as fit for the stage, at least after a very little re-touching, &c. It is chiefly with regard to this, that I have been expecting the favour of your comments. However, Sir, this is not the sole occasion of my present troubling you. Since my last to you, I have altered "Alfred," agreeably to the plan proposed to you, on which you threw so much *cold water*. I think I gave you to understand I should give you no farther trouble on this head; but as the performance in its new state has been submitted to the judgment of able and proper judges, I think you ought to be made acquainted with their opinions. These judges are our common friend Mr. Warton, and Dr. Wheeler, present poetry professor in Oxford, to both whom the *history of the play* hath been honestly communicated; to the latter indeed in the most full and explicit terms. I do not know but I may have told you before, that *his original* strictures and criticisms, *in the main*, coincided with *yours*, the *justness* of which you may remember I ever *admitted*. But it is now his clear judgment that "I have removed all material objections;" and indeed the very few exceptions he now has to the tragedy are absolutely trifling, as he calls them himself, and removable in a few hours. As to Mr. W. he has, it is true, one little objection to it; but what is totally different from the *kind* and *complexion* of *yours* as expressed in your last. *He* thinks the play somewhat deficient in point of *bustle*, &c. according to the turn and taste of *modern* times; but in all other respects he is entirely *with me*. *So far* as *this* objection goes, he seems to think the *success* of representation *may* be affected. But this opinion (admitting it to have ground) cannot, I presume, in common candour be supposed to *affect* a *right* of representation. In short, Sir, your objections are *none* with *them*. Dr. W. has nothing like a *material* one; and this last is Mr. W.'s *only* one.

Under these circumstances, I think it in a manner incumbent on me, for very obvious reasons, to tender "Alfred" once more to your acceptance; and hoping to be favoured at your first leisure with an answer hereunto, remain, with my best respects and wishes,

Sir, your obliged and very obedient servant,

W. HAWKINS.

ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING, WITHOUT SIGNATURE OR DATE.

SIR,

YOU flatter me much by your polite letter. I am very sorry that you did not send your play to me sooner, that I might have considered it as I ought, during my best leisure time in the summer, for in September my theatrical cares come round again.

An appeal to friends in these affairs is always disagreeable. They will not disoblige an author by giving judgment against his performance, so that a manager must either receive the play he may disapprove, or be greatly censured for differing with his superiors. I would not choose to put my good friends and yours, the Wartons, in so unpleasant a situation. I shall, when I have read and considered the performance, give at least an honest opinion of it, and you may be assured of the utmost secrecy in this matter from, Yours, &c.

I must inform you that the managers of Drury-lane Theatre are engaged to as many new performances as (if none of them are withdrawn) will be sufficient for the two next winters—unless you have no objection to the play's being acted in the month of November, after the next winter.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Leicester-fields, Sept. 4th, 1774.

I THOUGHT of delaying to answer your note till I should hear from the author, who is in the country; but on second thoughts it must needs be altogether unnecessary to give you the trouble of reading the play, as you say it cannot be acted, even if you should approve of it, for these two years to come. He will undoubtedly understand your answer to be an absolute refusal to take it at any rate; I must, therefore, beg that it may be returned.

I am, with great respect, your most humble and obedient servant,

JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

MR. GARRICK TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR, Hampton, September 5th, 1774.

I WAS too much in pain to write to you yesterday. *Whoever will undoubtedly understand my answer to be an absolute refusal to take the play at any rate*, will do me great injustice. So far from refusing plays, the complaint is that I take too many; or supposing me capable of such a practice with authors, at least [illegible] think me so lost to my interest, to refuse a play, a line of which I never saw, and which comes so recommended to me. What I wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds was, upon my honour, the real situation of my affairs at present. I have no less than seven plays, each of five acts, and two smaller pieces for representation; these, with our revived plays, will be as much as any manager can thrust with all his might into two seasons. When a disappointed author hears that I am so furnished, it is natural for him to imagine, and to say, that I do not care to receive his performance; but that my acquaintance Sir Joshua Reynolds should think, *for* the author, that I would say the thing that is *not*, to clear myself from a performance recommended by him,

Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Burke, is not a little unpleasing to me. To clear myself from so disagreeable a suspicion, I will trust your honour with a sight of the plays,* and in confidence you shall know the names of the authors.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

DAVID GARRICK.

MR. R. JEPHSON TO MR. GARRICK.

DEAR SIR, Dublin Castle, September 5th, 1774.

I HAVE employed the leisure of some weeks in an attempt which I hope will meet with your approbation and encouragement, and have now brought it so near a conclusion, that I venture to divulge it to you. Fortune did not seem inclined to enable me to repay you the sum you so kindly assisted me with long ago, so I have been obliged to resort to the poor exchequer of my own brain, and try what that could do for me. In short, I have finished four acts, and part of the fifth of a tragedy; and as the business of what remains is already digested, even to the order of the scenes, I have no doubt but that the whole will soon (if ever) be fit for your perusal. The few friends who have seen it express the strongest approbation of the fable, the conduct, the situations, and diction; but as their praises may be addressed rather to my diffidence than to the merits of the piece, I must remain in a state of uncertainty till it undergoes your inspection. If it answers in the representation, I should wish you would permit me to cancel my debt out of the profits of those nights which fall to the share of the author. Should there be more produced than will answer this purpose, I need not tell you how acceptable it will be to me; I have long wished to pay a visit to London, but the want of a hundred pounds beforehand (though my income is tolerable) obliged me to defer the desirable expedition. Our friend Mr. Tighe goes soon to London, and has engaged to present you with the copy from me: as he is fond of every thing theatrical, he has promised to inform me of the progress of this matter. I suppose your great hurry and business will engage you too much to allow time for particulars. His kind partiality has been a considerable incitement to my going so far through a task of which I did not foresee half the difficulty till I was too far engaged to recede. As to the disposition of the characters

* The seven already under promise. The whole plea is, however, nugatory. This precedency was no *patent* right. The very next letter in the collection shows that five out of the seven authors could be passed over for Mr. Jephson, who on the 5th of September announces for the *first time*, that he has four acts of a tragedy written, and part of the fifth act. Now it is absolutely certain, that "Braganza," the play in question, was brought out so early as the 17th of the following February. I hope Sir Joshua Reynolds never heard the secret as to the recent acceptance of Jephson's tragedy; it might half incline him to doubt his friend Garrick's sincerity. The truth is, that a manager is blameable for giving any pledge beyond the simple declaration "that the play shall be brought forward when the interests of the theatre require it." The novelties of the season 1774—5 were thus timed. Mr. Cumberland's "Choleric Man" on the 19th Dec.—Dr. Francklin's "Matilda" on the 21st Jan.—and Mr. Jephson's "Braganza" on the 17th Feb.—ED.

among the performers, it must be left entirely to your determination. There is but one woman's part, and I hope it is so suited to the powers of Mrs. Yates as to make it worth her acceptance and exertion. If you see reason to prefer Miss Younge or any other performer, I can have no objection; though from what I remember of Mrs. Yates, I wish her to be my heroine. The story of the piece is taken from the Abbé Vertot's short account of the Revolution of Portugal. I have introduced several incidents merely of invention, which I think with probability arise from the subject, and interweave with it so as to make a very unobvious though a very natural interest. The situations excite great expectation, which is preserved to the conclusion. The unities are sufficiently preserved, and the decorations will not be expensive. Till you have it in your hands I cannot expect your being able to form any judgment, and at present I only wish to know whether your other engagements have room for its being (if fit for the stage) exhibited this approaching season. If not, the longer it remains in my hands the better. Let me have the favour of a line from you under cover to Mr. Secretary Waite, at the Castle of Dublin, and if it were not too much trouble, I should be glad of a duplicate addressed to me as usual; so, I shall be certain of no miscarriage in your letter. Mrs. Jephson joins me in best compliments to you and Mrs. Garrick, and I am ever,

Dear Sir, your much obliged and affectionate humble servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

I have the best reasons for wishing my name may be concealed, and beg your secrecy.

Endorsed,

"Jephson's first letter about 'Braganza.'"

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

00093639

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018